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INVITATION TO THE EAST.

(To a Small Son, aged Five Months, whom the Bard has not yet seen.)

Too young to travel East, they say?
Nonsense! The East 's a babies' land,
No country for the grave and grey,
Heavy of heart and slow of hand;
This Hind 's a land of coloured magic,
Of tinsel pomp and circus jokes;
Old men may know it grim and tragic,
But not you little folks.

For baby vision, cute and clear,
Sees only, after all, the good,
And little ears can only hear
What little heads have understood;
So leave regrets to dull old fogeys,
Perplexed and pestered, soured and done;
'Tis they who fill the land with bogeys;
You 'll find it only fun.

(Ah, would we sad grown-ups were free
To view the East with childhood's eyes,
To take it as it seems, nor see
Its devils dressed in angels' guise;
Find it a pretty picture painted,
Accept the sham, the surface show,
Nor know all poisoned, fouled and tainted
By hateful things below!)

Come you and see it for yourself,
And this old house of red and white
Shall ransack cupboard, drawer and shelf
To make a show for your delight;
And dusky legions, droll and kindly
(Or so at least they 'll seem to you),
Your least command obeying blindly,
Shall daily homage do.

I will enroll a troop of toys,
Real living toys and much more rare
(And much more fun for little boys)
Than painted bird or woolly bear—
Squirrels and lizards, frogs and fishes,
Mongoose and myna—come and see!—
And butterflies as big as dishes,
And monkeys in a tree.

New flowers shall blossom red and gold
In fairy gardens all ablaze;
Cool scented rooms shall be your hold,
And you shall walk in shaded ways;
And I will show warm golden beaches
That never knew a winter day,
And sunlit surf and river reaches
With kingfishers at play.

So come you East. And evil powers
Shall be confounded and undone,
Nor longer mock the shining flowers,
The singing birds, the laughing sun;
And all dark fairies, fled and vanished,
Shall sink beneath the Arabian Sea,
And all the bogeys shall be banished
When you come East to me.

H. B.

Our Democratic Navy.

"When H.M.S. *Hood* and H.M.S. *Repulse* came to the wharves at Wellington the spectators had an unusual sight of long lines of seamen tailing on to the big hawsers till they were made fast, when the strain was taken by the captains."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
FOR SALE.
At once.—Good Cow with first calf."
Advt. in Ceylon Paper.

Clearly not the old cow who died of the tune.

From a photographer's advertisement:—

"We have the biggest corporations among our satisfied customers. Enlargements to any size."—*Canadian Paper.*

Surely this is overdoing it.

THE PREMIER AS A CANDIDATE FOR VALHALLA.

THE British have a noble trait,
Acquired in places where they play
(And not alone, as some allege, at Eton),
Of simply pulling up their socks
On the receipt of nasty knocks
And never recognising when they 're beaten.

Of such is our Resilient MAC.
Six times a paralysing whack
Has dropped him on the carpet, where he lay low;
Six times has he been counted out,
Then risen for another bout,
After a pause to readjust his halo.

I would go further: I would add
That Death is lost on this stout lad;
Its triumphs MAC has found a way of baulking;
What if the Reaper mows him flat?
He has more lives than any cat;
A greater here than *Felix* keeps on talking.

Earth is no haunt for such as he;
His proper home I take to be
Far, far aloft among Valhalla's heroes,
Who, being killed in daily fight,
Wake fresh as larks with morning's light
And at it once again with joyous Cheerohs.

Sad should we be to miss his face,
Yet Parliament is not the place
For half-divines to have their fixed abode in;
And it were well, when next he dies,
To have him wafted up the skies,
Hoist by a Valkyr to the halls of Odin.

And who upon her soaring steed
Shall bear him to his warrior's meed
When he is slain in No. 7 disaster?
We want, for this tremendous ride,
Two Valkyrs, one from either side—
For choice, the Ladies TERRINGTON and ASTOR.

O. S.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

CORFU, I was advised, was the ideal place for a restful holiday. It contained no theatre, casino, golf course or dancing hall, so that one would not be tempted to do anything but sit very still in the sun.

I found this description correct, and at the end of a month my nerves were steadied, my eye clear and my general health restored.

Then came the difficulty. The Corfiotes like people to come, but hate them to go away. It grieves them to think of all the money which is being spent outside Corfu; accordingly they have instituted an elaborate system to delay the visitors' departure.

On arrival, I had been welcomed in style. Though I was the only passenger to disembark, the harbour sent out every rowboat it possessed. I was seized by the hearty boatmen, cordially hustled down the side and genially flung into one of the boats. My three bags occupied a boat each and would doubtless have enjoyed a pleasant voyage to shore had they not been the centres of three separate and continuous fights between their custodians and the crews of the rest of the fleet who wanted to share the honour of welcoming me to Corfu. It was all very flattering, and I will abstain from uttering a single captious remark on the fact that I was compelled to pay for four boats.

So much for arrival; departure, as the Greeks say, is another string of beads.

The Greek steamers which call at Corfu are Corfiote in spirit. Their arrival, departure and destination are all uncertain. Often a steamer steals into the harbour at dead of night; then at dawn, just as its presence becomes known in the town, it hurries away hooting derisively.

The system to adopt in order to escape from Corfu is now fairly clear to me, after bitter experience.

To begin with, you charter a rowboat for a week and spend your time on the quay questioning the police, the customs officials, the lighthouse keeper, the café proprietor and anyone else you can find. At last a rumour spreads that a steamer is coming. You take your luggage aboard your boat and there spend some hours gazing at the harbour mouth. As a rule nothing happens until bed-time, when a black shape appears in the distance; you and a hundred others dash out in boats, amid cheers from the shore. You board the steamer and, addressing the captain, inquire her destination. If the captain makes the right answer you row back to shore and buy your ticket at the office. I will say this for the office, that they will sell you any number of tickets to anywhere at any time, but without prejudice to the question of a possible steamer; so you delay until the eleventh hour. Having again boarded the steamer you watch the captain closely, asking him his destination from time to time, for he is very likely to change his intention. All the while you are on deck, with one eye on your luggage and the other on your boatman. You dare not dismiss the latter, for at any moment the captain may announce that he is sailing for New York.

I myself made two false starts, and but for the devotion of my boatman (my boatman himself informed me) I should have been carried off to Sfax or Archangel .... The third time, besides questioning the captain, I sounded the crew and passengers of all classes. From the general tenour of their replies I gathered that our destination was Brindisi. This gave me confidence, and so, although the captain did his best to break my spirit by making a complete tour of the Ionian Islands, I stuck firmly to the ship until I was rewarded by being landed a fortnight later at Naples. By then I was more than ready for a second rest-cure at Corfu.

You now know how it came about that ex-enemy WILHELM used to make *long* stays in Corfu, and was usually fetched away secretly in a gunboat; and that the Italian occupation last year was protracted. It was not their own fault.

"OZO."

In an article which appeared in our issue of June 18th, entitled "In the News," mention was made of a tonic called "Ozo." The author, who imagined that he had invented the word, is informed that there exists an actual company trading under the name of Ozo, Limited. It is superfluous to say that the references which Mr. Punch's contributor made to the directorate of the fictitious Ozo were equally due to his creative imagination.

Another Impending Apology.

"When Suzanne no longer honours the centre court with her presence the tennis game will be minus a mighty serious loss."
Evening Paper.

"Wiggins & Co. require Clerk at Chief Office, accustomed to slating, &c."—*Trade Paper.*

One, in other words, who can put up with Wiggins.

"The Earl of Birkenhead to-day, in London, opened a campaign against Anti-Prohibition at an International Congress of the Anti-Prohibition League."—*Evening Paper.*

A brave man indeed thus to carry the war into the enemy's country.



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE.

MR. CLYNES (*after the sixth hit*). "PLAY UP, GENTS; YOU MAY SMASH AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE, BUT THE BUSINESS WILL GO ON JUST THE SAME."



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

I.—SEEING THE SIGHTSEERS.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

HAD quite a jolly Ascot with my old friend Tots Uppingham at The Pleasaunce. Tots and I *suit* each other. We haven't got any "views," we don't spell woman with a big W, but we *do* spell Life with a big L and Dress with a big D, and we utterly reject that wicked word *dowager!* We were quite a nice crowd. The star was Tots' new friend, Jake Janaway, of Wembley and the Prairies—utterly a dear! He had his lasso with him, and when the horse he'd backed in one of the races was being beaten by something else he wanted to rope the latter and bring it down; but Tots coaxed him not to. "Isn't it amazingly delicious, Sylvia," she said to me, "that a word from me and a touch of my little hand can control a great, strong, handsome daredevil like my Jake?"

Nobody was a bit surprised when their engagement was made public before Ascot ended.

Il faut avouer that there were one or two flies in the week's ointment. One fly was that Tots and I found we'd both had the same idea of finishing off our get-up for Gold Cup day with a diamond bangle a little below the left knee. We hated each other for just a teeny moment. The other fly was that Tots accused me of flirting with Jake Janaway, and when I said, "Well, who could help flirting with such a nice boy?" she said—but I won't remember what poor Tots said when I think of what was to follow.

The day after she was back in Grograve-square, Uppingham walked in with a cowgirl, boots and breeches and all. "Mother," he said, "this is Honey Hustler, of Wembley and Arizona, and next week she'll be Lady Uppingham." "That's so, Uppy's ma," said Honey Hustler. "My, but you look some girl to be the mother of a big boy like Uppy! And *I'll* have to call you Ma too," and she kissed Tots, who was in a dazed state. "I hear you've fixed it up with Jake Janaway, the big noise of our show," went on Honey; "we'll be quite a good little family crowd. And will Jake be a Count, and live in a castle, and be all over velvet and gold? I'm tickled to death *he's* struck lucky as well as me. And *you're* in luck too, Countess. Take it from me, Jake is a white man, the whole of him, and he'll make you the best husband you've ever had. I oughter know, for I was the Mrs. Jake before last."

And then Tots collapsed and had to have first aid, and a day or two later the papers announced, "The marriage arranged between Theodosia, Countess of Uppingham, and Mr. Jake Janaway, of Wembley and the Prairies, will not take place."

Poor Tots! I forgive her the diamond bangle and everything.

We were all 'mensely grateful to Sir Cashley Creasus for hitting on a new sort of Treasure Hunt. We were getting a bit fed up with the old sort. Sir Cashley, oil-multi, best *parti* of the day and a sport first and last, gave a wedding-ring as the treasure to be hunted; entries limited to mothers of *demoiselles à marier*; the winner to become Sir Cashley's mother-in-law. There was an immense entry. Some of us backed this *mère marieuse* and some that, but most of the money went on Lady Manœuvrer. The clues were very difficult and widely scattered, and the last one took them to Brighton, where they swooped down on an old man standing near the West Pier with a fool's cap on his head and postcards

in his hand. On the postcards was written, "What is the height of London's latest folly? Find out, with the help of your own two feet and two hundred more." It was a complete *impasse* for them. But on the way back to town Lady Manœuvrer, who has a statistical brain and lots of out-of-the-way knowledge, remembered that two hundred and two feet is the height of a fearful thing called the Monument, near London Bridge, so she motored straight there and began to climb.

Poor brave dear! she got to the top, more dead than alive, just in time to see a messenger-boy, who had gone up before her, pick something off the ground and drop it over the edge! She swears it was the ring and that the boy was engaged to do what he did if any of the treasure-hunters got "warm." I believe she means to consult a lawyer to know if "an action would lie," or something. Anyhow, the bets are all off, the ring is nowhere, and Sir Cashley's mother-in-law hasn't materialised.

The dear Midshires, who are about the most flagrant example of the new poor, are so bravely putting their shoulders to ever so many wheels. The Duke is still working in the film-studios (he hasn't got beyond crowds and riots yet), and dear Anne has taken on a most strenuous job at the big new X. Y. Z. shop in Reford Street. This is their ad.: "Reford House. The palatial new premises of the X. Y. Z. The famous 2/6 Lunch is served every day; and every day till further notice the Duchess of Midshire will lunch at the X. Y. Z. and will show the Correct Mayfair Manner of eating a variety of dishes, vegetables and fruit. No extra charge for seats at the Duchess's table or adjacent tables. The newest way of eating the wing of a chicken will be shown, and also how those social stumbling-blocks, asparagus and green peas, should be coped with. Her grace will also demonstrate the latest manner of consuming a cutlet, and how strawberries, both with and without cream, should be dealt with.—Only 2/6!—The Best Lunch in the World and the Correct Way to E..t It—ONLY 2/6!!!"

I hear the suburbs have responded nobly and the place is a block each day. Poor dear Anne!

Talking of lunches and tea makes me think of dinners and the Smith-Green-Joneses. Socially quite new-born, they've taken Plantagenet House, Grograve-square, and are spilling their money about in all directions. So of course they must give the last and most expensive word in dinners—the cabaret-dinner. They sent out their cards with "Goo-goo and the Night-light Follies" in the corner, and quite a lot of us went. There were the Mercias, the Oldacres, the Easthamptons, Pixie Dashmore, and so on. It was all very well done. The small room opening from the dining-room was the stage, with sand and rocks and a bit of cliff for the Nightlights' pretty bathing-dress Act, Beach Revels. Funny to see with what contemptuous condescension Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones glanced at them while she ate her dinner. She's too new and too obtuse to know that Goo-goo, the leading Nightlight, is by daylight Etheldreda Saxonbury, and that two of the others, Twitter and Glitter, are Joyce and Jasmine de Ravilland.

At the end of their Act they danced round the dinner-table, and Goo-goo in passing dropped a kiss on Mercia's bald head.

"How dare you?" cried Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones—"how dare you, a paid entertainer, take such a liberty? Do you know, young woman, that that is the Duke of Mercia?"

"Don't worry, dear Mrs. Smith-Green-Jones," said Goo-goo; "he happens to be my father."



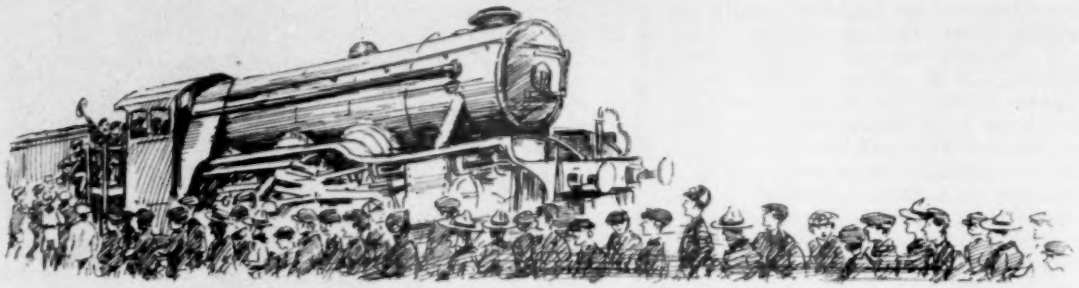
Foreign Gentleman (who has received no reply to his Good Morning). "IT MAKES ITSELF EVIDENT THAT MONSIEUR HAS GOT OUT OF THE BATH ON THE WRONG SIDE THIS MORNING."

"Hong Kong, Saturday.—Major Brito Pais and Major Sarmento Beires, the Portuguese Army pilots, who were fiflyfliflinflg to Macoo from Lisbon, have abandoned their ight."
Welsh Paper.

A case of flufluffing their approach.

"*Cedric*, from New York for Liverpool, via Queenstown, due Liverpool Bar, 11 p.m."
Daily Paper.

Very tantalizing for the passengers. By that time, of course, the bar was closed.



LIFE ON THE FOOTPLATE: EVERY BOY'S DREAM OF BLISS.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XVIII.—ENGINES.

SOMEWHERE near Blackfriars the other day I saw a remarkable sight. A large mixed party was proceeding along the pavement at a steady double, presumably in the hope of catching a bus, tram or train. Most of them were children of both sexes, but in about the second row of fours was an elderly man, stout and perspiring, and amongst the rear files trotted two or three women of various ages. I thought at first it was a Mormon elder fleeing from the wrath to come. Afterwards it occurred to me that it might be one of those family picnic-parties making for Wembley. And, if so, making probably for the Palace of Engineering first of all.

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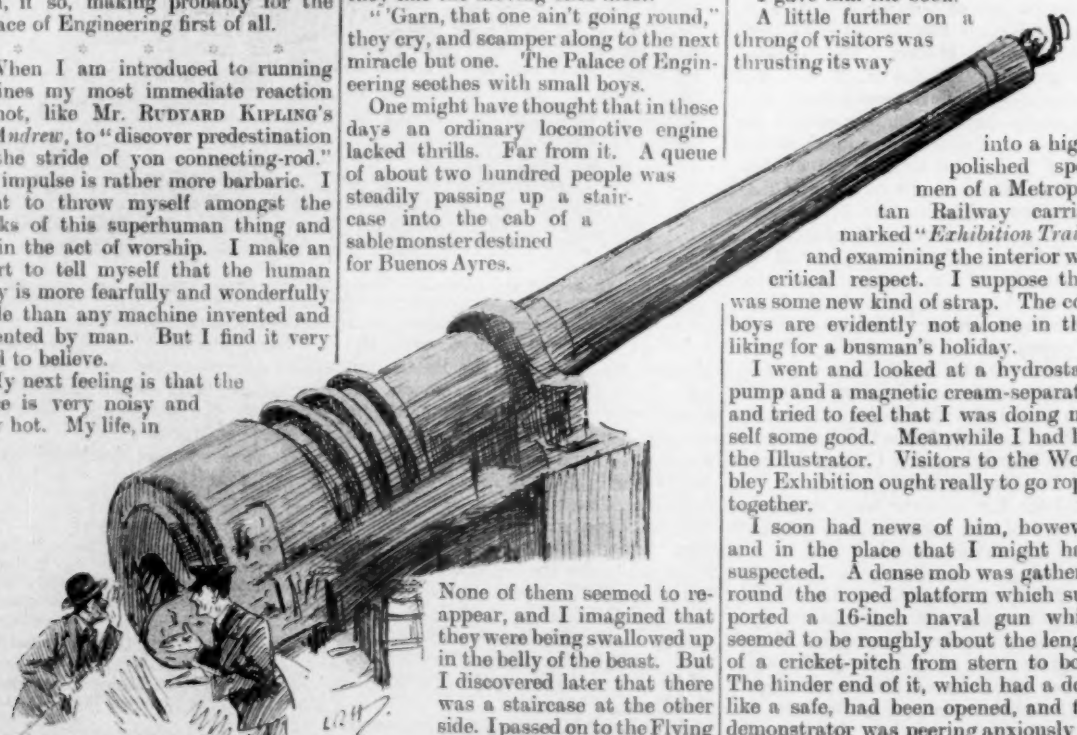
When I am introduced to running engines my most immediate reaction is not, like Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S *McAndrew*, to "discover predestination in the stride of yon connecting-rod." My impulse is rather more barbaric. I want to throw myself amongst the works of this superhuman thing and die in the act of worship. I make an effort to tell myself that the human body is more fearfully and wonderfully made than any machine invented and patented by man. But I find it very hard to believe.

My next feeling is that the place is very noisy and very hot. My life, in fact, appears to be turning, and turning in mazes of heat and oil and cotton-waste and sound. I also find it very hard to think of anything suitable to say. One can compliment a man without much difficulty on his horse or his child or his dog, but it seems stupid to remark, "How very smoothly that large wheel revolves!" or, "What a graceful-looking sprocket, to be sure!" I am irritated also. The whole place looks like a monument erected in honour of my ignorance.

I think I like engines best when in repose, as most of the engines at Wembley are. But small boys think otherwise. They like them all, and they like the moving ones most.

"'Garn, that one ain't going round," they cry, and scamper along to the next miracle but one. The Palace of Engineering seethes with small boys.

One might have thought that in these days an ordinary locomotive engine lacked thrills. Far from it. A queue of about two hundred people was steadily passing up a staircase into the cab of a sable monster destined for Buenos Ayres.



"AT THE FAR END OF THE GUN EMERGED A BEAMING FACE."

None of them seemed to reappear, and I imagined that they were being swallowed up in the belly of the beast. But I discovered later that there was a staircase at the other side. I passed on to the Flying Scotsman, and was given a gaily-illustrated pamphlet. A sad and weary-faced lounger strolled up and took the liberty of looking over my shoulder.

"D' you think they 'd give me one of those?" he said.

"I don't know," I replied a little haughtily. I rather liked to figure as a person who might possibly purchase the Flying Scotsman.

"Would you mind my having a look at it?" he went on.

"Certainly not," I said kindly, but still with a slight air of patronage, as I turned over the pages for him. "What is it that interests you particularly?"

"Well, the specifications," he said. "You see, I am a driver myself. Great Western, you know."

I gave him the book.

A little further on a throng of visitors was thrusting its way into a highly polished specimen of a Metropolitan Railway carriage marked "*Exhibition Train*," and examining the interior with critical respect. I suppose there was some new kind of strap. The cowboys are evidently not alone in their liking for a busman's holiday.

I went and looked at a hydrostatic pump and a magnetic cream-separator, and tried to feel that I was doing myself some good. Meanwhile I had lost the Illustrator. Visitors to the Wembley Exhibition ought really to go roped together.

I soon had news of him, however, and in the place that I might have suspected. A dense mob was gathered round the roped platform which supported a 16-inch naval gun which seemed to be roughly about the length of a cricket-pitch from stern to bow. The hinder end of it, which had a door like a safe, had been opened, and the demonstrator was peering anxiously up into the works.

I asked what was the matter, and was told that some one had gone up

inside, and they thought he had got stuck. With a sinking heart I described the Illustrator's appearance.

"That 's him," they said.

"Couldn't you put a charge inside?" I suggested to the demonstrator; "or fetch a ramrod? But perhaps you don't use ramrods in the Navy nowadays;" and I beat with my fists against the monstrous sides.

"Are you there, Moriarty?" I shouted. But there was no reply.

The moments passed and the suspense grew terrible. Then to our inexpressible relief, somewhere up near the roof at the far end of the gun, emerged a beaming face, followed by an arm, and the Illustrator was seen waving his hat after the manner of a cowboy on a bucking steer. A minute later he came sliding down the vast barrel, like a boy on banisters, crumpled but proud.

"I knew I had brought my waist measurement down an inch-and-a-half," he said.

Amongst the crowd we sighted a famous war correspondent.

"Trying to take an intelligent interest in machines?" he asked me, a little unkindly, I thought. "You take my advice and go and see the diver."

It sounded pleasantly cool.

"I think we will," I said. As a matter of fact I always take the advice of war correspondents at Wembley. They are the only people who can keep a clear head in the confusion.

To see the diver we had to leave the Palace of Engineering altogether and go into a small temple which smelt of fish. Barks were heard in the offing. They were the barks of a sea-lion. Here upon a small stage, in front of which was a semi-circular tank, a most curious scene was enacted. A man with a tragic expression seated himself on a chair and put on more clothes than, considering the weather, I should have supposed possible. As soon as he had put on all he could, another man, dressed in a modified Naval uniform, began to clothe him in rubber overalls and hang pieces of lead upon him. They placed his feet in boots like brass coffins.

"These boots," shouted one of them, "weigh seventy pounds each."

They then covered up his head completely with a metal globe, which had the effect of suddenly changing him from a melancholy-looking man into rather a foolish good-natured fellow. Tubes connected him with a kind of windlass, worked by a boy scout.

The stage behind him meanwhile had been rapidly filling with children of all sizes and sexes, and here and there a young woman.

"Is this his family?" I asked the Illustrator. Suddenly the man got up, shuffled his brass coffins along the stage and with amazing swiftness lowered himself into the deep. One of the seafaring men went to the windlass, which appeared to have a telephone apparatus attached to it, and began to converse. Muffled roars answered him from under the waves, punctuated by the short sharp barks of the sea-lion. More and more children filed on to the stage, and still more young women.

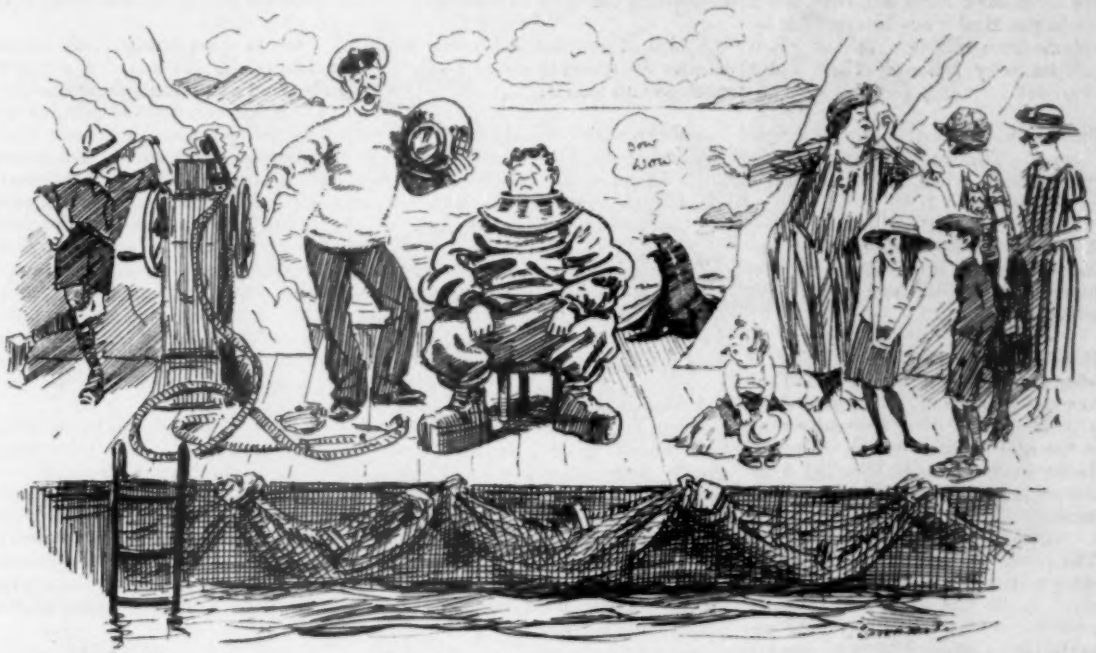
"Don't you think they ought to tell him about that?" I murmured to the Illustrator. "There are twenty-nine of them now. He might want to stay where he is."

And then suddenly came a still more ghostly sound. Could it be—— There was no doubt of it. He was singing. I recognised the tune. It was one of those old-world tunes with which, I supposed, many a South Sea pearl-diver has solaced his hours of toil. "*But yes, we have no bananas,*" he was singing, "*we have no bananas to-day.*"

The melody died. It was succeeded by a perfect volley of barks from the sea-lion. All the time the boy scout kept busily working away at his windlass.

"What one misses in so many of the machines," I observed to the Illustrator as we came away, "is the note of human interest."

"Yes," he said. "It 's not as if we were mere schoolboys to want to dally amongst the dynamos." EVOE.



MUSICAL COMEDY AT WEMBLEY.
"DOWN IN THE NOT TOO DEEP."

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY has announced a series of tennis articles by Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN. We are wondering if that is the lady whose photograph we once saw in a newspaper.

* * *

We have been reminded that M.P.s while in the House are inaccessible by telephone from outside. We have often wondered why some of them enter Parliament.

* * *

This promises to be the finest harvest for years. The farmers are already perplexed as to what they can ascribe their annual ruin to.

* * *

A well-known Professor says that the psychology of a pig is equal to that of a human being. We never did think much of pigs.

* * *

It is reported that, on arriving at Berlin, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and MARY PICKFORD were practically ignored by the general public. We understand that the film stars are rather surprised at being treated like mere exiled monarchs or members of an Allied Commission.

* * *

The police are searching for a wild-looking man who is hiding in a wood near Mold. As he has been seen to make a rush for a tree when anything approaches he is believed to be an escaped pedestrian.

* * *

It is stated that during the week-end before last a record number of people travelled on the Underground Railways. This fascinating pastime seems to have quite caught on.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the untidiness and litter at Wembley. Some of the bronchos are deplorably careless how they strew cowboys about.

* * *

Dr. E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE says that by the aid of selenium we shall some day be able to see speech in the form of light. Caddies will be served out with smoked glasses.

* * *

A Colonial visitor wants to know why London is so wonderful. The answer is—because it is so near Hampstead.

* * *

A passage in the NAPOLEON letter recently acquired by the British Museum runs: "I wish to live free in England." There have been times when we've been filled with Napoleonic ambition ourselves.

* * *

It is estimated that one out of every two hundred people in this country is mentally defective. But why is it that all of them keep writing those letters to the newspapers?

* * *

Miss MARGARET MORRIS has been teaching rhythmic exercises to City men. That's why they're so nimble at treading the light contango.

* * *

A bird at the Zoo has a cry which drowns the sound of a jazz band. We must go and feed it.

* * *

A sheep with a double fleece was recently shorn in New South Wales. It is the dream of the London confidence trickster to meet an American visitor like that browsing in the Strand.

* * *

The burglars who, after breaking into a house at Caterham, left a jemmy behind them, will be delighted to know that if they call at the local police station they can have a peep at it.

* * *

A match at Corunna between the Dundee Football Club and a Spanish team ended up in a fight. It was a charity match and the local hospital benefited to the extent of three spectators.

* * *

Wild life is fast disappearing from this country, we read. This hardly seems possible with so many bowls players and domino fans still at large.

* * *

A contemporary has been suggesting new careers for women. What's the matter with letting them be women?

PHŒBUS.

Sunshine's mellow and sunshine's yellow,
Sunshine's stuff to put heart in a fellow;
Pale Diana, Latona's daughter,
Bards may seek as they've always sought her,
Ne'er was she flame o' mine, o' mine;
Moonlight's water but sunshine's wine.

Sunshine's olden and sunshine's golden,
Stuff to fortify, build, embolden;
Moonlight's finicky, false and fairy,
Cheats a chap into vows unwary,
Fades and it leaves him cold, a-cold;
Moonlight's silver and sunshine's gold.

Sunshine's jolly, *sans* freak, *sans* folly,
Steadfast, homely, cut hay, cut holly;
Moonlight's fleeting and moonlight's fickle,
Changeable child of the shield or sickle,
Ever a jilt to the journey's end;
Moonlight's vanity, sunshine's friend.

EARLY DAYS.

IN speaking of my trials and triumphs, I contend that I am only following the fashion rapidly becoming universal among the best people to-day. And, if the few remarks I have to make are of any assistance to others placed in a position similar to my own, I shall not have spoken in vain.

I am of good family. My surname is Garawalt. There is a regrettable indecision at present about finding me a Christian name, some persons using one word and others another. I show my disapproval of this by not attempting to answer them unless it appears that some immediate advantage will accrue.

It is a matter of considerable annoyance to me that I am compelled to wear round my neck a small green leather band; and indeed I make no secret of my feelings in this matter, often going so far as to sit down unexpectedly and scrape at it for as much as a minute with one or other of my hind legs.

Equally distressful to me is a strap, which by some means or other which I fail to comprehend is fastened to this band for the purpose of hauling me from place to place. Too often this happens when I am experiencing the greatest need for repose: for my health is delicate at times and I suffer more than appears to be realised from a feeling of fulness after eating.

It was not without satisfaction, therefore, that I contrived to pass this strap between the legs of an elderly gentleman yesterday in such a way as to cause him to fall heavily to the ground, and demonstrate to everybody the absurdity of the apparatus.

Then there is the question of the cat's milk. I have a liking for milk, but no wish to oppose myself openly to the desires of others. I consume it therefore as far as possible when no onlookers are present. Drops of it, however, seem to adhere now and then to those curls which we Garawalts have always worn beneath the chin, and this fact has from time to time occasioned a good deal of unpleasantness.

I mark my comparative coldness towards those who have reproved me on this and other grounds by waving no more than my tail at their approach, while with others I lower the ears and sway the whole hinder portion of my body, at the same time making a rapid pawing motion with the front legs. This I consider a quite sufficient proof that I can be critical in the choice of my personal friends.

I find the stairs too steep. Only the other day I was proceeding down them in a dignified manner when I side-slipped



RODEO ON A SMALL SCALE.

Gentleman (who has been struggling unsuccessfully with a tough steak). "LUCKY FOR ME, WAITER, THAT I HAVEN'T GOT TO WRESTLE WITH THE WHOLE ANIMAL."

and was forced to continue my journey lengthways by a series of rolls and bumps, making a flopping sound, until I reached the next landing.

The estimation in which I held tennis balls is diminishing, as I find the woolly part cloying to the palate, nor does even the rubber beneath repay the considerable amount of labour involved. I find more solace in the tufts at the corners of the Persian rug and in the journal known as *The Times*. It is impossible to value this paper too highly, offering as it does a comfortable resistance when pulled and proving succulent when consumed. But I am most attracted at present towards a long grey suède glove, which, to show that I have reserved it for my own use, I have set apart behind the second clump of delphiniums.

The inconveniences to which persons in my station of life are subjected can nearly always be overcome by the use of tact. There is the absurd yellow lump, for instance, placed in my water-pan. I always remove this carefully with my teeth, and I shall continue to do so until the hint is taken. If this does not succeed I shall bury it.

Memory, alas, is one of my weak points, and I have already lost a good deal, I fear, through failures in this respect. I am not certain, for instance, about the fish's head. It proved a source of considerable discomfort at the time (though less than the boot-cream), but it should not be allowed to pass altogether from my life. I will cast again near the laurustinus.

There are welcome signs that my voice is beginning to break. I made a short dash at the cat and impressed it, I think, considerably this afternoon. . . .

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

IX.—THALASSA! THALASSA!

On the Monday morning George did not feel very well. His throat was bad. His head was bad. He had a bad tongue. He felt so bad that he decided not to go back to London till the afternoon.

"What 's quinsy, old boy?" he said at about half-past eleven.

"Something to do with the throat," I said readily. "A worse form of thrush. Why, old man?"

"I think I 've got it," said George. "What 's thrush, old boy?"

"An affection of the throat and head. A worse form of quinsy. Very common at Brighton, I believe."

George was reading *The Times*. "It 's an extraordinary thing," he said. "I 've just read a column about how HOBBS made a century, and it seemed to give me no pleasure whatever."

"What you want," I said, "is a little sea-air. We 'll go for a row." And I led him firmly forth from the Cosmopole.

"What I should *like*," said George fretfully, "would be half-a-dozen oysters. There 's nothing better if you 're not feeling the thing. A dozen oysters and a spot of champagne."

"What you seem to forget, George," I said, "is that Brighton is a *watering*-place. It 's too late for oysters," I said, "and it 's too early for champagne. But, there, George, is the sea, which is always available."

"No one seems to have noticed it," said George gloomily.

It was true. The beach was covered with boats and fishermen and nets and oars and all the signs of a maritime population. The sea was absolutely empty. The black ball of danger was hoisted at the mast-head. I may have been unfortunate in my visits to the place, but I have never yet been there when the black ball of danger was not flying at the truck. And I have never yet seen a Brighton boat upon the water. One has wondered sometimes what the Brighton sea is for. I know now.

We leaned over a railing and rested. Immediately below us, on the beach, was a whelk-stall. Customer after customer approached it and eagerly devoured his or her twopenn'orth; and as I watched the busy traffic it occurred to me that here perhaps was another chance for the sick man at my side.

"George," I said, "didn't you say you felt like an oyster?"

"I did, old boy," said George fervently, gazing out to sea. "Only worse. One with a large pearl."

"Why not have a whelk, old man?" I said gravely.

"Don't be silly, old boy," said George, watching with ill-concealed aversion the happy scene below.

"Don't be a snob," I said. "The whelk, after all, is only the oyster of the proletariat. Observe, George, the very routine is the same. The dash of vinegar, the sprinkle of pepper—and down the dainty goes. And no doubt the whelk is just as nourishing as the oyster. The only difference is that the whelk is always in season. All the long winter, George, you raven down the oyster, and logically you cannot raise an eyebrow at the whelk."

"I may not be logical, old boy," said George, "but I won't eat a whelk."

"The Brighton whelk," I said, "is supposed to be very good for thrush."

"Is that so?" said George, wavering. "What are those little chaps, old boy?"

"Cockles, old man," I said, "or possibly winkles. Very good for the quinsy, they say."

"Well, I 'll eat a wonkle," said George, "if you 'll eat a whelk."

"Done," I said, in sheer stupefaction. George, I concluded, must be seriously ill.

We walked down the steps on to the beach.

The whelk-stall was covered with small round plates, on some of which were whelks and on others cockles. Whelks are large and stiff and spiral, like india-rubber corkscrews. Cockles are small and comparatively soft. There were also two or three bottles of vinegar and a few pepper-pots. Behind the stall was a dear old lady with a fine face in a golfing cap. And behind her again were two men seated, who were screwing the whelks out of their shells and casting the bodies into a bucket of water. We watched this operation in silence for a moment or two.

"George," I said suddenly, "I 'll let you off."

"You 're not backing out, old boy?" said George; "I thought you said they were so nourishing. Just like oysters, didn't you say?"

"That 's right, Sir," said one of the men, looking up. "Most nourishin' food in the world, a good whelk. Once you 've had a good plate of whelks, Sir, you don't want nothin' e'se."

"Fine Whitstables," said the old lady invitingly. "Come along, Sir."

"Whitstable?" I said, pricking up my ears.

"All fresh from Whitstable," sang the man cheerily. "Where the oysters come from. An' ten times the value for yer money."

"There," said George with a seraphic smile—"you were perfectly right, old boy. Get on with it, old boy."

I murmured a low malediction at George and put down fourpence. I handed George a plate of cockles and took a plate of whelks for myself. There were five of them—hard, yellowy and spiral. I poured a quantity of vinegar over them and almost emptied the pepper-pot. Then I seized a whelk in my fingers and turned to George.

"Well, cheer-o!" I said casually, raising the monster towards my lips.

"After you, old boy," said George politely, taking no steps at all with his cockles.

I returned the whelk to my plate.

"You 're the challenger, old boy," whispered George.

The whelk-lady watched us curiously. I felt that, whatever happened, she must not be offended and, whatever happened, my class must not be shamed before her. It occurred to me with horror that in all probability she really *liked* whelks. Yet there are those who say that all men are equal.

"Curse you, George," I said, and put the whelk in my mouth.

It is going to be quite difficult to



Acrobat (soliloquising). "YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS ABOUT TIME I 'AD 'EM SOLED AN' 'EELED."



Passenger (ardent First Nighter). "PARDON ME, WOULD YOU KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HAT? I CAN SEE NOTHING."

complete this narrative without being definitely vulgar. But I can explain the situation in a few words.

I found that I could not *chew* the whelk. On the other hand I found it quite impossible to *swallow* the whelk. The whelk went slowly round and round, like an indigestible idea in the mind of a fanatical politician.

George observed me with a malicious grin, and began making foolish conversation about oysters, holding the plate of cockles quite shamelessly in his hands.

At this moment I heard a shrill familiar piping voice above me cry "Mr. Haddock!" in tones of astonishment and ecstasy, and, looking up, I saw Mrs. Bromley-Smith upon the "Front." Good heavens! Mrs. Bromley-Smith—the most garrulous and gushing woman in my home-suburb.

Mrs. Bromley-Smith rushed down the steps waving her umbrella and warmly shook me by the right hand. In the left hand I held the remaining whelks. George, I saw with horror and contempt, had disappeared.

"How are you?" cried the lady, who talks like a torrent, "and how charming of you to eat mussels! My husband always says they're the finest food you can have, if you can fancy them, his doctor ordered shell-fish for him, you know, but he never could get them down, and how long are you here for, dear Mr. Haddock, I haven't seen you for an age——"

"M-m-m-m-m," I replied, circulating the whelk.

"Quite—quite," said Mrs. Bromley-Smith absently; fortunately she seldom pays any attention to the answers which others make to her questions. "Now *do* be a kind man and hurry up and finish your mussels——"

"M-m—not m-m-mussel," I said. "M-m 's a m-melk."

"I know, I know," said she. "Because I want you to take me to the Aquarium, you will, won't you, they're fed at twelve, and I *must* see the sharks fed, they say they're darlings, now do say you will?"

"M-m-m-m-m," I replied in an agony, and searched the beach in vain for any sign of George.

Mrs. Bromley-Smith continued to talk at full speed. She had been away from the home-suburb for four hours and was bursting with conversation. I stood there smiling, so far as it is possible for a man in my position to smile, revolving at once my whelk and my plans. And at intervals I said, "M-m-m-m-m-m."

On one thing I was determined. I have done many strange and splendid things in my time, but I swore that I would not go to the Aquarium with a whelk in my mouth.

"Now *do* hurry up," said the lady again, "or we shall miss the sharks. I don't believe you *want* to take me."

There are limits to what a man can bear. The whelk, like the grasshopper, was becoming a positive burden. I looked in vain for George. I put down the plate of whelks. I waved my hands in a vague way in Mrs. Bromley-Smith's honest face and, turning on my heel, strode rapidly towards the sea.

* * * * *

It is quite impossible to conclude this narrative without being vulgar.

A. P. H.

The Servant Problem Solved.

"Trustworthy, experienced General Maid Required; age 20-25; lady kept for rough work."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

From "Apartments to Let":—

"At 13 —— St.—Four Gentlemen Friends; full or partial."—*Irish Paper.*

For the good name of the establishment, we trust only partial.

"Have you eaten Bird's Nest Soup at Wembley? Quickest way Underground."
Railway Advertisement.

In addition to appealing to the gastronome it apparently presents a way out to the individual tired of life.

Latest Addition to the Manchester Zoo.

"ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.
Saturday, June 28.
GREAT LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION.
Right Honourable D. Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.
Recent Remarkable Additions: Sea Lion, Cassowary, Baby Porcupine and Spider Monkey."
Manchester Paper.

But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, very properly, "tops the bill."

WIMBLEDON THE CHANCELESS.

EITHER Wimbledon is impregnably conservative or new lawn-tennis cracks are very hard to produce. Year after year you see the same names, the same spectators. You may mark an absentee here and there, but very few strangers. This season, for example, there is no Mr. JOHNSTON from America, although Mr. BAYLEY from Australia has arrived; but most of the others are there (including Mr. NORMAN BROOKES, who stayed away last year), the old familiar figures, moving silently and importantly, white gods and goddesses, each carrying two rackets, if not three. It must be wonderful to have the right to carry two rackets or even three; but I hope the habit will never spread to cricket, although the absolute knowledge that Mr. MANN, that mighty swiper, would be certain to need a second blade would do the gate at Lord's no harm, even though he severely damaged the pavilion.

Mr. MANN, no doubt, one day (and may it be long delayed!) will find himself too stiff to play any more; but Time apparently does not touch the votaries of lawn tennis. Cricketers now and then pass to the Elysian Fields; golfers announce their very last appearance (Mr. JOHN BALL has just been doing so); professional footballers are notoriously transitory; the ropers of steers must do it now or never; while most rowing Blues are never heard of again until they become judges or bishops and refer in public utterances to the prowess of their remote youth. But lawn tennis and *Anno Domini* seem not to be on even nodding terms. What has the last year, with all its rigours and trials, done to any of the Wimbledonians? Nothing. There is KING MANOEL, as intent and *soigné* in his place in the royal box as though he had never left it since last July. There is Lord BALFOUR, watching every stroke, sometimes through field-glasses, sometimes with the naked eye, always keen and, for all I know, confident that he could make it better. There is Commander HILLYARD, bland, massive and ubiquitous; possibly a shade blander this year, not only because of his recent triumph as an author but because he has a son playing in the Centre Court. There are all the quiet critical members of the Committee moving gently in their box, including the gentleman with the picturesque bare head.



TO KEEP UP THE TRADITIONS OF OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE THE POPLAR-TREES IMPROVISE A SNOWSTORM ON No. 1 COURT.



M. BOROTRA AND MLLE. LENGLEN IN THE MIXED DOUBLES.

And the players too show no sign of change. Mr. RITCHIE, I will admit, is more bleached, deeper-lined and bushier-browed; but so long as any of us can recollect he has been more bleached, deeper-lined and bushier-browed. The rest are untouched.

The All-England Club is the technical style of the new Wimbledon, but as you walk about from court to court you realise that Wembley itself is hardly more cosmopolitan. All the nations are here, and most of them send competitors. And it looks as though England will not soon be at the head again. Few are the new players, but none of the best are English, and Mr. LYCETT went down to Mr. BAYLEY before these saddened eyes, and Mr. WOOSNAM to M. BOROTRA: but one can forgive M. BOROTRA almost anything. Both matches, by the way, were played in what appeared to be a snowstorm: as gentle and innocuous a blizzard as ever caressed, I will admit, but still white and thick. We wondered if a certain impatient French lady's feathers had been flying again; but no, it was merely fluff from adjacent poplars.

Wimbledon is the busiest arena I was ever in, and it is busier this year because of the new court. Volleys to right of you, volleys to left of you, all the while; and from the distance, wherever you are, the sound of applause, provokingly to indicate that something even better is going on there and you have missed it. One cannot be everywhere at once; and there ought to be a law to protect one from the people whose joy it is to say, "Ah, but you should have seen WHEATLEY in Court I.," or "You don't really mean to say you missed WILLIAMS and WASHBURN?" Even for the weary visitors who find too much watching of the flying ball a fatigue there is amusement enough, for they can speculate as to which of the other people got their seats in the ballot and kept them, and which have had to write to Box A at *The Times* Office in reply to "What offers?"

The afternoon of my visit was memorable for the heroic struggle between ALONSO the Brave of Spain and the youthful LACOSTE of France, in the Centre Court. A greater game I never expect to see: great in its skill and mastery, great in temper. ALONSO was the favourite of the pair, and his own Ambassador was there to encourage him to victory; but his indomitable



M. LACOSTE, COMPLETE WITH JOCKEY CAP.

energy was his enemy too, and through it came his downfall, for LACOSTE was more accurate in placing and more economical of strength. The third set went to twenty-eight games, and many of those were at deuce for minutes! We groaned when the inevitable end drew nigh; not that we did not admire the Frenchman, but ALONSO is a Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, a CRICHTON, a BAYARD and a RANJITSINHJI of the Courts, all in one, and we wanted him in the finals.

I suppose that it is owing to the concentration with which we watch the players that all unwittingly we acquire such intimacy with their mannerisms. Standing high on a terrace of the central building and looking down on the many grass courts where the contests were raging, I found that I knew player after player merely by their style. It was too far to read their names, but their tricks of body betrayed them. The ALONSO tapping of the air with the racket; the BOROTRA self-chidings beneath the Basque cap; the LENGLEN swift measured progress, rather than walk, over the turf; the fierce HUNTER onset; the LYCETT solidity; the GILBERT side-long attack; the RYAN spring as the ball approaches; the left-handed lunges of NORMAN BROOKES; the long leisureliness of GORDON LOWE. All these peculiarities, one finds, are indelibly fixed on the retina. One had not thought of them all the year, and now, when the time comes, there they are. Wonders of the human brain!

Yes, and wonders of the human body, especially the female form divine! Wimbledon this summer again proves to us how marvellous is the adaptability of the daughters of EVE. An authoritative dressmaker in Paris has but to say the word that chests shall be flat and instantly they become so, even in farthest and darkest Lancashire! It cannot be so long since there were feminine contours in the world. They have all gone; and boys now are not straighter or more slender. What, I pondered, as one slim stripling after another (some of mature years) strolled coolly by in their pretty scanty frocks—what would that delineator and creator of giantesses, Mr. Punch's own GEORGE DU MAURIER, think of it all? What must Mr. DANA GIBSON, who invented his luxuriant eponymous girl, think of it all? And, perhaps even more so, what does that shrewd old lady, Dame Nature, think of it all? Might she not be a little anxious?

Any other change? Yes, there is one which instantly catches the eye and inspires a feeling of gratitude to the management. And no one ever saw such glowing hues—such a glowing crimson, such a burning blue. And they are so cheap—only threepence, as the attendants keep on repeating, for "the whole day"! I had seen such things before—they provide them in the bull-rings of Spain, they provide them at the Greek play at Bradfield. Yet never before in such glorious colours. "But what in the name of goodness and comfort is the man talking about?" I hear you exclaim. Why, the new cushions, of course—the world's latest lenitives.

E. V. L.



WEMBLEYDON.

A NIGHTMARE OF CONFUSED MEMORIES.

FRIENDLY IN THE EXTREME.

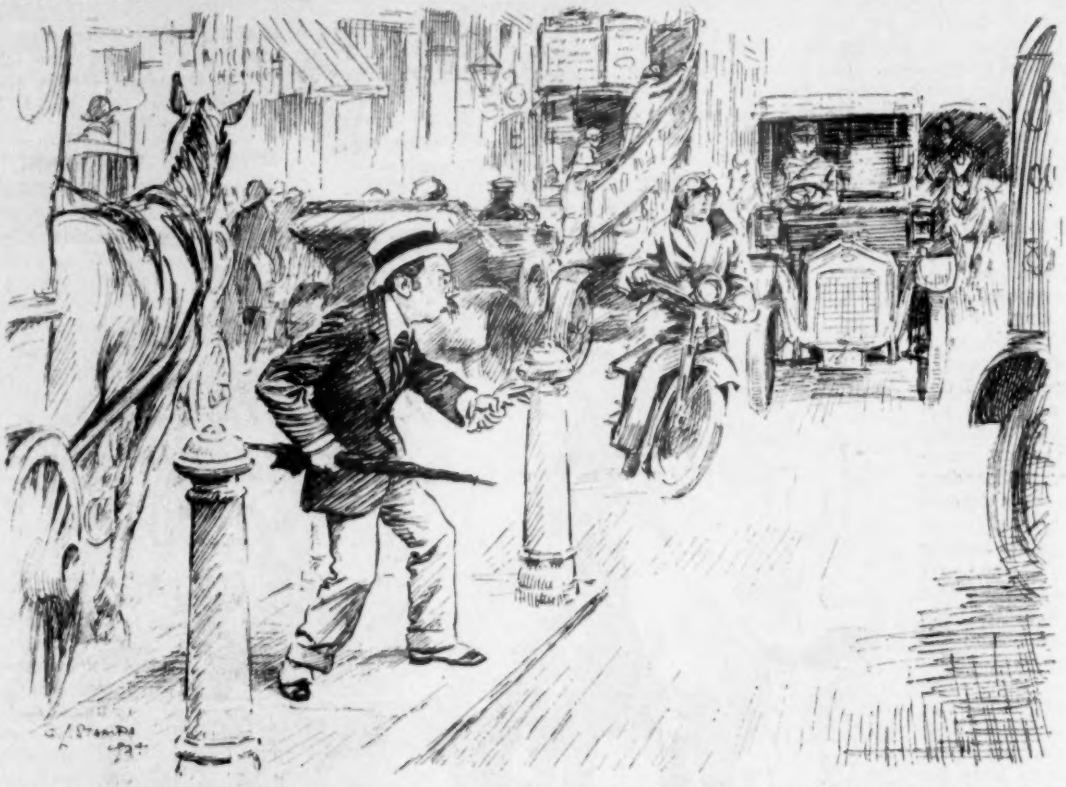
IN the moments that count it is not to the nearest or dearest that you turn for sympathy or encouragement.

We have been on the telephone now for some time—to be accurate, a fortnight—and with becoming modesty have announced the fact to such friends as we have met since the installation. But the reception of the news has been disappointing—generally "Ah!" or "Oh!" or "At last!"

This has rather hurt us, since we did not enter on the undertaking lightly or unadvisedly, but after mature consideration and many evenings devoted to the compilation of statistics proving conclusively the wisdom and economy of the step. Our motive has been largely an altruistic one; we wanted our friends to feel that they could keep in touch easily with us, and indulge in a heart-to-heart chat at any time, or advise us at the eleventh hour of theatre tickets they found themselves unable to use. We proposed to leave to them the ringing-up and thus obviate any risk of our intrusion at inopportune moments; neither were we unmindful that they, as originators of the calls, would be reminded subsequently of their generous impulses when perusing their next quarterly account.

Up to the present, however, none of them has rung us up, and the phone has stood in stately silence on the sideboard, save on the three occasions yesterday when I left off shaving to inform the same individual that I was not the butcher. As Mariana observes, we might just as well not be on the thing.

The one bright spot has been the



One of the Bull-dog breed. "MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER FELL AT WATERLOO, MY GRANDFATHER WAS THROUGH THE MUTINY, UNCLE HARRY FOUGHT IN THE BOER WAR—HANG IT ALL, *I'M* NOT GOING TO FUNK THIS CROSSING!"

behaviour of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. This morning I received a most courteous, even friendly, letter from him. Our so-called friends may be unresponsive concerning our new venture, not so he. The addition of our name to his list of supporters would appear to give him great satisfaction. One pictures the scene.

On the stroke of ten o'clock (no, more likely 9.15 in these days of early Prime Ministers) he enters his room and, having refilled his pipe (perhaps I confuse him with somebody else), he says, "Have any nice people joined us today?" "Yes," replies his secretary delightedly, "the Weycurds." "Splendid! Have you picked them out a nice number and an exchange that will look well on their headed note-paper? Ah, 'Astolat, nine, five, nine'" (carefully emphasising the consonant "n"). "Good. Just ask Miss Snigton to bring her book and I'll get her to take down a little note to the Weycurds. As you pass the waiting-room tell the Penny Postage deputation I shan't keep them long."

The letter lies before me. Apparently the deputation became slightly restive as the P.M.G. didn't wait to sign the letter, but it is all that such a letter should be—human and informative—and I note with delight that I am to have an efficient service and my requirements are to be studied in every way. (Excuse me—was that——No, the back-door bell.)

The links will not see me this week-end; I must saturate myself in the intricacies of inward and outward telegrams, express letters, "fixed times," etc., etc. I must admit that the concluding sentence puzzles me somewhat: "Emergency services are also provided where possible for Police, Fire and Ambulance"; but no doubt the true inwardness of this awe-inspiring statement will be revealed later. (Higher up I notice that "P.O. messengers can be summoned." That may explain the reference to the Police, anyhow.)

The postcards enclosed with the letter please me very much; a dozen of them, delicate sage-green in tint, with a lifelike illustration of my 'phone on each. Charming; but the wording on them seems to me to err just a little on the formal and assertive side: "I/We have had the TELEPHONE installed at the above address. The NUMBER is . . . . Will you kindly make a note in your copy of the *Telephone Directory*?" I am a little afraid that some of our friends may accuse us of stuck-uppedness when these cards arrive, especially those not on the 'phone.

When I acknowledge this admirable letter I think I shall venture to suggest a slightly lighter touch in subsequent issues. Something like—

> "We 've had the telephone installed
> At . . . . (still the same address);
> It was not here last time you called
> But now we 've got it, yes.
> So ring us up; it would be fine;
> But mind, if we 're engaged
> ('Astolat' ask for—'nine, five, nine')
> Please do not be enraged."

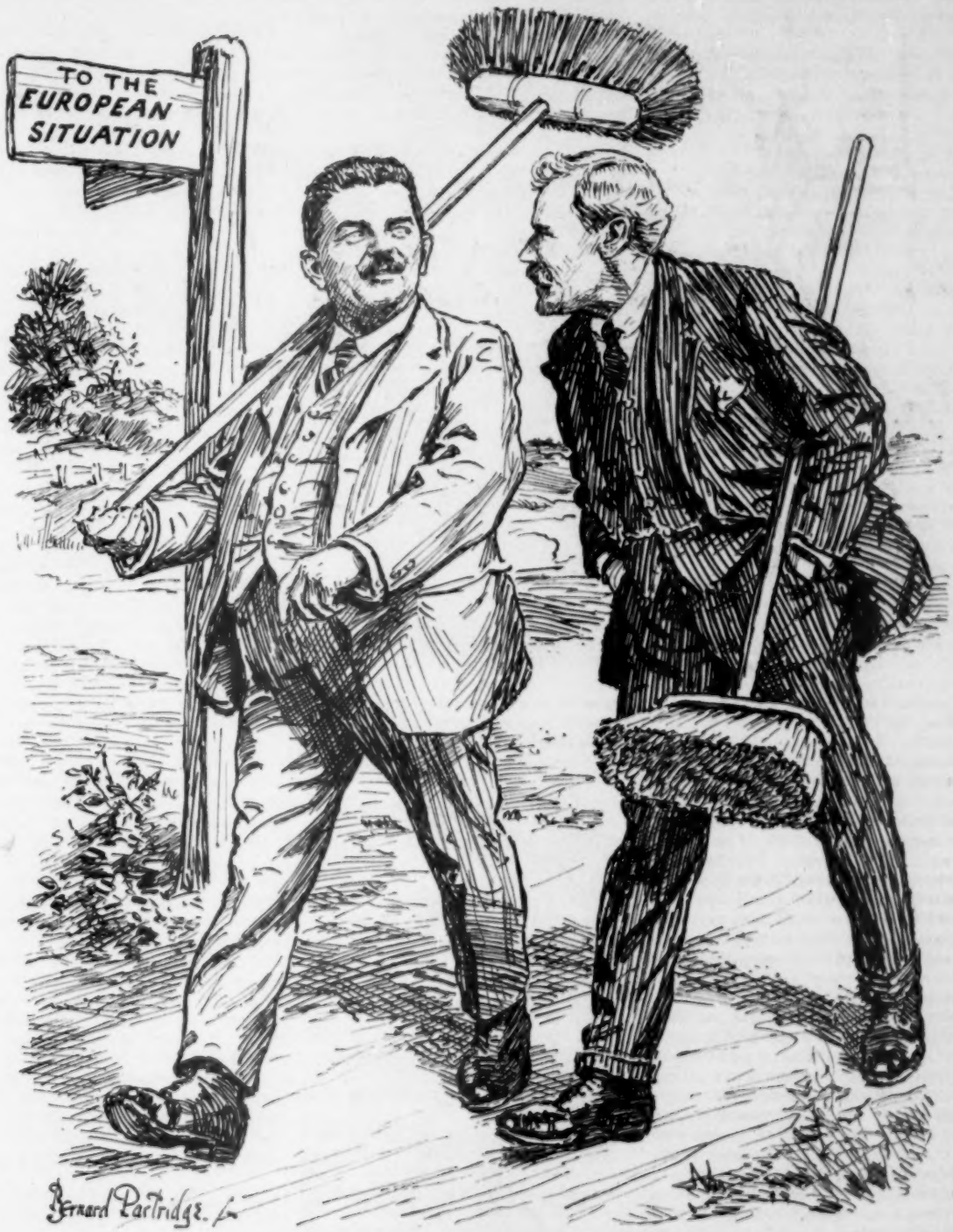
What 's that, Mariana? You like the becoming tint of the postcards, but—*why aren't they stamped?*

Ungracious Mariana!

A provincial contemporary advertises itself as "the Paper without a Peer." *Sans peer et sans reproche?*

"Although under 'Olympic' orders not to attempt too much, H. B. Stallard won the half-mile at the United Hospitals Sports, equalling the record of 59 2-5 secs."
Provincial Paper.

What he would have done if allowed to go all out we cannot imagine.



THE NEW BROOMS.

M. HERRIOT (*to Mr. MACDONALD*). "WE ARE ALREADY IN STEP. NOW, IF YOU WOULD ONLY CARRY YOUR BROOM AS I DO, IT WOULD CREATE A STILL MORE EXCELLENT IMPRESSION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 23rd.—The young Clydesiders are discovering ever wider horizons. Mr. TOM JOHNSTON asked an anxious question about the position of the Masai in Kenya Colony, while both Mr. MAXTON and Mr. BUCHANAN inquired what was being done to enable the Nigerian Government to construct a bridge across the Benue river. Mr. STURROCK, as a Little Scotlander, protested that bridge-building in Scotland ought to come first, which moved Colonel WATTS MORGAN immediately to assert the prior claims of Wales.

I remember hearing the late Lord GOSCHEN, in a speech on Parliamentary humour, say of DISRAELI that "he potted his epigrams." The COLONIAL SECRETARY is similarly economical. When Mr. NEIL MACLEAN suggested that a certain Committee had not been completed because the Minister had "exhausted the list of experts," Mr. THOMAS said that that was not so—"I have yet my hon. friend the Member for Govan in reserve." The House duly laughed. On another question a little later Mr. PRINGLE asked "What is an expert Committee?" To which Mr. THOMAS replied that his definition of an expert would be "something connected with Penistone." And the House laughed again.

Mr. MCENTEE pleaded again on behalf of the eager multitudes of visitors who desire to attend debates. He proposed to admit them in relays every half-hour to the side galleries, and later suggested even five-minute peeps through the doors of the Chamber. Mr. SEXTON was doubtful whether even "the most vivid imagination" would be convinced by such fleeting glimpses that the House was seriously at work; but the SPEAKER was, I think, justified in saying that Mr. SEXTON'S careworn appearance (especially if he wore his hat as he did to-day) would satisfy anybody.

Moving the Second Reading of his Housing Bill, Mr. WHEATLEY presented himself to the House as "the protector of the builder and one of the best friends of private enterprise." I found him rather more amusing as apologist for the bricklayer, whose art, it seems, is so mysterious that even a first-class engineer could not acquire it in less than six months; and, if his industry is sometimes less than critics think it ought to be, that is because by an apparently immutable law "the output of every bricklayer is determined by the slowest bricklayer in the group."



LITTLE SCOTLAND AND LITTLE WALES.
MR. LENG STURROCK AND COLONEL WATTS MORGAN.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY complained that Mr. WHEATLEY'S mountain in travail had only produced a mouse which could do little harm. He thereupon chivvied and hunted it for more than an hour through a riot of metaphors, ranging from "the exiguous base of his inverted pyramid" to the "empyrean" of Mr. WHEATLEY'S "towering ambitions."



"I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell."
OMAR KHAYYAM.

LORD BANBURY.

The Government were not frightened by the motion for the rejection of the Bill, but were much more perturbed by Mr. MASTERMAN'S desire that the measure should be referred to a Committee of the whole House. That, said Mr. CLYNES, would involve the Session being prolonged well into September. Mr. MASTERMAN persisted, and, after helping to pass the Second Reading by 269 to 206, carried nearly the whole of the Opposition with him on the second point, and gave the Government their heaviest defeat of the Session, 315 to 175.

Tuesday, June 24th.—Invigorated by nearly three weeks' holiday, the Peers turned up in unusual force to hear the Bishop of OXFORD move the Second Reading of his Liquor (Popular Control) Bill. It proposes to give the inhabitants of any electoral area three options, namely (1) "No change"; (2) "Disinterested Management," and (3) "No Licences"; and in the probable event of their voting for (2) to set up machinery for giving effect to it, including a compensation fund, which, as Dr. BURGE was careful to say, "would not be under the control of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

In spite of this attractive feature the measure as a whole did not appeal to Lord BANBURY, who regarded it as a stepping-stone to Prohibition, described the Liquor Compensation Commission as another Star Chamber, and declined to put his right to have a glass of wine at the discretion of other persons than himself.

The Bill was vigorously opposed by Lord LONG and mildly supported by the Bishop of LONDON, who said the nation was spending a million a day on "a narcotic which did not warm"—a description which might have been more effective as an argument on a less sultry day.

At Question-time the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT was freely heckled regarding the state of the roads and admitted "a slight degree of slipperiness in certain states of the weather." Later on, when piloting the London Traffic Bill through the Report-stage, Mr. GOSLING himself skidded rather badly over the question of Parliamentary or bureaucratic control. On an amendment providing that traffic-regulations should not come into force

until definitely approved by the House of Commons he resisted once too often, and, though supported by Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON—"a fledgling bureaucrat," according to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN—was beaten by a small majority.

Wednesday, June 25th.—Lord SELBORNE was so perturbed at the prospect of an Irish Free State Minister at Washington that two Members of the Government had to co-operate in reply. Lord ARNOLD explained that Canada had insisted upon the right to have a Plenipotentiary at Washington, but had never exercised it. The Irish Free State has under the treaty specifically the same rights as Canada, and what Irishman could be expected not to fight heroically for an abstract principle?

Lord PARMOOR bravely expressed his confidence that the appointment would strengthen our cordial relations with the United States; but his statement that the Irish Minister would receive his credentials from London and his instructions from Dublin rendered Lord CURZON, as a diplomatic purist, almost speechless with emotion.

Colonel HOWARD BURY met with an unsympathetic reception for his complaint that the litter of waste-paper at the Wembley Exhibition every afternoon is "absolutely disgraceful." Mr. BUCHANAN protested that no Member of the House of Commons should dare to criticise others for untidiness, in view of the invariable litter of papers on the floor of the House. His description of "papers flung about the Chamber," however, suggested a more exciting atmosphere than usually prevails.

Mr. SNOWDEN had reason to expect a heated debate on his resolution to remove the thrift disqualification from old-age pensions, in view of the lavish pledges given by Labour Members at the elections. But Members were in such high spirits at having been invited to HIS MAJESTY'S garden-party at Buckingham Palace that all bitter feelings were banished. Everybody had arrived in his or her smartest clothes, and most Members hurried away at once after the CHANCELLOR'S speech.

The House remained all but empty through the summer afternoon, and by dinner-time the Resolution was agreed to without a division. The new deduction to be made in calculating the private means of old people will benefit about a quarter of a million old-age pensioners. It was the KING'S gift, through putting the House in a good humour on a lovely afternoon.

Thursday, June 26th.—Coming so soon after the debate in "another place," the Lords' discussion of Imperial Preference was largely a *réchauffé*. An attempt to add a little freshness to the *pros* and *cons*, as stated by Lords LONG and ARNOLD, was made by Lord BIRKENHEAD, who recalled Lord PARMOOR'S former devotion to the late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S policy and wondered when he changed his mind. Lord PARMOOR, declining to give a date, was content to say that he had been Chairman of a Free Trade Union "for very many years."

It is rather a quaint comment upon the anti-British speeches in Moscow that the Soviet Government should have given the Royal Mint an order for the new Russian silver coinage. If Mr. MACDONALD and his colleagues were the rascally *bourgeois* of M. ZINOVIEFF'S heated imagination they would hardly have been accorded this mark of confidence. Perhaps, however, the Russian people will now be told, as a proof that Communism's triumph is complete, that England is now making money for Russia.

What really happened at Chequers? According to the PRIME MINISTER most of the reports in the newspapers have been based upon pure imagination, and only the official *communiqué* is to be trusted. But which version, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN inquired—the French, which spoke of "*accord complet*" and "*un pacte moral*," or the English, in which the corresponding expressions were "general agreement" and "common determination"? With a good deal of vehemence Mr. MACDONALD insisted that there was no real discrepancy; but he left one of his hearers with the impression that, if language was given us to conceal our thoughts, two languages are even more effective.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE'S suggestion that the MINISTER OF LABOUR should institute an inquiry into the recent Tube strike, with the view of discovering how it was due to Communist influence, did not please the Government. Mr. SHAW, indeed, endeavoured to laugh it out of court. He pleased his supporters by comparing Sir KINGSLEY WOOD (who takes himself sometimes a little too seriously) to a stuffed owl, and declared that, if the "shivering bourgeois" on the Opposition Benches ceased to advertise the Communist movement, it would soon disappear. After a more than usually discursive debate, in which a number of back-benchers delivered speeches largely irrelevant, Mr. MASTERMAN rallied the Liberals to the defence of Mr. SHAW'S salary, and Sir S. HOARE'S motion was rejected by 79.



Captain WEDGWOOD BENN. "FLEDGLING BUREAUCRAT!"
Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON. "FLEDGLING YOURSELF!"

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

(By a Student of Hygiene.)

AFTER a protracted and inclement spring, we have plunged into the welcome warmth of summer. It is impossible not to sympathise with the attitude of the majority, revelling in the enjoyment of a genial temperature. It is none the less imperatively incumbent on medical and hygienic experts to impress on the public the need of preparing for the recurrence of conditions non-conducive to comfort and even hostile to longevity. Just as it is darkest before the dawn, so it is often brightest before the blizzard. Revelry is permissible, even legitimate, on occasion, but it should never wholly exclude the prudential element; and this is peculiarly true of hygiene.

As we approach that period unscientifically described as "the dog-days," we are naturally preoccupied with the desire to keep cool. Coolness, whether of mind or body, is often a desirable and delectable condition. In some organisms, such as the cucumber or the tomato, it is consistent and continuous. In the human frame it is otherwise, and the effort to induce it without restraint is not immune from danger. Colds contracted in summer are the worst and most violent. The question of liquid refreshment is beset with strange and paradoxical difficulties, aptly summed up in the observation of HIPPOCRATES that "the more



Child. "MUMMY, I 'M SITTING NEXT TO A LIVE DOLL."

we drink the thirstier we are, and the thirstier we are the more we drink." In such a context it is inadvisable to dogmatise, but one may safely declare that, when the thermometer is over eighty in the shade, it is as well to abstain from hot turtle soup or mulligatawny. There is a general consensus amongst medical experts that the best beverage in these conditions is one which partakes of the nature of a compromise and is at once refreshing and prophylactic. Gingerbeer with a dash of ammoniated quinine, and lemon-squash flavoured with a table-spoonful of essence of garlic or tincture of cinnamon, are perhaps the best translations into liquid reality of this judicious precept.

As with drink, so also with diet. We need sustenance, but we should avoid repletion. Our carnivorous appetites should be frugally indulged, while fruitarian and vegetarian fare is to be encouraged. In regard to tobacco, it is a good rule for non-smokers not to enter on the habit with Madurodoras during the prevalence of a heat-wave.

Lastly there remains the question of dress. Here again caution should be our guiding principle. The old saw ran: "Cast not a clout till May be out," but recent meteorological experiences point to the substitution of September for May. Only yesterday I saw a gentleman walking in the Park arrayed in a tussore suit, with sandals, and carrying a white umbrella. Only persons of considerable moral courage can afford to indulge in such extravagant eccentricity. Personally I incline to the view of one of the wisest of my Harley Street colleagues, expressed in the pregnant aphorism:—

> "If you give up the boon
> Of a 'woolly' in June
> You 'll probably die
> Of a cold in July."

THE ANNUAL SACRIFICE.

FAREWELL, companions of my walks
In lands of old romance,
Who kept me dry-shod in my stalks
And steady in my stance;
Though still available for golf,
For climbing or for shoots,
No longer shall I don or doff
My oldest hob-nailed boots.

Farewell, ye best of body-guards
And ministers of ease,
Though spotted, like the race of pards,
And baggy at the knees;
Farewell—no lavish bribe or price
But simply local needs
Demand that I should sacrifice
My oldest suit of tweeds.

Farewell, protectors of my head
Against unnumbered ills
Upon enduring mortals shed
By blasts and heats and chills—
My Homburg, cloven in the crown
And seedy in the nap;
My bowler, now a greenish-brown;
My oldest, cosiest cap.

Desertion of these trusty friends
Seems treason, but the claim
Of high and altruistic ends
Acquits my soul of blame;
Though sorrow cuts me like a knife,
No arguments prevail
Against the Order of my wife
To help her Jumble Sale.

"Mrs. —— only went out to New York three weeks ago on the *Adriatic*, to join her husband there. She had to return by the same ship after spending a week at Ellis Island, for, though she was free to land at New York, her young baby, who had been born in Ireland, was not, owing to operation of the immigration laws. Her case was regarded by her fellow passengers as being a most hardshipping one."—*Irish Paper.*

The epithet is unusual but just.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

III.—"IT MAY BE LIFE——"

I WISH I hadn't broke that dish,
I wish I was a movie-star,
I wish I wasn't washing-up, I wish
That life was like the movies are;
I wish I wore a wicked hat,
I got the face for it, I *know*;
I'm tired of scrubbing floors an' that—
It may be life, but ain't it slow?

For I don't have no adventures in the street,
Men don't register emotion when we meet;
Jack don't register Love's Sweet Bliss,
Jack just registers an ordinary kiss;
An' I says "Evenin',"
An' Jack says "Evenin',"
An' we both stand there
At the corner of the Square,
Me like a statue an' him like a bear.
He don't make faces like the movie-men,
He just holds tight till the clock strikes ten,
Then I says "Friday?" an' Jack says "Right,"
Jack says "The same time?" an' I says "Right;"
Jack just whispers and I can hardly speak,
And that's the most exciting thing that happens in the week.

I'm never chased in motor-cars,
I'm never drownded in a mine;
Them yellow men with long cigars
Don't never ask me out to dine;
In fact, as far as I can see,
There *is* no life in Pimlico.
Here, why don't no one kidnap *me*?
It may be life, but ain't it slow?

For I don't have no adventures, &c.

Jack loves me well enough, I know,
But does he ever bite his lip,
And does he chew his cheek to show
That Passion 's got him in a grip?
An' does his gun go pop-pop-pop
When fellers gets familiar? No.
He just says, "'Op it!" and they 'op—
It may be life, but ain't it slow?

For I don't have no adventures in the street,
Men don't register emotion when we meet,
Jack don't register jealousy an' such,
Jack don't register nothing very much;
But Jack says "Evenin',"
An' I says "Evenin',"
An' we both stand there
At the corner of the Square,
Me like a statue an' him like a bear.
He don't look loving like the movie-men,
He just holds tight till the clock strikes ten,
An' I says "Friday?" an' Jack says "Right,"
Jack says "The same time?" an' I says "Right,"
Jack just whispers and I can hardly speak,
And that's the most exciting thing that happens in the week.
An' I sometimes wish,
Oh! I very often wish
That life was a little like a movie-show;
For life may be life, but, Lordie, ain't it slow?

A. P. H.

"To Let, Furnished, half of double-fronted owner's house."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We distrust these owners who face both ways.

THE UNFREEHOLDER.

I HAVE always longed to be a freeholder, one of the sturdy brotherhood that was the backbone of England in the good old days. In all the procession of CHAUCER'S Pilgrims I envied most the Franklin, the joyous soul in whose house it snowed meat and drink all the year round. Not till my beard is approaching the daisy whiteness of that fine old freeholder's have I attained to his independence. Till now I was the leaseholder of a leaseholder, the tenant of tenants, *servus servorum*. Now I have (at a great price) secured This Freehold and extinguished two leases, one a Crimean veteran of 1854.

But am I free? Never less. In my deed of transfer is a clause that begins by forbidding me to keep an hotel or a public-house, or a whole dictionary of synonyms, in the futile way legal documents have. As I read on I see that not only am I refused a licence, but my liberty is taken away. I am not to engage in any of a full score of attractive and possibly lucrative trades, unless I can secure the written consent of the vendor, who may not even be venal.

The poor pretext for this tyranny is that the enterprises named might be too unsavoury for the comfort of the vendor's neighbouring tenants. I am not to be a butcher (common or pork), or a fishmonger, or even to keep a fried fish shop, or yet to sell sausages or tripe. Yet, for all that appears, I may be a greengrocer to my heart's content, in defiance of my neighbours' noses. Is the vendor a vegetarian?

But there is worse to follow. I cannot add to the sweetness and colour of life: I must not be a sugar-baker or yet a dyer. I am prepared not to be a scourer (of what?), a knacker or a horse-boiler, even if I am debarred from writing sporting stories. But other prohibitions touch me more nearly. If I may not be a hogskinner how can I satirise profiteers and motorists? Can I devise a sentimental film-story without being a melter of fat? Can I write belittling biographies of the great dead when I am no bone-boiler? If not a boiler of tripe, can I legally supply feuilletons to daily papers? Can I even write my memoirs?

The most galling stipulation of all is that I must never be a fellmonger. I have never fellmonged in my life, but the first glance at the word told me that fellmongering is my true vocation. At the very core of my sub-conscious nature lies, I feel, the fellmonger complex. No mere urge, no trivial drive, but a genuine, copper-bottomed, hand-rivetted complex. Only as a fellmonger can I be a true freeholder.

Alas, the house-hunger of the age was too strong for me, and I fell. I am a freeholder now in name—free, perhaps, to Jongg the Mah, but never to Mong the Fell.

Commercial Candour.

"Prices are on the up-grade, but we can still do you at the old prices."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

"When the Prince of Wales arrives in Paris he will call upon the President at the Louvre."—*Evening Paper.*

But it is not true that when President DOUMERGUE comes to London the PRINCE will receive him at the British Museum.

"Learned young lawyer would know smart English person, absolutely reservate, no teacher, exchange tongues."—*Il Secolo.*

We doubt if a smart English person who was really reservate would care to exchange his tongue for anybody else's.

Of the Presidential election in America:—

"At present it looks as though Mr. Davis, the late Ambassador to Great Britain, stood as good a chance as anyone of being the *tertium gaudens*."—*Evening Paper.*

We wonder if it would be wise to put our *tertius* quid on him.

MANNERS AND MODES: THE PATTERN GOWN.



ALTHOUGH THE PATTERNS IN VOGUE ARE EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR A FLOWER SHOW OR GARDEN PARTY—



WE FEEL THAT MORE APPROPRIATE DESIGNS MIGHT BE WORN AT THE RACES—



ON THE RIVER—



AND AT LORD'S.

MY CORRESPONDENCE.

LET me freely and shamelessly confess that I retain many of the enthusiasms of childhood. For instance, I am still passionately devoted to railways, both model railways and those we use, and I am still excited by the appearance of letters beside my plate at table. In this respect I realise that I am much out of the ordinary, if the novelist is to be believed. The typical hero of the novel deals with his correspondence after this manner:—

"The door opened and Reginald Bellairs, faultlessly attired in a correctly-cut morning-coat and trousers" —probably he wore other garments as well—"entered, took his seat at the table and, glancing casually at the pile of letters beside his plate"—he is always fortunate enough to have a pile—"proceeded with his breakfast" (Reginald would never be so gauche as to *eat* it).

Now I may as well admit—and I know I am inconsistent—that at the bottom of my heart I envy the faultless Reginald. This icy disregard of such trifles as letters, many of them unpaid bills (always thrown unopened into the waste-paper basket), is, I feel, the correct pose, the right attitude of *blasé* indifference that should characterise the well-bred hero. To that height, however, I shall never attain. The first thing I do, if letters are on the table, is to open those letters; I "discuss" breakfast later. I breakfast alone and so I need waste no time on polite apologies; I can get straight to the heart of those simply-clad mysteries that have been travelling all night to greet me in the morning. I open them; and this, or something like it, is my reward nine times out of ten:—

DEAR SIR,—At this time of the year gentlemen in your profession are usually in need of a little ready money. I shall be happy to advance to you any sum from £5 to £5,000 on your note of hand alone.

Yours sincerely,
SOLOMON MCMONTAGU.

Or this:—

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is a specimen copy of the new publication, *Urge*, formed as a result of the amalgamation of the journals *Upward Ho!* and *The Higher Egoism*. Subscription rates are as follows, etc., etc.

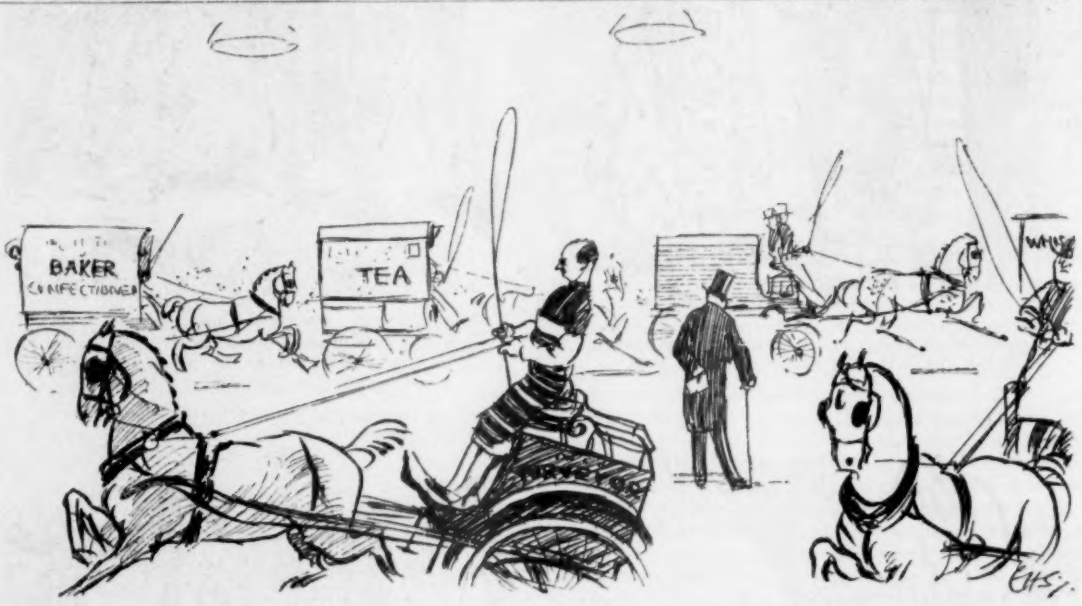
Or this:—

DEAR SIR,—I beg to bring to your notice the work of the British Society for the Compulsory Detention within doors of all Cats after nine o'clock at night. The Society is urgently in need of assistance, etc., etc.

This, it must be admitted, is on the whole disappointing. Scant reward this for the enthusiasm I have shown. Yet I have had hopes of creating a regular and interesting correspondence out of even such unpromising material. Accordingly I tried an experiment. I selected Mr. Solomon McMontagu as the subject, partly because of the honest British ring of his letter (including the signature) and partly, I will own, because of his recognition that, though I am no hero, I am a gentleman. So I wrote what was, I thought, and still think, a nice "chatty" open letter, conceived on the same basis of friendliness as his own:—

DEAR MR. SOLOMON (if I may so address you, for I feel that I know you even better than you appear to know me),—I am delighted with your letter. How did you judge my position so accurately? You say you will "advance"—O word of promise and encouragement!—any sum up to £5,000. Now I frankly admit that £5,000 would be a great help to me, but I really cannot allow your generous nature thus to take advantage of your keen business sense (I am sure you have one). Let us begin on a humbler level. Please advance me 2*s.* 6*d.* I will pay you back. Yours, etc.

Apparently the experiment has failed. I am still waiting for an answer. I don't see how I could have made my letter any more cordial. I met him on his own ground and gave him every opening to carry on the correspondence. Yet the fact remains that he has not replied. Perhaps it is because I omitted to put a stamp on my envelope.



THE HORSE SHOW.

CLASS 77, "TRADE TURN-OUTS": DELIVERING THE GOODS.



Master of Otterhounds (after an unusually long hunt presenting the "rudder" to fair American). "WILL YOU ACCEPT A TROPHY OF THE BEST HUNT WE HAVE HAD THIS SEASON?"
Fair American. "MY! IS THAT WHAT YOUR DOGS HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR ALL THIS TIME?"

AT THE PLAY.

"TIGER CATS" (SAVOY).

MADAME KAREN BRAMSON, a Danish lady, Parisian by adoption, may be fairly supposed to have thickened her lighter Gallic *motifs* with a certain Scandinavian solidity.

André Chaumont, the distinguished neurologist, is equipped (or handicapped) with a magnificent pair of mysterious eyes which cause his lecture-hall to be thronged by adoring spinsters who write tenderly indiscreet notes of admiration for the lucidity and profundity of his performances. *Suzanne* had been one of his admirers, and she is now *Madame Chaumont*.

André is also a bit of a zoologist. His main thesis is that among the sub-species of the greater cats you must find place for Woman—beautiful, greedy, lascivious, wantonly cruel Woman. The thing has become an obsession with him.

His wife is emphatically one of this class, *prima inter pares*, a perfectly horrible woman, as he explains for our benefit to her sister's husband, the *Comte de Vauzelle*. Indeed he keeps a loaded revolver under the papers on his work-table, hugging the thought that he can at any moment set the world free from such a monster. And he can write a great work to warn the world against this terrible menace. What he in fact needs as a man is to consult himself in the capacity of nerve specialist.

Suzanne enters. She thinks nothing of interrupting his work, which she despises as not sufficiently lucrative—why doesn't he establish a fashionable practice?—or of quarrelling openly before the gentle little secretary, whom she well knows to be deep in love with the neurologist's romantic eyes; or of reminding him of her sister's dresses and jewels and cars. What use is he, anyway? She is indeed a devil of a woman—superbly sketched in for us by Miss EDITH EVANS. The weak point seems to me to be that she never can have been anything else. When her engagement ring was given to her, so we learn later, she had asked, "Is that the best you can do?" Even a romantic neurologist ought to have been able to diagnose "little beast" from a symptom like that.

But *Suzanne* was a very subtle cat. This so passionately expressed hatred of her by her husband, what is it all but a proof of the depth of his desire and jealousy? He loves her but is too proud to own it. His eyes betray him. Well, she will put him to the test. She will take a lover, and confession of her lapse will goad him to a declaration of his suppressed passion and dissolve this horribly elaborate complex.

But she didn't know what we know about the revolver under the papers. *André*, with a hand made unsteady by anger and anguish, puts a bullet or two into her lungs. All jolly exciting and unlikely. She recovers. And by another feigned confession—I assume feigned, as the queer plane on which the whole affair is presented makes pretence a necessity—she brings him grovelling pitifully about her knees. Triumphant in her revenge, resolved to give nothing, having indeed nothing to give, and to take all, *Suzanne* stands transfigured, the embodiment of the evil predatory female over the noble imbecile male.

This was all theatrically effective, though I never felt it ring very true. Nor did *Suzanne* and *André* seem to me really probable people. One had an impression of a situation being elaborately contrived rather than logically developing from premises of circumstance and character.

No doubt there are cats that play with their quarry and when it is dead stalk away in a bored and detached manner. Does Madame BRAMSON mean that there are women really like that—

women who kill merely for sport? It seems rather a strained parallel, and, from the woman's point of view, "hardly good enough." I also rather wondered what *Suzanne* would have looked like in less supremely competent hands than those of Miss EVANS. You could almost believe in her, and I take that as a tribute to the actress's accomplished subtlety.

And yet this perhaps isn't quite fair to the author. I put the point to one of our younger dramatists, who, arguing plausibly *pro domo sua*, claimed that the author had a right to see her character played in the most perfect manner. If she was lucky, as here, you couldn't rob her of the credit. She, the creatrix, could fairly claim any results that flowed from her creation. No bad plea, either.

Mr. LORAINE seemed happier in his later deflated mood after the shooting than in the more flamboyant passages of the first two Acts. But, after all, this was a pathological study and perhaps needs rather a doctor than a layman to judge it. I can only say that, though I contrived to swallow *Suzanne*, I never got quite to believe in *André*.

Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN was, as usual, dexterous and natural in his part of the bored Count, the too-easily deceived husband of a little cat who had all *Suzanne's* baseness without her subtlety. I liked the sympathetic little study of the lovelorn secretary by Miss VALERIE WINGATE, Mr. CLAUDE GRAHAM'S butler and Mr. CHARLES MAUNSELL'S politely brusque examining magistrate.

And I wonder whether what the author may really be at isn't, after all, under cover of an unusually bitter attack on members of her own sex, to ridicule the futility, gullibility and unbridled concupiscence of the mere male. A pleasing thought. T.

"YOICKS!" (KINGSWAY).

Revue as an art-form has this engaging quality, that, though you may be bored at a given moment, it is always possible that you may be highly diverted the next; whereas a play that goes wrong generally goes wrong altogether, and you simply have to sit hoping against hope for a miracle (that doesn't happen) to set the thing right. In revue the bad or indifferent serve as foils to the good numbers. And some of the turns in Mr. DONALD CALTHROP'S revue *Yoicks!* are so entirely admirable that it is difficult to account for a few of the others except on the assumption of a deliberate plan of effective contrast.

In general one may record that the musical numbers were more than ordinarily tuneful in an easily memorable way; that the sentimental ballad-singing was adequate—Miss MARJORIE GORDON particularly has a sweet and pleasant voice; that occasionally the rhythmical theories of the singers, particularly Mr. MARK LESTER, were at variance with those of the composer and the harassed conductor; that the setting of the stage was attractive and intelligent; the dresses attractive if hardly inspired. Also I must in fairness (and exasperation) record that a gentleman behind me was so excessively diverted by matter that left me unmoved that I began to wonder if the defect were not in my liver. But I hardly think so, as I have seldom been so entertained, so freely moved to helpless laughter, as by Mr. CALTHROP'S version of *Mr. Ex Austin's* enormously expensive show—the taming of a wild broncho. That broncho, presented as to the forepart by Mr. SELIG and as to the hinderpart by Mr. HART, the cowboy by Mr. MARK LESTER, was a sheer delight—one of those rare pieces of inspired idiotcy that make life more than bearable for a considerable period. Memory fondly recalls that rolling eye, that wrinkled threatening muzzle, those valiant buckings. Mr. CALTHROP'S rendering of the accent and spirit of the impresario's explanatory remarks was equally inspired.

Next perhaps in order of merit and originality was Mr. HASTINGS TURNER'S *Love's Young Dream*, a vision of a future in which *Mama*, the famous stockbroker, a bluff and roomy matron in black tail-coat and pearl-grey bags, smoking her pipe and having her rum-and-water in the library, gives advice to her shy son, who is nervously waiting the arrival and expected proposal of "young Robinson," a sprightly plus-foured monocled maiden. Mr. CALTHROP'S study of the boy in this very droll piece of topsy-turveydom was beyond praise.

The Babes in the Wood, presented in something like its original pantomime form; then, as Mr. BASIL DEAN would conceive it, with two actors, thirty-six electricians, an enlarged orchestra and an infernal lot of atmosphere; then, again, as the Russians would present it; and finally, and I think, best, as Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, in the mood of *Our Betters*, would do it, digging out all that was most ignoble in motive and character (with a really glorious impression of Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER by Miss RUTH MAITLAND)—this was as good as possible.

Next in order of merit I would place two versions of *The Erring Wife*. One—"as she imagined it"—a Dellish affair, with a whip-wielding Sheik dragging her to his tent for a flogging; the other as it actually happened when *Henry* (Mr. DOUGLAS PHILLIPS) was so absorbed in "Schedule D" that the dread confession hardly reached his bemused intelligence. This I conceive to be a perfectly possible, nay plausible, idea.

In a duologue with Mr. MARK LESTER, Miss CYLLENE MOXON had a pretty trick of demureness of which we should have liked to see more. And we all liked immensely Mr. CALTHROP'S monologue (perhaps just a little too long for complete artistic effect) on nothing in particular—a triumph of muddled thought and desperate aposiopesis.

But my mind will keep going back to that inspired broncho. All the Empire should see this. Not the Wild West, not the pampas, not Wembley itself can show anything like it. T.



ALL DONE BY KINDNESS.

MR. MARK LESTER { MESSRS. SELIG AND HART } MR. DONALD CALTHROP



"AS NOW WORN."

WITH THE LENGLEN BANDEAU TENNIS MAY AT ANY MOMENT DEVELOP INTO BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

As scientists know, it is an immutable law of Nature that very large women have a strange fascination for very small men. No man weighing six stone ever deserts a wife who weighs sixteen. This is not only due to a natural fear of the consequences; it 's because he loves her, and the larger she is the more there is of her for him to love. The only type of woman who could lure him away would be one weighing still more.

This being so, it becomes necessary to explain why Horace deserted the beautiful Brenda. Horace is an estimable fellow and what the newspapers call a Napoleon of finance, but he is diminutive in the matter of stature. Even with two pairs of socks on he barely reaches five feet, and he is slim in proportion, although he has, like many other small men, a profound sense of his own dignity.

When Horace fell in love it was naturally with an outsize in girls. Brenda was a shade over six feet, and a broad-shouldered hefty wench who could have won the bargain pair of stockings at a sale from *Brünnhilde* herself. But she had quality as well as quantity. She was a modern girl. She danced, was keen on all the latest fashions and ideas and knew a Mah-Jongg piece from a domino.

Horace met her first in the Tube. She was straphanging in front of him, and his sub-conscious mind began to send out S.O.S. signals because it was afraid the strap would break and that she would fall on Horace and crush him; so he rose graciously and offered her his seat. That was the beginning of Love's young dream.

One night he took her to a fancy-dress ball, and being a man of original turn of mind he went as a pale-blue pierrot. Brenda, being thoroughly in the movement, took with her a large doll. As a delicate compliment to Horace she dressed it in pale-blue, exactly like himself.

At supper Horace gallantly plunged into the *mêlée* to get some jelly for the lady, and being slim he squeezed through the cracks in the crowd and secured the delicacy, but on the return journey his lack of weight made it impossible to fight against the stream. Brenda was hovering round the scrum like a half-back waiting for the ball; but suddenly a fresh consignment of trifle appeared at another buffet, and the resultant rush of the crowd swept Brenda and Horace into each other's arms.

Brenda seized the jelly, but dropped her doll. There was another rush, which separated her from Horace, and at that moment she caught a glimpse of pale blue on the floor under the feet of the supper-hunters. Her doll—the doll she had dressed like the man she loved—was in danger of being trampled on!

Her nostrils dilated. With one sweep of her plate of jelly she cleared a space, snatched up the little pale-blue figure, and looked round for Horace.

Suddenly the figure under her arm gave a stifled gurgle and a convulsive little kick. It was Horace himself.

Horace never recovered from this shock to his self-esteem. Next day he broke off his engagement, and the only time he has ever allowed his memory to recall the incident was when somebody wrote and asked him for a subscription towards training female athletes for the Olympic Games. I could tell you what he wrote back, but I would rather not.

From a recent book:—

"We took the train to Carnarvon, and visited the castle, amusing ourselves on the way with the delightful Welsh names: 'Pen Cw' on a sign beside the road, and 'Lnwr' on the trainmen's caps."

The author should see them to-day with the delightful Welsh word "Lms" on their caps.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Euphrosyne, blithest of the The Three Graces, has, I notice, almost deserted our ancient entertainers the novelists for our one-time monitors the critics; and I think she stays longer with Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL than any of them. Certainly *More Obiter Dicta* (HEINEMANN) contains better measure of happy and serene observation than any small book of its kind issued since its own forerunner. And if I were set to choose light yet fortifying literary diet for anyone, old or young, I should head the menu with an ample selection from its twenty-three short articles. Apart from their exquisite verbal art and the righteousness of their more bookish judgments, the most attractive of their gifts is, I feel, a certain "alertness for humanity" which is praised (in one of the finest essays of the book) as an attribute of the later writings of NEWMAN. With Mr. BIRRELL this alertness is ubiquitous. At times it is a really formidable alertness, off its chain and showing its teeth at pedants—as in "*The Quarterly Review* and Literature"—or at bigots—as in "*The Edinburgh Review* and Religion." At times it is an alertness merely stand-offish, refusing to fawn where fawning is customary, as in "Chateaubriand." But for the most part it is an alertness which leaves nothing good unwelcomed or unshared. And this graciousness to theme and reader dominates "Old Nollekens," "Miss Ferrier," "Elementary Jane," "Byron's Letters," "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," and "The Age of Victoria—the Age of Law Reform," a delightful restatement of a great case for popular gratitude. No dust-heap is so dusty but Mr. BIRRELL picks out his pearl, and no pearl is so lustrous but he leaves it with an added polish. Yet he observes proportion; and it is due as much to critics of his calibre as to the ultimate common-sense of mankind that "the good books will always beat the bad ones; they always have and . . . . they always will."



Rival Angler. "WOT 'S THE USE OF YOU GOIN' FISHIN' WITH A FACE LIKE THAT? YER WANT TO WAIT TILL IT 'S DARK AND GO MOTH-'UNTIN'."

Time was when Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER was a remarkably clever young fellow, who had enjoyed the honour of collaborating with Mr. CONRAD, and had written his reminiscences at a then incredibly early age. Now he is become FORD MADOX FORD (the old name preserved within brackets) and one of the most sophisticated of modern novelists. *Some Do Not* (DUCKWORTH) has its virtues but, like an electric eel, it gives the reader a number of little unnecessary shocks. Nothing must be done in the expected manner. Even the names must set us guessing—including the book's title. Mr. FORD takes a typical Yorkshire county family of the landed official class, and gives it the name of *Tietjens*. There are, I am aware, certain good Yorkshire families of Dutch descent, but it takes time to reconcile myself to a patronymic like this. As soon have *Mario* or *Grisi*. And then, of course, there must be no story or, at any rate, no definite conclusion: the chief characters, male and female, just separate in the street, one on his way to the Front and the other to go home and cry and cook for her mother, who is by way of being the only novelist England has produced worth mentioning for the last twenty years or so. With all this the novel has a certain value. It is a portrait gallery of living persons, and the dialogue is often astonishingly clever. It may be added that some of the characters are also extremely unpleasant, and that most of them are in the habit of saying straight out what they think, sometimes in the strongest language. I cannot recommend the *Rev. Mr. Duchemin* ("Breakfast" *Duchemin* of Magdalen) as a really nice person to meet. Nor even his wife, nor *Sylvia Tietjens*, wife of a brilliant Civil Servant in the Office of Statistics and a most immoral woman. On the other hand I have pleasure in introducing *Father Consett* and *General Lord Edward Campion* and *Miss Valentine Wannop* (I am not quite sure about this last), and perhaps the two *Tietjens* brothers. But I advise those who want a novel to have some story in it to go elsewhere.

I don't think Mr. JOSEPH HARKER wrote his *Studio and Stage* (NISBET) with any egotistic purpose of adding to the unending spate of biographical reminiscences, for his account of his own satisfactory career is quite perfunctory. What he was bubbling over with, I take it, was the desire to have a go at those stage-reformers and stage-decorators of the advanced school whom he so abhors. "Back to Nature!" is his cry; that is to say back to literal representation—the old cry of those painters and that stout public for whom symbolisms, precisions, pattern, design are merely unintelligible. So to him the CRAIGS and BAKSTS and APPIAS, the FRASERS, RUTHERSTONS and WILKINSONS are anathema. In his opinion they can't draw; and he can quote, in an interesting symposium which makes the best of his book, Sir DAVID MURRAY, P.R.I.: "One and all of them are alike insincere and incapable;" and Sir JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON, himself also a painter: "The majority have neither knowledge nor taste, and their sole aim is the cult of the hideous and obscene." But isn't all this rather too violent? Lest it should be thought I am misrepresenting Mr. HARKER I may add that he saw nothing in the Russian Ballet that had not been better done at the Empire; it merely presented "a watered brand of the old wine in new bottles." Of course it may be granted that modernisms are always apt to give cover to humbugs and charlatans; that the extreme Left is always wrong (but then so also is the extreme Right—see History of Art and Politics, *passim*); that symbolists and precisionists and expressionists in the theatre may be distracting (which is bad),



Pamela. "I SAY, DADS, DOESN'T CLOCK GOLF BRING OUT THE WORST IN ONE?"

as the representationalists may be dull—and distracting also for that matter. Why can't Mr. HARKER, like the sensible Mr. SHAW (and myself), take a golden middle way, find pleasure in the work of his own school, and see what the others are aiming at? I should add that the author has some amusing anecdotes and, when he can get off his prancing hobby, interesting things to say of the technique of that craft of which—as all the world knows—heretic and orthodox alike admit him to be master.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE's game with *Mark Lidderdale* and his fellow-ecclesiastics certainly becomes more exciting as his hero gets nearer "den"—"den" of course being his final destination, the Roman Catholic Church. Yet I think I should allow Mr. MACKENZIE's postscriptive plea that *The Heavenly Ladder* (CASSELL) is not to be taken as propaganda, for I feel that *Mark's* conversion is altogether too individualistic an affair to serve as a useful precedent. We left him, if you remember, at the end of *The Parson's Progress*, on the verge of induction into a Cornish living; and the present book is mainly concerned with his parochial troubles. His humbler parishioners, traditionally or by conviction Protestants, are mostly indifferent or hostile to Anglo-Catholicism. And the principal gentry—a talkative Major with a wife "like the wreck of an iced madeira cake"—look upon short pleasant services as something subordinate and, if possible, ancillary to the success of the local golf-club. The situation is further complicated by the enthusiastic devotions, and devotion, of a "lady artist;" and the War, when it breaks out, finds *Mark* only too ready to enlist. But realising (I think finely) that this would be "a mere *beau geste* to escape from an intolerable position," he stays on at Nancepean until he is turned out. His post-war decision casually involves a long talk with an urbane Benedictine abbot and a short chat with a practical Italian *parroco*. But, by a shrewd stroke of likelihood, a ready-witted Nihilist who takes refuge at the vicarage during the War has more to do with his host's final *volte-face* than either of his reverend abettors. Personally, I took what I felt was a well-deserved pleasure in watching *Mr. Horatio Fox* make mincemeat of the boyish reverie and repartee (often so charming in themselves) which have served *Mr. Lidderdale* through three volumes in lieu of meditation and dialectic. And *Mr. Fox's* visit, together with a few charming landscapes and portraits in Mr. MACKENZIE's best early MILLAIS manner, will remain (I think) my most animated memories of *The Heavenly Ladder*.

When it is too late, people have awakened to a sentimental regret for the beauty and the daring of the superb sailing-ships of seventy years ago. The ships have gone, and with them all save a few records of their achievement and some

scattered memories of the doings of the men who sailed them. Nevertheless, in *A Book of Famous Ships* (METHUEN) Miss FOX SMITH has collected vivid instances of the great age of sailing-ships, which touched its zenith at the very time when the new steamships were driving their winged sisters from the seas. Tea-clippers and wool-clippers, "Black Ball" liners and Atlantic packet-ships—the author knows them all. She tells of *Lightning*, *Thermopylæ*, *Cutty Sark*, *Ariel*, *Taeping*, *Sir Lancelot*, *Lothair*, *Hallowe'en*, *Dreadnought*, and of many another noble vessel nobly named; and of the queer, indomitable, hard-fisted men who sailed them. To the sailor, his every ship was the best that ever was launched. "Good-bye, old dear!" said Captain YOUNG, patting the side of the old *City of Agra* when "he gave up the sea and went into steamboats," as the old phrase went. That is the spirit of the time. Splendid as were their exploits, the seamen, not to mention the passengers, paid a price for them. "To Hell—or Melbourne in sixty days," as Captain FORBES of *Lightning* is said to have replied to a terrified passenger who asked the skipper where he thought his "cracking-on" would take the ship, is all very fine; but what of men lost overboard, crews soaked to the skin for days and nights on end, passengers battened down and sometimes dying of suffocation, or washed out of their berths by a sea which burst the hatches? The old sailing-ships have passed into a serene retrospect whose charm is enhanced by distance; and by none is it more sympathetically depicted than by Miss FOX SMITH, whose delightful book is pleasantly illustrated by Mr. PHIL W. SMITH.

In spite of the antics of various goats and a most capricious cow, *Lady Jane and The Smallholders* (HUTCHINSON) is as placid a story as any peaceable citizen could desire. In the telling of it "M. E. FRANCIS" has collaborated with her daughter, Miss MARGARET BLUNDELL, and together they give a mildly amusing account of the difficulties that beset those who try without much experience to get a living from live-stock. *Lady Jane*, a kind but eccentric old lady, trots in and out of the story, but I never felt that she was either as credible or as alive as the animals to which those active young ladies, *Margaret* and *Frances*, devoted so much time and attention. The dogs get a long chapter to themselves, and it is obvious that the authors have the charming habit of believing that their dogs are more affectionate and more sensible than anyone else's. To assist the smallholders' mother, who was an author, *Lady Jane* found an incompetent secretary, and a pupil was secured in the person of one *Evelyn Blenkinstone*, who turned out to be a man. Follows a love-story between the girl who was hopeless as a secretary and the pupil who cordially disliked work. Whatever Mrs. BLUNDELL's failings as a novelist may be, she has always contrived to establish an intimate relationship between her readers and herself; and there is no sign whatever that this bond is in danger of fracture through the taking of her daughter into partnership.



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

The Story of the Empire (COLLINS), as told by Sir CHARLES LUCAS, forms the first volume to be issued in an ambitious series of twelve, which together are to constitute a survey of the history, resources and activities of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Blessed with every kind of authoritative benediction, including that of the management of the Empire Exhibition, this series is intended, so an introduction says, to supplement the Exhibition on the intellectual side. One might have thought that Wembley did not call for much supplementing on any side, yet, if all the volumes are to be as capably written as the present historical sketch, they may certainly serve the purpose of maintaining the Wembley idea in permanent and dignified form. Here are none of the pretty stories of history. One may look in vain for ALFRED and the cakes or the poor little Princes in the Tower—there was to be no supplementing of the Amusements Section, you will notice—but instead there is a sober straightforward history of the old country, not regarded from the familiar angles of constitutional development, religious bias or dynastic politics, but studied simply as the expansion of an island freehold into a greater unity measured over all the earth. Old and hackneyed controversies change their aspects in quite a fascinating manner when so considered, a STUART or a CROMWELL, a LIVINGSTONE or a CECIL RHODES being all equally commendable in the eyes of the writer just in so far as they forward the one grand object. Where careful movement is necessary he can step as delicately as an Inspector of Explosives, and, though he does not fail to provide a little pleasant commendation where this is legitimate, he never beats the big drum just for love of the big noise. He is particularly to be congratulated, I think, for his self-restraint in not overloading his sketch with a disproportionately long account of the War.

Mr. ALAN HILLGARTH gets quickly off the mark in his story of adventure, *The Princess and the Perjurer* (CHAPMAN AND DODD). In the first chapter *Paul Drage*, who was "about the last R.N.V.R. lieutenant left in the Navy List," was sent to tell General WRANGEL that "he must control his own picnic." In other words he was to inform the General that none of his refugees could be landed in Constantinople. While performing this mission *Paul*, whose mother was Russian, was mistaken for his cousin, *Stepan Vassilievitch*, who was wholly a Russian. Once you have accepted the likelihood of this close resemblance between cousins you will encounter no very great obstacle to your enjoyment of a series of most exciting events. The scenes of *Paul's* exploits are for the most part laid in Batoum and the mountains of Georgia, where plot and counterplot follow in such rapid sequence that I will not attempt to describe them. It is enough to say that *Stepan* was an odious man, treacherous and of a most evil reputation, and to be mistaken for him was to be in daily peril of extinction. A thrilling tale; and I have in my time swallowed greater improbabilities for a far punier reward.

CHARIVARIA.

IT seems that, after all, there is something to be said in favour of modern dancing. Anyhow, there is a movement in America to prohibit it altogether.

* * *

"Saxophone-players are born, not made," declares a musical critic. Those who bewail our declining birth-rate should find consolation in this great thought.

* * *

A speaker has expressed the opinion that women over thirty-five years of age should take more interest in municipal and national affairs. But are there any women over thirty-five years of age?

* * *

The authorities state that the advertisements which may soon appear in taxis will be small and appropriate. Something like "Travel by Underground," perhaps?

* * *

An alligator at Brighton, which has eaten nothing for several months, has doubled in weight. To the local landlady this sounds like the perfect lodger.

* * *

The new Immigration Act has just come into force in America, and English lecturers can now only enter the country in half-gross lots.

* * *

In the opinion of Mr. ROBERT LYND some persons have faces that might be worse. This may be true, but it isn't nice to think about.

* * *

It has been suggested that present-day sunsets are not so good as those we had before the War. This is no doubt due to the fact that all the best ones have been used up by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

The baby girl recently born in a Bakerloo train has been christened Thelma Ursula Beatrice Eleanor. Being born in a Tube isn't the fun some people seem to think.

* * *

A machine has been invented which enables several hundred bricks to be laid in an hour. Yes; but can it go on strike?

* * *

A contemporary points out that bagpipe-players live to a good old age. This, of course, is an old grievance.

Broad arrows are no longer used to mark the clothing of British convicts. It is felt that these disfiguring designs have kept many a sensitive man from qualifying for the hospitality of our prisons.

* * *

Miss TENNYSON JESSE, in her new book, *Murder and its Motives*, says that certain people lay themselves out to be murdered. Others, of course, have to be pushed over by the radiator first.

* * *

A lecturer refers to a certain event as being history long before *The Daily Mail* was started. The suggestion that there was any history before our contemporary's birth seems almost fantastic.

* * *

"We have very few brilliant statesmen at the present time," declares a morning paper. And yet we dare wager that there is not a single statesman who could not name at least one.

* * *

Asked where he lived, a man before the Willesden magistrates answered that he had at least thirty temporary addresses. Entering into the spirit of the thing the magistrate supplied him with a thirty-first.

* * *

When two burglars broke into a large house recently in Manchester the householder cycled for the police, with the result that both intruders were surprised and captured. This was hard luck on the burglars, who no doubt had counted upon his resorting to the telephone.

* * *

Three-hundred-and-sixty million tons of material had to be removed to make the Panama Canal. Oxford Street comes second.



CAPTAIN PITCHIT USED TO HAVE IT ALL HIS OWN WAY AT THE CLUB, WITH HIS YARNS OF ADVENTURE OFF THE HORN IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, UNTIL CHARLES TUFFER CAME BACK FROM A CARAVAN TOUR WITH HIS STORY OF THE HURRICANE NIGHT ON SALISBURY PLAIN, WHEN THE TENT POLE BUCKLED.

A Russian poet has just taken back seven trunks full of patent medicines with him. This seems to us to explain quite a lot of Russian literature.

* * *

The King of BULGARIA is learning to drive a railway locomotive. Well, you never know.

* * *

A representative of an American music-hall circuit at present in this country has booked one hundred-and-sixty performers to go with him to the States for a two years' engagement. Doubtless he is doing his best for us, but he is leaving a terrible lot of turns behind.

* * *

Suggestions are being invited for the ideal railway carriage. We are sending in a design for one divided into compartments with eight corner seats in each.

* * *

In a London suburb large crowds were recently attracted to a house bearing a TO LET notice. Several young couples went h. & c. all over.

* * *

The suggestion that bricks should be made bigger is meeting with a mixed reception. But whatever happens we can rely on our bricklayers remaining calm.

* * *

A leading lady of one of the Los Angeles film studios is said to have made a hobby of collecting fossils. Hitherto, of course, the vogue out there has been for collecting husbands while they're comparatively young.

* * *

Snow fell in Westmorland the other day. This is a nasty blow for those who assert that it is always raining in this country during the summer.

* * *

"All films should end happily," says a writer. We agree. And the sooner the better.

"The marsh tortoise undoubtedly feeds upon snails and slugs, and will take out up fingers as bread and butter."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Thanks for the warning.

At a musical festival:—

"Dry tone and unsteady intonation told against the singing of the —— Temperance Philharmonic."—*Provincial Paper.*

We can understand the dry tone, but are a little surprised at the unsteady intonation.

TO BORE OR NOT TO BORE.

THE cycle comes full round again,
And Britain's heart, meanwhile incurious,
Wakes up alert and, torn in twain,
Registers joy or waxes furious
Over this scheme to make a tube-connection
With Europe's other section.

Our experts vent their fearful views:
"Grave perils lurk in such a juncture;
Bellicose hordes (we don't say whose)
Might pour through that convenient puncture,
While at this end our warriors, scared and numb,
Just gibber, 'Here they come!'"

Others observe a marked sea-change:
We 've ceased, they say, to be an island,
What with these guns of deadly range
And 'planes that cross as over dry land;
Already we reveal with painful clarity
Signs of peninsularity.

And, since we 've lost in any case
Our isolation's ancient glory,
Since "Bertha" and the flying ace
Have ended our rough island story,
A scheme to link us up with half the planet
Can't make much difference, can it?

And some there are, a sickly crew,
Whose thoughts are bent upon abating
The horrors of the bounding blue,
Who find the Channel nauseating,
Who loathe the pitching bow, the lurch to leeward,
And that faint cry of "Steward!"

My tougher maw may mock at these,
Yet know I many a worse deterrent
That keeps me off the narrow seas:—
The gangway's hideous crush; the errant
Porter of bags and those unnerving doubts
As to his whereabouts;

The fight for deck-chairs stacked away,
And other fetid forms of scrimmage,
Scarce changed, in this enlightened day,
From what occurred in NOE'S dim age.
Who 'll vote to stop these terrors with a tunnel?
I know that I, for one, 'll. O. S.

THE ROCK-CLIMBER.

THERE are four chief requisites for the great British pastime of rock-climbing: suitable scenery; proper equipment; an hotel that caters for people who insist on climbing rocks; and well-developed and prehensile fingers and thumbs.

Choice of terrain ought to be considered, although experts care little where they go. The Fen districts in Cambridge and Lincolnshire and the suburbs of our larger cities should be avoided if possible, and the gorges of Mount Clamba-Clamba or the Andes take some little time to reach. Perhaps a happy medium between these two extremes is the best.

The equipment of the rock-climber should be very carefully thought out before he embarks on an expedition. Normal clothes in a rock-climbers' hotel are not usual. A neat fustian Norfolk jacket, with elastic straps instead of buttons, and flexible armpits, makes a very good impression, and an accordion-pleated waistcoat of grey plush for evening wear adds to the general appearance. Knickerbockers should be of astrachan, with detachable celluloid cuffs below the knees. Shirts and vests should be wire-wove and reversible, and should button down the back; and stockings should be knitted from the wool of the llama or billybear. These articles can be obtained from most rock-climbing outfitters. Shrapnel helmets were worn after the war-period in order to guard against falling crags, but this armour is no longer obligatory, and headgear is often dispensed with altogether if the hair curls naturally.

The boots of the rock-climber are the most important part of his equipment, and they should be especially made for him. The soles require careful adjustment; they should consist of thin slabs of asbestos, crêpe-rubber, leather and bitumen in successive layers, with a fringe of large nails round the rims. A steel comb is often fixed to the toecap of each boot for regripping mountains when dangling in mid air. This comb will be found to be very convenient, as it can be utilised for the toilette and for concerts in the hotel drawing-room. Round the waist and under the coat should be worn some two hundred yards of fine Manilla rope tied in a clove hitch, and fixed with a neat gold safety-pin; on no account should this portion of the equipment be removed day or night. A hatchet should also be carried to deal with ice-slopes and waiters.

Novices should never attempt to enter a rock-climbers' hotel without a guide. Such a practice is always made the object of remark. The whole party should be well roped together under an experienced leader before leaving the railway-station, and steps should be cut where necessary on the way to the hotel. As soon as they have arrived at the rock-climbers' headquarters and engaged rooms, a short section of frieze-moulding should be booked in the smoke-room. This length of moulding allows the whole party to dangle from their finger-tips or thumbs against the walls after dinner. Many rock-climbing visitors will be seen after meals in this position strengthening their grip and sleeping at the same time. They should on no account be cut down or interfered with in any way. Doorways are also eagerly sought after in the evenings, to be climbed up, chimney fashion, with a series of jerks, the back and feet being pressed against the interior of the door-frame. It is usual to partake of coffee at the top. Doorways are invariably regarded as being free to all, and they cannot be booked in advance.

Discussions on climbing (introducing gullies, the art of colouring alpenstocks, hob-nailed boots, *arêtes*, ice-cliffs, suitable socks and their makers and pet ropes) should be carried on by all during their stay. Many climbers have had their ropes for years, indeed ever since they were little pieces of string, and it is often advisable to admire and stroke the pet ropes of other visitors even if secretly disliking their coils and texture. The pairing time for Manilla ropes is early in September.

After a day or two of careful attention to these details and discussions with other rock-climbers, it will be hardly necessary to attempt any neighbouring peak outside the hotel smoke-room or lounges. Such extra effort would be most inconvenient, because luncheon is at 1.30 P.M. and it usually rains all the time.

As rock-climbers never go to bed at all, but hang about the cornices of the rooms wrapped in ropes, the maximum period for which it is safe to stay at a rock-climbers' hotel is considered by the medical profession to be about six days.

"The facts are as follows: Authorised foreign excavators in Egypt are generously allowed by the native Government to keep half the antiquaries they find."—*New Zealand Paper.*

This, no doubt, is what worried Mr. CARTER.



NILODRAMA.

EGYPT. "AH! MY LONG-LOST CHE-ILD! COME HOME TO ME."
JOHN BULL } *together.* { "WE DON'T THINK."
SOUDAN }



Lady Golfer. "I'M AFRAID I MUST HAVE HIT YOU—SO SORRY!"
Onlooker. "NO BALL CAME HERE."
Lady Golfer (sorrier still). "OH, DASH IT ALL! THAT MEANS ANOTHER BALL LOST."

FATMA—A FOOTPAD.

Fatma is the minutest specimen of that vast and various tribe which seeks to wile the piastres from your purse in the streets of Constantinople. No, not the minutest. I know one tinier still; he has just learnt to walk; he clings with one hand for support to the rags of his unwashen gipsy mother, but he sticks out the other, its baby fingers still aimlessly waving like the tentacles of a sea anemone, and he says the first words he ever learnt: "Baksheesh, mamzelle." One ought not really to encourage him to be a mendicant, but——

Fatma is two or three sizes larger. Her father was Impudence and her mother Gaiety, both of them gipsies, and she is on the border line between the imp and the human being. Her weapons are smallness and a grin. She has the art of running backwards just in front of your advancing feet, and a sufficient vocabulary, learnt, I fancy, from the Armies of Occupation. She doesn't say, "Baksheesh." "Gimme fi' piahstre," she clamours; "gimme fi' piahstre, gimme fi' piahstre." Then, with special blandishment, "*Guzel mamzelle.*" Now this "*guzel*" means "pretty," and it is agreeable to be called pretty, but I must say on Fatma's lips the word suggests business methods rather than uncontrollable admiration. I distinctly heard her use it on the young Armenian lady of golliwog type whom she relinquished on catching sight of me. Fatma's technique is not perfect yet, but whose is at six years old?

I have met Fatma very, very often, our front-door in the Grande Rue de Péra happening to occur in the middle of her beat. At first I yielded to the grin and used to bestow on her paras, many paras, partly to get rid of them, partly to get rid of her. It is difficult to progress with an imp dancing along just not on your toes.

Then the day arrived when Fatma raised her tariff. "Yok paras," she said, her eyes sparkling with joy; "gimme fi' piahstre, *ten* piahstre," and would not take the offered handful of inferior coins. "*Yok*" is the rude blunt Turkish "No"; an excellent word too. There is a politer word, but I wasn't going to use it; this was a case for "*Yok*"; so "*Yok, yok,*" I barked.

When Fatma saw that the game was up she said, "To-morrow—yes?" and went off to fasten on the next victim, her eyes still sparkling with joy. I believe they sparkle with joy all night in some gipsy tent or petrol-tin shack on the brown hills outside.

A little further down the Grande Rue I came upon Fatma again. No, on inspection it was not my Fatma, though mine is not above sprinting ahead and reappearing at another point to take fuller advantage of a mood of generosity. This one was a size or two larger. She had the same gipsy face, the same grin, the same long gown of grandmotherly cut, the same unquenchable joy; but, instead of being arranged in twenty little pigtails, her black hair was covered with a blue kerchief tied under her chin. These slight differences in costume and in size enable you to perceive what a number of Fatmas there are in the Grande Rue; it is haunted by imps. Business must be fairly brisk. At any rate, on one of those evil winter days of Constantinople, when the Black Sea wind blows the sleet along and every cobble is coated with greasy mud, I was pleased to see that my special Fatma's feet were snug in felt bedroom slippers encased in shiny new goloshes. Her eyes, of course, sparkled with joy.

A Turkish officer told me once that I should be doing a service to his nation

if, instead of giving money to beggars, I would say slowly and distinctly the word "Work." He said that some day the idea might penetrate somehow into some mind; that a few would get to know at least the sound of the word. So I carefully learnt the Turkish for it and applied it to the next beggar. "Work!" I said starkly. "Work!" But he only stared. It was the first time he had ever heard the word; he had not the least idea what it meant, and he never would have.

I am afraid of trying it on Fatma. I wonder what would happen. Would she vanish into thin air, as imps sometimes do at the cold approach of common-sense? I do not want her to vanish into thin air, though I admit I sometimes feel a desire to slap her. So I shall not say the word to her, and she shall continue to haunt her little beat in the Grande Rue.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

VII.—THE AIR OFFICER COMMANDING.

THE A.O.C., the A.O.C.,
Maintains a proper dignity;
About his presence seems to brood
A grave and austere quietude,
That no occasion small or great
Can ever mar or dissipate.
There 's not a man in all the camp
That 's ever known him shout or stamp
Or grasp a sergeant by the hair
Or chase his batmen round the Square.
The evil-doer, brought to book,
Will shrink and tremble at his look;
Yet not in base and craven dread
Of dooms impending o'er his head,
But purely from a sense of shame;
It makes him feel so much to blame.

Though outwardly he may appear
A little distant and severe,
I think that I have never met
A less unyielding martinet.
From 'drome to 'drome the story spreads
Of how, while strolling round the sheds,
He saw behind a grassy ridge
Four Flight-Lieutenants playing Bridge,
Though every self-respecting Looty
Should certainly have been on duty.
Perceiving that extreme dismay
Had turned their features ashen-grey,
With ready sympathy and tact
(And this is vouched for as a fact)
He stilled their hearts' excited thumps
By kindly asking what were trumps.

The A.O.C. participates
In local shows and garden fêtes,
Where hosts of ladies, keen to please,
Buzz round him like a swarm of bees
And proffer him, with smiles and glee,
Innumerable cups of tea,
Or coyly tempt him to partake
Of buttered scones and currant cake;
While angry baronets and knights,
Deprived of social satellites,
Converse apart in accents gruff
And wish the fellow far enough.
But even they perforce must own
He lends distinction, charm and tone
To functions which before he came
Were apt to seem a trifle tame.
It fills our hearts with joy and pride
To know that all the countryside
Admires and courts our A.O.C.
And honours him with cakes and tea.



Office Boy (with great presence of mind, as he catches sight of his employer in queue). "ER—WOULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE CEMETERY?"

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XIX.—COMFORT IN THE HOME.

THE signboard said "GAS," and we followed where it led.

The room was high, spacious and oval. All round the edge of it were elegantly furnished compartments in which sat persons of the female gender doing nothing in particular. There was a frieze of large gilt letters saying

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

I put the Illustrator on a chair while I went round and peered at one or two of the compartments. Then I button-holed a young man in a morning-coat.

"Well, what about the gas?" I inquired.

"What about what gas?" he said.

"I don't see any gas," I said.

"You can't see gas," he explained.

"I can't smell any gas," I said.

"Each of these little rooms," he pointed out, "has a gas-fire."

"I know they have, my merry fellow," I answered, "I know they have. But I don't see that any of them are lit. How can one tell that one kind of fire is better than any other kind of fire when it isn't burning? Take this one with a baby and a nurse in it. Why don't you light the gas-fire and let the nurse warm the baby's toes?"

"It's a wax baby," he said. "It's a doll."

"Then it would warm all the better, my man. Light the fire, make the nurse drop baby, and show that if it fell on a gas-fire it would simply bounce off, whereas with an open one it would be absolutely ruined. And look at those two young girls in the next compartment. What are they doing? Cutting out bits of paper and sticking them on the wall. What's that got to do with gas?"

I spoke sharply to him.

"You ought to read the notice," he said.

I read it:—

"*In the playroom gas provides at call hot water—hot glue for Daddy—and radiant heat.*"

"What in thunder does Daddy want hot glue for?" I asked with some warmth.

"To mend the children's toys."

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "And how does Mummy fill up her days, I should like to know? What are the children doing here at all? They ought to be at school. Why aren't they at school? It isn't holiday time. Making a mess with bits of paper and things. Anyhow, the fire isn't lit here either. There aren't any matches. How is Daddy to come in and make his hot glue without matches? Who are these other idle young persons further on?"

"They are elder children—in the schoolroom, you know. And then there is a college girl."

"Good heavens!" I said, "and can't *she* shake off the gas habit?"

"Not a bit of it," he said. "She doesn't want to. She is a nurse-probationer. You aren't reading the notices properly."

I read another.

"*Gas has been aptly termed,*" it said, "*NURSE'S THIRD HAND.*"

"Who said that?" I asked rather sharply. "RUSKIN or CARLYLE? I believe you invented it yourselves. Why is she wasting her time, anyhow, reading a book, when she ought to be learning to turn on the gas-fire? Does she know how to do it?"

"Think of the heat," he expostulated, "if we had all these gas-fires lit on a summer day!"

"You could have put blocks of ice round the room, couldn't you, stupid, or had it refrigerated in some way? What's this? A kitchen?"

"Yes," he said. "And this young lady is using a gas-cooker."

"Don't talk to me about that!" I cried. "I don't want to see a young lady using a gas-cooker. I have one in my own home—outings Wednesdays: when does yours go out? Ours has more taps than yours. I tried to boil a kettle myself once, but I couldn't find out which bit had been turned on until I burnt my fingers. Why isn't every tap and jet painted to match, like croquet mallets and croquet balls? Do you get any mice in this kitchen? Who is the poor old lady in the room over there?"

"That is grandmother," he said.

I went across to grandmother's room.

"*Gas,*" I read, "*is grandmother's good friend, because it provides her with ready warmth in every form within her own quarters—a cheerful fire at any hour.*"

"I don't think you know very much about grandmothers," I said. "They can't go stooping about at any hour turning on and off gas-fires. Exploding like a machine-gun. And what is the matter with grandmother's cat?"



MISSING EXHIBITS. No. 1.
BRITISH PLUMBER LOCATING AN ESCAPE OF GAS.



MISSING EXHIBITS. No. 2.
AUNTIE IN A HOT CORNER.

"It is a china cat," he explained.

"I see. I thought it had been gassed," I said. "Tell me about this next place, this boiler-room or distillery or whatever it is."

"It is a bath-room," he explained, "with geysers in it."

"It has about thirteen geysers," I said, "and only one bath. How are you going to bathe all these people in one bath? Besides, there isn't anybody bathing at all. Why isn't there anybody bathing in the bath?"

"Well, we could hardly——" he began.

"Perhaps not," I said. "Still, this is a gas exhibition, isn't it? There's my friend over there, of course. He might do."

I looked at the Illustrator doubtfully. He was still sitting on his armchair trying to make a picture of a gas-cooker, and getting the handles all mixed up.

"He usually samples all the machines at the Exhibition," I explained. "If we could get him inside somehow and turn on all the geysers at once——"

"There are several other rooms," said the young man hastily, "that you haven't looked at yet."

He showed me what he said was a study.

"*The man of affairs,*" ran the placard, "*requires freedom from worries and interruptions.*"

I was now thoroughly enraged.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that the man of affairs sits by that gas-fire and gets freedom from worries and interruptions?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then will you kindly point out," I asked triumphantly, "what he knocks his pipe out into?"

"Perhaps you will like this room better," he suggested, waving me on.

It was a handsome-looking apartment. I read the label carefully:—

"*A gas-fire is my lady's fire where daintiness desires to reign.*"

"That ought to have been put in verse really," I said.

"The gas-fire is the best of fires
For any châtelaine
Wherever daintiness desires,
Or elegance, to reign."

Rather like DRINKWATER really.

All the same, gas stupefies the Peke.

"A rather popular exhibit, if you'd thought of it," I said, "would have been a cellar, with the man coming to inspect the meter; or a plumber mending leaks; or the seven ages of a female therm."

At this point the Illustrator, who had left his chair and was wandering vaguely round, came up to us.

"I've just asked the college girl to make me a cake on her little students' stove," he said, "but she wouldn't."

"I don't suppose she could," I said. "I don't believe there's any gas in this Exhibition at all. Nothing but electric light. Why do you have electric light instead of gas in my lady's boudoir? Look here;" and I pressed down the knob on the wall.

"That's not an electric light switch," he said, turning it off. "That's a gas switch."

"A gas which?" I said, turning it on again.

"A gas switch," he said, turning it off. "Incandescent, you know."

"Oh!" I said, feeling rather humiliated. "Possibly I have been a little too querulous. But before we go perhaps you would like to know who my friend and I are?"

He tried to look as if he would.

"We are unemployed," I explained, "that's what we are. He is a chimney-sweeper, and I am the man that cleans the flues."

"I guessed as much," he said.

EVOE.



MISSING EXHIBITS. No. 3.

CHIMNEY-SWEEP FAILS TO APPRECIATE HIS WIFE'S INSTALLATION OF A GAS-FIRE IN HER BOUDOIR.

"BUTCHERS.—Smart young man for round, able to cut and serve a customer; Ealing district."—*Daily Paper.*

We understand that since this advertisement appeared there has been a wave of vegetarianism in Ealing.

THE RETURN VISIT: A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

IT was ten o'clock on a hot summer night. We found him lying on our door-step, panting slightly and gazing up at us with pathetic eyes. Priscilla's tender heart was touched. She bent to look at his collar: "I am sure he has lost himself," she said. "Do let's take him home, David; it's only two streets away."

When we approached his road we realised that he lived at the far end, a good quarter-of-an-hour off. His limp became more and more pronounced and, urged on by Priscilla, I consented to carry him, though I began to suspect that a certain unwillingness to reach his home rather than exhaustion was responsible for his becoming more and more of a dead weight in my aching arms.

The suspicion became a certainty as soon as we interviewed his mistress, who was obviously a little amused, though very polite, about the trouble we had taken.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Jack went out after his supper; he and his friend go about a good deal on their own."

We retired, feeling a little flattened; and when, going about midnight to post some letters, I found him again on my doorstep, I was quite terse. I told him that this was no time to be paying calls; upon which he looked intelligent and trotted off at once.

The next afternoon, as Priscilla sat in the drawing-room with the front-door open, she heard a pattering of paws in the hall and, looking up, she saw Jack's face peering at her round the door. He vanished before she could speak, to reappear in a few moments accompanied by his friend. This was a large wire-haired terrier with soft solemn brown eyes who had rather the air of a retired Indian Colonel.

Jack introduced the Colonel to Priscilla and they both lay down quietly at her feet. When I came in a few minutes later they both rose, and the same ceremony of introduction was gone through. We offered light refreshment, which was declined by the Colonel; but Jack accepted a sweet biscuit as a matter of form. I rather suspect the Colonel of being a dyspeptic, for from time to time his frame was shaken by a hiccup. I

ought to add that he always gave the effect of putting his paw politely in front of his mouth after each paroxysm.

While the visit lasted they remained on either side of Priscilla, gazing into space with a well-bred indifference to their surroundings. After a quarter-of-an-hour Jack rose, gave a dignified stretch and signalled to his companion; and they both trotted gravely out of the house.

The next social move lies clearly with us. Only there is a difficulty. Jack, like every other dog, doubtless has his day, but we don't know which it is.

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

THE Literary Competition between Wallaby and Penshurst began on this wise. Penshurst had a patent cure for unemployment. Unlike the rabbit of the Government, which still remains coyly hidden (they candidly acknowledge it themselves) within the hat, Penshurst produced his at the Club one evening to be seen of all men. Wallaby, who is a Protectionist, was sceptical.

"It isn't a rabbit at all. It 's only the lining of the hat," he said.

"It 's sun-clear," said Penshurst, who had evidently been reading *The Observer*. "It 's unarguable."

But it was certainly not that. Wallaby argued the sun-clear rabbit—if it was a rabbit—to smithereens.

But Penshurst clung to the shreds.

"I shall write to *The Clock* about it," he said.

"They won't print it," said Wallaby.

"They will," said Penshurst.

"Only in an abbreviated form among 'Points from Letters,' and probably not even there," said Wallaby.

"They 'll print it with a block-letter heading all to itself," said Penshurst.

"I 'll get ten letters printed before yours gets in," said Wallaby.

From that came the Literary Competition. Over a period of three months Wallaby and Penshurst were to write letters to *The Clock*. Marks were to be given for a fully printed letter, with a title all to itself (in small type, I need hardly say; there was never any idea of achieving large type), and fewer marks for one appearing among "Points from Letters." The loser was to stand us all a dinner. The exact system of marking to be adopted gave rise to a heated discussion—the matter was not "unarguable." Penshurst was for scoring as at Rugby football—three for "Points from Letters," as for a try; five for a full-dress letter, as for a goal. Wallaby, a follower of Association football, preferred the method of scoring in the League Championship—two for a full-dress letter, as for a win; one for a "Points from Letters," as for a draw. I myself cited the scoring for the County Cricket Championship. In that a win and a first innings win score five and three respectively, thus resembling, for our purpose, the scoring of Rugby football. But there is also, curiously, as it always seems to me, a score of one point for a first innings' defeat. I suggested that an unprinted letter should be treated as a first innings' defeat and score one. It would give some small reward for industry apart from skill, I pointed out. It would also, though I did not mention this, preclude the possibility of there being no score on either side—and no dinner. But the idea was turned down.

Finally it was agreed that two should be awarded for a "Points from Letters;" four for a full-dress letter.

The party broke up, Penshurst and Wallaby with set determined faces and fingers itching for the pen.

The full history of that three months only came out afterwards. Penshurst's letter on "The Rise and Fall of Trades'-Unionism," over which he expended much loving labour—he had used fourteen sheets of foolscap before the final fair copy was written—did not appear. Nor did Wallaby's "A Cure for the Congestion of Traffic." Hurt but unbeaten they went at it again—Penshurst on "The Truth about the Lapwing," Wallaby on "The Desecration of the Countryside." They both drew blank once more.

It was about here that their friends began to help them, instigated not, I am sure, by the fear of losing the dinner, but by the more noble impulse to lend a hand to a comrade in difficulties. It was I who suggested to Penshurst that he might write on "The White-Throated Biffkin." Someone suggested to Wallaby that a letter on "Czecho-Slovakian Cigarette-cards" was a certain winner. Neither scored a mark.

There followed from Penshurst "The Educational Value of Beauty Competitions"; from Wallaby, "A new Method of Scoring at Ping-pong"; then from Penshurst, "Patent Medicines and their Antidotes"; and from Wallaby, "Early English Flag-days."

My memory fails me as to all the further subjects treated by these dauntless scribes, and fortunately perhaps, for between them they wrote ninety-six letters. The last week arrived and still the scoring-sheet was blank. We were all in despair. It was the last morning. We opened our copies of *The Clock* without hope. And there, joy of joys, was Wallaby in print. Among "Points from Letters" certainly, but print right enough. And the subject? "The Lost Art of Letter-writing."

Penshurst gave us a very good dinner. Wallaby's speech was the feature of the evening. Its subject was "The Revived Art of Letter-writing." He admitted to me some long time afterwards that it was an exact reproduction of one of his rejected addresses to *The Clock*.

LONDON POEMS.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE primrose on
The river's brim
Was one-and-six
A line to him;
And, though he grumbled,
Begged and swore,
(Believe me) it
Was nothing more.

NEWS OF THE FLESH.

HERE they publish,
Fresh and fresh,
News of the Devil
And news of the Flesh.

And, as for the World,
They take the view
That it simply consists
Of the other two.

THE BRITISH JOURNALIST.

YOU cannot hope
To bribe or twist
(Thank God!) the British
Journalist;
But, seeing what
The man will do
Unbribed, there 's no
Occasion to.

ST. PAUL'S DOME.

OUT of the roar and trouble
Sir CHRISTOPHER blew this bubble;
And, lest it should shatter, he tied it
To the heaven he dreamed of inside it.

Gingering-up the Empire.

"EMPIRE DAY (May 24th).—The arrangements made to carry out the usual programme had to be curtailed owing to rain. To impress upon the minds of the children the significance of the day the customary ginger beer was distributed at dinner."—*School Magazine.*

From a Church notice:—

"11.30. De Teum. Turle, A., 'My heart is sorely pained' (Mendelssohn)."
Daily Paper.

Nothing is said about poor TURLE'S feelings.

From the report of an episcopal sermon:—

"It was sometimes asked whether men would continue to preach and men continue to hear, now that all could read, and a man could take from his cook something wiser and more eloquent than he would hear in his parish church."—*North-Country Paper.*

Our cook's pastry sometimes resembles a stone, but we have never noticed any sermon in it.

SHIRT-SLEEVES.

Jongasse



THE TEMPERATE BOWLER ROLLS THEM HALFWAY UP—



AND THE EAGER BOWLER TUCKS THEM ABOVE THE ELBOW.



ONLY THE OVER-ANXIOUS ONE ROLLS THEM AS FAR AS THEY 'LL GO—



AND ONLY THE VERY FEEBLEST KEEPS THEM BUTTONED.



BUT THE BOWLER—



WHO REALLY —



USES—



HIS HEAD—



HE—



WISELY—



LETS THEM—



FLAP.

MISLEADING CASES.

THE REASONABLE MAN.

THE Court of Appeal to-day delivered judgment in the case of *Fardell* v. *Potts* (*Samuel* interrupting).

LORD JUSTICE MARROW said: In this case the appellant was a Mrs. Fardell, a woman, who, while navigating a motor-launch on the river Thames, collided with the respondent, who was navigating a punt, as a result of which the respondent was immersed and caught cold. The respondent brought an action for damages, in which it was alleged that the collision and subsequent immersion were caused by the negligent navigation of the appellant. In the Court below the learned judge decided that there was evidence on which the jury might find that the defendant had not taken reasonable care, and, being of that opinion, very properly left to the jury the question whether in fact she had failed to use reasonable care or not. The jury found for the plaintiff and awarded him £250 damages. This verdict we are asked to set aside, on the ground of misdirection by the learned judge, the contention being that the case should never have been allowed to go to the jury; and this contention is supported by a somewhat novel proposition, which has been ably if tediously argued by Sir Ethelred Rutt.

The Common Law of England has been laboriously built about a mythical figure—the figure of "The Reasonable Man." In the field of jurisprudence this legendary individual occupies the place which in another science is held by the Economic Man, and in social and political discussions by the Average or Plain Man. He is an ideal, a standard, the embodiment of all those qualities which we demand of the good citizen. No matter what may be the particular department of human life which falls to be considered in these Courts, sooner or later we have to face the question—Was this or was it not the conduct of a reasonable man? Did the defendant take such care to avoid shooting the plaintiff in the stomach as might reasonably be expected of a reasonable man? (*Moocat* v. *Radley*, 2 Q. B. (1883)). Did the plaintiff take such precautions to inform himself of the circumstances as any reasonable man would expect of an ordinary person having the ordinary knowledge of an ordinary person of the habits of wild bulls when goaded with garden-forks and the persistent agitation of red flags? (*Williams* v. *Dogbody*, 2 A. C. (1841)).

I need not multiply examples. It is impossible to travel anywhere or to travel for long in that confusing forest of learned judgments which constitutes the Common Law of England without encountering the Reasonable Man. He is at every turn, an ever-present help in time of trouble, and his apparitions mark the road to equity and right. There has never been a problem, however difficult, which His Majesty's judges have not in the end been able to resolve by asking themselves the simple question, "Was this or was it not the conduct of a reasonable man?" and leaving that question to be answered by the jury.

This noble creature stands in singular contrast to his kinsman the Economic Man, whose every action is prompted by the single spur of selfish advantage and directed to the single end of monetary gain. The Reasonable Man is always thinking of others; prudence is his guide, and "Safety First," if I may borrow a contemporary catchword, is his rule of life. All solid virtues are his, save only that peculiar quality by which the affection of other men is won. For it will not be pretended that socially he is much less objectionable than the Economic Man. While any given example of his behaviour must command our admiration, when taken in the mass his acts create a very different set of impressions. He is one who invariably looks where he is going and is careful to examine the immediate foreground before he executes a leap or bound; who neither star-gazes nor is lost in meditation when approaching trap-doors or the margin of a dock; who records in every case upon the counterfoils of cheques such ample details as are desirable, scrupulously substitutes the word "Order" for the word "Bearer," crosses the instrument "a/c payee only" and registers the package in which it is despatched; who never mounts a moving omnibus and does not alight from any car while the train is in motion; who investigates exhaustively the *bona fides* of every mendicant before distributing alms, and will inform himself of the history and habits of a dog before administering a caress; who believes no gossip, nor repeats it, without firm basis for believing it to be true; who never drives his ball till those in front of him have definitely vacated the putting-green which is his own objective; who never from one year's end to another makes an excessive demand upon his wife, his neighbours, his servants, his ox or his ass; who in the way of business looks only for that narrow margin of profit which twelve men such as himself would reckon to be "fair," and contemplates his fellow-merchants, their agents and their goods, with that degree of suspicion and distrust which the law deems admirable; who neither swears, gambles nor loses his temper; who uses nothing except in moderation, and even while he flogs his child is meditating only on the golden mean. Devoid, in fact, of any human weakness, with not one single saving vice, *sans* prejudice, procrastination, ill-nature, avarice and absence of mind, as careful for his own safety as he is for that of others, this excellent but odious character stands like a monument in our Courts of Justice, vainly appealing to his fellow-citizens to order their lives after his own example.

I have called him a myth; and, in so far as there are few, if any, of his mind and temperament to be found in the ranks of living men, the title is well-chosen. But it is a myth which rests upon solid and even, it may be, upon permanent foundations. The reasonable man is fed and kept alive by the most valued and enduring of our juri-



Old Lady. "WHY DON'T YOU CHEER HIM UP?"
Girl. "DID *you* EVER TRY TO CHEER ANYBODY UP WHO'D ATE FIVE BANANAS AND SIX ICE-CREAMS?"



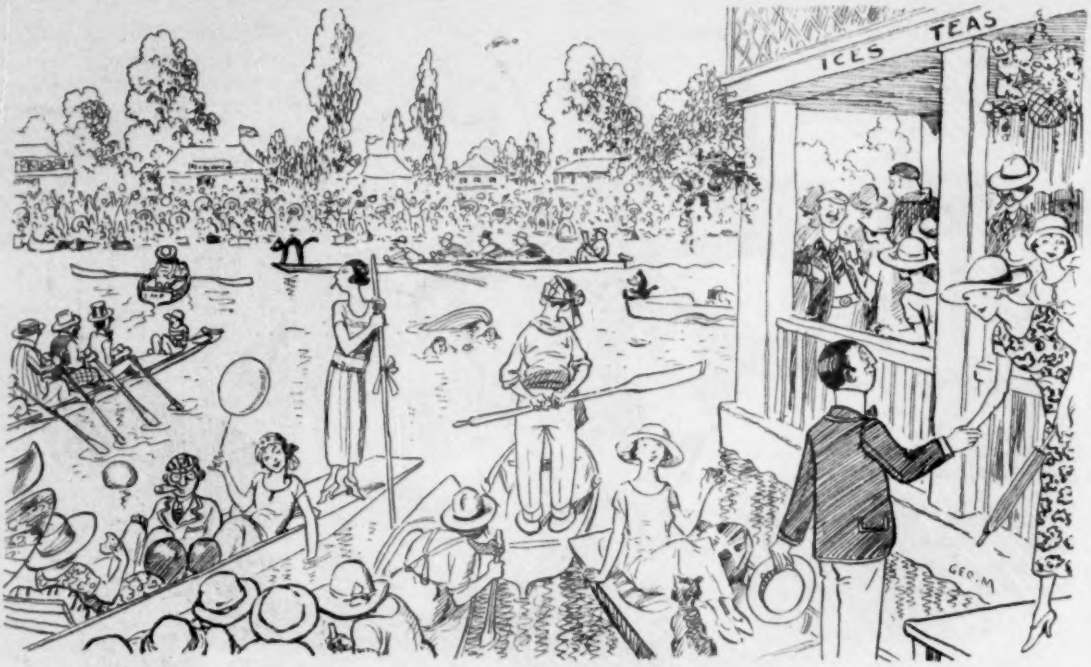
Spectator. "I SAY, YOU KNOW, MOTHER WILL BE FURIOUS IF YOU MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKE ME."

dical institutions—the common jury. Hateful as he must necessarily be to any ordinary citizen who privately considers him, it is a curious paradox that where two or three are gathered together in one place they will with one accord pretend an admiration for him; and, when they are gathered together in the formidable surroundings of a British jury, they are easily persuaded that they themselves are, each and generally, reasonable men. And without stopping to consider how strange a chance it must have been that has picked fortuitously from a whole people no fewer than twelve examples of a species so rare, they immediately invest themselves with the attributes of the reasonable man and are therefore at one with the Courts in their anxiety to support the tradition that such a being in fact exists. Thus it is that while the Economic Man has under the stress of modern conditions almost wholly disappeared from view his Reasonable cousin has gained in power with every case in which he has figured.

To return, however, as every judge must ultimately return, to the case which is before us—it has been urged for the appellant, and my own researches incline me to agree, that in all that mass of authorities which bears upon this branch of the law, *there is no single mention of a reasonable woman.* It was ably insisted before us that such an omission, extending over a century and more of judicial pronouncements, must be something more than a coincidence; that among the innumerable tributes to the reasonable man there might be expected at least some passing reference to a reasonable person of the opposite sex; that no such reference is found, for the simple reason that no such being is contemplated by the law; that legally at least there *is* no reasonable woman, and that therefore in this case the learned judge should have directed the jury that, while there was evidence on which they might find that the defendant had not come up to the standard required of a reasonable man, her conduct was only what was to be expected of a woman, as such.

It must be conceded at once that there is merit in this contention, however unpalatable it may at first appear. The appellant relies largely on *Baxter's Case*, 1639 (2 Bole, at p. 100), in which it was held that, for the purpose of estover, the wife of a tenant by the mesne was at law in the same position as an ox or other *cattle demenant* (to which a modern parallel may perhaps be found in the Statutory Regulations of many Railway Companies, whereby, for the purposes of freight, a typewriter is counted as a musical instrument). And it is probably no mere chance that in our legal textbooks the problems relating to married women are usually considered immediately after the pages devoted to idiots and lunatics. Indeed there is respectable authority for saying that at Common Law this was the status of a woman. Recent legislation has whittled away a great part of this venerable conception, but so far as concerns the law of negligence, which is our present consideration, I am persuaded that it remains intact. It is no bad thing that the law of the land should here and there conform with the known facts of everyday experience. The view that there exists a class of beings, illogical, impulsive, careless, irresponsible, extravagant, prejudiced and vain, free for the most part from those worthy and repellent excellences which distinguish the Reasonable Man, and devoted to the irrational arts of pleasure and attraction, is one which should be as welcome and as well accepted in our Courts as it is in our drawing-rooms. I find therefore that at Common Law a reasonable woman does not exist. The contention of the respondent fails and the appeal must be allowed. Costs to be costs in the action, above and below, but not costs in the case.

BUCKNILL, L.J., and BLOM-COOPER, L.J., concurred. A. P. H.



HIGH LIFE AT HENLEY.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "PUNCH" BY OUR ARTIST, "DRYLANDER," WHO WAS UNABLE TO BE PRESENT AT THIS AQUATIC FUNCTION.

HAGGARD WELLS.

I HAVE been reading a book. It is called *Pellucidar*. It is written by Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. It ought to become a cult. It contains, I think, all the ingredients of romance. It is a full book, very full.

Pellucidar is the inner part of the earth, as opposed to the mere outer crust which you and I inhabit. *David Innes* went down to Pellucidar; as a matter of fact he had been there before. He was a he-man, and red-blooded, or he would not have returned.

There is no north, south, east or west in Pellucidar, neither is there any time. There is space, however, and there are lots of other things. I should like to make some attempt to describe the place, and the only possible way of doing so seems to be in the form of a dialogue. *A* is the prospective but hesitating reader, who is glancing through the book, and *B*, the young person in the lending library who has read it herself.

A. How did *David Innes* get to Pellucidar?

B. On a prospector inside an iron mole.

A. What?

B. What I said.

A. Tell me the main difficulties encountered by *David Innes* when he got to Pellucidar?

B. After crossing, you mean, the mountains of the clouds, inhabited by many white and brown bears as large as elephants?

A. Yes, after that. Myriad are the huge-bellied carnivora of this primitive world, I observe. But go on.

B. Well, he glissaded downward thousands of feet on the other side, of course, and then I think his next great bother was the female Mahars.

A. What are they?

B. The huge rhamphorhynchus-like reptiles of incredible wisdom and cunning, which are the ruling race and harry the human species in Pellucidar; they have no auditory organs, but communicate with each other by means of the fourth dimension and the sixth sense.

A. Ah! And then?

B. As soon as he had been captured by the Sagoths——

A. I beg your pardon?

B. The Sagoths, you know—those grim and terrible gorilla-men who guard the mighty Mahars in their buried cities, faring forth from time to time upon slave-raiding or punitive expeditions against the human race.

A. Quite, quite. Well, what happened next?

B. The trouble was that *David Innes* had stolen a certain manuscript and buried it in a cave.

A. And did the Mahars want it?

B. They did. It contained the secret of artificial propagation, by means of which the female Mahars prolong their species. That was why their cold eyes glistened with malice and hatred as they were turned balefully upon *David* when he appeared. They were slimy, too, you know.

A. Yes, I see. And what did they do to him?

B. They had two ways of dealing with their enemies. One was to submit them to vivisection; the other to place them in the public arena, to face either a wild thag or a fierce tarag.

A. And which did they do in this case?

B. The latter. *David Innes* says, "I think the snarling visage of a huge enraged sabre-toothed tarag is one of the most terrible sights in the world." *Dian the Beautiful*, his human soul-mate in Pellucidar, was also placed in the arena. But they were not killed; they were saved.

A. How was that?

B. The Mahars changed their minds, and sent three mighty thipdars, which swooped down upon the tarag, buried their talons in his back and lifted him

bodily from the arena as if he had been a chicken in the clutches of a hawk.

A. What happened then?

B. With a little cry of delight *Dian* threw herself into *David's* arms. Afterwards she was put in prison again, and *David* was sent, guarded by Sagoths, to find the manuscript.

A. Did they suffer any other petty inconveniences?

B. Many. *Dian the Beautiful* was stolen by *Hoojah*.

A. Who's *Hoojah*?

B. *Hoojah the Sly One.* He was a man. *David's* rival, you know. And *David* himself was pursued by hyænodons.

A. And how did he get on with them?

B. He jumped off a precipice just as the fangs of one of the hyænodons were fastening in his shoulder and he fell into the sea. He had to swim a long way to get a landing, and the hyænodon swam after him; but it had broken a front paw and could not swim well, so David saved its life and set its paw, and it became tame and loved him, and helped him a lot. He called it Rajah. Hyænodons, I should mention, are about the size of large Shetland ponies.

A. Was Rajah the only domesticated animal in Pellucidar?

B. No, not quite. The Thurians frequently domesticate the colossal Lidi, you know.

A. Lidi?

B. Yes, gigantic ruminating lizards.

A. I see. And is that the whole of the book?

B. Not likely. I haven't begun to tell you how *David Innes* was set upon by a tribe of men who had the great eyes of a sheep but the bull-neck and hideous fangs of the gorilla, and how they roped him with pliant fibres and took him to *Gr—Gr—Gr.*

A. You said?

B. *Gr—gr—gr.* He was their chief. He was one-eyed. It was a very timid eye, though, *David* says, and this gave a most startling appearance to the man-beast.

A. I daresay it would. And then?

B. He found *Dian* again in a cave where she had been imprisoned by *Hoojah the Sly One.* "Poor child," he says, "what an awful life she had led! From the moment when I had first seen her, chained in the slave-caravan of the Mahars, I could recall but a few brief intervals of peace and quiet in her tempestuous existence. Before I had known her *Jubal the Ugly One* had pursued her over a savage world to make her his mate."

A. They got out, I suppose?

B. Yes, they burrowed a hole in the cave and dived into the sea. After this *David* helped the Pellucidarians a little with their thag-hunting. He used to spring for the heavy mane and tangle his fingers in it. Then he stabbed it with a stone knife. He was not a very good runner, and he says "because I am not is one reason that I am always chosen for the close-in work of the thag-hunt." But they had to flee again from *Hoojah the Sly One,* and climb and swim and take boats; and there was a tremendous battle at sea. *David* had a human friend, however, who had made some cannons and gunpowder, so he won through in the end, and has begun to develop the mineral resources of Pellucidar, especially the anthracite coal-fields. "We are very happy," he says, "Dian and I, and would not return to the outer world for all the riches of all its princes." He telegraphed this book through to a receiving instrument in the Sahara, where Mr. RICE BURROUGHS picked it up.

A. What do you consider to be the best sentence in *Pellucidar*?

B. I think this one. It was when David was feeling that it would require all his courage to fortify himself against death by vivisection. "In Pellucidar," he says, "where there is no time, death agonies may endure for eternities."

A. Yes, I doubt whether you could beat that. Please give me the book.

EVOE.



"HOI, GINGER, 'ERE 'S A BLOKE WIV A CIGERETTE FITCHER ON 'IS CHEST."



Sheila (returning excitedly from school after her first lesson in cricket). "OH, MUMMIE, YOU *MUST* BUY ME A BAT AND A BALL AND SOME STUMPS AND A BOOK TO KEEP THE WIDES IN."

A PRESS COLOURMAN.

THE reporter from *The Daily Wire* came down the back-garden between the washing-line and the gooseberry-bushes.

"You were in the motor-coach that collided with another at the foot of Vender Hill?"

The young man, who was mending a puncture in the back tyre of a bicycle, stood up to light a cigarette. "That 's right," he said.

"You were among those who escaped with bruises?"

"That 's right."

"You actually saw the other coach burst into flames before it fell over the bridge into the river?"

"That 's right."

The reporter, who was young also and hopeful, produced a note-book. "Could you give me your impressions of what occurred?"

Silence.

The reporter tried another leading question. "You assisted in rescuing the survivors?"

"That 's right."

"It was towards five o'clock, wasn't it?"

"That 's right," replied the other, adding with a sudden burst of eloquence —"getting on for tea-time."

The reporter closed his note-book. "Thank you very much," he said.

Extract from *The Daily Wire* of the following day:—

THE VENDER HILL TRAGEDY.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE GREEN COACH.

"It was a glorious evening," Mr. William Blow, an engine-fitter, of 32, Laburnum Villas, Balham, told our correspondent, "and I was just admiring the glow of the setting sun across the peaceful valley of the Vender when the ill-fated blue coach appeared round the curve. I realised instantly that the driver had lost control. My heart seemed to miss a beat, but I kept cool; and so, I believe, did my fellow-passengers. It was a tensely dramatic moment, as you may suppose, and I sincerely hope I shall never experience such another. With the crash I thought my last moment had come, but as a matter of fact I got off with a few bruises. I shall never forget seeing a pillar of fire going up from the other coach. It was a magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle. Then another crash of falling masonry as the wall of the bridge gave way under the terrific impact, and the doomed vehicle fell down, down, down into the sullen waters beneath."

The next-door neighbour left his rabbits and came to speak to Mrs. Blow over the wall. "I see your 'usband 's given *The Daily Wire* a first-'and account."

"'E told 'em what 'e could," said Mrs. Blow, "but 'e says they 've left out a good bit." She raised her voice. "They didn't put in all you said, did they, Bill?"

"That 's right," said Mr. Blow.

The End of our Nobility.

"Butler, last three noblemen's families, 11, 10, 8 years, offers service as Waiter."
Irish Paper.

"This last 'wet' season has been the driest in the memory of living man."
Rhodesian Paper.

We gather from Lord BIRKENHEAD that the reverse condition prevails in America.

"Working Bailiff Wanted; good milker, slacker and thatcher (an abstainer)."
Agricultural Paper.

Attracted by the second qualification, Weary Willie was on the point of applying, but was finally put off by the fourth.



MID-CHANNEL QUALMS.

MR. ASQUITH. "FAR BE IT FROM ME TO UNDERESTIMATE THE MILITARY OBJECTIONS TO A CHANNEL TUNNEL; YET, STANDING AT THIS RAIL, I ASSERT WITHOUT FEAR OF CONTRADICTION THAT THE CIVILIAN ARGUMENTS IN ITS FAVOUR ARE SUBSTANTIAL AND EVEN OVERWHELMING."

THE OTHER EX-PREMIERS (*faintly*). "AGREED."

[Four ex-Premiers—Lord BALFOUR, Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. BALDWIN—recently attended, by invitation, a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence, held (on *terra firma*) to consider the question of a Channel Tunnel.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 30th.—With noble devotion to duty and in assertion of their decision to sit every Monday in future, a large number of Peers mustered for the resumed debate on the Bishop of OXFORD's Liquor (Control) Bill. Lord HALDANE warned the Peers that if they rejected the Bill they would be digging their own political graves, but did not succeed in frightening Lord BIRKENHEAD, who said that the Right Reverend Prelate and the Noble Lord were driving the people to "a course of drought unsatisfactory to their appetites and incompatible with their interests." He entertained their Lordships with a lively account of his own observations of Prohibition's failure in the United States and sincerely hoped that Lord HALDANE had duly replenished his own cellar before Auchterarder "went dry" under the Scottish Local Option Act.

Lord BUCKMASTER supported the Bill, and remarked rather oddly that even its opponents "did lip-service to the cause of temperance." But Lord DAWSON's great medical authority comforted their Lordships when he declared that a glass of claret or of beer could not be described as a narcotic, and that all the best medical opinion is "in favour of alcohol as a useful substance."

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER found himself unable to supply any further information regarding Mrs. EVANS' position, and when Sir W. DAVISON expressed the hope that specimens of the British Fleet were in the vicinity, could only regret the difficulty of conveying battleships within reach of Mexico City.

Mr. LEACH, in reply to Commander KENWORTHY's complaints that aircraft bombing had been employed to quell disturbances in Iraq, admitted that there had been "slight air action," which he interpreted as meaning "possibly one aeroplane not dropping bombs but merely dropping warning notices."

Urging the claims of what he egotistically described as "the popular penny movement," Mr. PENNY demanded that the charge for private chairs in the Royal Parks should be reduced from 2*d.* to 1*d.* during the lunch hour; but Mr. JOWETT could not sanction the loss of four thousand pounds that this would involve.

When the House proceeded to deal with minor amendments to the Finance Bill, the Government sustained another defeat (the seventh this session) on Col. HOWARD-BURY's amendment to exempt charitable and educational entertainments from the tax. The Liberals helped to carry the proposal by 220 to 165. Mr. BALDWIN at once moved to report progress, but this scared the patient oxen back into the Government Lobby, and by a majority of 237 to 169 it was decided to continue the business of the day.



"SLIGHT AIR ACTION."
MR. LEACH.

Tuesday, July 1st.—Much of the debate on the Church of Scotland Bill was necessarily unintelligible to the Southron. As the Archbishop of CANTERBURY—"a Scotsman born five years after the Disruption"—remarked, it recalled the highly technical conversations in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Still, I was glad to learn that the Church authorities and the "heritors" had agreed on a basis for "the commutation of teinds" and to have Lord NOVAR's assurances regarding "the value of the chalder."

The Peers got into rather a tangle over the War Charges Validity Bill. Lord STRACHIE wished to amend the Bill in the interests of the milk-producers; Lord KYLSANT desired to reject it altogether. For some time their respective Amendments were discussed side-by-side. When Lord SALISBURY declared himself in favour of the Bill, Lord KYLSANT, having got his speech off his chest, declared himself satisfied; but then Lord STRACHIE, as representing the *vaches enragées*, insisted on moving the rejection, and carried it against the two Front Benches.

Mr. MCENTEE sought leave to introduce a Bill authorising the collection of rates on unoccupied houses. His description of the measure as "my first ewe-lamb" did not prevent Mr. HOPKINSON from smelling a rat and trying to nip it in the bud. But the rest of the House was more merciful.

Mr. SNOWDEN informed Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN that the Government are now considering how to give effect to the House's vote of last night. This evidence of a contrite spirit may have helped to avert any further defeats.

Wednesday, July 2nd.—A phalanx of ten bishops in billowy white robes sat anxiously awaiting Lord DARYNGTON's Bill to divide the diocese of Winchester into three bishoprics. To keep pace with the growth in population, there should now, he argued, be one-hundred-and-eight bishops, instead of thirty-eight. But the bishops themselves appeared not to share this opinion. The Bishop of WINCHESTER felt obliged, with grave misgivings, to support the Bill, but the Bishop of NORWICH talked of "a paltry diocesanism," and the Bishop of DURHAM thought it absurd to



The Terriers (*Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BALDWIN*). "YOU 'VE NO RIGHT TO BE THERE STILL. WE 'VE KILLED YOU SEVEN TIMES."

The Cat (*Mr. MACDONALD*). "YES, BUT I 'VE NINE LIVES —AND POWER TO ADD TO THEIR NUMBER."

multiply bishops while clergy were diminishing.

You remember the story of the impecunicus nobleman who was so delighted to hear of the efforts to discover the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel because he had pretty well exhausted the patience of the other Two. He would have been shocked, I fear, to learn from Lord ARNOLD that Palestine, so far from being in a position to accommodate British borrowers, was herself applying to the Government for a loan of some three millions.

Mr. FRANK HODGES was in trouble again over the *Enchantress*. She is apparently not the only lady in question. Four other vessels are to be employed for the entertainment of visitors to the Naval Review, at a total cost of fifteen hundred pounds. Mr. HOGGE protested that each Member of the House is entitled *ipso facto* to attend the review, and Mr. WILL THORNE recalled the happy days under the last Government which had held Members entitled to "a free ride and free food." Colonel HOWARD-BURY proposed as a compromise that all Members who voted in favour of the five new cruisers should be invited. But Mr. HODGES would concede nothing beyond allowing certain Admiralty and dockyard officials to see the Fleet at their own expense.

His experience as Housing Minister has made Mr. WHEATLEY an expert in walking over hot bricks. In reply to an awkward question by Mr. HANNON about the number of bricks which a good bricklayer could lay on a fine day of eight hours' work, he emphasised the variations of individual proficiency, and, when Sir W. DAVISON suggested that bricklaying on the Government houses was child's play, expressed doubts as to the ability of some people to lay bricks at all.

Nervous political bribers murmured that Mr. HOBE-BELISHA was fishing for compliments when he introduced his Bill to limit the giving of donations by Members of Parliament. Its object, he explained, was to enable young men with brains but without wealth to enter the House of Commons. Another of Mr. ASQUITH's young hopefuls, Mr. R. W. ALLEN, opposed the Bill, arguing that Members already get more than they give by belonging to the House, and professing that he had given less to his constituency than anyone else in the House. No one, however, cared to act as teller against this much advertised proposal, and it got its First Reading without a division.

Amid boisterous shouts of "Agreed," Colonel ASSHETON POWNALL introduced a Bill to prohibit advertising and circularising by registered money-lenders, pointing out that all Members are "swamped" with circulars from people who warn them against the risk of being refused an overdraft by their bankers. The only active opposition came from Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE, who has no tenderness for capitalists, as everybody knows, but is unwilling to give the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the right to interfere with private correspondence.

Resuming the Committee stages of the Finance Bill, Sir JOHN MARRIOTT treated the House to one of his University Extension lectures on the subject of income-tax, which he wished to reduce by sixpence in the pound. The



MCENTEE AND HIS LITTLE LAMB.

income-tax, he declared, always responds, like animals, to kind treatment. Mr. SNOWDEN protested that the reduction would destroy his financial scheme, and, after Lady ASTOR had announced that she "liked paying taxes," the Amendment was rejected without a division.

Thursday, July 3rd.—In an unusually crowded House Lord DANESFORT tried his luck again with his Bill to suppress Seditious and Blasphemous Teaching to Children, which he had unsuccessfully introduced in the House of Commons. An adjacent peer, who had injudiciously arrived wearing a red buttonhole, grew more and more uncomfortable as Lord Danesfort exhibited Communist posters and quoted shocking extracts from the blasphemous Anarchist catechisms. Lord HALDANE tried to pooh-pooh the Bill, taking refuge behind Mr. TOM SHAW's recent advice to the Commons to "rely upon public opinion," but got a severe dressing-down from Lord BALFOUR, who said that liberty of conscience could be no excuse for teaching scurrilous blasphemies to infants. The PRIMATE said that parents were so ignorant that they would send their children to anything calling itself a "Sunday School," and mentioned a case where the wife of the chairman of a Conservative association had allowed her infants to attend one of these seditious seminaries. The Second Reading was carried by 102 votes to 20.

Meanwhile a group of cowboys and cowgirls from the Rodeo, after shaking hands with every attendant in evening dress in the outer Lobby, were heading towards the House of Lords equipped with lassoes. This unexpected apparition suddenly inspired their Lordships with adventurous impulses. Lord CAVE had opened a resentful discussion on the Commons' treatment of the Lords' Amendments to the Evictions Bill. The first substituted Amendment was reluctantly accepted, but the reckless mood of the cowboys had now taken possession of the Peers, who proceeded to throw down one after another the remaining proposals of the Commons.

Even Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's passion for innovation has its limits. He draws the line, it appears, at the proposal to place advertisements in taxicabs, and was much chagrined when the HOME SECRETARY declined to prohibit it off-hand.

Mr. KIRKWOOD, who, to do him justice, always has the courage of his own opinions, asked when Mr. TREVELYAN was going to give school-children wages, "as we promised to our constituents when we were standing for Parliament." The SPEAKER observed that the Minister could not be expected to remember all Mr. KIRKWOOD's election speeches. The spirit of Dumbarton was not to be so easily quenched. "The question," retorted Mr. KIRKWOOD, "is not what I put in my election address, but what the Labour Party put in their election address."

But the SPEAKER always has the last word, and later on, when Mr. KIRKWOOD tried to put a Question about the "Stone of Destiny" in Westminster Abbey, he firmly but kindly repressed him. The trouble arises, I understand, over the charge made for viewing the relic. As the Stone belonged to Scotland until EDWARD THE FIRST came and stole it, Mr. KIRKWOOD thinks it monstrous that every time a Scotsman desires to see his own property "bang goes saxpence." Whether any Scotsman has yet seen it on those terms I am unable to say.



ONE GETS A LITTLE TIRED OF THESE PORTRAITS OF THE ARTIST AT WORK PAINTED BY HIMSELF.



WHY NOT GET ANOTHER ARTIST TO DO IT?

A PLEA FOR VERSE-CONTROL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Owing to the multiplicity of our distractions, utterances of the most momentous importance often pass unheeded. Pearls, as we know, are frequently discovered in the most unsavoury and insanitary surroundings. Conversely, poison or perilous doctrine is occasionally presented to the public in the most seductive and apparently innocuous guise. In proof of which I need only refer to the pronouncement recently made in the pages of a magazine devoted to poetry that there is no reason why everybody should not write it.

In a sense the statement is true. The old definitions of poetry have gone by the board, and modern and more elastic interpretations include a product which is within the capacity of any possessor of pens, ink and paper. A young friend of mine has assured me that without any undue effort he can turn out five hundred lines of free verse in a morning. This facility brings home to us the seriousness of the situation in a flash. Poetry is no longer a laborious art; it is a manufacture, an industry, and as such is subject to the inexorable laws of economics; it is not a "sheltered" or a "key" industry.

The warning of the author of *Hudibras* rings in our ears even more loudly to-day than it did in the middle of the seventeenth century:—

"For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

And yet, at a moment when the demand for verse has declined to an almost unprecedented extent, we find a representative journal encouraging the masses to persevere in the unrestrained production of poems, the vast majority of which must remain unpublished. We decline to admit the familiar arguments in support of this view: such as the ludicrous paradox that "melodies unheard are sweeter;" the contention that poesy is a high and holy mission, even if it obliges the missionary to live as a pensioner on the bounty of his relations and friends; and the alleged desirability of making England again a "nest of singing-birds" at a time when we can "listen in" to the nightingale at our own firesides.

The wholesale production of an unremunerative article, for which there is only a limited demand, compels us to regard the matter as realists. The question is of national, nay, Imperial interest. If England is to survive she must increase her production, but the increased production of valueless commodities in face of the strenuous competition of the Continent and America, spells ruin and race suicide.

Is there any way out of the impasse? Yes, there is one and one only way, and the omens are propitious for its adoption. We have a Labour Government in office and it is from a Labour Government alone that we can expect the enforcement of a system of verse-control, based on the granting of licences to those poets, and those alone, who are prepared to devote their energies to industrial propaganda, and the imposition of fines on all who compose or publish poems of a reactionary, rococo or Gongoristic tendency. The Leader of the House recently gave a musical reception in Downing Street with the object of furthering the claims of the British National Opera Company. Is it too much to hope that Mr. CLYNES will follow it up by another reception, at which specimen poems, dealing with Civics and Economics, might be recited by selected representatives of enlightened Trade Unionism?

Believe me to be, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

From a "right of way" debate:—

"Mr. —— said if any way was going to be made across it ought to be a bridal path."
Westmorland Paper.

We are all in favour of these "lovers' walks."

TO PURCHASER'S REQUIREMENTS.

I FELT at the time that my first visit to Parlow and Binns, House Agents, Auctioneers and Valuers, was quite a social success. The pretty girl who was toying with a typewriter in the outer office greeted me with a bright smile.

I told her what I wanted.

"They are both disengaged just now," she said. "You had better see them."

I saw them. Parlow was large and breezy; Binns was slighter and more intellectual in appearance. They were both extremely sympathetic.

"I want a house," I began—"a house to live in. Don't offer me anything baronial with a basement and a butler's pantry and beetles."

"Quite," said Parlow, beaming. "You are thinking of a bungalow. Something like this."

He pointed to a poster hanging on the wall over his desk. It depicted a golden-haired lady in white feeding a peacock on a velvety stretch of turf, with flowerbeds, a sundial, a crazy pavement and a timbered cottage embowered in trees in the middle distance.

"The very thing," I said eagerly. "Where is it?"

Binns replied. "You would have to build. We could arrange that for you. We are developing a large estate. A bungalow takes three months finished to purchaser's requirements and ready for occupation."

"Right," I said. "But I'll have the sundial more to one side. I might want its present site for clock-golf."

"You would like us to lay out the grounds for you?" said Parlow. "I'll make a note of that."

They were both charming; so helpful, so hopeful, so reassuring, removing obstacles and brushing away difficulties with a wave of the hand. I stayed an hour, talking things over. They quite agreed that pale green distempered walls are an ideal background for old oak. I went home to give notice to my landlord.

This interview took place in the autumn of 1922. Somehow I never recaptured the first fine careless rapture of that initiation. As the months slipped by Binns grew more careworn, and Parlow lost something of his *bonhomie*. He was breezy still, but the wind had veered to a colder quarter. Yet I could hear him laughing heartily with new clients while I sat in the outer office awaiting my turn.

The bungalow was so far from being ready that it was not even begun when my notice expired, and I had to store my furniture and go into lodgings.

When I complained, Binns looked distressed. He pointed out that I was too literal in my interpretation of certain phrases. They would continue to do



THE POSTER.

their best for me, but I must waive the time clause in the contract.

Binns was always inviting me to "waive" things, which is not an inspiriting exercise.

Towards the end of April I heard that the foundations were laid, and soon afterwards I went to see for myself how the work was progressing. The development of the estate was proceeding on the usual lines. In other words, a perfectly harmless field of grass had been turned into a frowsy rubbish heap. The walls of my future abode had soared up to the giddy height of three feet. In fact they were a few inches over, for I measured them with my umbrella. A solitary bricklayer was standing by, contemplating the infinite. Probably he had already laid as many bricks as his conscience and his union permitted. I asked him when he thought the place would be finished.

"That depends," he replied. "After us there's the plumbers and the carpenters. There's no knowing——"

In June Parlow and Binns informed me by letter that the roof was on. This was great news, and they may have expected a lyrical outburst in reply; but I was no longer the man I had been, and I merely sent the required cheque.

Time passed; I moved in just before Christmas, and early in the New Year I paid my final call on the firm.

Both the partners were in, and they received me, though without any trace of their former enthusiasm.

"I have a bad cold," I said. "There are shiny streaks, like snail-tracks, on the walls. Do you think the house can be damp?"

"Not damp," said Parlow firmly. "Not *damp*. Merely natural moisture."

I accepted the correction. "Then as to the laying-out of the ground—I must say quite frankly that I am disappointed. The turf is not velvety. It does not even reach the cheap plushette or blanket-cloth standard. Then, again, the cottage in the poster was embowered in trees. None of the shrubs you have put in are over eighteen inches high."



THE FACT.

"We have carried out your instructions to the best of our ability," said Parlow.

"I don't ask impossibilities," I continued; "I neither expected nor desired you to supply the lady in the foreground; but there is the peacock——"

It was Binns who replied with his usual formula. "If I were you," he said, "I should waive the peacock."

His tone was final, and I bowed my head in silence. Perhaps he felt that he had been too severe, for he added, "There is no reason, however, why you should not keep fowls at the back."

My spirit, as I have already explained, was broken. Hope deferred had made a worm of me. In other days, before I thought of building a bungalow, I should have pulverised Parlow and bashed Binns for far less than this. As



Mother. "DARLING, WHY NOT LET MUMMIE SQUASH YOUR STRAWBERRIES FOR YOU? THEY 'RE SO MUCH NICER LIKE THAT."
Mol.ie. "OH, NO, MUMMIE, PLEASE NOT. I LIKE TO TASTE THE SHAPE OF THEM."

it was I meekly handed them my final cheque and crawled away.

I had looked forward to that peacock. I was going to call him Peter, or Poincaré—I had not decided which—and make him feed out of my hand. But mine, after all, is the common lot. We hope for peacocks and we achieve poultry. I do not repine.

After some delay I exchanged the sundial and a quarter of a ton of crazy pavement for a dozen Buff Orpingtons. But I am afraid they must be older than they look, or something, for I am now engaged in waiving eggs.

Painting the Lily.

"From the lake runs a canal 70 miles long, through which the life-giving water will flow to irrigate and render FUTILE A VAST TRACT OF THE COUNTRY, which at present is mainly desert."
Sunday Paper.

"Willie is an innocent-looking boy of average height, with dark brown hair and eyes and fresh complexion. When he left home he was wearing blue trousers, blue jersey, brown velvet trousers, and grey worsted stockings and grey cap."—*Evening Paper.*

WILLIE may be innocent-looking, but we fear that his trousers display more than the usual amount of duplicity.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

II.—"T X."

I DO not wish it to be understood that the events which I shall now describe were in any way exceptional. The same sort of thing has always happened to me whenever I have played lawn tennis on a Saturday at our local club, and I believe that it happens to all who play on Saturdays at all suburban tennis-clubs; and I suppose that it will continue to happen until the Home Office intervenes.

The club has two long lines of courts, which we will call the North and the South Courts, and they are divided by a single net, which is insufficiently high and has more holes in it than the manufacturers intended. Between one North Court or one South Court and another, however, there is no net, so that a member, if he would, might lie down and roll along the ground from Court 1 to Court 12, or from Court 13 to Court 24, without obstruction.

I played on Saturday with Trundle and his wife and an agreeable young lady friend of theirs, a Miss Betty Bright. Trundle is a barrister, precise and careful in every little thing, a family man and never reckless in matters of expenditure. Miss Betty Bright, I gathered, came of a family more affluent than either the Trundles or the Haddocks, and she seemed to be of a fine free careless habit in body and mind.

If you are fond of lawn tennis there is nothing jollier than a jolly game of lawn tennis on a jolly afternoon at a jolly club. The sun shone and I was to play with Betty Bright. I walked on to Court 2 whistling and swinging my racket and blithely executing imaginary "chop" volleys. There was some little delay before we actually began, because Trundle was dissatisfied with the height of the net, and while he was still strongly working at the handle the wire broke and the net collapsed altogether. I stopped whistling. Trundle sent for the groundsman and showed him how to mend the wire with pieces of string. The groundsman mended it in this way several times and then went off to fetch another net.

Meanwhile play was proceeding a little wildly on all the other courts, and Betty Bright and I were straining at the leash. But Trundle sat down quietly and "marked" the balls again.

Trundle has six tennis-balls. They



WONDERS OF WEMBLEY.

Old Lady (who has heard a lot about the South African train, pointing to giant switchback). "I UNDERSTAND THEY GIVE YOU A QUITE EXCELLENT LUNCH ON THIS RAILWAY, MY DEAR, AND VERY REASONABLE TOO."

did not look extremely new, but it was clear that they were valuable. Trundle marked them with a special indelible pencil, first licking his thumb and moistening the pencil on his thumb. On Saturdays Trundle always has a blue thumb. On every ball he wrote a large capital **T** and a large capital **X**. "I add the X," he explained, "because there are so many T's in the club."

Trundle threw his racket on the ground. Betty Bright called "Roughs," I called "Smooths," and Trundle said we could have our choice of courts, meaning that he would like to serve first.

The first game passed off normally. Either Trundle served a double fault into the net, or his second serve came over, and Betty Bright or I returned it into the net in the usual way.

Betty Bright insisted on my serving first. I seized two balls, loosened my arm with a few swings and prepared to bamboozle Mrs. Trundle with my American service.

At this moment a ball struck me in the face. I picked it up and looked at it. It was marked Q M. Far away I heard a voice call "Thank you!"

"Not at all," I replied, and smote the ball into the air and in the general direction of Court 15. I was then winding myself up to serve again when a lady's voice behind me said, "Excuse me, but have you a ball marked P? P with a little dot?" "Afraid not," I said confidently, but courteously picked up the balls on the ground and examined them. "Afraid not," I repeated.

"What's that in your hand?" said the lady tentatively. "Isn't it a P?"

I looked. It was a P—a P with a little dot.

I apologised profusely. The lady smiled sweetly and Trundle called fussily across to her, "Our balls are marked T X."

"Our balls are marked P," she replied—"P with a little dot."

Slightly shaken, I served. My American service is erratic at the best of times, and I now struck the ball on the extreme edge of the racket, so that it flew away five courts to the eastward. We all stood still and watched its progress. It bounded on and on as though it would never stop, but came to rest at last near the service-line of Court 8.

"I think perhaps you'd better get that at once, Haddock," said Trundle patiently.

"Oh, no," protested Betty; "do let's go on."

"It's safer," said Trundle kindly but firmly. "One *loses* balls here."

Accordingly I wandered off in the direction of Court 8, my eyes glued to the truant ball. When I had reached Court 6 I saw a lady pick it up and prepare to serve with it.

"Thank you," I cried feebly, and again wistfully, "Thank you. Have you a ball marked T X? Thank you!"

The lady did not hear, but nobly served the ball. Her opponent mis-hit it, and the ball marked T X sailed grandly away to Court 10.

A little dispirited, I resumed the chase. On Court 10 they had just finished a game, and one of the ladies, who was exceedingly beautiful, was collecting the balls. I saw her pick up among others the ball marked T X.

"Excuse me," I said, approaching shyly and following the ritual, "but

have you by any chance a ball marked T X?"

She smiled a radiant smile at me and said, "No, I'm afraid not."

I knew that the ball marked T X was in her hand. I knew that I should say next, "Excuse me, but isn't *that* one——?"

What I did say was "Oh!" and also "Thank you." And I melted away a yard or two. Stronger men no doubt would have acted otherwise, but I did not.

The game began, and I stood at hand, waiting for a chance to pounce on the ball marked T X. Almost immediately it came into action, and without surprise I saw the beautiful lady hit it hard and high over the dividing net to the farther side of Court 16.

I scrambled under the net and *ran* after that ball, braving the wrath of the fierce "men's four" who were bounding about on Court 16. This time I was taking no risks.

As my fingers closed at last upon the prize I heard a voice say "Thank you," behind me. It was said accusingly by one of the fierce men. "Sorry; one of ours," I stuttered; and "Oh!" he said suspiciously. I was now far gone. I saw that the man did not believe me. The awful thing was that I found I did not very much care.

However, to propitiate the man I threw him two of his own balls, as men throw buns to a tiger. And as I did so I noticed with astonishment and horror that *both of them were marked* T X.

Pondering this circumstance, I returned to Trundle. *I might easily have been accused of larceny.*

The set continued, very much as before. Sometimes I was asking other people if they had a ball marked T X, and sometimes other people were asking me if I had a ball marked Q M, or a ball marked S S, or a ball marked A in a large circle. Before very long I knew the initials of every court on the ground. It was clear that no one came there to play lawn tennis. The one idea was to preserve intact the family possessions.

Trundle grew very trying. He had some provocation, I must admit, for Betty Bright, who was not accustomed to this kind of tennis, became very scornful about the precious balls, and sometimes, at the end of a game, she hit them up to Trundle quite wildly, so that one or two bounded over into Court 14. But the patient way in which Trundle always said, "I say, be careful, Haddock, old man," was very hard to bear. Meanwhile my game, of course, went quite to pieces; I played so badly that I stopped saying "Sorry."



BRIGHTER SPORT.

POSSIBLE INFLUENCE OF THE RODEO.

We were very unlucky with our balls, and at last for all our care we had dwindled down to four—two balls marked T X, a ball marked B with a kind of squiggle under it, and a ball marked A in a large circle. These two were instantly claimed and we were left with two.

"This will never do," said Trundle testily, with a hostile glare at the entire club. "You must be more careful, Haddock, old man."

A wicked inexcusable thought took hold of me.

"I tell you what," I said, "I've an idea they may have some of ours in Court 16. Why don't you go and have a look?"

Betty Bright and I sat down, and we watched poor Trundle march firmly off to the four fierce men, who were also marked T X. We watched him pick up four of their balls in succession and angrily examine them. He threw one horrid glance at the four fierce men and was just walking away with his captures when one of the men observed him. "Hi!" he cried, just "Hi!" Trundle turned, and the two men faced each other. They entered into a conversation; they spoke; they said things . . .

Oh, dear! A. P. H.

"There are thousands of cheap tape measures in the country which are marked out inaccurately. Specimens with extra large inches are said to meet with a ready sale at angling clubs."—*Weekly Paper.*

Anglers must have changed very much if they wish to reduce the length of the fish they catch.

THE ETERNAL TOPIC.

["No social affair in London, whether it is the dinner-party of a retired Anglo-Indian general or the communion of two charladies, can run all its course without politics appearing . . . F. E., Winston, L. G., Nancy, Max, Austen, Ramsay, Uncle Arthur."—*Weekly Westminster.*]

ACCORDING to the genial *Weekly West.*
No social function now escapes the pest
Of politics, but everybody chatters
Of names and nicknames, not of serious matters.

Since "politicians neither love nor hate"
But feel just as they did at DRYDEN's date,
And since there is no lack of other things
To lend our thoughts and conversation wings,
Far better were it to uplift the plane
Of social talk to levels more humane,
And seek to solve the problems which engage
The thoughtful spirits of our wondrous age:—
Why rubber soles are called "plantation crêpe";
Why CHALIAPIN was partial to an ape;
Why most Armenians wear spring-sided boots;
Why women very seldom smoke cheroots;
Why hatters are proverbially mad
And baronets (in fiction) always bad;
Why bishops jest, but deans are grim and stark;
Why owls are vocal in St. James's Park;
Why waxed moustaches, formerly affected
By men of fashion, are by them neglected,
And have become the favourite facial hobbies
Of Labour Leaders, taximen and bobbies.

Let, then, benevolent hostesses taboo
All vulgar variations on *Who's Who,*
And to enforce the rule impose a fine
On guests who, when they come to dance or dine,
Embellish with the frills of fertile fancy
The latest yarns of WINSTON, "MAX" or NANCY.

IN THE NEWS.

THE EYE-WITNESS.

THE Eye-Witness has an uncanny power of anticipating accidents or occurrences. I have not this gift. Doomed taxis, for instance, are only taxis to me; if I meet them I pass on without turning my head; if they overtake me I follow without quickening my pace, probably turning into a side-street immediately afterwards. But the eye-witness recognises instinctively the figure of Fate perched on the radiator; he stops and turns after it or he hastens behind until very soon the lurking milk-cart or heavy dray rewards him by dashing into the main road and engaging in battle with the taxi.

There seem to be two kinds of eye-witnesses, the independent and the gregarious. The independent is invaluable to those who wish to form a cold clear picture of what happened, to analyse the causes and appreciate the results in a scientific spirit; but for human interest, for breath-catching thrills, for vivid descriptions, give me the gregarious. These people hunt usually in couples or else attach themselves to a group round the accident and exchange impressions at a rate which is almost incredible; while the independents think out things for themselves and stand aloof with pursed lips until approached by a reporter.

"I was proceeding along the Embankment towards Charing Cross," says an independent eye-witness, "when at"—he pauses to glance at his watch and gauge the passage of time—"seven minutes to three o'clock a light-grey touring-car passed me, going in the opposite direction at thirty-one miles per hour. My attention was attracted, and I turned to regard its progress. Almost immediately, in an endeavour to pass a lorry, it skidded into the path of an oncoming taxi-cab. The camber of the highway is not pronounced at this spot"—here the reporter takes a quick searching look at the camber—"but there are tram-lines." The reporter verifies this in a second. "In my opinion therefore the accident was due to a concatenation of circumstances." "Bright and snappy," says the reporter to himself, sucking his pencil; and aloud, "Your name and address? Thank you."

Having paid his tribute to intellect, the reporter looks for human interest among the gregarious ones, and insinuates himself into a group. Eyes flash and tongues wag.

"My friend and I were just returning from a shopping expedition in the Strand (Mrs. Purdey of Brixton calling) and no sooner had we reached the Embankment"—(she draws her companion closer, and the two face the reporter as one—"not barely a minute sooner, was it dear?" "Almost to the tick," confirms her friend. "Yes?" says the reporter)—"than a car dashed past us and crashed into the taxi. It made a noise like an awful crashing sound, and I said to my friend, 'What a terrible crash!'" ("Her very words," the friend informs the reporter.) "As it passed us—this is Miss Snoop, of Gladstone Villas, Battersea—I says, 'How fast that car is travelling,' I says, 'like an express train.' No sooner were the words out of my mouth than there was a fearful noisy crash, just like trains colliding, and I said, 'What a terrible smashing noise!'"

The reporter moves round the group. "We were about to cross the road," says Mr. Percy Skipping, "when I sensed an approaching catastrophe and dragged my wife back on to the pavement just in time. Then came the crash. As the car dashed by a collision seemed inevitable."

"My husband shouted 'Look out!'" supplements Mrs. Skipping. "Mr. Skipping's great-aunt was once nearly run down by a hansom-cab, so," she informs the reporter, "he knows what it is to be in an affair like this."

I think you will agree that comparison leaves the independent eye-witness a dull fellow; he differs from the gregarious as the official despatch-writer from the common war correspondent.

Let us go before the magistrate. It must be extremely difficult, when several people give each an eye-witness's account of the occurrence, to determine which is right.

"The defendant," says independent Mr. Smith, "was driving erratically. Avoiding an omnibus by a hair's-breadth, he mounted an island-refuge and brought his car to a standstill only after picking up the constable from behind on his off mudguard. When approached by the officer he used foul language and struck him."

"The defendant swerved slightly to avoid an omnibus," says independent Mr. Brown, "and skidded on the muddy surface of the road against the refuge, which the front wheels of his car mounted. The officer scrambled on to the car, which was stationary, and began to drag the defendant out of his seat, accompanying his assault by unnecessary abuse. I heard the defendant use no language to which I am not accustomed in polite circles."

Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown exchange glares of mutual loathing and contempt.

Accuracy of detail, however, matters little to the gregarious eye-witnesses; all they appreciate is the thrill produced by the "crashing noises," the vicarious sense of personal danger, the spectacle of Authority with a note-book interrogating the flustered protagonists. They are personifications of human interest. I fancy the magistrate calls on them to cheer him up after being depressed by the independents.

As for the truth, it lies somewhere in No Man's Land, between the constable and the defendant.



Plumber's Mate (with a conscience, as twelve o'clock strikes). "WE CAN'T LEAVE IT LIKE THAT."
Plumber. "'CAN'T'? THERE AIN'T NO SUCH WORD AS 'CAN'T' IN OUR VOCABLERY."

FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

'Tis highest Summer;
The merle 's grown dumber;
That "blithe new-comer"
The cuckoo's notes
To-day are cracking.
They 'll soon be lacking,
And reapers clacking
Among the oats.

The hot road 's dusty;
O'er-blown, o'er-lusty
The dog-rose (*must* he?)
Falls, falls and fades
In fulness stricken,
While foxgloves thicken
And cob-nuts quicken
In hazel glades.

And, tall and towering
And overpowering,
A great sun 's showering
His radiant rule,
Till heart beseeches
For silver reaches
And shadowy beaches
Where Thames comes cool;

Where one may still owe
To whispering willow
And plashing billow,
When mill-tail's stream
Runs rainbow riot
Round shelving eyot,
The ancient quiet,
The ancient dream.

Oh, road and city
They 're spots to pity,
Here, like a ditty,
The hours are played
Of light keels dipping,
Of silver slipping,
And wet gold dripping
Off paddle blade.

From a weather-forecast:—

"Wind westerly or variable, light; mainly fair; morning mist; father worm."
Provincial Paper.

Very likely if the night before was wet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOR an enterprising and successful departure from the customary limits of the short story and prescriptions of the novel, commend me to the four little tales Mrs. EDITH WHARTON publishes together as *Old New York* (APPLETON). You can have them separately if you like, for each takes up an enticing little volume about the shape of *Jacknanapes* and the thickness of COBBETT'S *English Grammar*. But I advise you to procure the whole four at the outset; for once you are well under way with "False Dawn," which deals with the 'forties, you are extremely unlikely to premeditate missing "The Old Maid," who stands for the 'fifties; and, happily through the 'fifties, I will lay long odds you go on to the 'sixties, as represented by "The Spark," and wind up with the 'seventies and "New Year's Day." Each of the quartet tells of the workings of a soul more or less at odds with the conventions of its period. And each is handled with a discernment which is all Mrs. WHARTON'S and a fastidiousness, amounting at times to hauteur, that you find in so much good American work. "False Dawn" tells how *Lewis Raycie*, son and heir of a rich New Yorker, is sent to Europe to amass Guido Renis and Salvators at his father's expense, meets Mr. RUSKIN at a French inn, and comes disastrously home with a cargo of Primitives. "The Old Maid"—a distinguished little tragedy—relates how an unwedded mother gradually becomes the embodiment of tiresome spinsterhood to the daughter she dares not acknowledge. In "The Spark," a chance acquaintance with WALT WHITMAN plays as potent a part in the inner life of an elderly man-about-town as the encounter with RUSKIN does in the more flagrant career of young *Raycie*. And "New Year's Day" discloses the misguided ruse by which beautiful *Lizzie Hazeldean* surrounded her dying husband with comforts and lost her own reputation. Each of these has its excellence. But if your choice is limited I would urge "The Old Maid" and "False Dawn" as the two indispensables.

Ardent spectators who have been following the fortunes of the players at Wimbledon during the past meeting are fortunate in being able to turn their attention for a while to some of the giants of the past whose merits are discussed in *Forty Years of First-class Lawn Tennis* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE), by Commander HILLYARD, R.N. The author, of course, knows more about the game than most living men or women. He has been secretary of the All-England Club since 1907; as a famous player and the husband of a sometime lady champion he has actually met on the court many whose names now seem almost legendary. And he has always been a staunch supporter of the game. Cricketers in the dark ages were wont to stigmatise it as "pat-ball," but here was a county cricketer (who had even played for the Gentlemen) prepared to champion it both by precept and practice. The Press too spoke of lawn tennis with a lofty patronage; even as late as 1880 a well-known illustrated paper praised it as a "popular and fashionable game ... players being from two to eight in number, ladies and gentlemen together if they please." For years *The Standard* used to publish an article regularly at the close of every season proving that the game was moribund, if not already dead. It was not lawn tennis that died. Of all these things and many others does Commander HILLYARD discourse. Greatly daring, he even sets out in print the nine whom he considers the greatest players of all time. Before the War were the RENSHAWS, the DOHERTYS, PIM, NORMAN BROOKES and WILDING; now he has added the names of two Americans, JOHNSTON and TILDEN. As an "essence, epitome and living example of sound lawn tennis" he advises the young to model their game on that of last year's champion. On the whole a pleasant and readable book, and with most of its *obiter dicta* I find myself in cordial agreement, perhaps especially with those in the chapter headed "Demeanour in Court."



Chief Inspector. "ANY DISTINGUISHING MARKS ON THE PRISONER?"
Constable. "YES. ON HIS CHEST A TATTOOED VIEW OF GOUROCK ESPLANADE UPSIDE-DOWN."

Reading Mr. E. M. FORSTER'S enchanting new novel, *A Passage to India* (ARNOLD), I find myself wondering what good reasons he could give against being summoned by a full jury of his peers—if there be twelve such, which I doubt—to show cause why he should have kept silence for some fifteen years. Here, anyway, is a book well worth waiting for. I do not know my India, but I have never read anything which made me so definitely feel as if I did. Two English women, one elderly and mother of the city magistrate of Chandrapore, the other a young girl, plain, conscientious and not in any other way attractive, half engaged to this young magistrate, meet the assistant medical officer, a good-looking and intelligent young Mahomedan, *Aziz* by name. They are attracted by him, and he is flattered, yet suspicious. The younger, not coming up to his standard of feminine beauty, does not interest him, but he is almost romantically attached to the older woman. The British colony frowns heavily on the acquaintanceship and prophesies all sorts of disasters, so that when, on an expedition to some famous caves, the girl is molested and, in the distress and excitement of the moment, accuses the innocent *Aziz*, it rejoices exceedingly and attends the trial in a mood of exultant vindictiveness. To its indignation and dismay, the girl withdraws the charge, and she is ostracised. That is all; and the story does not matter, though the excitement of it is well sustained as the crisis is neared. But the manner of the telling, the economy of words, the sense of style, the subtle handling of complex character, the balanced sympathy which appreciates the best and worst of the protagonists in a racial duel—these are beyond praise. The Indian scene is set for our delight. And there is a quite exquisite description of the ceremonies of the birth of *Shri Krishna* which will long remain in my



Peggy (running away from wave). "MUMMY, I VERY NEARLY BATHED!"

memory. "Novel" is a very inadequate label for so distinguished and perceptive a piece of work.

Prophecy, I believe, is what theologians call a *gratia gratis data*—a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow sort of grace which is bestowed for other people's benefit and does not itself ennoble its recipient. So there is no sense in expecting a prophet, apart from his gift, to be particularly virtuous or sincere. CAIAPHAS, you recollect, was officially a prophet. And there was BALAAM. If Miss VERA BRITTAIN'S *Christine Merivale* had only remembered CAIAPHAS and BALAAM, she would not have made the tragic mistake whose complications and correction are the theme of *Not Without Honour* (GRANT RICHARDS). Of course the *Reverend Albert Clark*, curate of a disreputable suburb in the *Merivales'* conventional watering-place, is strictly speaking not a prophet at all, but a self-deceiver. However, Miss BRITTAIN calls him a prophet, so I must leave it at that. At any rate his gospel, which is mingled with heady diatribes against respectability, has a natural appeal for the under-dogs of his congregation; and for *Christine*, chafing at the gross comforts and small social intrigues of her detestable home. *Christine*, of course, confuses the man with his message and loses her heart to both; and *Albert*, who is unluckily married already, accepts as a personal solace the passion aroused by his eloquence. Finally *Christine's* adoring indiscretion threatens to compromise not only her idol's career but his self-complacency. He throws her over with a very unpleasant blend of unction and ruthlessness, and dies in congenial limelight at Gallipoli. *Christine* is sent to Oxford to still the tongue of scandal; dismisses her faith in God with her faith in *Albert*; but finally, realising their lack of identity, returns, as she puts it, to "the pale Galilean." Personally I found the illogical *Christine* nearly as unprepossessing as her unstable lover; and the censorious watering-place afforded me little diversion. But the prophet question is an interesting one, and I wish Miss BRITTAIN, whose theological aplomb has its attractions as well as its defects, had worked it out with more sympathetic accessories.

"A military critic," writes Colonel À COURT REPINGTON, "is a watch-dog of the public. He must form his own opinion of those who attempt to break into the house of strategic principle and tradition, and must give warning to his masters." And in his interesting and scholarly work, *Policy and Arms* (HUTCHINSON), the author proceeds to carry out with great efficiency what he so neatly defines as the duty of a military critic. According to the axiom, familiar if trite, armaments depend upon policy; and Colonel REPINGTON begins by tracing diplomacy, which is the science of putting policy into practice, to its origins in the sixteenth century. Then he shows how what is called democracy has altered the character and extended the range of diplomacy. And thence he goes on to delineate the extremely unsatisfactory condition of Europe to-day, and to make an excursion to America. Having thus consolidated his position, Colonel REPINGTON deals with the political situation and its military aspect in Spain, in France and throughout the British Empire. I hope that all our politicians, not to mention the writers of leading articles in the newspapers—or should I say newspaper proprietors?—will study with a passionate interest these lucid and instructive essays. But will they? Colonel REPINGTON, indeed, seems to have given up the

politicians in despair, and he trusts to the influence exerted by the public to push our rulers into the strait and narrow way. "What our public wishes," he says, "it gets." His masters, the public, "can move, or not, as they please." No doubt they can; but my experience is that they don't. Or, if they do, it is imperceptibly, like a glacier.

The Callahans and the Murphys (HEINEMANN), though they have become citizens of New York, have still plenty of their national characteristics clinging to them. They live in the most squalid hugger-mugger with the greatest warmth of heart and practical kindliness and, half acclimatised in the older generations, blossom into exceptionally attractive Americans in the younger ones. I have never had the seamy side of respectable working-class life pressed so intimately on my attention as Miss KATHLEEN NORRIS presses it in this book, nor realised so plainly its homely happiness. When I say working-class life I must admit that the line is not very finely drawn among the two families and their acquaintances; but few, if any, of them are above receiving their friends in the kitchen. And what nice creatures they are! *Mrs. Callahan*, the great-hearted and wilful; *Mrs. Murphy*, with her perpetual grievance; *Annie Callahan Curley*, who passes as we watch her from happy girlhood to patient widowhood and the mothering of her "posthumious little saint of the world." Then there are widow *Cahill* and *Dan Murphy*, and beautiful, affectionate, childish *Ellen*, and *Grandpapa Florence*, and the lady from the Board of Health who came to teach *Mrs. Callahan* how to mind babies, and ever so many more. Some of the stories—the book is really made up of twelve longish short stories, which run into each other and, in a pleasant contradictory Irish fashion, become a sort of novel—are funny and some are sad; but all are well worth reading. As for the characters, I can only say, in the language of their adopted country, that I have been tickled to death to meet them all.



The Verger. "FRIEND OF THE BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM, MADAM?"
The Bridegroom's Mother. "BRIDEGROOM ONLY."

After reading *The Untamed* I had marked down Mr. DAVID GREW as an author whose books on wild life would always be written with sympathy and intimate knowledge. In a preface to *The Two Coyotes* (FISHER UNWIN) he tells us that he lived on the prairies of North Dakota until he was fourteen years old, and that he has frequently returned to them. The prairies are in his blood, and in this book he has tried to give a true impression of them. "To people used," he writes, "to reading Western stories, filled to the brim with nerve-racking action, a Western story in which somebody is not shot in every chapter is apt to seem rather tame." And he goes on to say that he has travelled widely over the great West without ever encountering the kind of life (and death) in which romantic novelists revel. Here he takes as his protagonists a real coyote and a "human" one—*Bailey Bellard*, who lived alone in his shanty, shunning his fellow-men and to a certain extent shunned by them. Solitude had affected his brain, and when a charming young woman entered fleetingly into his life *Bailey* for a time was far from being a normal human. From madness and despair he was saved by *Bob*, the real coyote, which he had tamed and learned to love. *Bailey's* consciousness of isolation from his kind is presented with genuine pathos in this attractive and most unusual story.

It was a happy idea of Messrs. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH, a new firm that seems to concern itself only with limited editions of fine-art publications, very well done, to make a volume of *Old French Line Engravings* and to ask Mr. RALPH NEVILL to write about them. Old French line engravings, such as one looks at enviously in the windows of the Rue Saint Honoré, can be so dear as to put them outside the possessive power of ordinary persons. How agreeable, then, to find such an admirable selection as this in facsimile: no fewer than eighty-five of them, all to hand at once! All the delightful naughty artists are represented: MOREAU *le jeune*, BAUDOUIN, BOUCHER, WILLE *fils* and the ever adorable FRAGONARD, engraved to perfection by the masters of the time. As to these masters—and the evocation of spritely vivid life from plates of steel and copper is surely one of the miracles—they strike the casual student as equally gifted; but I suppose that NICOLAS DE LAUNAY, J. B. SIMONET and P. A. MARTINI are among the finest. I have mentioned the naughtiness; but naughtiness is not omnipresent. Such exquisite plates as "*La Mère Laborieuse*," by BERNARD LÉPICIÉ, and "*La Serinette*," by LAURENT CARS, both after the suave, benign and innocent CHARDIN, are here too. A very engaging book.

The conclusion to be drawn from *Lifting Mists* (HEINEMANN) is that the monastic seclusion of a public school is harmful to a boy's mental and moral development. Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON tries to convince us that boys require the society of girls, and in all conscience he gives *Sam Brabazon-Hone* enough of it. Through interminable pages of dialogue *Sam* and a young girl called *Thrush*—she called him *Bluebell*—made calf-love to one another, and this outlet from the daily round of school-life was (believe Mr. HARRISON) exactly what the boy's nature demanded. I am not going to say that Mr. HARRISON has failed to make out a good case for this particular boy, but he has not succeeded in convincing me that the problem of adolescence affects the majority of boys as overpoweringly as it seems to have affected *Sam*. Everybody will admit that the problem is most important, though, if it is deprived of its mystery and faced frankly, it loses many of its terrors; but I am not persuaded that it is to be solved by co-education of the sexes. But, whether Mr. HARRISON is right or wrong, I can assure you that his picture of the school-life at Marsh-Merrow is as attractive as the love-making between *Thrush* and *Sam* is prodigiously tedious.

CHARIVARIA.

RAW beef is stated to be the favourite food in Abyssinia. We are thinking of letting Prince TAFARI know about our cook, who excels at this dish.

* * *

An American visitor says that London telephones are far more distinct than those of New York. We suspect that he is talking with his gum in his cheek.

* * *

A weekly journal reminds its readers that despite the opposition of military experts the Channel Tunnel will go through. As laymen we are tempted to say that it seems to be the only thing for a tunnel to do.

* * *

There's one consolation about this building strike. The little bit they'll leave off doing won't make much difference.

* * *

M. HERRIOT is a great pipe-smoker. But not even his bitterest political foes have dared to call him the French BALDWIN.

* * *

Mr. J. J. O'NEILL has asked the PRIME MINISTER to introduce a Bill to abolish all titles. We understand that this will not cover the courtesy titles of "Nobby" and "Ginger."

* * *

It appears, that, following the usual editorial custom, our journalistic aviators have been informed that they must write on one side of the sky only.

* * *

Dr. C. H. JOHNSON of Chicago has protested against the haste of some dentists. We have always felt that the practitioner who rolls up his sleeves and makes a dash at his patient robs the extraction of half its pleasure.

* * *

The Incorporated Vermin Repression Society has decided to change its name. It seems that rats and other rodents complain that the name of the organisation sounds rather vindictive.

* * *

A strange thing happened last week. A newspaper printed the life story (with photograph) of a man who has never committed a murder.

* * *

A man was recently arrested with eleven toast-racks in his possession. Several young married couples would like to let him know that they are just off for their holidays and that the dog will be boarded out.

Foreheads and ears are coming back into fashion, says a hair-dressing journal. The whereabouts of the waist still remains an open question.

* * *

In connection with the complaints about the new diplomacy an Irishman suggests that if it is necessary for statesmen to have secrets they should at least share them with the public.

* * *

Pea-pickers at Orpington have been on strike. It is good to know that the asparagus-straighteners refused to go out in sympathy.

* * *

Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT, of Harvard University, did not become a teetotaller until he was eighty-three years old. At that age he probably felt justified in taking the risk.

* * *

Jazz musicians who were recently ordered to leave France say they have nowhere to go. Sufferers in the audience have often told jazz-bands where to go, but they never seem to take any notice.

* * *

Two brothers living less than a mile apart in Cumberland have not spoken to one another for seven years. The explanation of the telephone-operator is that the number is engaged.

* * *

Daily News readers report having seen cats with two tails. Very disheartening for a temperance organ!

* * *

At the Olympic Games a Finn won a long-distance race by a lap. An earlier report had it that a Lapp had won by a fin.

* * *

Owing to two large liners passing through the Solent, a great volume of water swept up the beach at Southsea. Many lady bathers narrowly escaped a severe wetting.

* * *

An American cinema-producer has come to England to search for a comedian who must be short and good-looking. We are requested to mention that preferably he should also be funny.

* * *

A society has been formed to obtain equal rights for men. We understand that the first movement is the introduction of a dinner-jacket that does up the back.

* * *

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD recently said that spoken poetry ought to be as exciting as a football match. You can imagine the audience yelling "Foul!" when somebody tries to rhyme "saw" with "before."

* * *

A judge recently gave all the six babies in a show the first prize. This is what is called "Safety First."

* * *

Matinée performances are said to be suffering because people prefer going to cricket matches. Who can blame them? We have had ideal weather for sleeping out-of-doors.

* * *

A famous boxer has had a bankruptcy order made against him. He has probably been wasting his time fighting instead of writing.

* * *

A London Society woman has a pet snake. We doubt, however, if the fashion will spread, as most women are inclined to be jealous of snakes because they have no hips.



Yokel. "WHY, OLD 'UN, WHAT BE 'URRY THEN?"
The Oldest Inhabitant. "THERE BE FOWER CHARABANC LOADS COMIN' TER 'BULL' IN HALF AN HOUR, SO I BE OFF FER ME OLE TOP 'AT."

Another Impending Apology.

From the report of a Colonial official's "send off":—

"Sir ——, whose accents showed him to be mentally touched . . ."—*West Indian Paper.*

From a description of the training encampment of the "riot battalion" of the New York Police:—

"The streets here were lined this afternoon when the battalion, headed by its own fife and rum corps, marched through."
American Paper.

A corps specially recruited, we suppose, from ex-"bootleggers."

THE GAME.

I.—AT LORD'S.

THESE are the days of cricket records, and pens are busy in describing them. But there was one on Tuesday last week which has not yet received its proper attention. Cambridge had finished their innings, brought to an end by the highest scorer, Mr. ENTHOVEN, who, with an eye on the hotel façade, hit a full pitch from Mr. GUISE high in the air, but not hard enough, so that, instead of breaking a window, it fell into the safe keeping of Mr. FRANKLIN. It was a good end to a good innings, and it was quite in the old style, when there was an unwritten law that a certain liveliness should set in directly you had reached your hundred.

Then came Oxford in their second innings, with the dismal destiny of having to hit off a deficit of 228 before they could score a run that meant anything. What exactly was the policy controlling the methods of Mr. TAYLOR and Mr. GUISE I did not fathom, but more tedious batting by young men I have never seen; and such lovely building material with which to construct a big score was being supplied to them most of the time, chiefly by that engaging sylph, Mr. AUSTIN, with his slows. No half volley, however, need apply, and the dreary display dragged on until it was nearly time for me to go. Sooner or later all cricket matches are marred in this way: it is either time to go or the close of play.

But just as I was getting up from my seat something happened. The GUISE-TAYLOR combination, proof against Cambridge wiles, broke up through internal misunderstanding. Mr. TAYLOR, run out, was followed by Mr. BLAIKIE, who proceeded to demonstrate his belief that a cricket bat is primarily a weapon of offence, and that a half-volley may be hit to the boundary without breach of etiquette. I paused to see this strange sight, and for an exhilarating half-hour watched Mr. BLAIKIE's score mounting until it had nearly overhauled his partner's.

A few minutes before "Time" I got up to go. Just as I emerged into the St. John's Wood Road, where the usual crowd was lined up to see, not the match, which is invisible, but the scoring board, the new record occurred. I was conscious of the thud of something hard on the ground close beside me. I looked and, behold, it was a cricket-ball—red and quivering. But whose? From a neighbouring garden, I was presuming, when out came one of the Lord's staff, grabbed it, and scuttled back. As the wonderful truth burst upon me—that this ball was *the* ball, the Oxford and Cambridge ball, the ball that Mr. TAYLOR and Mr. GUISE had been content to pat, I scuttled back too. Because, what are engagements when Mr. BLAIKIE is hitting out of the ground?

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II.—IN THE EAST.

From far Assam come other sidelights on the game of games. It is thus that Messrs. Blank & Co. advertise their pads in the form of a dialogue between a man and a child (Bustey), and I recommend the formula to our leading centurion, who is also a sports outfitter, when the drawing of stumps leaves him time to concentrate on commerce again. The pads are known as "A Pair of Bull Dogs."

Jack (this, by a happy chance, being the name of the Eastern dealer too) begins the conversation. "For God sake," he says to Bustey, "don't cry or you will have to suffer for that."

Bustey. "Ouh, ouh! I have hurt my leg in cricket! Demn this game!"

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Another form of pad is advertised by the firm as having "the intervals between the ribs decorated with brass eyelets to augment its dignity."

Now for bats. The story is told of GAINSBOROUGH the painter, who was music-mad, that whenever he heard any instrument beautifully played, he used to beg or buy it, and then was disappointed to find that his own efforts upon it produced less melodious effects. Similarly there seems to be a belief in Assam that it is the bat rather than the batsman that does the trick. Here is Jack again, but this time not with Bustey a child, but with one Collins.

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Then there is an "All-Cane handle bat" which also is a source of overwork to the scorers. Listen to the firm once more: "At critical moments of play, when first-class bats fail, this rare article has often proved its power of winning the game splendidly. Cane-handled like a stout and robust fellow, but lenient in temper, perfectly oiled and carefully seasoned, this bat would see several tournaments."

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"CAPTING DEAR,—May I cum to the kirket this Saterday to cuming? I hit bal wen I do. I kach bal quic quic and hit vicket like u Master Capting. I vil cum hopping game get it, at 10 o'clock. Your respeckful frend,
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"I hit bal wen I do." Those are the boys! E. V. L.

ANGELS' HAIR.

IN Auvergne as we sat to dine
(Got your holiday?—I 've got mine),
Guess what the soup was called
to-night—
Cheveux d'anges, to my great delight.
Merely vermicelli, of course,
But what audacity!—what resource!

My personal view has always been
That hairs in the soup are not "well
seen."
The sportsman, brave in a tiger's lair,
Will have his qualm at a truant hair,
And the swain, be-rhyming his lady's
locks
(Somebody said), may yet have shocks
Should one hair fall from Neæra's pate
And blow across to his actual plate.

But an *angel's* hair is a different thing;
We hear the harp and we feel the wing.
An angel's hair! It enchants us all;
Our souls respond to the artist's call;
Visions of BOTTICELLI arise
In beautiful colours before our eyes;
We feast our minds on the soup and feel
That angels' hair is the only meal.

Linger in England if you will,
But I 'm on the side of the angels still.
France for a sun that really shines;
France for poplars and France for
vines;
France where the creamy oxen munch;
France where the post-office shuts for
lunch;
France, in fine, if you want to fare
At night on a plate of angels' hair!



THE TRAGIC LANTERN MAKES A SLIDE-SLIP.

THE SHOWMAN (*Mr. Wheatley*). "OUR NEXT SLIDE ILLUSTRATES THE PERFECT AND ALMOST AUTOMATIC CO-ORDINATION BETWEEN ALL BRANCHES OF THE BUILDING INDUSTRY IN PURSUANCE OF MY GREAT HOUSING SCHEME."

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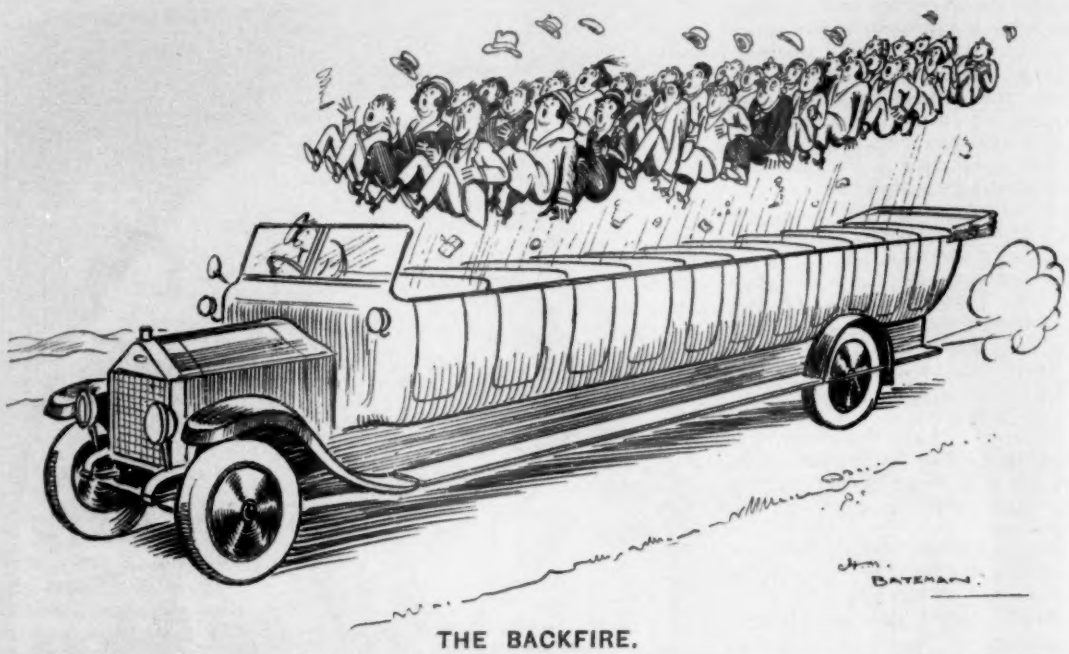
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THE BACKFIRE.

THE DREAM-MASTER.

I CANNOT think why psycho-analysts should give themselves so many unjustified airs on the subject of dreams and dreaming. So far as I can make out they merely claim to understand what dreams mean, a claim which has been put forward by many people right from the beginning of history. For my own part I make a rather more unusual claim. I do not pretend to understand dreams; I simply assert that I have mastered 'em. No nightmare gets the better of me nowadays; I just sit well back and saw at the brute's mouth till it comes to a sulky standstill. And what is more I enjoy doing it.

It all comes of experience—indeed, I suspect this interesting gift is one of the compensations for being no longer in the first flush of youth. I have in my time kept a singularly large stable of nightmares, and I have got to know every vice in their extensive repertory.

People are always falling off things or into them, and in most cases the faller is me. Again, there is a good deal of crime in my dreams—not pettifogging, clearly specified little crimes, like travelling with intent to avoid payment of fare or letting your tail-lamp go out, but vague monumental atrocities about the size and shape of a Gothic cathedral perceived at midnight. As a result of these dark but overwhelming enormities there rises a rapidly growing conviction that somebody is, as they say, "for it"; and again that somebody is generally me.

However, most of all this ought really to have been put into the past tense. It refers more to the days before I learnt the art of nightmare-breaking. I still dream, and there is still a general atmosphere of crime and disaster about my imaginings; but all the horror and the sense of doom irremediable have departed. Familiarity has bred contempt, and I really get quite a lot of amusement out of displaying the fact. There isn't a trick in the whole stable that I am not by long experience up to, and even while dreaming I ride my nightmares round the ring. Let me give you an impression, so far as I can, of the way my dreams now develop.

It seems to be an example of what psychologists call multiple personality. But my dreaming personalities are more than multiple; they are so accomplished that they can all keep going at once. As far as I can determine there are three of them, and I had better give names to them so that my explanation may look as professional as possible and as though it belonged to a real text-book on psychology. Let us call them *Me*, *Me 1* and *Me 2*. Their respective characteristics are easily distinguished. *Me* is usually asleep and all he wants to do is to remain asleep. *Me 1* is the calamity-monger, a sort of mixture of the *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* and a Greek Chorus. *Me 2* is the bright lad of the trio, the accomplished nightmare-buster, who has been through it all so often that he can (and does) laugh at the worst imaginings of *Me 1*. Let us suppose that the whole lot are engaged in one of those falling dreams. The general consciousness works out something like this:—

Me 1 (*ominously*). Hullo! here's a perfectly good precipice. We shall be over it in a minute, you know.

Me 2 (*calmly*). I shouldn't be at all surprised. That's what we came this way for, isn't it?

Me 1 (*with well-simulated horror*). There—we're over! My God, we're falling!

Me 2 (*more calmly than ever*). So we are.

Me 1 (*indignantly*). Well, take a bit of interest, you callous brute! Don't you realise we shall be dashed to pieces?

Me 2 (*still falling*). Don't talk nonsense. You seem to forget that we've frequently fallen over precipices that would make this one look like a mere doorstep. What about that one last Thursday night, for instance?

They continue falling and arguing, *Me 2* conducting his share of the discussion with the utmost complacency, for anything from five minutes to five centuries. The frustrated nightmare winds up with a disgusted word from the sleeping partner of the trio.

Me (*stirring sleepily and with some annoyance*). I wish to goodness you two would stop arguing and let a feller go to sleep!

When *Me* begins to grumble like that all dreams are over; the truth is that by that time the dreamer is more than half awake. But the dream I really do enjoy worrying out to this conclusion is the unforgivable-sin-and-general-atmosphere-of-damnation dream. In this favourite production the curtain of consciousness rises on *Me 2* standing about somewhere with a vague feeling that all has not been going very well just lately. Out of the general and deepening gloom up bustles *Me 1*.

Me 2 (*rather relieved to find somebody to talk to*). Hullo! I suppose you can tell me what 's wrong this time?

Me 1 (*very agitated*). Heavens! don't you realise what you 've done?

Me 2 (*brightly*). No. What is it?

Me 1 (*fearfully*). *You've murdered Aunt Maria.* There she is in that portmanteau. You 've chopped her up into little bits, wrapped her up in a brown-paper parcel and put her into a portmanteau.

Me 2 (*with faint interest*). Dear me!

Me 1 (*angrily*). Is that the way to talk about it? Don't you realise this is AWFUL? Just think what they 'll do to you for it.

Me 2 (*encouragingly*). Come, come, my lad—you 're losing your nerve. This is nothing to what I have done. Don't you remember how I boiled Uncle Joseph down when I wanted some glue for that Zeppelin I was making? And what about that night I ran a whole Scotch express down a coal-mine? As a matter of fact I distinctly remember that Aunt Maria was in that train, so I don't quite see how she can be in this portmanteau. You 're getting mixed, old thing—you ought to keep a list of these fatalities.

Me 1 (*giving it up in disgust*). You 're ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS!

That 's the way I treat my nightmares nowadays. And if psycho-analysts think they have anything on me as a dream-expert I consider them very greatly mistaken.

Mr. Punch's Representative at the Olympic Games.

We beg to offer our best congratulations to Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART ("D.M.S." of *Punch*) on winning one of the two Silver Medals awarded as Second Prize in the Literary Competition at the Olympic Games with her cycle of "Sword Songs."

"Thomas Lynch was fined 4s. and costs at a Chicago Police Court for biting a dog in the course of an argument. Lynch admitted that the dog was a stranger to him."—*Scots Paper.*

That only makes his conduct worse. We never think of biting anybody without a proper introduction.



Prospective Lodger. "AND HOW ABOUT THE MORNING BATH, MRS. JINKS?"
Landlady. "WE HAVE A REGULAR TIME-TABLE FOR THAT, SIR. I EXPECT I CAN SQUEEZE YOU IN SOMEWHERE."

BULLFINCHES.

BULLFINCHES have caps like sloes;
Bullfinches have vests like poppies;
You may see them, best of shows,
Haunting in our coppice.

Bullfinches have hoods of grey,
Belts of white to please you, flipping
Silver through the darkest day,
Up then down a-dipping.

Bullfinches make little tunes,
Soft and gay and unassuming,
All on April afternoons
Of the blackthorn blooming.

Bullfinches of blackthorn's snow,
Berried bough or summer coppice,
You may see them row on row
Where the fancier's shop is—

See the vests of poppy brave
Beat on wire in wooden inches.
Isn't he the hateful knave
Who would sell bullfinches?

Southend on Sea at Last.

"A panic was caused at Southend on Saturday, when a huge backwash wave, caused by the two great Atlantic liners *Berengaria* and *Majestic* passing one another in the Solent, swept up the beach."—*Provincial Paper.*

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XX.—FORTY WINKS.

"TELL me," I murmured sleepily (it was one of those days), "what to go and see;" and I sank back into the cane chair. There is a room full of cane chairs in Wembley, if you know where to find it.

"At two-thirty," said Virgil (when I call him that I simply mean to reiterate that the day was infernally hot)—"at two-thirty there is ostrich-quilling——"

"Dumb animals," I said, without opening my eyes. "How would *you* like to be quilled if you were an ostrich?"

"In the Stadium," he went on, "there is an exhibition of American posters. But I don't believe that's quite ready yet. Talking of the Stadium, you ought to have been here one night last week."

"What happened one night last week?"

"There was a Journalists' Race on cowboy ponies for a prize of a clamophone."

"Bucking ponies?" I said, opening my eyes.

"No, tame ponies. But it was very funny all the same. None of them kept the course and nobody knows who won. The race was once round the Stadium track, and there was a fellow who went round three times at least."

"Why did he do that?"

"He was holding on to the peak of the saddle and he couldn't stop. He kept shouting to the spectators to ask them how to do it. He didn't dare to touch the reins, because he had tried that once, as soon as he mounted, and the pony stood right up in the air."

"Are you sure it was only three times?" I asked, feeling a little more interested. "Perhaps he's still there. Let's go and see."

"Oh, no, the pony has gone back to America a long time ago. Then there's a Power Conference in one of the Conference Halls."

"Is the PRIME MINISTER there, or M. HERRIOT?" I said, and shut my eyes again.

* * * * *

I am afraid that I dozed. In fact, I am sure that I dozed. Otherwise how could I have been in the Stadium without walking there? And how could there have been great gilt pillars all round the Stadium track? And in the very centre of the Stadium an enormous fountain from which iridescent lather perpetually oozed and overflowed? But Virgil was still by my side.

"What are they going to do?" I asked.



HOT WORK AT WEMBLEY.

"It is the Executive Council," he explained. "They're going to hunt wild ostriches round the track with the *bolas*."

And sure enough they were. I could see Sir HENRY MCMAHON and Sir TRAVERS CLARKE with "chaps" on their legs getting up on to their piebald steeds.

"The prize is a gas-cooker," my friend explained, "presented by the American Slogan King."



THE NON-STOP PRESS.

And then somehow or other I found myself walking out of the Stadium underneath an immense portcullis with spikes, which I felt vaguely had something to do with whiskey, and the whole panorama of the Wembley Exhibition lay before me.

And what a panorama! It was a huge waterscape, deep blue in colour, with little white pavilions scattered here and there on the distant shores. We seemed to be in a floating Railodok, my friend and I.

"The whole thing is arranged geographically," he explained to me. "Wasn't it a wonderful idea? This piece is the Atlantic. You have Canada away on the right, and on the left is the British Government pavilion. That canal is the Mediterranean, and the other canal branching out of it is the Red Sea; and so on till you come to India. It's all been planned like an immense map."

"But how is the rest of the world filled up? The parts that don't belong to the British Empire, I mean."

"Kiosks and restaurants," he said. "Restaurants in particular."

And indeed I was able to discern something like an immense hotel close to the water, where France should have been. There was a great placard on the portico which read—

MAISON TIGRE.

DON'T DIVORCE YOUR WIFE
IF SHE CAN'T COOK!
EAT HERE
AND KEEP HER FOR A PET!

"That must have been the American Slogan King," said my guide. "He's been hanging things all over the place."

"I want to go to Malta," I murmured, though why this idea had come into my head I could not say. "Malta, the rampart of Christendom;" and I felt that I had made a slogan of my own.

But by this time the seas appeared to have shrunk a good deal and I could see the shores white and fierce and hot under the sun. Myriads of people were forming up in queues. They were mostly eating sandwiches or tomatoes out of paper-bags. When they had finished they threw down the paper-bags and left them where they lay. All the shores were dotted with little pointed posts which looked as if they were meant to be chained together, but nobody had put chains upon them.

"The principal queue," said my friend, "is the one for the Queen's Dolls' House. It begins in Canada and goes round by the North Pole, and then down again to Hong Kong. Most of the journey is done by switchback——"

And then quite suddenly I was all

alone in a little garden full of delphiniums. There was a temple marked "BATH," and out of it a negro in a white suit was bringing a tray with cocktails. I was about to take one when I heard a loud shout and a monstrous trampling in my rear. I turned round with a start. It was the Illustrator riding on an elephant. He was beating it about the head with a whaling harpoon from the South Sea Isles.

"There's no time to waste!" he shouted. "We must go at once and help."

"Help—what—where?" I expostulated.

"The PRINCE OF WALES is all alone on the Giant Racer, and it can't be stopped," he explained.

"But what can we do about it?"

"We'll have to get to the Power Conference and tell them to turn off the power."

"But I can't climb up," I said.

"Of course you can," he told me, and I saw that there was an iron step-ladder attached to the elephant's side.

I began to go up and up and up. We were standing together on the top of the red tower in East Africa.

"This is Tree Top Station," he remarked rather enigmatically, though it did not occur to me at the time. "And that is the *crèche* down there."

"The what?" I inquired.

"The place where people leave their children to play, if they like, while they visit the Exhibition. It's full of splendid toys and little tables and chairs."

And then quite suddenly we were whirling round and round in a little red motor-car that skidded as it whirled.

"I can't stand this," I said. "I shall be sick in a moment."

"The worst of the circular movement," said the Illustrator, "is that you cannot tell the difference between life on an Australian sheep ranch and one in New Zealand."

"No," I answered. "And there is no time to look at the Battle of Zeebrugge."

But I had scarcely spoken before I perceived that the little motor-car had become a Railodok again. We had stopped near a small temple where ladies in Turkish costume, with yashmaks, were offering to sell us fountain-pens.

* * *

I sat up with a start.

"Had a good sleep?" inquired Virgil.

"I hope I didn't snore much," I said. "I can't do anything till the Illustrator comes, you know."



"WELL, THAT HAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY MALTESE CROSS."

And of course at that moment the Illustrator appeared. He had a strange bulky object under one arm and the usual beaming smile.

"What an earth——" I began.

"It's my teak elephant," he said. "I've just been over to Burma to fetch it."

"Illustrator," I said, "I will do a great deal in the cause of the Empire—never the lotus opens, never the wild-fowl wake, and all that sort of thing—but I will not walk round the Wembley Exhibition in the company of a teak elephant. You must leave Shadrach in the cloak-room and we will go and have lunch."

* * * * *

All the same it was rather a curious coincidence. EVOE.



A WHITE ELEPHANT

The Motor Road.

"The little *s*, and what worlds away!"

Heaven has its starry ways above,
Of spirits the abode;
But earthly bodies live and move
Upon a tarry road.

Our Impartial Press.

"WESTMINSTER BEAT CHARTERHOUSE."

Charterhouse thoroughly deserved their victory by 110 runs over Westminster."
Morning Paper.

"OXFORD BEAT CAMBRIDGE.

At Lord's Cambridge won by nine wickets."
Evening Paper.

"GROUSE PROSPECTS.

The vital statistics for the parish of —— for three months ending June 30 are as follows:—Births, 10; marriages, 2; deaths, 18."
Scots Paper.

A poor pairing season, evidently.

"I had the pleasure of dining with Rakovsky, the head of Russian Delegation, along with a few Cabinet Ministers. He was utterly unlike the picture generally given to us by the reactionary Press and Tory speakers. He was a quiet, simple gentleman, with beautifully differential manners."
Clydeside Paper.

Varied according to his company, we infer.

"Our Brussels Correspondent reports that Belgium intends to remain outside the Anglo-British controversy."
Daily Paper.

An excellent example which England would do well to follow.

"Fatal accidents in the streets of London vary with the days of the week, Friday and Saturday being the worst, and Sunday the best, in this respect."—*Weekly Paper.*

An experienced motorist tells us that Sunday is the best day because one can concentrate on individuals with greater accuracy, whereas on the other days mentioned quite good pedestrians are often irretrievably lost amongst the general traffic.

THE ART OF PARTING.

A NUMBER of thinkers have wrestled from time to time with the problem of seeing people off by train. I fancy it has baffled them all; even Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, who was driven to invent an Official Leavetaker of rich and hearty aspect with a gift for chatty farewells. The ruck of us, however, continue to cling glumly to the usual versicles and responses.

"This is a pretty good train."

"Yes."

"Tell Henry to write."

"Yes."

"Got everything?"

"Yes."

"Only a few minutes more."

"Yes."

(Pause).

"This is a pretty good train," etc.

However, we can now strike quite a new note, thanks to a new thinker, who, I imagine, has seen a lot of people off in his time and has now perfected his technique over the bodies of scores of his friends. It is true that when I saw him he was being seen off by somebody else, but I expect he is so expert that he can take either part at a moment's notice.

This is his method; and you require a packet of cigarettes. We will call him Charles, because he looks like it; his friend is probably named Alfred.

Charles (*heartily*). It's a long run, but I'll enjoy it. I've got a good seat, a good book and a good supply of "Hercules" cigarettes.

Alfred (*with a note of admiration in his voice*). You never seem to get separated from your "Hercules."

Charles. Not if I can help it! (*Confidentially*) Fact of the matter is, old boy, I can't get the same enjoyment from any other cigarette.

Let us pause a moment and consider this exchange. How many of us in Alfred's position would play up to Charles in this manner? If Alfred had merely grunted when Charles mentioned the brand how flat it would have been! But on studying Charles's chin I fancy he would not have left it at that. He would have repeated the bit about "Hercules" cigarettes in a louder voice, and if that failed to quicken Alfred's pulse and bring a light into his eyes, I think he would get out of the carriage and shake Alfred to and fro, saying "*Hercules!*" And if Alfred was in a particularly dogged and inflexible mood, replying simply, "Well, what about 'em?" or, "I don't care," or (more bitterly), "You *wouldn't*," I fear Charles would just get him down on the platform and deal roughly with him.

However, this is one of Alfred's good mornings, and he respects Charles a great deal for smoking such a magnificent brand. I think Charles might have offered him one to begin with, but perhaps he knows best. We will continue listening to this entrancing conversation. Charles has just confessed with a faint blush that he can't get the same pleasure from any other brand.

Alfred (*like a shot*). Why 's that?

You see? Charles knows Alfred is all a-tremble now. Leaning nearer to the carriage-door, with his breath coming in quick pants (like BOSWELL's) Alfred listens intently. How easy for Charles to make a fool of him now! How easy for Charles to work off one of his Stock Exchange gags with a coarse guffaw, leaving Alfred looking an ass amid the riff-raff of farewellers on the platform! However, Charles is quite serious about "Hercules" cigarettes, and he has inside information about them. No doubt he lunched with a director the other day. Charles wants Alfred to *know*. Here is Charles's reply:—

Charles (*earnestly*). Because of the *fine tobacco* in them and because of their *bigness*. There is more real satisfaction in one "Hercules" than in three ordinary cigarettes.

And then, just as Alfred, I expect, is about to say excitedly, "But tell me, Charles, how are they matured, and to what do you attribute their freedom from bite——?" the train starts. "Good-bye, Charles!" shouts Alfred. "Good-bye," shouts Charles. "I'll send you a postcard from Reading explaining everything." "Don't forget to describe the method of curing the *leaf*," roars Alfred as the train gathers speed. A minute later a figure with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks walks quickly through the barrier and cleaves its way through the crowd. It is Alfred in search of a packet of "Hercules." "Just like Charles," he says to himself happily. "How lucky I saw him off instead of going to Lord's!"

That, briefly, is the method. It may also be used with Pogo vests (as when your Aunt sees you off, beginning, "Well, Auntie, it 's a long run, but, thanks to my new Pogo vest, which does not tickle, I shall not have to get out to rub myself against the bookstall at Exeter"), or, indeed, anything you are really excited about. At the journey's end, when you come down to dinner, there is also a new gambit for you. I noticed a dinner-party the other day in which a Colonel was making all the running. Lady Guffin, old Sir Reginald, the youngest Ditherington girl and young Sapperton of the Engineers hung on to the Colonel's words entranced, and forgot the dessert completely. The Colonel was talking (in his delightful way) about the working of his stomach. PANURGE.

THE MOWER AND THE SCYTHE.

Across the grass-plot, stiff and slow
And most consumedly perspiring,
I shoved the mower to and fro,
An exercise as trite as tiring;
I left the plaguy job half-done;
I filled my pipe and took an easy
Where beechen bowers veiled the sun
And summer airs were bland and breezy.

While I confounded cog and chain
And all such time-annihilators,
There came from nowhere down the lane
A grand old boy in smock and gaiters;
He bore a wallet and a scythe;
His pate was bald, his beard was flowing;
He stopped and hailed me, peart and blithe,
"Mas'r, ha' ye got a job o' mowing?"

Here was the chap to shave my green!
He read my thought before I beckoned;
The scythe for him, no mere machine—
"They 're middlin' orkard things," he reckoned;
He took his whetstone to the blade,
Among the plantains and the clover;
"Katink-a-tink"—the tune it played
Caught back the past and put it over.

I heard the dewy swish and sweep;
I watched the rhythmic sways and poises,
Lulled by a spell that put to sleep
Our frantic world of strains and noises;
I dreamed of half-forgotten days
When life had still the gift of leisure,
And speed was not a hectic craze
And labour took its skill for pleasure.

So, when the little plot was shorn,
We drank a jug of beer together,
And talked about the roots and corn,
And haying in this shuckish weather;
Then through the sleepy noonday chime
I heard him call as he was going,
"I reckon what you want is Time
To do a proper job o' mowing."

Incubators for Adolescents.

"A. —— wishes to place his son, age 16, in good gardens, under glass."—*Weekly Paper.*

An Impending Apology.

"The Theatrical Garden Party never has enough seats, and if you wear your best shoes your toes are certain to be trodden on more than once, especially if the Prince of Wales turns up!"—*Ladies' Paper.*

BUS-CONDUCTORS AND TAXI-MEN.



HOW IS IT THAT THE BUS-CONDUCTOR IS ABLE TO CARRY ALL HIS MONEY—



QUITE OPENLY IN AN OUTSIDE WALLET—



WHEREAS THE TAXI-MAN—



WHEN ASKED FOR CHANGE—



DIVES—



INTO THE VERY—



INMOST—



OF—



RECESSES—



OR IS FREE TO ALLEGE—



THAT HE HAS NO CHANGE AT ALL?

SUBURBAN SCENES.

III.—BUNG.

JUST now we are all asking each other where we are going. For my part, I find I tell so many people where I am going that the place soon loses whatever charm and interest it may once have possessed for me. I do not refer to my ultimate destination, but to the place in which it has pleased my family to decide to spend that portion of the year which is wildly called my holiday.

It was Trundle who told me about the place—a tiny out-of-the-way village by the sea; good sands and splendid bathing for the children, with everything that the heart of a grown-up can desire—fine scenery, tennis, golf, boating—and nobody there. The number of superb holiday places with tennis and golf and nobody there has always seemed to me surprising. One gathered from Trundle that he was almost the only living soul who had ever visited the village. He breathed the name of it as a deadly secret. I scarcely dare to write it down. It is called Bung.

Since we booked our rooms I have not met a man who has not been to Bung. And they all hate it. The whole world have spent at least one holiday at Bung; many people I know have been there every year since they were quite tiny. And they all hate it. For some time now I have been concealing my connection with Bung; I tell people I am going to Switzerland, to Bath, to the Trossachs; I find that in this way I get much more envy and credit from my friends, few of whom have been to the Trossachs. I have already had far more enjoyment out of my holiday at Bath than I am likely to extract from a holiday at Bung.

Taking tea with the Badgers, however, I felt bound to tell the truth, and the conversation proceeded on the usual lines.

"Where are you going this year, Mr. Haddock?" said Mrs. Badger, almost as soon as she saw me.

"I am going to Bung," I said, and went on rapidly, "We've taken rooms at the 'Boat.' It's a charming little place, I believe; Trundle told us about it; quite tiny, you know, and no one knows of it. I suppose you've been there?"

"*Bung!*" said Mrs. Badger, with a radiant smile, as if the word had called up Paradise for her. "But how delightful! You'll love Bung."

"We've been there two or three times," said Badger warmly. "Jolly little place."

"Pretty country, I believe?" I said, encouraged.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Badger, considering, "it's not very good *inland*—flat, you know—and of course the coast's a bit bare. Still, I'm sure you'll like it. And the sea's always nice, isn't it?"

"Good boating?" I suggested.

"Well, not there. But you can get a boat at Boodle—along the coast—when it's not too rough."



The Colonel (to new member who has just broken the record). "THEY SAY THIS CLUB IS HAUNTED—A PHANTOM GOLFER GOES ROUND THE LINKS EVERY NIGHT."
New Member (anxiously). "IN HOW MANY?"

"What's the tennis like?"

"There used to be quite a good court at the Vicarage," said Badger. "We played there once or twice. I could give you an introduction to the Vicar, if you like."

"Thanks awfully."

"He's left, dear," said Mrs. Badger gently.

"So he has. Well, you play golf, don't you, Haddock? There's not at all a bad little nine-hole course at Boodle."

"How far is Boodle?"

"About five miles. I used to bicycle over."

"Jolly," I murmured.

"Oh, yes, you ought to have plenty of fun at Bung," said Badger heartily, as men say to their children, "The dentist won't hurt you—not really."

"Oh, well," I said, "one doesn't so much care about oneself as long as it's a good place for the children. It is, isn't it?"

"Oh, certainly. First-rate — first-rate."

"Good bathing and so on?"

"At low tide," said Mrs. Badger. "There's no sand, you know."

"No *sand?*" I echoed. "I thought it was all sand."

"Only at low tide. You must be careful about the bathing—with children, I mean. There's rather a tricky ledge—gets deep very quick, you know."

"But it's quite a nice beach," said Mrs. Badger encouragingly.

"Nice hard stones," I said a little bitterly.

"Oh, come," said she, "you mustn't talk like that. I'm sure you'll like it—really you will."

"I suppose Bung *is* on the sea?" I said after a moment's reflection.

"Bung is," said Mrs. Badger; "but as a matter of fact the 'Boat' is in the village, about three-quarters of a mile up the hill. Just a nice little run down to the sea."

"Oh!" I said. "You're not going to Bung yourselves?"

"Not this year. We're going to Fleak," said Mrs. Badger, brightening. "A tiny little out-of-the-way place that nobody knows about. There's only one *wee* little inn, and we have the whole place to ourselves. The bathing——"

At this moment the front-door bell rang.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Badger, "that must be the Martins;" and both of them assumed that expression of disgust and weariness which the men of our race assume at the approach of those whom they have invited to their house. Badger took me aside and explained that the Martins were the worst bores in England, but, having once done the Badgers a service, they had to be invited to tea now and again.

While I was still wondering whether this was how Badger would explain me to the Martins when I left, the Martins came in. They were certainly bores of the very first order, poor things. Try as I would, I could not keep awake during any of the first three anecdotes that Mr. Martin told me.

When it became clear that the third



Orator. "NOW, I ASK YER—'OW MUCH LONGER ARE YER GOIN' TO PUT UP WITH THIS SORT O' THING?"
Fed-up Auditor. "WELL, 'OW MUCH LONGER ARE YER GOIN' TO KEEP ON, 'ORACE?"

anecdote was a three-reeler, Mrs. Badger said hastily, "*How* amusing! And where are you going this year, Mr. Martin?"

"To tell you the truth," said Mrs. Martin, "we haven't quite decided. And where are you going, Mrs. Badger?"

"Oh, we shall go away somewhere, I suppose," said Mrs. Badger with surprising vagueness.

"We're going to Fleak," said Badger with his eyes glowing. "We've got rooms at the 'Ship.' It's the most *perfect* place on the South Coast. My wife discovered it last year. Perfectly quiet, bathing, fishing; and we have the *whole* place to ourselves——"

At this point I received a violent kick on the ankle, and looking up was startled to see the mild face of Mrs. Badger contorted with rage and apprehension. Her gaze, however, and presumably her kick, was directed at Badger and not at me.

Badger was unconscious of both and continued to expatiate on the glories of Fleak—the peace, the scenery, the strawberries, the fish, the innkeeper, the sailing, the sands, the sunsets, the very sea. Badger was quite carried away, and Mrs. Badger made faces at him in vain. Meanwhile the Martins grew more and more interested in Fleak, and when Martin said that what they were looking for was a quiet place and began asking questions about the cooking at the "Ship" I thought Mrs. Badger would have a fit.

Finally Martin said to his wife, "It sounds the very place for us, my dear."

"It does, Reginald," said Mrs. Martin.

"D'you think they'd squeeze us in at the 'Ship,' Badger?" said Martin. "We might have rather a jolly little party."

"Oh, well——" said Badger in some confusion, having at last realised what he had done; and then his fatal generosity asserted itself and he added, "But of *course*."

Mrs. Badger now intervened. She thought the east wind at Fleak might be trying for Mrs. Martin's chest; she doubted whether the cooking at the "Ship" was quite what Mr. Martin was accustomed to; she further questioned whether the "Ship" could let another room. But it was too late. Badger had done the trick.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Martin, "we can but try. I'll write to the 'Ship' to-night. It is kind of you, Mrs. Badger, to have told us about the place." And thereupon they left.

Over the scene which followed I will draw a veil. At the end of it Badger was like a whipped dog, and Mrs. Badger said quite shortly that, if she was to be shut up with the Martins in the village of Fleak for four weeks, she *would not go to Fleak*. She left it to Badger to clear up the mess he had made, and clear it up immediately.

Badger, quite cowed, pondered a moment. He then sat down and drafted a telegram. This telegram he asked me to despatch on my way home.

I should not normally suspect Badger of a foul action. There is no doubt the man was unnerved. But at the post-office I happened to glance at the telegram. It read:—

"MARTIN 4 CHISENHAM GARDENS VERY SORRY JUST HEARD SHIP INN DESTROYED BY FIRE SUGGEST YOU APPLY BOAT HOTEL BUNG CHARMING PLACE BADGER."

I sent this telegram. I also sent a telegram on my own account to the Boat Hotel at Bung.

And to-night I am writing to the "Ship" at Fleak. A. P. H.

"The —— Lawn Tennis Ball is an all-round Ball."—*Sports Catalogue.*

Quite the best shape, in our opinion.



Fond Aunt. "YOU LIKE ME TO READ TO YOU, DON'T YOU, DARLING?"
Nephew. "I AM VERY SENSIBLE OF THE KINDLY INTENTION, BUT I DO WISH YOU WOULD COMBAT A TENDENCY TO OVER-EMPHASIS."

CIVILIZING UBONGO.

IT is my duty to lay before you my first report from the Ubongo field. When I was lent, as you will remember, by the Colonial Office to the Civil Service of King 'Mbangu, my instructions left much to my own discretion: "In reorganising the Civil Service of Ubongo, aim ever to introduce the best of tried British institutions, yet without undue interference with customs dear to the heart of the Babongo. Aim at a judicious and tactful blending. We have much to teach but much to learn."

So far I think I am succeeding. The special feature dear to the heart of the Ubongo Civil Servant is the siesta, which begins at ten and ceases at four. While preserving this tribal custom I have tactfully blended it with tea at judicious intervals. Our two Civil Services are now one.

The ancient custom too of "kiboko," or massage with a hippopotamus-hide whip—a local mode of showing disapproval of breaches of etiquette—has been somewhat modified. I have introduced golf in its place. The criminals are not wholly satisfied and I am threatened with an appeal to the Colonial Office. Although personally I like a game of golf in my early office-hours, as I am a martyr to insomnia, I am large-minded enough to see the view of the other man.

In the first place there is something to be said for the complaint that golf involves learning a new and barbarous language. "And again," as my favourite criminal remarked, "if I did slaughter a great orator, it was not done by accident and can hardly be called a breach of etiquette. Moreover, he was writing his Memoirs at the time? And why should I be constrained to wear plus-fours when all my life I have been cool in minus-ones?"

Plus-fours are certainly hard going on a course which is all bunkers. Perhaps, with the permission of the Royal and Ancient, our converts might be allowed, as Umhechmon suggests, to wear the golf-bags and to carry their clubs in the plus-fours. Perhaps, however, it would be safer to refer the matter to the League of Nations, as we do not wish to create a precedent for St. Andrews. The introduction of the nineteenth hole is meanwhile allaying unrest.

A second reform of mine is one that demands serious thought. The Theological Colleges throughout Ubongo are behind the age. The Higher Criticism is knocking at the door. Think of it, a man may obtain his W.D. after a poor poll degree and a mere nine months' apprenticeship to a legally qualified witch doctor. I suggested to the King that a written examination with a stiff *viva-voce* should be required of all postulants after nine months' practical instruction in our laboratories followed by the usual tests of smelling out a witch at the various ranges. The country clergy, who form the majority of our members of Convocation, were up in arms.

The situation required to be handled with the greatest delicacy. Bearing in mind my instructions, I introduced, after much thought, another British institution which has for the first time in history united the whole of the witch doctors of Ubongo. I refer to the collection plate. They are enthu-

siastic, and pæans in praise of Great Britain and her civilising mission are being chanted everywhere. My name has been changed to Umfondalongbizi, or *Thinker of Great Thoughts.*

On the other hand, the laity, who had practically ceased to clamour against the new penal code with its compulsory plus-fours marked with broad arrows, are now sulky about my ecclesiastical innovation.

But the laity in all countries are apt to take the low, the sordid view. These foozlers do not realise that the new British institution I am now introducing is the one practice about which all jarring schools of thought agree and the sole basis of reunion. Why should Ubongo stand sullenly aloof from the comity of nations?

Be this as it may, the laity out here say they have conscientious scruples, and when the first collection plate came round they took to the jungle.

It is very difficult to find a solution of our problems. King 'Mbangu thinks the only way to be an interchange of Theological Chairs, which might work wonders for the civilization of our two countries. Failing this, he is prepared to establish 'Mbangu scholarships for moderately intelligent young men of Great Britain who would read for our W.D. The annual emolument would be eighty sheep and a thousand calabashes of umstingo.

As for the new penal code, he would like a good Scotch professional with ability to talk golf fluently.



PICTURE OF AN AMATEUR HUMOURIST AT WEMBLEY POSING FOR A PROBLEM PORTRAIT.

THOUGHTS ABOUT STEEL.

THUCYDIDES says, or rather THUCYDIDES makes PERICLES say, "The whole earth is the grave of famous men." The whole earth is really the grave of disused safety-razor blades.

There are some people who will tell you that they send their old safety-razor blades away to be re-ground. I am not concerned with that kind of man. There are some people, very likely, who save the disused ends of their safety-matches and sell them to the raspberry jam manufacturers. It takes all sorts to make a world.

My safety-razor blades pass away into the earth from which as pig-iron they eventually sprang. It is a very affecting thought.

Take any strip of ground occupied by London back-gardens, and the soil must be almost as full of metal as the soil of the devastated areas in France. I sometimes wonder whether the terrible noise that cats make at night is not caused by their treading suddenly on old safety-razor blades.

You think, very probably, that Fido has been fighting again. That is not so. He has merely been digging up the carnations as usual, and his face has come in contact with an old safety-razor blade.

The writer GEORGE MEREDITH said of the good physician MELAMPUS:—

> "With love exceeding a simple love of the things
> That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck."

If the good physician MELAMPUS was really interested in that sort of stuff, he would in these days have spent most of his time collecting derelict safety-razor blades.

I do not know what happens to safety-razor blades in large blocks of residential flats. They may be slipped into pillar-boxes late at night, or they may be sold secretly in order to give body to tonic wine. There are probably men in the dark underworld of London life who, if they would, could say.

This is merely a preface. I am not writing about old safety-razor blades merely to repeat facts of which every cowardly shaver is aware. I am writing in the hope that these few words may catch the eye of the world's great advertisers, at present assembled in London. The ideal which they have nearest their hearts is that of Truth in Advertising. They even invited Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW to join the International Advertising Convention. They asked him whether, in his opinion, advertising should be either forbidden or subsidised by Act of Parliament. He replied:—

"Neither. Advertising, instead of being privileged as it is, to lie, cheat,



MANNERS AT LORD'S.

Irreverent Young Lady (pointing to Prelate). "I SAY! THERE'S A SWISH BISH.!"

obtain money under false pretences, and poison, should be dealt with as any other social activity is dealt with."

Apart from that matter of using a preposition to end up a sentence with, those are strong words, very strong. The Convention answered, so I read—

"that they look forward no less anxiously than Mr. Shaw to the time when insincere advertisement will be made a penal offence."

And I also look forward to the time when the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth will be told about safety-razor blades.

In an age of mechanical perfection it is fairly obvious that each blade in a packet of twelve or half-a-dozen safety-razor blades might easily have the same shearing strength, accuracy and power. They have not. There can be little doubt that the variation is deliberate and serves some useful end. It would be crude, and I think unfair, to suggest, as no doubt Mr. SHAW would, that the bad safety-razor blades are placed in the packet merely in order to gain more money for the manufacturers. I opine that the truth about safety-razor blades is this, and that it should be more widely known:—

Each packet contains one cutting blade, a sort of Excalibur, faultlessly tempered and finely edged. The moral purpose of this blade is to give confidence to the shaver—that sense of smooth-running success so essential (at times) to the Business Man. This blade may endure for a fortnight; and in any great gathering it is easy to pick out, owing to the atmosphere of conscious power and personal magnetism which radiates from them, the business men whose safety-razor blade has been running for about ten days without a hitch.

But was our life intended to be all triumphant and full of ease and success? I think not. The Greek theory of ὕβρις comes in here. We must take the rough with the smooth. *Per ardua ad astra.* The daily round, the common task, and so on.

In every packet of, say, twelve razor blades will be found ten which, like the butterfly (see *Via Latina*), last but for one day. They have their brief hour and then flutter lightly into the underwrack. You cannot use them a second time. The object of these blades is to inculcate humility, to make us remember that we are men, not gods, and to give us practice in unwrapping envelopes of oiled paper.

And finally, in each packet of twelve safety-razor blades there is one specially manufactured with an indented edge, like a two-handed wood-saw. And we know not, even the wisest amongst us, on what morning it will come to us. *Memento mori:* In the midst of life we are in death.

A safety-razor blade of this type does not cut more deeply than an ordinary razor, but it cuts more surely, affecting a larger area of the face and producing an infinitely more copious flow of blood. It was of this type of razor blade that *Macbeth* was speaking when he said, "All the cotton wool of India will not whiten this little cheek."

The moral purpose of this kind of razor blade is to enure us to hardship and pain . . .

It seems a pity that I have to go out to dinner to-night.

A New Breed.

"DOGS.

Natural Curly Auburn Transformation; cost 16 gns., accept 8.9.—*Advt. in Welsh Paper.*

A variety of the Red Setter, we suppose.



NEW DIPLOMATIC CUSTOMS.

JOHN BULL. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
MR. MACDONALD. "A LITTLE SPIRIT OF PERFECT ACCORD."
JOHN BULL. "NOT ENOUGH TO INTOXICATE ANYBODY? WELL, CARRY ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 7th.—Persevering in their heroic decision to work four days in the week instead of three, the Lords again mustered in force to support Lord MIDLETON'S demand for an inquiry into the burdens and charges affecting the trade of Great Britain. What chance, he urged, had we of even restoring the pre-war figures of output when taxes and rates have been trebled or more, and Labour clamours for a further reduction of working hours, while the bureaucracy "saps the independence of the people and throttles trade"?

An uncomfortable feeling grew upon their Lordships that, if all else fails, they will have to sit on Fridays as well as Mondays. Lord PARMOOR did his best to restore confidence by suggesting that the industrial crisis has been nearly weathered, and Lord BALFOUR, refusing to be altogether a pessimist, strove to comfort a depressed House by arguing that "what was fatal was not to work less hours, but to work less hard." This admirable maxim induced Lord MIDLETON to withdraw his resolution and banished all fears of Friday sittings, for the present at least.

In the Commons Mr. LUNN, answering further questions about Wembley, regretted the difficulty of keeping the Exhibition grounds tidy, although the number of receptacles for rubbish has been considerably increased, and appeals to the public to refrain from throwing papers about have been inserted "on more than one occasion" in the weekly *Bulletin of Empire Study*, a periodical of whose existence most Members learned for the first time.

To the intense disappointment of Sir WILLIAM BULL and the four hundred Members who had supported him, the PRIME MINISTER announced that in view of the unanimous opposition of the Committee of Imperial Defence the Government had no alternative but to drop the Channel Tunnel scheme. All the naval and military and air developments in the past five years, he said, have without exception tended to render the Channel Tunnel a more dangerous experiment.

As to its commercial value, he doubted whether its construction would have much effect upon our foreign trade, and added, with a glimpse of the obvious, that if it did succeed the result would be "the gradual disappearance of the cross-Channel steamship services."

Undaunted by this prospect, which presumably the promoters desire, Sir WILLIAM BULL asked that a Joint Committee should explore the question afresh, to which Mr. MACDONALD replied with some humour—possibly conscious—that "soundings would be taken through the usual channels."



A PICKER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.
MR. LUNN.

It was perhaps to demonstrate the existing rapidity of transit to France that the PRIME MINISTER sprang upon the House his own decision to pay a flying trip to Paris the next day. "No, I don't fly," he explained afterwards, anxious to avoid any appearance of a personal experiment in the art of invasion from the air. But the House could make nothing of his object in going to Paris and felt almost embarrassed at eavesdropping upon the long soliloquy designed to reassure M. HERRIOT'S critics in France. Mr. BALDWIN professed that, with the utmost goodwill, he had far less grasp of the subject than before the PRIME MINISTER'S speech, while Mr. ASQUITH declared himself, after listening with the closest attention, to be "in a state of absolute, unilluminated, complete bewilderment as to what had happened or was going to happen."



SIR WILLIAM BULL.

An attack on the Government's attitude in the Anglo-Soviet Conference was then opened by Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, who declared that its official *communiqués* would provide material for a new *Alice in Wonderland*. He upbraided the Government for giving to the Dominions a place only in the suburbs of their love, whereas they took the Russian Government entirely to their heart. Mr. J. J. O'NEILL boldly professed that the City regarded M. RAKOVSKY'S offers as fair and reasonable, while Mr. E. D. MOREL dismissed all complaints about the Soviet's failure to compensate British subjects as being inspired by a desire to re-establish the old Tsarist *régime* (which made Mr. RONALD MACNEILL properly angry), and in a lurid speech described Europe as a drunken man smoking a cigar on a barrel of gunpowder.

Mr. PONSONBY, replying on behalf of the PRIME MINISTER, asked indulgence in his efforts to steer between those who regarded the Bolsheviks as saints and those who regarded them as bloody murderers.

Tuesday, July 8th.—The Lords at last disposed of the Bishop of OXFORD'S Liquor (Control) Bill. Lord CAVE was for letting well alone, and believed that the best remedy for intemperance would be found in "improved" public-houses. Lord MILNER, on the other hand, thought the Bill contained some useful provisions and ought to be given a Second Reading; but considered that compensation should be provided by the State and not by the "Trade." To Lord PARMOOR, on the contrary, the present method of solacing the dispossessed licensee with a portion of his own tail appeared "generous."

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, while admitting that temperance had already made great strides and that there was

no case for complete Prohibition, nevertheless supported the Bill. It found, however, a most strenuous opponent in the Bishop of DURHAM, who declared that, instead of making the trade in alcohol disreputable, as in America, we ought to make it respectable and responsible. He finished by quoting the famous dictum of Bishop MAGEE on a similar Bill fifty years ago: "It would be better that England should be free than that England should be compulsorily sober." With that sentiment still in their minds their Lordships went to the Division; and, though the Bishops were ten to one in its favour, defeated the Bill by 166 to 50.

Any mention of the word "cheese" is sufficient to raise a laugh in the House of Commons. Consequently Mr. WEBB's reply to an inquiry regarding the alleged deterioration of some crates of that commodity coming from New Zealand produced ripples of merriment. The MINISTER attempted, I observed, to head off the gorgonzola joke by punctiliously referring to the cheese as "immature," but did not deter Major COLFOX from asking, "Will the right hon. gentleman pursue it?"

In private life an auctioneer, Mr. FERGUSON is blessed with a voice that must be most useful in his business. Rather to his surprise, however, the SPEAKER decided that it could not legitimately be employed in calling a fellow-Member (Mr. CAHIR O'HEALY) the leader of a murder-gang; and Mr. FERGUSON rather reluctantly withdrew the expression.

The night and a good part of the morning were spent in completing the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. GRAHAM in their several styles (vinegar and oil) resisted all amendments. Labourites and Liberals followed them steadily into the Lobby, and at six o'clock the Bill was through.

Wednesday, July 9th.—Draped in scarlet and ermine and radiating the dazzling haloes of their respective glories as administrators of Madras and Bombay and of the Wembley Exhibition, Viscount WILLINGDON and Lord STEVENSON were formally introduced to the House of Lords. The official report says "in the usual manner," but it seemed to me that Lord HALDANE surpassed even his own habitual grace in curtseying to do them honour.

With heads sleepy but unbowed after sitting till six o'clock this morning, several hundred Members of the Commons bravely assembled again for work. The only evidence of querulousness came from Mr. MONTAGUE, who at the end of Questions implored the SPEAKER to put a stop to the waste of time by "dilettante people who pay other people to do all their work," and whose loquacity he considered responsible for these all-night sittings.

Mr. WHEATLEY, finding himself the target for nearly forty direct Questions, decided at once to stand on the defensive. He was frigidly discouraging to Mr. SANDEMAN's proposal that all recipients of the dole who are under fifty should, for their own good, be compelled to undergo three hours of physical training every day, and in face of Mr. MASTERMAN's persistent attacks shut up as tightly as a limpet. He referred Members haughtily to the text of his Housing Bill, and, when pressed as to whether he would embody certain proposals, declared that he "had no intention of carrying out under the auspices of the Bill anything which it did not contain." Then, feeling that he had been too unresponsive, he expanded so far as to assure Mr. COSTELLO on another matter that he "would make himself as well informed as possible on the subject."



THE EXCHEQUER CRUET.
MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM AND MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Thursday, July 10th.—In a speech described by Lord BIRKENHEAD as "the last whisperings of a Liberalism that is fast passing away," Lord BUXTON opposed the London Traffic Bill. He was amazed that a Labour Government should have introduced so undemocratic a measure. Lord BIRKENHEAD, on the contrary, considered it the only Labour measure that possessed the least mark of commonsense. The new authority would, at any rate, be able to regulate the activities of the thirty-seven bodies that now had power to dig up London streets.

As Chairman of the Royal Commission on London Government, on whose recommendation the Bill was largely based, Lord ULLSWATER proudly confessed himself "the villain of the piece," and hoped the House would recognise the merit of his performance—not in the traditional manner by hissing him off the stage, but by passing the Bill.

A blot on the Bill, in Lord MONTAGU's opinion, was the lack of power to deal with tramcars. The new traffic authority ought to have control of all vehicles, "from perambulators to steam-rollers."

These few days of sunshine have brought the House of Commons out into full flower. The white waistcoats are already in bloom, most luxuriant on the Conservative benches, where Mr. RONALD MCNEILL's deserves the prize so far; but the finest blossom in the House is Mr. GEOFFREY HOWARD's. They naturally bloom later in the shady border behind the Treasury Bench, but one fine flower was seen there yesterday on the bosom of Mr. E. D. MOREL.

The PRIME MINISTER, reporting the results of his trip to Paris, dealt with the Franco-British situation much more clearly—and perhaps for that reason, less optimistically—than he did on Monday. It was obvious that in the dry Parisian air M. HERRIOT had been more rigid than in the balmy atmosphere of Chequers and that Mr. MACDONALD, for the sake of the Entente, had been obliged to make concessions—in form if not substance—to French susceptibilities in regard to the Reparations Commission and the question of inter-Allied debts. The important thing is that the London Conference—at which all these difficulties can be discussed and, possibly, settled—will now be held.

Mr. MACDONALD regained his sprightliness when, a little later, he discussed Anglo-Egyptian relations. He drew sympathetic attention to ZAGHLOUL's difficulties with "a new Parliament, a raw Parliament, a heady Parliament," and reiterated Great Britain's firm intention not to hand over the Sudan to any other Government, but was confident that, if on his forthcoming visit to London the Egyptian Premier would be "reasonable and objectively-minded," a settlement of the Nile water-question could be reached, to the mutual benefit of England and Egypt.



EYE-WORK: WHAT OUR BOWLERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

1884. OFF-SIDE PERIOD. 1904. TWO-EYED PERIOD. 1924. ON-SIDE PERIOD.

RHYMES OF REACTION.

AFTER long incarceration in the prison of free verse,
Varied by some meditation on the ecstasy of Erse,
Irresistible compulsion drives me, blessing what I banned,
In a mood of strong revulsion, back to dear old Metroland.

Not the land whose scenic beauties on the Underground displayed
Lure the Cockney to recruit his energies in park or glade,
But the realm of rules and orders, where Prosodial police
Banish far beyond its borders all disturbers of the peace.

There in some sequestered valley, from psychology released,
I can delicately dally with the agile anapæst,
Dreaming not of big Bonanzas, or the lure of oil or mines,
But developing new stanzas on Simonidean lines.

All acidulous polemics (which I waged myself of old
Warring with the academics) leave me now completely cold;
Though in moments of reaction I resent the futile jibes
And the stark self-satisfaction of the neo-Georgian scribes.

Every neo-goose who cackles of his liberty sublime,
Extricated from the shackles of the tyranny of rhyme,
Ultimately realises how much deadlier is the plague
Of eternal exercises in the vehemently vague.

Oh, the misery of striving to be "fresh," and free at last
From the toilsome task of diving in the "dustbins of the past,"
When the firm resolve of trying to dispense with ancient lore
Ends in crudely versifying what was better said before.

Less, still less, as I grow older am I minded to contend
With the band who, ever bolder in their Satanistic trend,
In the gospel of Vienna fresh and flagrant pigments find
As they paint the new Gehenna raging in the modern mind.

Unreluctantly reverting to the fetters that I broke
When the Georgian self-asserting, self-expressing genius woke,
Though the world is tingling, shingling, though the skies seem fit to fall,
I'm content to go on jingling on a theme from *Locksley Hall*.

Freed, in fine, from all "awareness"—which alternatively means
Power to "sense" the radiant rareness of unholy things and scenes—
An eternal valediction to the modernists I fling
Who are "stercorous" in fiction, who are Sadist when they sing.

The Housing Problem Solved.

From a column headed "Where to live":—

"Shelves to Let at The Merchant Adventurers, Limited, from 5*s.* a week."—*Monthly Periodical.*

"Site of Jerra, Mysterious Harbor, Which Was Mentioned by Ptolemy, Geographer, Found in Ruins of British Officer."
Canadian Paper.

Another instance of the rock-ribbed stamina of our Empire-builders.

"Despatches from Mexico City describe the presidential election as very quaint but orderly. Only nine persons have received knife or bullet wounds during altercations in the capital.

Tanks have been stationed outside all polling booths."—*Daily Paper.*

From which tanks much relief.

"One of the illustrations reproduces a woodcut of Vauxhall illuminated, and to the sensitised Dickensian it seems to echo the gay tumult of that night when Becky Sharp's clever manœuvring was foiled by the strong punch in which the fat and fatuous Jos Sedley indulged."
Scots Paper.

This Dickensian seems to have been over-sensitized.

An Australian professor stated some time since that dreams "are merely afferent impulses from enteroceptive, proprioceptive and exteroceptive sources," and have "no psychological significance whatsoever." But it has recently been discovered that nightmares arise from extradeceptive sauces and have a grave physical significance.

A PLEA FOR THE MONGREL.

THE cult of the dog is becoming more and more fashionable every year. That is to say, the cult of the pure-bred patrician dog; the type of little snob-dog who parades with his mistress in Hyde Park on Sunday, brushed, groomed, curled and smug, his disdainful nose turned up higher and higher as the years of breeding perfect his pedigree. He struts along on a dainty leading-strap or drives throned in state on his mistress's lap in a glorious car; and one hopes that he is too stupid to realise the doggy joys that he misses. For him no thrilling battles for bones with his rival over the way; no glorious truant excursions to dirty ditches and ponds, to return muddy and bedraggled but glorying in his shame. His life is one of boring convention, far different from that of the mongrels who lollop about on the happy heights of Hampstead Heath.



THE AIREDOODLE.



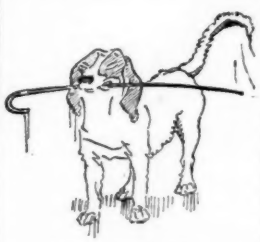
THE POMEROLLIE.

Here one meets every form of real live dog in fascinating variety; love-pups all of them, clever, joyous and spontaneous as the offspring of a real love-match invariably are. These are not the children of an arranged marriage, the patrician products of a scientific breeder, but the sports of Nature, that tender humourist; and what they lack in feature and blood they make up in character.



THE YORKINESE.

Their friendliness and fun are at the disposal of every lonely man. On Hampstead Heath a desolate individual can be adopted for the afternoon by an Airedoodle, a Pomerollie, a Yorkinese, a Retreagle, a Pugriffon, a Spalmatian, a Sealybull, an Aberdachs—almost any imaginable blend of dog—with no more obligation than to make an occasional sympathetic remark or throw a stick or a stone. At the end of the afternoon he will not be expected to supply a dinner and drinks; his companion will run off to his own home with a knowing shake of the head, the glance of a friendly eye and the wag of a ridiculous tail.



THE RETREAGLE.



THE PUGRIFFON.

They specialise in tails, these fascinating mongrels; long tails, twisty tails, bob-tails and curly tails, but always original tails and expressive, loving and amusing tails.



THE SPALMATIAN.

Here, on the Heath, the real dog-lover is able to revel in the study of dogs at their very best. On sunny days what a spectacle of mixed bathing can be seen in the famous pond! What a chorus of hysterical barking can be heard! How many trousers are ruined by the violent shaking of woolly coats as the bathers emerge from their dip! And among the gorse-bushes and bracken what glorious games of hide-and-seek may be witnessed between the mongrel pups!



THE SEALYBULL.

They have caught the scouting fever from the Boy Scouts who pervade the Heath on Saturdays. They take cover, they lie in ambush, they attack, in perfect imitation of the human Scouts; and I am sure that they do far more than one kind action a day. They befriend the friendless, as I have said; they amuse the children. Their hearts are as warm as their sense of humour is keen.

Let those benighted souls to whom appearance means everything pay their admittance to International Dog Shows and there study perfection of form and feature. But those to whom beauty of character appeals, who can appreciate the truth and wistful affection in a dog's eye, the humour in a twinkling tail, the joy in a raucous bark, let them journey to the heights of Hampstead and watch the happy mongrels on the Heath.



THE ABERDACHS.

WITHOUT THE GLOVES.

"I SUPPOSE you lost your gloves again yesterday?" said Beatrice at breakfast.

"Gloves?" I murmured vaguely, as who should say, "Now where have I heard that word before?"

"Yes, gloves," said my wife.

Like all nice people, I live in the country. Occasionally, however, I have dealings with people who are not so nice—publishers, for instance, or dentists—and for this reason I am obliged periodically to go up to London for the day. Every time I go I lose my gloves. If all the gloves I have lost in London were placed end to end they would—well, would provide infinite amusement for the people who do that sort of thing. It is not my fault that I lose the gloves. I have far too much to think of.

It is easy enough at home, where one doesn't dress up to go out. I mean, if I want to wade up to the Post Office for a tin of tongue for lunch, I just pull on my gum-boots and there I am; but when I set forth, spruce and spatted, for town, where am I? In the train I count myself carefully—bowler hat, walking-stick, attaché case, return-ticket and—and—yes, of course, I knew there was something else. Gloves. Sometimes I lose my stick, sometimes my case; but I always lose my gloves.

"Where did you leave them this time?" persisted Beatrice.



WHEN WE INVITED VERA (DAUGHTER OF THE LOCAL TENNIS CHAMPION) TO OUR LITTLE PING-PONG PARTY WE WERE HARDLY PREPARED FOR THIS.

"You talk," I protested, "as though I were personally to blame. I don't leave my gloves anywhere. They leave me. The moment my back is turned——"

"Nonsense," said Beatrice. "You 're simply too careless for anything. I want to know where you left that new pair of kid gloves yesterday."

Now that, though I didn't mean to admit it, was exactly what I wanted to know myself.

"Yesterday," I hedged, "my mind was occupied by so many——"

"Bring your mind to earth a little," interrupted Beatrice. "If you 'll tell me exactly what you did all day, perhaps you 'll be able to remember where——"

"Right," I replied. "I 'll give you A Day in a Great Man's Life. I left here by the 10·17, arriving at Liverpool Street 11.3. I know I had the gloves then, because I lost my ticket down one of the fingers. Then I went to the barber's and had lunch."

"I see. Shampoo and oysters."

"Very funny. First I had my hair cut. Then I took a taxi to the Club and had lunch. The gloves were all present and correct then, because I remember the hall-porter picking them up and——"

"Where did you go next?"

"I called on an editor."

"One of those nasty glove-snatching editors?"

"Oh! no—a charming fellow with a sense of humour. I left a story with him. After that I took a walk down Fleet Street. Like Dr. JOHNSON, you know."

"And then?" pursued Beatrice remorselessly.

"And then——." I floundered. It was at this precise moment that I remembered, as by a flash, just where I had—where my gloves had left me. Well, they were gone. After life's fitful fever they slept well. The future would have to be faced with courage.

"Go on," said Beatrice; "I 'm waiting. Tell me what happened next."

Women are like that. They clamour to be told things. Is it strange that they are not always told the literal truth?

"Very well," I replied. "I will tell you. I had not intended to speak of it. There are some things we Englishmen never talk about. Let me see, where was I?"

"Walking like Dr. JOHNSON——"

"Oh, yes. Pausing a moment by Temple Bar, I watched the whirling rush of the great City's traffic. Suddenly I saw in the roadway a little crippled boy hobbling on his crutch——"

"Go on," cried Beatrice eagerly.

"A rumbling juggernaut of a bus—a pirate bus—bore down on him. He hesitated. Then like a flash I darted across the road, seized the terror-stricken lad and bore him to safety. The vehicle had passed, but as I turned I saw, less than the dust beneath its chariot-wheels, the mangled remains of a pair of kid gloves."

"My brave boy!" exclaimed Beatrice with shining eyes. "I 'm so sorry I scolded you. And I 've kept you from your letters too."

I picked up a bulky envelope from my plate, and as I opened it there emerged a pair of kid gloves. Attached to them was a printed slip which read, "*The Editor of —— regrets that he cannot see his way to use the enclosed, for the offer of which he is much obliged.*"

Confound all editors! My latest brilliant short story was enclosed too.

From a leading article:—

"The majestic highways of the air are revealed to us, but too often it is only a trumpery *caravanserai* that we launch on what ought to be a glorious voyage."—*Morning Paper.*

We share what we take to be the author's opinion of the folly of starting a second-rate hotel.

TO A WEMBLEY OSTRICH.

MAJESTIC wildfowl! Monarch of the waste,
Whom Nature, having other ends in view,
Withdrew from paths aerial and placed
On seven-league shanks to roam the desert through,
From Mesopotam to the Great Karoo,
Ay, from Assyria's civilising plain,
Where XENOPHON, that peerless mercenary,
Who doubtless gave his Attic fancy rein,
Saw thee, or said he did (opinions vary
Whether 'twas thou he saw or just a bustard
As his Ten Thousand Greeks for home and fame he mustered);—

What matters now thy range, or what the truth
Of all the tall tales those old travellers told
About thee ere the world had lost its youth,
Ere Science ruled the roast and Reason cold
Dimmed the bright weft of Fancy's fine-spun gold—
How by a beam from thy prismatic eye
Thy shelly chicks were safely incubated,
While Mrs. Ostrich stood supinely by,
Hardening her heart (1) perhaps—perhaps elated?
(I fail to see, myself, why she should lodge any
Protest against this means of hatching out her progeny.)

Not in the land of Put (2) but in a pen
Where Wembley's bastions take the Northern air,
O camel bird, behold thee! Yet thy ken
Descries, as in a miraged desert, there
Turban and tarboosh, come from everywhere,
From Kalahari or the land of Hu,
Thy kraaléd brothers, Arabic and Coptic,
Eager their faith and patience (3) to renew
And, focussed by thy penetrating optic,
Gather about thee, homesick, scarcely heeding
The far, fierce, roaring growl that tells of LYONS' feeding.

Thou too dost feed; not as thou wouldst, mayhap.
For this so great, so goggling multitude
Believes thy taste to run to metal scrap,
That thou "concoctest" (4) iron shards for food,
Portions of motors that have come unscrewed,
Horse-shoes and nails and latchkeys, such as erst
Heraldic draughtsmen pictured thee as eating
(They followed AFRICANDUS, the world's worst
Zoologist, though PLINY took some beating;
His struthiology was too ridiculous,
Though not as bad as that of DIODORUS SICULUS (5)).

Wouldst thou re-seek Sahara's desert scenes?
Nay, for the truth—since truth can do no harm—
Acclaims thee hatched (by artificial means)
To lord it o'er a Transvaal ostrich farm
With ne'er a foe thy fleet foot to alarm.
So gross a fowl (your pardon if I'm plain),
Devoid of grace and eatable as leather,
Had never traversed the expensive main
Were 't not that for thy pin's impartial (6) feather,
Though ostrich plumes are not just now in fashion,
Donahs and duchesses may yet revive their passion.

Soon wilt thou seek again thy native land,
O travelled bird! and have tall tales to spring
Of foreign foods and buildings strangely planned,
And new sensations past imagining,
And how thou wast presented to the KING,
And how one morn, when thou hadst left thy pen
And sought the Stadium for an early canter,
Came shouts of "Atta boy!" and shaggy men
Waving long ropes took after thee instanter:
But thou, with angry eye and lungs expanding,
"Shook out more sail" and simply left them standing.

ALGOL.

(1) Job xxxix. 16. (2) Somaliland.
(3) In certain countries the ostrich is the emblem of faith and patience.
(4) "Concoct" = digest. See Sir THOMAS BROWNE.
(5) Invented the legend about the ostrich hiding its head in the sand.
(6) The ostrich feather is almost alone in being equally divided. For that reason the ancient Egyptians used it as a symbol of justice.

AN IDYLL OF THE CITY.

IT is refreshing to learn that the fascination of rhythmic exercises, hitherto performed (before Press cameras) by very advanced young ladies in diaphanous attire, is spreading to City men.

Miss MARGARET MORRIS is to be congratulated on her exhibition of these dances, recently given at a London theatre, in which a number of well-known City bankers, stockbrokers and Company secretaries took part. It was KIPLING'S gloomy prophecy that East and West must be eternally estranged, but surely this happy co-operation between Throgmorton Street and Chelsea has at least brought E.C. and S.W. together.

All sorts of people are attending the summer classes held by Miss MORRIS, who is now, according to my newspaper, "seeking to inspire business men with the joy of life by the cultivation of masculine grace."

Certainly, to judge from the recent performance which I was privileged to attend, Miss MORRIS has already met with a gratifying measure of success. There is indeed something very beautiful in the spectacle of a stockbroker, fresh (or rather tired) from his Rodeo of bulls and bears, capering about in abbreviated trousers, full of the joy of life.

It has often occurred to me, after witnessing the death of a swan as interpreted by a *prima ballerina*, that many quite prosaic situations in life could be more beautifully expressed in dance. And, now that Miss MARGARET MORRIS is teaching business men how to express their emotions rhythmically, a usually dull affair—such as a Company meeting—might quite well be transformed into a charming little ballet entitled (say)

THE MISSING DIVIDEND.

A WORDLESS TRAGEDY OF THROGMORTON STREET.

SCENE:—Noon, in a wood. A large crowd of Preference Shareholders of the Tamagama Treacle Mining Company is grouped about the stage. The distant murmur of Ordinary Shareholders can be heard off.

Enter, six Directors (*left* or *right*), tripping lightly, as men without a financial care in the world. They execute a few dainty steps expressive of the joy they derive from being there this beautiful morning, and range themselves in a circle, pointing excitedly right (or left).

Suddenly a dazzling light appears through the trees. It flashes hither and thither as it approaches, finally to reveal itself as the multi-diamond tie-pin of the *premier danseur*, Mr. Samuel R. Gimbleheimer, Chairman of the Tamagama Treacle Mining Company.

He carries a small balloon, and, after performing a delicate little measure to signify the commencement of the meeting, wipes his feet on a Preference Shareholder and sinks perspiring on to a mossy bank, down (or up) stage.

The Secretary rises, coughs nervously and for ten minutes or so engages in a monotonous series of gyrations representative of the minutes of the last meeting. The



Old Lady from the Country (to gentleman who has kindly assisted her across the road). "THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I EXPECT YOU FOLK WILL BE GLAD WHEN THE EXHIBITION IS OVER AND YOU CAN HAVE THE TOWN TO YOURSELVES AGAIN."

orchestra swells as he gathers speed in a final frenzy, drowning any applause there might have been. In any case the spectators are too impatiently awaiting the coming *pas seul* of Mr. Gimbleheimer to take much notice of these preliminary proceedings.

Presently the stage darkens, the music changes to a low and eerie melody, and the spot-light falls on the pink well-rounded countenance of Mr. Gimbleheimer, who looks as much like a woodland elf as his *pince-nez* and chins permit.

He puts his balloon to his lips and inflates it. It is painted to represent a dividend, and the spectators applaud approvingly as the dance proceeds, for the balloon grows larger and larger. At the climax of a whirlwind pirouette there is a sudden explosion, and Mr. Gimbleheimer's balloon is seen to have shrivelled to a crumpled handful of rubber. The music switches into a pathetic theme, and the dancer, distraught with anguish, staggers pitifully towards a black-robed apparition which has appeared between the trees. The audience recognises this grim figure as that of the Official Receiver, and their eyes fill with tears as Mr. Gimbleheimer collapses and, with a final flutter, is still.

Exeunt Shareholders, weeping on one another's shoulders.

CURTAIN.

From the report of proceedings in a State Legislature:—

"Bill No. 241—Cremating a board of plumbing examiners: favorably with amendments."—*American Paper.*

We should like to hear the opinion of the plumbing examiners.

AT THE PLAY.

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

IT starts by disarming you (if you are wearing any weapon of offence, which is unusual at this friendly theatre) with its modesty. A quartette of strolling players, who were to have given *The Mollusc* as a village entertainment, find that the terrain selected by the Vicar (the garden of the Blithe Heart Inn) is inappropriate for a play of interiors; and, as they see no prospect of an audience, owing to the superior attraction of a neighbouring cinema, they decide to try, for their own amusement, "that play which all the managers rejected," namely *Midsummer Madness*. We are not, of course, to believe this, but I can quite understand why it would be rejected by the other managers, and why it would appeal to Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

"Even if there *is* no audience," says one of the players, "I daresay the thrushes will like the music and the hollyhocks appreciate the colour." For myself, though I am neither a thrush nor a hollyhock, I liked these features of the play, but I liked best what may have escaped the garden audience—the light wit and gay fancy of it.

The company consists of (1) *Pantaloon*, a middle-aged financier who sees life mainly as a pattern of Stock Exchange quotations. He cannot tell a geranium from a rose. He sees no practical use in poetry or blue skies. Yet on such a night as this of Midsummer, in the presence of a fair lady, he can work up a passion that "glows like an arc-lamp." "I feel," he says, "as though I were a lighthouse to all the neighbourhood. I am a pillar of fire by night——" "And a column of figures by day," adds the lady. But if he has no other graces to commend him he can at least bid high for the hand of (2) *Mrs. Pascal*, an upstanding widowly figure of a woman, who knows her world and what she wants in a second husband. She would prefer, like *Roxane* in *Cyrano*, that her lover should embroider his passion with the language of romance. But, failing this, two thousand pounds a year of pin money is not to be sniffed at.

As a foil to this pair we have (3) *Harlequin*, a young man (in a one-piece skin-tight garment of black-and-white chequers), who has "intelligence of love," though not quite in DANTE'S sense. He has just suffered a rejection, an experience without precedent in the career of this "Grand Mogul of lovers," as he names himself; and he comes to seek in rustic solitude an escape from an unworthy sex. He will be missed; but "Woman," he says, "must realize that I am not to be rejected."

Incontinently he falls in love with (4) *Columbine*, the pretty maid of the Inn, an *ingénue* (in a very brief skirt), who is not nearly so innocent as she looks. When *Mrs. Pascal*, from her wider knowledge, offers to give her advice about men, "You could not give me too much," says *Columbine*, "for men belong to one of the most difficult sexes and there is no subject that interests me more." The Midsummer weather has got into her blood, and if hay is to be made while the sun shines she is not particular about the field of her operations. In the end, of course, it is a case of youth to youth.

But the final pairing-off is not reached till every possible combination has been exploited. *Columbine's* is not the only mobile heart. *Pantaloon* oscillates between the solid attractions of the widow and the slimmer charms of the maid. There was a moment when Mr. RANALOW, who played the part, recalled his own situation in *The Beggar's Opera*—"how happy could I be with either!" *Harlequin* too finds in the widow certain qualities which appeal to the intellectual side of his nature, while in turn his romantic imagination touches a chord in her heart which the financier had left intact.

As Mr. CLIFFORD BAX had only two couples to play about with, a simple calculation will show you that the number of his possible combinations was limited to four, and you will guess that in a Three Act Play they were hardly enough to go round. But the freshness of the dialogue and lyrics lent variety to the repetition of old themes. Even a certain amateur quality in the play had its own charm; one felt that it was being given in a private garden to a party of friends who understood. And the atmosphere of the audience at the Hammersmith Lyric—you only get it outside the three-mile radius from Charing Cross—contributed to this pleasant feeling of intelligent intimacy.



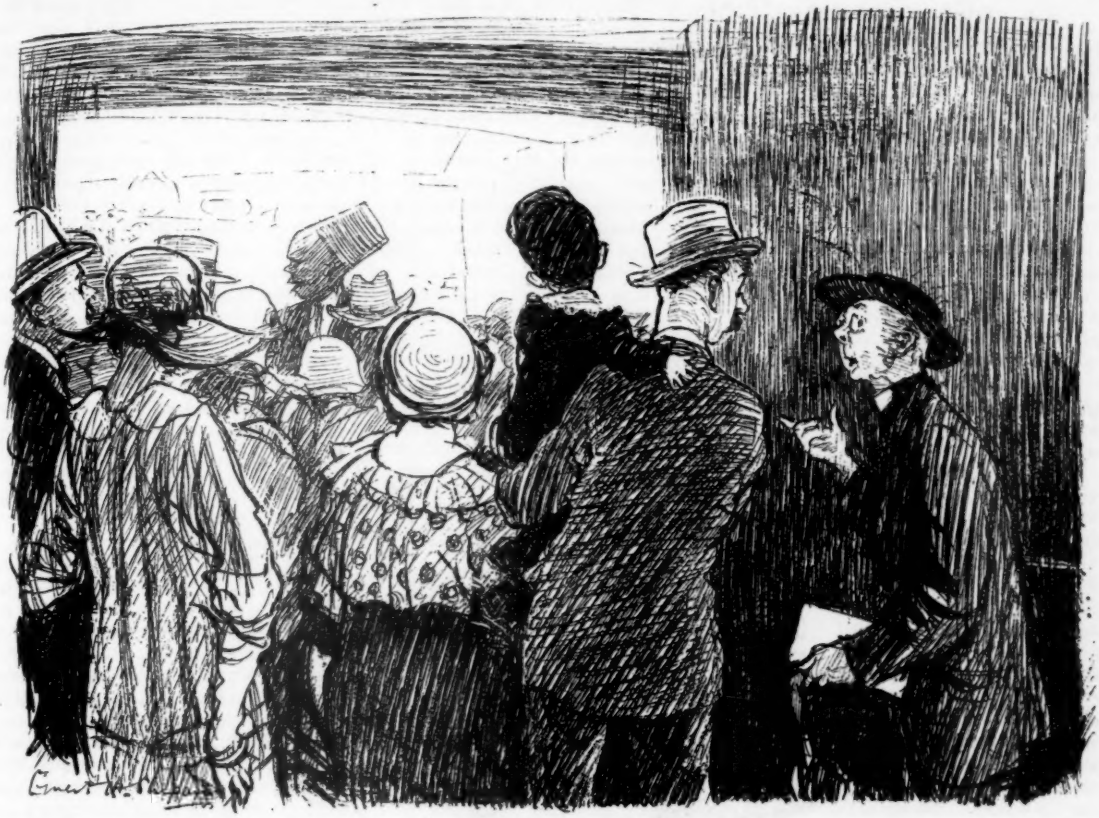
"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!"

MR. RANALOW (*Pantaloon*). "I SEEM TO REMEMBER BEING IN THIS SITUATION BEFORE AT THE SAME THEATRE. HAMMERSMITH IS SO BRACING."

Columbine . . . . . MISS MARJORIE DIXON.
Mrs. Pascal . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST, as *Mrs. Pascal*—she knew her words by the night when I was there—was the best of a good foursome; but it was easier to appreciate *finesse* in a part which never went very far outside the range of common experience. Mr. RANALOW, as *Pantaloon*, had a fairly straightforward task, joyfully executed with gestures that sometimes followed the ERIC LEWIS formula. But Mr. HUBERT EISDELL (*Harlequin*) had to invent his own fantastic gestures (or be taught them?); and I do not feel qualified to say whether they were always right, as I cannot remember to have met a Harlequin in real life. The *Columbine* of Miss MARJORIE DIXON did not trouble herself much about gestures, fantastic or other, but she said her words with a nicely restrained sense of irresponsible humour, and I found her most attractive.

There was very pleasant singing, by everybody, of very pleasant music by Mr. ARMSTRONG GIBBS; but the lyrics, which were excellent (as you will find if you buy a copy of the book), were not always allowed to get across to us,



Country Parson (visiting Wembley and much impressed by the tomb of TUT-ANKH-AMEN). "EXCUSE ME, COULD YOU TELL ME—IS THIS THE REAL THING?"

(though I was unlucky enough to overhear the sad rhyme of "ought" and "court"), and some were spoilt by the composer making patter of them.

It is late in the day to praise Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as an *entrepreneur*. By his knack of reviving old bones he has proved himself the best living undertaker of the dead; and here he is no less happy in his handling of the quick. This last production of his is not for just anybody's taste; but the connoisseur of good light wine will be well advised to take the road to Hammersmith, for that way madness lies of the best Midsummer brand; and there is a most delightful method in it.

O. S.

OPERATICS.

IT was good to see a very large audience for the British National Opera Company's performance of *The Golden Cockerel* (*Le Coq d'Or*). It is not for me to question the programme's official statement that RIMSKY-KORSAKOV's opera is "a fairy tale told with a good deal of satiric intention;" but I may safely say that this deeper purpose was no more intelligible in the English translation (or what few scraps of it reached us) than in the foreign tongue in which the Russian company gave this opera many seasons ago. But it has a good deal of that elementary humour (the intentional kind) whose rare apparitions in Grand Opera find the audience so easily pleased. And it was admirably conveyed by some of the company. Mr. ROBERT RADFORD, as *King Dodon*, with his permanently gaping mouth and the dolly blots of red on his cheeks, was always a figure of true fun; and his two princely sons (Mr. SYDNEY RUSSELL and Mr. WILLIAM MICHAEL) were extremely amusing for the too-short space of their existence. Mr. NORMAN ALLIN, as *General Polkan*, did not press the humour of his part but was content to sing it soundly.

The brief and spasmodic utterances of the *Cockerel* (who seemed to have mistaken his gender and sang soprano) were not very bird-like. Much more like a bird's was the clear sweet voice of Miss SYLVIA NELIS as the *Queen of Shemakha*; but her manner, prim and demure, never for a moment suggested the irresistibly seductive methods of this Oriental charmer. Miss EDNA THORNTON'S appearance as the *Royal House-keeper* was not quite in the picture, and she might perhaps have been a little funnier.

The work of the ballet was rather thin stuff, but Miss EILY GERALD, who led it, had caught the colour of the East and danced with a very supple grace.

I conclude with a word of compliment to the monstrous horse on wheels which *King Dodon* climbed, with the help of a ladder and other assistance, when about to sally forth to the fray. It seemed to me a great advance upon the wooden horse of Troy, which, whatever else it may have pretended, never pretended to be alive. I commend the idea of this effigy to the Covent Garden Management for their next production of *Götterdämmerung*.

O. S.

From "Helpful Cooking Hints":—

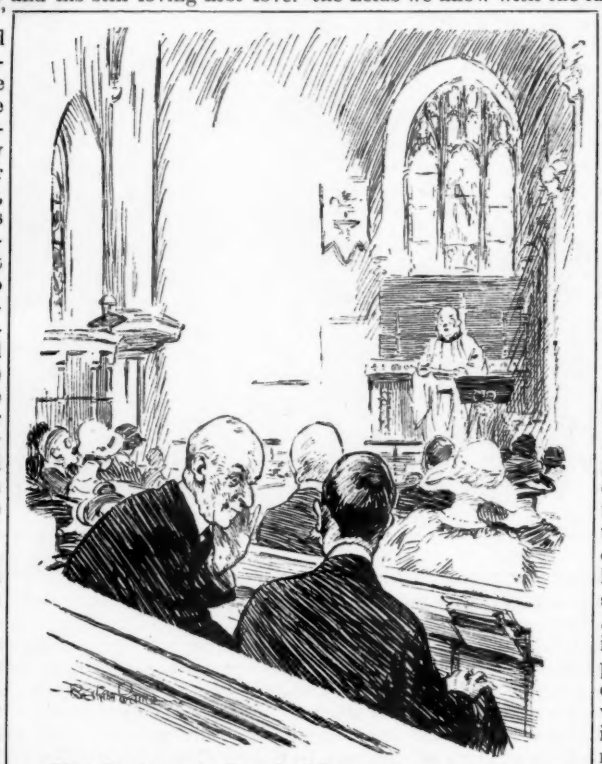
"Break two or three eggs over the cheese, and do it carefully so as not to break the eggs."
—— *Magazine.*

Very different you see from the making of an omelette.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

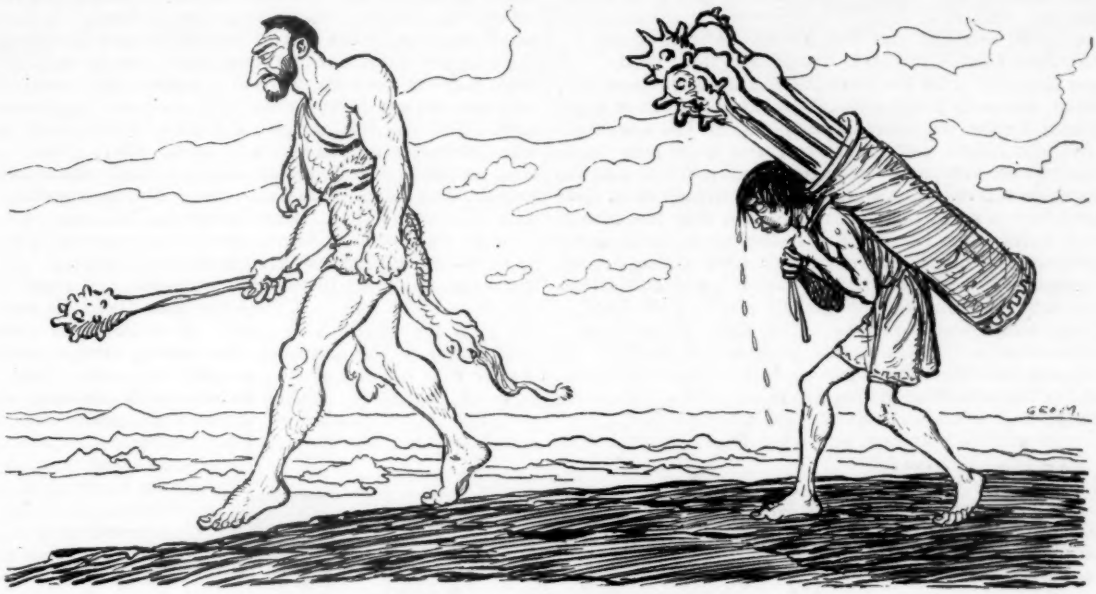
I HAVE always liked Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY best at her homeliest; and I have a shrewd idea that she herself is most at her ease in a precise yet whimsical delineation of everyday people and things—a sort of cis-Atlantic MARY E. WILKINS vein. Yet—is it a common concession to public insensibility or a quite superfluous distrust of her own transmuting power?—she has only denied herself the adventitious aid of sensationalism in two out of eleven of her latest short stories. The first of these, "The Play Box" (HEINEMANN), describes an absurdly melodramatic wrangle between a philanderer's wife and his still loving first love. The second, "The Emigrant," begins soberly but is rounded off with an unconvincing murder. The third, "The Pleasure Trip," deviates wildly into the supernatural; while "Judgment" works up to an orgy of infidelity. "Chichester Creek" reverts to murder, and "Willow Walk" makes ungrateful play with the anguish of the Great War. Yet each of these—I am going to be unpleasant and say "machines"—has the most charming snatches of nature and fantasy twined (so to speak) among the cog-wheels. The landscape of "Chichester Creek" is most attractively done. So are the frustrated farewells of the old aunt in "The Emigrant." So are the symbolic front-doors in another piece of melodrama, "The Crescent." "Three Old Men," on the other hand, is all of a piece—quiet, humorous and sure. It relates the fortunes of two comfortable retired buffers who love and patronise a landscape painter as old as themselves, but not retired, because artists never retire. And "The Journey," granted the initial freakishness of its heroine, a second *Miss Havisham*, is as pleasant a middle-aged romance as Mrs. DUDENEY has ever given us.



First Sportsman to Second. "THE PARSON WHO WAS HERE BEFORE THIS ONE WAS ONLY A LITTLE CHAP—PREACHED AT ABOUT SIX STONE FOUR."

Lord DUNSANY, in *The King of Elfland's Daughter* (PUTNAM), has pranced off again from "the fields we know" into the lands of magic, peopled by trolls and unicorns and sensitive malicious trees that strangle you as you pass—a queer land where the most terrific rune wins the day. You approach the object of your desire, the *Princess of Elfland*, or what not. Her guard of chosen knights have at you. You mince them with a runy sword. The *King*, your enemy, leads off with the highest rune but one in his hand, thinking it good enough. But you trump it with the one given to you by the old witch to keep up your sleeve. And off you go with the *Princess*. Of course it takes a little of the interest out of heroic adventures and mortal combats; as it would if Mr. TOLLEY had won the French championship with a putting rune. And when *Prince Alveric* of Erl, a country with a passion for monosyllabic names—the principal inhabitants were *Niv, Vand, Zend, Vlel, Narl* and *Thyl*—sets his *Princess* upon his throne the old *King* wins her again with his last rune, and moreover keeps the borders of Elfland moving, so that *Alveric* spends many long years with *Niv, Vand, Zend, Nail* and *Uncle Tom Cobley* and all looking for it while his son *Orion* hunts unicorns in a very attractive manner with trolls for whippers-in. (Mr. S. H. SIME, by the way, has done a notable decoration of this theme.) Though Lord DUNSANY bravely keeps up his elfish idiom—and it must be something of a strain—I think he makes a mistake in tactics not to lead us into his strange lands and keep us there without so many harkings back to the fields we know with the idea of making his magic more clear by contrast. It doesn't. Rather it tends to destroy the illusion. But our author really loves the fields we know and has wandered about them with open eyes so that he touches his story with a beauty which may move those whom his faint grey magic leaves cold.

Whenever I find a journalist in a lady's novel I can be pretty certain he will have bushy eyebrows, a briar pipe in a gently sardonic, heavily lined mouth, and a heart of gold. Unless, of course, he happens to be a reviewer. *P. K. Huntly*, one can see at a glance, was a credit to our craft, a thoroughly capable fellow in an emergency; and the author only gave him an obstinately protruding upper lip to conceal the affection she really feels for him. *Scarlet Sails* (HUTCHINSON) is the kind of novel that all publishers should aim at producing just now, when no one wants to think too hard. It is the very thing for a hammock or a punt, with plenty of cushions and a long drink. It deals with Cowes and the Island, and a terrible mother who has been ostracised by Society but means to get back, and a "winsome" daughter (the publisher's word) who must be got rid of first, and one *Captain Ismay*, who is an "oiled and curled Assyrian bull" (the author's quotation) and clearly no gentleman. In fact, it hardly comes as a surprise when we learn that *Huntly's* brother, the well-known London solicitor, is on *Ismay's* track, suspecting him to be the controlling force behind a syndicate of particularly shady night clubs. The scene in which *P. K. Huntly* sails single-handed across Channel to Cherbourg and rescues the girl from the clutches of this scoundrel makes excellent reading for a slumbrous summer afternoon. Mrs. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS may be congratulated. She is always readable, and some of her minor characters, *Lady O'Quirk* for example, are touched in quite deftly. She has, it is true, a tendency to use certain words rather from a general liking for their look than because they are quite appropriate in meaning; but not many of her readers



HERACLES AND HIS CADDIE.

THE ROYALEST AND MOST ANCIENT

will have any serious objection to this. If I were a schoolmaster I might be inclined to suggest her taking a dictionary and looking out half-a-dozen words, including "anthropomorphic," "burgeon" and "cenobite." But why worry? They are good words intrinsically and look well on a page.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord WESTER-WEMYSS has added to the literature of the Gallipoli adventure a volume—*The Navy in the Dardanelles Campaign* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)—which is disappointingly far from being a complete account of its subject, since it does not deal at all with the actual naval attacks on the Straits, and for half its length adds little or nothing to what is already public knowledge. One might even wonder that a man like the author should concern himself with the details of his embarrassments as Governor of a British base that was also Greek—neutral—territory, or with retracing the familiar story of a campaign that drifted from luckless muddle to heroic tragedy, even though he does allow himself the luxury of a little genial slanging of the muddlers in the recital. Indeed one could not help feeling all through the earlier chapters that there must be big guns somewhere over the horizon, but, except for some new details of the "liveliness" in the Sea of Marmora, when our submarines got in, there was nothing much to justify expectations which certainly were high, until about halfway through the book. Then suddenly the smoke-screen was completely blown away and there was disclosed perhaps the very finest story of adventure—though it is a story that never was enacted—in all our naval history. The sudden dash of a great fleet through the Straits to take the enemy in reverse was, in the very last weeks of the campaign and as an alternative to evacuation, planned and urged by the author himself in conjunction with Commodore KEYES; and the glorious hazard was actually approved, it seems, at the Admiralty, only to be turned down in deference to War Office opinion. If all the "might-have-beens" of the War had only come to pass, surely this of Lord WEMYSS must have been among the most amazing.

I am afraid I have not waded far enough into the shallows of sentimental romance to discover quite what Miss ELINOR WYLIE is satirising in *Jennifer Lorn* (GRANT RICHARDS). Some butterfly is undoubtedly being broken on this amazingly intricate wheel; but whether the victim is an obscure French contemporary of BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE or the curled and scented darling of some modern coterie I have neither the erudition nor the inside knowledge to pronounce. The book's hero, the *Honourable Gerald Poynyard*, starts life as a needy connoisseur. But he sails betimes for Calcutta, passing Gibraltar under a "tiger-striped" sunset, enters the service of the East India Company, makes money and returns home to choose a wife. *Lady Jennifer Lorn*, though only possessing the vitality of "a pink marble nymph," is a great beauty and boasts descent from TAMBURLANE. So she is acquired by the all-acquisitive *Gerald* and taken back to Calcutta, whence, after an interval mainly devoted to the consumption of exquisite repasts and the precautionary taking of cinchona pills, she sets forth with her husband on a diplomatic mission to Persia. Here *Gerald* is supposed to be murdered by brigands, and *Jennifer* herself wanders away, *Paul*-and-*Virginia* fashion, with a native prince. Her death from an excess of sensibility, on the eve of being added to a despot's harem, is capped by the coming to life of her husband. And the curtain falls on his wresting an incomparable Byzantine Madonna from the grief-stricken hand of his wife's princely chief mourner. It is difficult, I feel, for even a lover of exotic adventures to say much about these strange though often very pretty incidents on their own merits. And the manner in which they are related has a heavy cosmetic quality which goes far beyond the graceful needs of eighteenth-century make-up.

Miss KATHARINE BURDEKIN has so thoroughly mixed fine things with sentimental and silly ones in *The Reasonable Hope* (LANE) that she has made it a very difficult book to review fairly. Her hero, *Billy Trenoweth*, is just the sort of hero women novelists ought not to allow themselves to

create, because he is just what scoffers expect of them. Charming, whimsical, artistic, attractive and consumptive, he stays in England and dies for the sake of seeing his friend, *Axel Gordon*, through his unlucky love affair with *Regan Lothair*. Had he taken his doctor's advice and gone to South Africa in time he would probably have lived much longer and given considerable happiness to the uncle who adored him and to the girl *Marsali* who loved him vainly till almost the last page. He also spends much of his time in rescuing starved kittens and unhappy wives, but in spite of this has so many of the makings of a dear boy in him that I hated Miss BURDEKIN for concluding, quite in the manner of the older sentimentalists, with a long-drawn-out account of his death-bed, at which uncle and sweetheart, with a strange idea of ghostly comfort, persisted in playing, singing and quoting "The Lyke-Wake Dirge." *Billy's* father, a Cornish farmer, supposed to worship the older gods, over whom I was getting quite excited, was found dead, for no particular reason, before anything interesting had happened; but Miss BURDEKIN never told me the "whys" and "wherefores" of that, nor what *Regan* had done so shocking that *Marsali* had only to tell *Axel* of it to get the engagement broken off, to the satisfaction of all the nice characters. Speaking for myself, I find such reticences trying to the least curious reader. There are some other very charming Chelsea people in the story besides *Billy*, and some terribly cultured conversation, but on the whole it reads like a first novel—which it isn't—and would be very promising if it were.



Street Musician (who has been dealt with by injuriated householder). "AH, WELL, P'RAPS THEY 'RE NOT FOND OF MUSIC."

No one could be better qualified to write *Big Game and Pygmies* (MACMILLAN) than Dr. CUTHBERT CHRISTY. His tropical experiences in Africa have extended over nearly a quarter of a century, during which time he has taken part in several missions concerned with sleeping sickness and tropical diseases and in every conceivable form of expedition. He is fearful that critics and reviewers, in dealing with a book which contains so many pictures of dead animals, may complain that "it is a record of killing rather than the observations of a naturalist." As far as I am concerned his anxiety is superfluous. Readily I accept his word that the animals killed by him were required either for museum purposes or for food, or in the case of elephants for the sake of ivory. I even believe him when he says that his first feelings "on downing an elephant, particularly a grand old tusker, full of long life and wisdom, have invariably been those of regret." To the information which he gives of the elephant, the okapi and other occupants of the African forests he adds some most instructive matter about the Ituri Pygmies and the "medium-sized marginal forest tribes." Among the attractions of Dr. CHRISTY'S most excellent volume I gratefully mention its maps, its index and its delightful illustrations.

I fancy that Mr. JOHN SILLARS at first intended his spirited story of *The Brothers* (BLACKWOOD) to end tragically and then altered his plan; for a sense of impending doom haunts the reader to the last moment but one. It may be partly inspired by the ugly murderous design printed upon the wrapper of the book; but chiefly it is due to one's knowledge that when two obstinate Highlanders fall out anything may happen, especially if they insist upon courting the same lady. And why did *John* buy a pistol? I gave up all hope when he loaded it. In this case, as in others of the same kind, an ounce of common sense would have saved a peck of trouble. But neither *James* nor *John Fullarton* was endowed with that commodity. Each cultivated his own peculiar form of foolishness. *James*—not to put too fine a point upon it—was a prig, and *John* couldn't abide him. *John's* foible was indulging in violent dissipation and giving rein to a turbulent temper. I think the lass *Jane McCleod* was too good for either of the pair. Nevertheless the three chief actors in the drama are fine strong figures, striking always with fire and eloquence—with wit, even—the right note of high passion. The malevolent gipsy quean is limned with that zest for a touch of rather squalid realism which is characteristic of Scottish romantic writers. Mr. SILLARS' occasional insistence upon wedging curious Scottish grammatical constructions into a narrative otherwise English is a trifle bewildering to a Southron reader.

Sir ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, has played a good many parts in his time, incidentally accumulating an almost interminable row of letters after his name. In *Cambridge Cameos* (CAPE) he has collected a number of essays whose one connecting link is that they all have something to do with the University to which he belongs. He deals with Christ's itself and the Master's Lodgings, throwing a dash of cold water *en passant* on the mulberry-tree supposed to have been planted by MILTON. Then he has a pleasant zoological hunt after the yale, which has nothing to do with America or with patent locks, but is a strange bovine animal with horns that are trained fore and aft. The Christ's College Arms have two yales as supporters and Sir ARTHUR traces them through ARISTOTLE, HERODOTUS and PLINY'S *Natural History* down to the Dinka tribe of the present day. Zoology is, of course, only one of the author's strong suits, and he does not work it too hard in this volume. He has plenty to say on architecture and the ancient insignia of the University; and he has three intimate personal sketches of characters whom many of us still remember—Professor NEWTON, JOHN WILLIS CLARK and EDWARD ADRIAN WILSON. The chapter on the late Registrar, an extract from the memoir called "J," which he published in 1913, perhaps appeals to me more than anything else in this interesting miscellany.

"As the fame of the place spread it became quite the fashionable thing for revellers to turn up at Fradin's in the small hours of the morning, or, as the French say, the wee sma' hours."—*Canadian Paper.*

"Oui" is, of course, the more Parisian spelling.

CHARIVARIA.

"YES," said the super-pessimist, "the weather isn't so bad providing it isn't next year's summer as well."

* * *

Mr. ASQUITH has suggested that Great Britain should undertake the responsibility of preserving the peace of the world. It is a case not so much of preserving it as of finding it.

* * *

In the opinion of a well-known City editor America has too much gold. It may sound like boasting, but we are bound to say that we have heard of the stuff.

* * *

"America Drowning in Gold," says a *Daily Express* headline. What a beautiful death!

* * *

A World Conference of Stamp Collectors has been started. It is usually a good idea for sportsmen to meet together in this way now and again.

* * *

Waterloo Bridge is now open to traffic not exceeding ten tons in weight. Stout men when crossing the bridge are requested to break step.

* * *

There is a proposal to resume the Wembley Exhibition next year. This is a great relief to those who feared that the world would end with the present show.

* * *

"Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN came into the House of Commons in the same year that I did," writes Lord BIRKENHEAD. This is a distinct feather in the cap of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

* * *

Lord DARLING recently reappeared on the Bench at the Law Courts. It is surmised that he had thought of a few new ones.

* * *

Two of the Rodeo cowboys are staying in England in order to marry girls they met at the Exhibition. It will be interesting to see if the roping and wrestling of mothers-in-law will come under the heading of cruelty.

* * *

"A way must be found to make the builders return to work," hopefully declares a morning paper. Why not get their wives to start spring cleaning again?

It is believed that the prisoner who escaped the other day from Wandsworth prison did so in order to get married. How like a man not to know when he is safe and well off!

* * *

Some modern pictures do not appear to have been painted at all, observes an art critic. Some of those we have seen must have been knitted by an artist in a fit of temper.

* * *

Sardine fishers off Vigo report large numbers of whales among their catches. There is always the consolation that experienced fishermen soon learn to tell the difference between a whale and a sardine by its size.

* * *

A contemporary is asking its readers to state what they regard as the finest bit of writing they have ever read. One poet has written to say that the bit of writing that takes a lot of beating is "Enclosed please find cheque."

* * *

Few men ever attract the attention of a London tea-shop girl by ringing a bell. If you are in a real hurry a good plan is to send her a telegram.

* * *

It seems that a murder trial and then the theatre at night constitute a perfect day for some people.

* * *

Mr. TREVELYAN has been exulting in the reflection that there are no Old Etonians in the Cabinet. Eton might do the same, but we understand it is taking the fact quite calmly.

* * *

Mr. MALONE says that only one play in five hundred is worth reading twice. It seems a pity the managers don't produce this play occasionally, instead of the other four hundred and ninety-nine.

A case is reported of a man who left home sixteen years ago to get some stamps and has not returned yet. Possibly he is determined to wait until somebody attends to him.

* * *

An American scientist is wondering why rejuvenation is not more widely practised, as by its aid we should enjoy the services of our statesmen so much longer. We know. That 's why.

* * *

131,980 gallons of rubbish are cleared away from Wembley every week. This is not including the soiled Treasury notes thrown away by the diners at the Lucullus.

* * *

TOM GIBBONS' wife presented him with twins the day before he sailed for Europe. It is only fair to point out, however, that the real reason he came over was to fight BLOOMFIELD.

* * *

"How to Let the Houses" is the title of an article by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. We think it should have been "How to Get into the House."

* * *

Dover has been invaded by swarms of yellow butterflies from across the Channel. It is greatly to the credit of the residents and visitors that there was no panic.

* * *

"A black band for your aunt and a black-and-white band for your grandmother," reads an announcement in an undertaker's establishment in London. We understand that this enterprising firm completely sold out of the latter on the first day of the Test Match at Lord's.

* * *

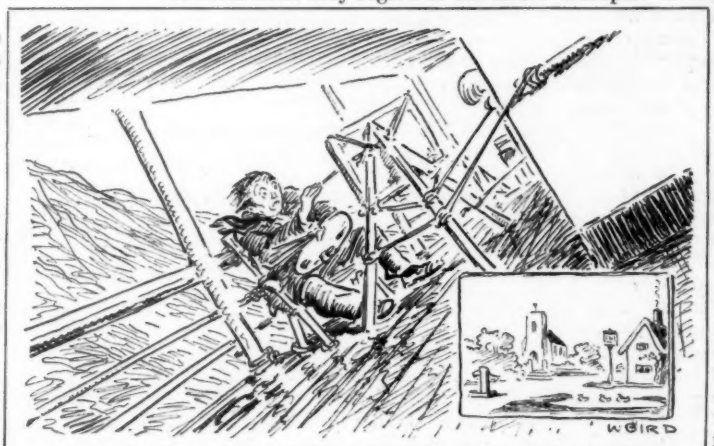
Street lighting is being dispensed with in Luton during the summer months. Belated revellers are now journeying from lamp-post to lamp-post by sheer instinct.

* * *

Much annoyance was caused to a famous film actor the other day at Brighton. It seems that a sea-front photographer asked him if he would like to have his photograph taken.

* * *

It is not easy to prophesy as to the affairs of the grouse this year, says a Scotsman in *The Daily Mail*. At the same time we fancy that the grouse have an idea that there is something coming to them.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC MARINE PAINTER, YOU THINK. NO, GENTLE READER, THE ARTIST IS PAINTING A RURAL SCENE FROM MEMORY. HE FINDS IT TAKES HIS MIND FROM HIS SURROUNDINGS. [*Inset: Artist's Picture.*]

MODERN STAGE LOVE.

THE Theatrical Correspondent of a daily paper recently pointed out that there is very little love-making on the stage nowadays, and a weekly has published a letter from a lady who suggests that *Romeo and Juliet* would be better suited to the taste of the present generation if the displays of passion which occur with such frequency throughout its five Acts could be toned down, though even then there is so much in the play—including the tragedy itself—which ought, she feels, never to have happened, that the obstacles in the way of rendering it acceptable to our young realists are almost insuperable.

Mr. Punch, ever anxious to please, has commissioned a tame dramatist with a good working knowledge of the latest way of a man with a maid to revise SHAKESPEARE'S drama on the lines indicated. He has played on the burning lava of Latin love with a British garden-hose in his version of the balcony scene, which we append herewith. It will be noted that he has aimed at keeping as closely as possible to what he regards as the small modicum of sense in the original text, while cutting all unnecessary verbiage and avoiding the regrettable "mushiness" which is so distasteful to modern audiences.

The final objection, that the tragedy ought never to have happened, is proving more difficult to meet, and he is still wrestling with it as we go to press.

ACT II.—*Scene* 2.

CAPULET'S ORCHARD.

Romeo (*who has just climbed the wall*). All very well to laugh if you don't know what it is. What I mean is I've got it in the neck. There she is at the window. Some kid!

Juliet (*to herself*). What rot it all is!

Romeo (*sotto voce*). That's right, little girl. Get it off your chest.

Juliet. It's too putrid that he should belong to that Montagu set.

Romeo (*to himself*). Shall I butt in now, or wait and see?

Juliet (*still failing to observe the intruder*). What does it matter about his people being rank outsiders if he's decent? And one never need see much of one's relations. Of course his name is against him, but I could call him Bunny or something.

Romeo (*coming forward from under the shadow of the trees*). Right-oh! I'll answer to Bunny with the greatest of pleasure.

Juliet. Who are you?

Romeo. Bunny, old thing, just Bunny.

Juliet. Don't be absurd. I know your voice. You're Mr. Montagu. How did you get in here? Didn't you see the notice about trespassers being prosecuted?

Romeo. Oh, that's all bunkum. They've got to prove you've done some material damage.

Juliet. Father would be most fearfully peeved if he found you here.

Romeo. I daresay. But the fact is, I thought you and I rather clicked at your party.

Juliet. Did I look nice?

Romeo. Oh, topping! I say, you don't exactly object to me, do you?

Juliet. Well, if you heard me maundering away to myself just now you must know that much. If you want us to be pals I'm on. Sure you're not just gassing?

Romeo. Rather.

Juliet. Really and truly?

Romeo. I'll swear it if you like.

Juliet. No, you needn't do that. I'll take your word for it. But aren't we rather rushing things? Better be getting on now, hadn't you? Night, night!

Romeo. No. I say, look here—you're not going to leave me on the mat?

Juliet. It's a bit late.

Romeo. Yes, I know. What I mean is—you do like me?

Juliet. Rather! Yes, awfully. There's that old nurse of mine calling. Half-a-mo!

Nurse (*off*). Miss Juliet!

Juliet. Coming! [*Exit.*

Romeo. This is distinctly jolly.

Re-enter Juliet *above*.

Juliet. If you really aren't rotting you can see about a licence to-morrow.

Nurse (*off*). Miss Juliet!

Juliet. Bother! Coming! But if you're just playing about I'm not having any.

Nurse. Miss Juliet!

Juliet. All right. What I mean is—you get me——?

Romeo. Quite.

Juliet. Cheery-oh! [*Exit.*

Romeo. What's your hurry? Heaps of time. [*He retires slowly.*

Juliet (*reappearing*). Hi! Bunny! I can't shout or I shall wake the whole house. Bunny!

Romeo. Yes, old thing?

Juliet. If I send someone round to-morrow what time will you be in?

Romeo. What about nine?

Juliet. Good. I've forgotten what I was going to say.

Romeo. Take your time.

Juliet. It's your fault. It confuses me to have you standing there gaping. Bunny, I'm only rotting. I quite like it really.

Romeo. Do you, old thing? That's topping. I can stay a good bit longer if you like.

Juliet. No, you really mustn't. It's fearfully late, and if we're not careful we shall be getting soppy.

Both (*together*). We mustn't get soppy.

Juliet. You'd better hop it. So long, Bunny.

Romeo. So long, kid. I'll see the registrar first thing. Cheery-oh!

[*He hops it.*

WEATHER LORE.

"WET day," remarked the barber. It was. Vexing, too, the first day of my holidays. All the more as I had chosen the place scientifically, after consulting every available meteorological record, as the driest spot in Great Britain.

"Perhaps it will clear about midday," I rejoined sanguinely.

"Very likely," agreed the barber. "We have a saying down here:—

'Between the hours of twelve and two
We shall see what the day will do.'"

It was still pouring after lunch.

"Wet day," said the hotel porter as I looked despondently through the glass doors.

"It is," I replied. "But perhaps it may clear later."

"Quite likely," answered the porter. "There is an old saying in these parts:

'Between the hours of one and three
We shall see what the day will be.'"

At three the rain was still coming down. I went out.

"Wet day," was the pier-master's greeting.

"Rather," I said. "But it might clear later."

"As like as not," he replied. "The folk hereabouts have an old saying:—

'Between the hours of two and four
We shall see if it clear or pour.'"

At dinner the deluge was unabated. A newcomer shared my table.

"Been like this all day?" he asked.

"All day."

"Perhaps it will stop before bedtime," he said.

"More than likely," I answered. "There is an old rhymed saying current in these parts——"

"Ah! This old weather lore interests me immensely."

"It runs," I said, "like this:—

'Between the hours of nine and nine
We shall see if it 's wet or fine.'"

"Underclothing Manufacturer giving up business will dispose complete set of patterns; all proven shapes; also will instruct purchaser in cutting to avoid all waist."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Our flappers have little to learn about this.



RECRUITING AT WEMBLEY.

MR. ASQUITH. "NOW, YOUNG FELLOW, YOU 'RE THE SORT OF LAD THAT OUGHT TO JOIN OUR BRITISH EMPIRE CONSTABULARY AND KEEP THE PEACE IN EUROPE."

GREATER BRITON. "FIRST TO THE LEFT FOR THE AMUSEMENT PARK."

[Speaking in the House of Commons Mr. ASQUITH said: "The British Empire—not only this country but our Dominions—should undertake to guarantee both to France and Germany to use all its powers against either State which pressed a quarrel against the Allies without calling into use the machinery of the League. . . . If we can get that, and I am sanguine enough to believe we can. . . ."]



"THERE GO THOSE HATEFUL BROWNE-BROWNES. AFTER WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT ME I'LL NEVER HAVE THEM IN MY HOUSE AGAIN. IN FACT I'M GOING TO GIVE A PARTY SPECIALLY NOT TO ASK THEM."

THE PRESS CONFERENCE.

THE first of the Supplementary Conferences in the new Hall at Wembley, known as Chequersloquacia, was held last week, the subject being Newspapers and their Readers. The proposal of the conveners was to discover (*a*) Why people buy papers at all? and (*b*) Why they buy different papers and not all the same paper? A number of typical readers had been brought together under the supervision of the Right Hon. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Mr. Bullingdon Smith said that he was present to uphold the merits of *The Times*. Life without *The Times* was inconceivable to him. He did not care for the views of any other paper, and he was so willing to wait for his news that he never read either a Sunday paper or an evening paper, because they cut into the next day's *Times*. He read it all, from the Personal Column to Houses to be Sold. He even read A.B.W., but confessed to having to use a French dictionary. Why he chiefly valued *The Times*, after its noble sentiments and gentlemanly way with crime, was because it kept him fully informed as to Sir WALTER and Lady GIBBONS' guests at dinner and lunch. Life would be very dull if one could not visualise that hospitable board.

Asked if he took any other morning paper besides *The Times*, he said that *The Daily Sketch* was taken for the rest of the family. Asked if he himself ever even looked at it, he said that he sometimes glanced at it before it went downstairs.

Mr. Thomas Smith said that he sometimes perused the papers which other people left behind them in railway carriages—in fact he admitted to getting out last on principle—but the one he bought was *The Daily Mail*. He liked the *Mail* because it was brief and snappy, and also because it knew its own mind and expressed it in italics. Italics were useful to a busy man like himself, because they drew attention to what was most important. He liked the writing in the sky too, although he doubted if it was quite playing the game for one of the airmen not to give the "y" a tail.

Asked if he could recognise the words as "Daily Mail" when he first looked up and saw them, he confessed that he could not; but he was in no doubt now.

Asked if there was anything in the paper that he disapproved of, he said he had been disappointed in "Robin Goodfellow" more than he liked. Also in the recent heat-wave he had not dared to take off his hat to France until evening. All the same he was convinced that *The Daily Mail* was the best paper.

Mr. William Smith said that *The Daily Telegraph* had been taken in his family ever since he could remember. The idea of substituting another for it had never occurred to him; nor would his wife like him to, because no other covered so much floor space during spring-cleaning. Lord BURNHAM was a very imaginative man. But apart from its size the *Telegraph* gave him what he wanted. It was full and leisurely and reminded him of his distant childhood, although then he was allowed to read only the cricket reports.

Asked if he took any other morning paper, he said that he took *The Daily Graphic* for his wife because she liked the pictures. She liked to see photographs of Prime Ministers' legs walking to and from Downing Street, and horses indistinguishable from each other winning by a head. Why, he could not explain.

Asked if he looked at the paper himself, he said that he may have done so now and then.

Mr. De Vere Smith said that he had long ago surrendered his intellect to *The Morning Post*, and he considered that it was in very safe keeping. A spice of anger was an excellent thing.

The duty of a daily paper was to fit its readers with arguments and armour for the day, and this is what *The Morning Post* did for him. The consequence was that no one at his Club cared to cross swords with him, and people had given up asking him out because they were so crushed by his opinions and the decision with which he uttered them.

Asked if he took any other paper, he said that he believed that one of the pictorials was taken for the servants' hall.

Asked if he ever read it, he said certainly not, but he sometimes paused to see if there might be a photograph of someone he knew, with the wrong name under it.

Mr. Jack Smith said that he read *The Daily Express*. Having paid a penny a day for it for years, he was grieved to find that large numbers were now being distributed every morning free. He recognised the value of such an advertisement, but felt a little hurt that strangers to the sheet and not its old friends were the objects of its bounty. Obviously the free distribution of newspapers was a clever idea, if it could go on long enough to establish an unbreakable habit in the mind of the recipient; but this might take years. He read *The Daily Express* because he liked excitement and suspense. It sent him to bed every night happier because, to his great astonishment, the world still existed.

Asked how long he thought one would have to receive *The Daily Express* free in order to make it indispensable, Mr. Smith said he could not say. It might be six months, it might be six years.

Asked if he would like to see Lord BEAVERBROOK Prime Minister, he said not if it took him off stunts.

In summing up, after various other speeches had been made, the Right Hon. T. P. O'CONNOR said that it was clear, from the very interesting and candid remarks of the speakers who had kindly attended to give their testimony, that every paper, even if some of its readers were promiscuous in their affections, had its own devoted adherents. The object of all newspaper-owning noblemen was to add to the number of the faithful, and, if thunder had been stolen to that end, who could blame them? Not he. As a passionate student of life he himself read all the papers and found something to interest him in all. Whether the more sensational murders were committed by editors or by newsagents he was not in a position to say; but it certainly appeared to be in the interests of both that homicide should flourish. With this hint to Scotland Yard the Right Hon. gentleman resumed his seat and the proceedings terminated. E. V. L.



Unnoticed, meek and patient Little Man. "I HOPE THEY WON'T LOCK ME IN WHEN THEY CLOSE TO-NIGHT."

A New Order.

"At an investiture at Buckingham Palace the King presented to Chief Constable——, O.B.E., the Most Excellent Order of the British Bath."—*Scots Paper.*

H. or *c.*?

"—— was convicted for a similar offence in November, 1927."—*Local Paper.*

But is it fair to rake up a man's future against him like this?

"BABY COMPETITION.

Particulars *re* Age Classes, name of Judge, etc., will be published shortly.

Prizes in kind will be presented.

The Committee will be grateful if as many exhibitors as possible will kindly present their exhibits to be sold at the close of the Show."
Parish Magazine.

N.S.P.C.C., please note.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

On a visit to H.M.S. *Victory*:—

"We were shown the brass plate let into the deck and marking the very spot where Nelson fell; also a picture representing the death of the great admiral, but painted after his death."
Canadian Paper.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"The polished boys who applauded Eton set a standard in men's wear with which mere parents had to comply. Top hats were *de rigueur*."—*Evening Paper.*

"And it fell to me to wonder why these schoolboys . . . seem to be unable either to wear their clothes properly or to obtain clothes that are decently cut.

The fathers, mothers, sisters, etc., at the Eton and Harrow match are as well-dressed a crowd as one could find anywhere. But the boys themselves!"—*Same paper, same evening.*

GOG, ZIP AND MAGOG.

SPLENDID thing to make new pals. I've never butted into the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs of London before, and I've never run across the world's entire supply of advertising agents till now. I wonder if I ought to wear a button-hole?

ON THE WAY.

How funny taxi-drivers are! When I said, "The Guildhall," the driver asked,



"GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY ADVERTISE."

"Do you mean the Middlesex Guildhall or the one near Cheapside?" I said, "The one near Cheapside." Confound him!

All the same I wish I knew a little more about the Guildhall. Supposing I were to sit next one of the lady advertising agents from America and she wanted to talk about the history of this very interesting edifice. The trouble about American people is that they always seem to expect one to know as much about English history as they do; which is absurd. All I know is that there is a Guildhall; and a Mansion House, and a Bank. Or rather a Benk. "I know a Benk where the wild mint grows." They want advertising, these places.

Supposing we stopped at the nearest policeman and said to him—

"Would you mind telling me a little about the history of the Guildhall while the traffic waits?"

Better not, perhaps.

GOING IN.

Everybody seems to be standing on the pavement outside. We're not going to dine in the open air, are we? What a lot of guests there are! I wonder whether they are all agents for advertising; don't you? Dash it! I have given our names as Gog and Magog. I knew I should. I was thinking all the way down what a silly thing it would be to do. However, it doesn't seem to have startled our host very much. He probably thought it was a slogan.

I wonder if my tie is straight.

I have been given a large packet of assorted literature. I see it is the names of the guests.

It does help bright ante-dinner conversation to have a picture-gallery to look at, don't you think? I prefer it to cocktails. I wonder why they have pictures of seascapes and boys bathing, in the Guildhall. Well, as you say, why not? Everybody is patting his hair with one hand and clasping his portfolio in the other.

INSIDE.

We are all waiting for something. Oh, yes, I see—for the LORD MAYOR. He is going to sit under that great wooden canopy with the little nests of gladioli.

The Guildhall seems to have suffered rather seriously from an epidemic of Hanoverian statuary. Hurrah! here comes the procession. That must be the Mace-bearer. There ought to be a nutmeg-bearer too, for dinner parties. Perhaps the man in the fur cap? No, he has a sword. I think the Marshal is absolutely It.

How splendid, they are all undressing. Now they have to fasten their chains on again with pins.

They were led in by my dear old friend



LIKE A ROSSETTI.

the Toastmaster. He is almost the only man I know here. He ought always to wear scarlet, I think. All the Sheriffs have been pinned up again. The Toastmaster is now going to let the Dean say grace. How funny if the Dean danced when he said grace, as the Toastmaster does! . . . Surely we're going to begin now. No, the Toastmaster has banged again. He has prayed our indulgence for the flashlight photographer—and now for the other flashlight photographer. I wonder if I cut the Macebearer out by moving my head. I daresay he is used to these disappointments.

AT DINNER.

Now we can find out who everybody is. The daughter of the LORD MAYOR



"PRAY, SILENCE!"

is sitting next to the Dean. "What to say on all occasions"—suitable remark for the daughter of a Lord Mayor to make to a Dean at a dinner-party given to Advertising Agents from Overseas—"Some scene, Mr. Dean"? A little too zippy, perhaps.

The President of the Association of American Advertising Agencies looks like a senator. The wife of the President of the Association of American Advertising Agencies looks like a Rossetti. How frightfully fit and well most of these ladies and gentlemen seem to be! That's through practising what they preach, you know. They keep that schoolgirl complexion. Truth in advertising. One of the mysteries of a dinner like this is the way one's glasses get filled up by invisible means. It's not as if I was a really slow drinker either. Perhaps it's because so many of the visitors from overseas are teetotallers. Perhaps.

I find I have not got to give any information about the Guildhall. I am getting it. The lady on my right says it was partly burnt in the Great Fire, and restored by somebody named Jarman, and then by somebody named Jones. And one or two more, I daresay. She says the edifice is full of historic associations and—bang bang! the Toastmaster is striking the woodwork of the historic edifice. They will need some Guildhall



"SMOKING IN THE GUILDHALL IS PROHIBITED."

Polish for that. We are going to toast the KING and the PRESIDENT of the United States. A point for diners-out with the guests from overseas: Try not to look silly during *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

AFTERWARDS.

The Chairman is making a speech. He says that the surroundings are historic and the buildings suffered severe damage during the Great Fire of London. He says that enough remains of the ancient structure to perpetuate those traditions of the City of London which are the common heritage of all nations who had their origin in these isles. Rather neat, that. I notice that I have now four things to drink in front of me:—

A glass of champagne.
A cup of coffee.
A glass of port.
A liqueur brandy.

I must try to perpetuate those traditions of the City of London which are the common heritage of all nations that had their origin in these isles by dealing manfully with them in turn. There! Hullo, the Chairman has proposed "Our Guests!" Happily my port glass has filled itself up again.

One of our American guests is speaking now. Strangely enough, he also seems to think that our surroundings are historic. There appears to be a general agreement on this point. The Toastmaster is destroying the ancient fabric again. He does it with his little mallet. He prays my silence. Could any of the English or American advertisers give as good publicity to a piece of news as the Toastmaster does? He prays my silence for a quartet. Voices behind me are singing "John Peel" sentimentally, as if they were in church.

Turning round I perceive through the smoke haze some of the reasons why the building is so historic. On the right of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S monument, on the opposite side to the placard which says in large letters

SMOKING IN THE GUILDHALL
IS PROHIBITED,

there is a little tablet about Guildhall Trials.

ANNE ASKEW, aged 25, was tried here in 1546, tortured on the rack in the Tower of London, and burnt at Smithfield. HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, the poet, was tried for high treason and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1547, aged 29. Tut, tut. Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON—— I cannot see what happened to Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON because the head of an American lady advertising agent has got in the way. It was probably high treason again. Or else he did not stick to the truth in advertising. Dear me! I seem to have got another glass of port.

The LORD MAYOR'S health is being proposed. The speaker is referring to Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON. He says that his fame was due to his cat Felix, who was his advertising and press agent. He says that Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S munificence helped to beautify this historic hall. I hope his ghost doesn't come back and look at the statues. The Toastmaster is dancing from side to side and waving his arms again. He has prayed to me once more, and I have answered his prayer. He has prayed me to see that my glass is charged. The LORD MAYOR of London! And the Corporation, of course. I had only just enough port for the Corporation. If there had been an Assistant-Macebearer we should never have done it.

A rich contralto from the platform behind. She is singing *The Little Silver Ring* . . . "that once you gave to me."

Silence for the LORD MAYOR!

* * * * *

A terrible thought strikes me while the LORD MAYOR is speaking. What if the Advertising Agents of America were to carry off the Toastmaster from these historic surroundings and persuade him to give personal publicity to American breakfast foods! EVOE.

Our Trustworthy Press.

RAS TAFARI at the Zoo:—

"He pulled up short at the sight of the polar bears, so snowy white and clean that one might have suspected Dr. Chalmers Mitchell of having scrubbed their faces and combed their hair for the occasion. 'I have no bears at home,' the Regent remarked after admiring him."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Ras and his party were not impressed by the Zoo. They had seen it all in Paris. So it was no use expecting them to exclaim in front of the polar bears—who were so grubby that they couldn't have been expecting a State visit."—*Another Daily Paper—same day.*

OPERATICS.

EXCEPT that one of the cast was American, the British National Opera Company's production of Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS's *Hugh the Drover* was pure British. The First Act—a village-fair scene—was full of colour and movement. There was an interlude to enable the hero (*Hugh the Drover*) to capture at sight the heart of the heroine (*Mary*), affianced at the time to the villain (*John the Butcher*). The remainder was all bustle and excitement. We had a Cheap Jack; we had vendors of shell-fish and primroses and ballads; we had talk of "Boney" (the time was 1812), and we had, for a climax, an astoundingly realistic bout of fisticuffs (with more in-fighting than I could approve) between *Hugh* and *John*, the former winning on a foul. Though a perfect stranger to the neighbourhood, *Hugh* at once becomes extremely popular, until he is charged with being a French spy. Actually he is an honest Englishman, engaged in remount work that takes him to France from time to time. This accounts for the French money in his possession. But apparently he thinks it too much trouble to explain things, and so is condemned to pass the night in the stocks, pending the arrival of a firing squad.

Folk-song was worked very skilfully into the pattern of the music, which, for the rest, supported the action bravely and was always most exciting. Great enthusiasm followed the fall of the curtain.

The Second Act was by comparison a little disappointing. Dawn finds *Hugh* in the stocks, where he is joined by *Mary*, bringing the keys for his deliverance. Unfortunately a very attractive duet delays the action till the village is roused and escape is impossible. So *Mary*, from some obscure motive, joins him in the stocks, which have accommodation for two. The pretence of concealing her with a cloak under the eyes of the whole village, suddenly alert, was ineffectual.

Finally, the *Sergeant* of the firing squad recognises *Hugh* as a man who had saved his life, and the hero's British origin is proclaimed and his character vindicated. I had hoped, from the synopsis, that he had saved the *Sergeant's* life by some deed of high valour on the battle-field, but it turned out that he had simply pulled him out of a snowdrift. In fact *Hugh* was not really much of a hero (you could tell that anyhow by the way he sang with his hands in his pockets) and only shone by contrast with *John the Butcher*. The latter, who has been very offensive, is conscripted, violently protesting, by the *Sergeant*.

Hugh, once more an object of popular regard, is now invited by *Mary's* father, hitherto obdurate, to marry her and settle in the village. After his unpleasant experience, however, he prefers to take the road with her. With the villagers' sorrowful farewell to them the curtain falls on something of an anti-climax.



Keen Jumperite. "SO SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU. COULD YOU THROW UP MY SILKO?"

In the part of *Hugh the Drover*, Mr. TUDOR DAVIES, though his acting was rather casual and indifferent, sang gloriously. The American soprano, Miss MARY LEWIS, has a fairly pleasant voice, but was inclined, under emotion, to sing sharp, and she did not quite satisfy our notion of what a British village maiden should be. Of the others, Mr. WILLIAM MICHAEL (*Showman*), Mr. FREDERIC COLLIER (*John the Butcher*), Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON (*Mary's* father, *The Constable*), and Miss CONSTANCE WILLIS (*Aunt Jane*), were all excellent. The Chorus, especially in the First Act, carried things along with a fine natural swing, as if they thoroughly enjoyed it all.

Certainly the large audience did; and it was a great reception that they gave to Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. It is most regrettable that, for reasons good or bad, his delightful opera was not produced earlier in the season which has now closed. If the B.N.O.C. could have made a feature of this work by a British composer they would have gone some way towards appeasing those critics who complain that the Company is not very "British National," apart from its personnel and the language it plays in. O. S.

REST AND REFRESHMENT.

(*By our Holiday Hygienist.*)

THE statement recently made in the theatrical columns of a contemporary, to the effect that a popular comedian "is having a thorough rest and has been staying at a farm near Deauville," has not received the attention it deserves. The debt that we owe professional entertainers in the way of distraction and refreshment is great and incontestable, and for that very reason we should be generous in our recognition of their claims to a respite from their beneficent and arduous labours. But in the present instance our general indebtedness is enhanced by the excellent and judicious example set by the popular comedian in his choice of a holiday *habitat*. Deauville is a fashionable resort, consecrated to recreation of a somewhat stimulating nature, but it is not in its midst that he has taken up his residence. The farm where he is recruiting his energies is described as being "near Deauville," from which we may infer that it is neither too near nor too far, but at a reasonable distance. This regard for the *juste milieu* is of the essence of that compromise which in no respect is more worthy of observance than in the pursuit of relaxation from our normal activities.

Most Londoners are too apt when holidays arrive to fly to extremes. Because they live in a crowd and are subject to the dominion of din, they imagine that the best antidote is to be found in complete isolation from their



Little Girl (at drawing-room tea and comparing it with nursery fare). "MUMMY, MAY I TAKE THIS BIT OF BREAD-AND-BUTTER TO NURSE AS A PATTERN?"

fellow-men, in sequestered rural nooks, in lodges in the wilderness. The results of this abrupt and total change of environment are often more disastrous than if they never went away at all. Noise has become so much a part and parcel of our existence that it is positively dangerous to shut it off altogether. Insomnia is just as likely to be produced by dead stillness as by the continuous roar of city traffic. Remote and tranquil villages are not immune from idiocy, and neurotic subjects, seeking rest in these surroundings, often find the prevalent nocturnal quiet of the country, punctuated by the intermittent hoot of owls or the intempestive crowing of cocks, less conducive to a good night's rest than the contiguity of a railway junction or a dancing saloon. In this context the practice of sleeping out-of-doors demands a word of caution, for the gain to be derived from coolness is largely offset by the disquieting effect of the moon's rays, the glare of the rising sun and the contact of anthropophagous lepidoptera.

I have already dealt in general terms with that aspect of holiday hygiene which relates to beverages. Here again moderation should be the keynote and slogan of our policy, and I cannot too earnestly impress on my readers the risks which attend an unrestrained consumption of liquids, non-alcoholic or alcoholic, which in reasonable quantities are salubrious and eupeptic. Sloe-gin should not be drunk in tumblers; but intemperate indulgence in cabbage-water or turnip-top water is equally to be deprecated. That turnip-tops contain a certain amount of nutritious matter is beyond question, but that as a diet for heroes, Olympian athletes, pugilists and advertising agents they are inadequate, cannot be gainsaid. And as for the holiday hygienist, his laudable pursuit of the innocuous need not entail a perpetual enslavement to the insipid.

The remarkable success achieved by the Finnish athletes at the Olympic games suggest that profitable lessons might be learned from the diet of this remarkable race. But here again prudence demands that we should walk warily and not adopt suddenly and in its entirety a system of nutrition which has been gradually evolved in accordance with the racial needs of the Finno-Ugrian family. Black or rye bread, milk and raw eggs, though richly endowed with vitamines, demand an iron constitution and a cranial development of a brachycephalic order. Moreover, though the Finns are patient, persevering and industrious, they exhibit a tendency to melancholy and even moroseness which ill assorts with the British cult of the brighter life. Moreover, many of the Finno-Ugrian tribes, I regret to say, are non-progressive and addicted to paganism. The Ostiaks still shoot game with the bow, and polygamy still lingers among the Cheremiss. Still, in moderation recourse might be made to their diet, provided that it was tempered with an occasional mutton-chop, a *méringue* or a *pêche Melba*. I end as I began by saying that judicious compromise is the root of the matter. Spartan austerity and sybaritic excess are equally to be avoided.

Grouse-fishing in Ireland.

"For the past ten days Mr. —— and friends got over a hundred grouse, an average of seven a day. The killing fly appeared to be a new one, aptly named 'Cock of the Walk.'"
Irish Paper.

Very aptly.

"An important innovation in secondary schools' curriculi has been introduced by the Board of Governors of St. ——'s College."
New Zealand Paper.

The new plural for "curriculum"? We saw it at once.

FULL MOON.

INDIAN NOCTURNE.

THE barren rest-house yard
Borrows a passing beauty from the night,
Sheet-silvered here and yonder indigo-barred,
Chequered in ivory and ebonite;
The village pi
In rancorous frenzy clamours his unrest,
And here in the verandah coign I lie
By kindly sleep unblest
And take my fill of fancy and regard
The full moon sailing in the velvet sky—

Regard the lady moon and speculate—
As sleepless man has done
Since first men were—on all the raree-show
That huntress eye looks lonely down upon:
This sprawling village drab and desolate;
The stealthy folk that go
Seeking by night their fortune or their fun,
Creep and cabal, conspire and congregate
On businesses that I shall never know...
Would I could guess
The secret mysteries they now confess
To her who holds all trusts inviolate!

And seaward yonder now in soft applause
The stirring palm-trees clap their fronds together,
Hearing the silken surf's nocturnal hymn;
And the moored boats, like horses at their tether,
Strain at the groaning hawse;
The sands, blue-lit and dim,
Run mile on mile, and snow-white wavelets leaping
Make mock of man for sleeping
On such a night that sure was made for him. . . .
Good it must be
On such a night, in this clear cloudless weather,
To watch the moon and stars upon the sea.

And landward in the silent jungle glade
The timid grazing deer
Slip wraith-like from the silver to the shade,
Crying in fear
Of footpad tigers slinking to destroy
From pool to moonlit pool,
Where the frogs sing in chorus with the owl,
Kingly or cringing, merry or austere,
Great beast or littlest fowl,
The jungle folk are gathered to enjoy
This night dew-washed and luminous cool,
This springtide of the year . . .
Happy were he who strayed
The jungle byways now the moon is full.
The pi-dog's weary voice
Yells on insatiate; a thundering drum
Throbs like a nerve; there's no such thing as sleep.
Yet, if I had the choice,
Wisely would I elect on such a night
For dull repose to barter its delight?
Better to lie and peep
Into these moonlit gardens while the key
Is lent me and rejoice
That such concessions be . . .
Day with its drab realities will come;
Meantime there's night; let fancy wander free.

H. B.

"JUST WRITING."

I TAKE up my pencil, I burrow in a morass of papers for a piece of india-rubber, I spread before me the fair white page which I propose to deface, have indeed already defaced, I answer a telephone-call or two, I give Elizabeth a shilling for the gas-meter, I tell my eldest child that Mummy is not here, I tell her that Mummy may be upstairs, yes, that she may be downstairs, yes, that I *do not know* where Mummy is, that I am working, that she must go away. I answer another telephone-call, I sharpen my pencil a second time, I light my pipe a third and yet a fourth time, I gaze at the ceiling as one who seeks an idea, I gaze out of the window as one who is still in search of an idea—and nothing enters my mind except an insult.

It is an old insult. I suffer it weekly. And yesterday I suffered it again. "What are you doing nowadays?" the man said (an old schoolfellow whom I have not met for years—and never wish to meet again). "Just writing?" As a man might say, "Just sweeping the gutter?" or "Just opening cab-doors?"

"*Just writing?*" That is the shortest form of the insult, though sometimes, more bitterly, it is put, "Writing for the papers?" But in whatever form it is expressed there is always something in the tone and in the compassionate glance of the eye that makes it a slap in the face; or not so much a slap in the face as a buffet in the stomach.

"Just writing?" Not, that is, doing anything *useful*, not producing anything, not helping humanity, not *working*, but just putting black words on white paper for the fun of the thing—pursuing, in fact, the barren and ignoble occupation of KEATS and THOMAS HARDY. Just writing. . . .

This time it was a stockbroker who said it. Sometimes it is a barrister, a schoolmaster, a Civil Servant, a politician, a business man. This is the one thing that unites the professions, that all regard the way in which I spend my days (and keep my family alive) as "Just writing:" in other words a man who is constantly attempting to be funny is held in no better respect than if he were a clergyman.

I wonder how these gentlemen would feel if I were to say to them, "What are you doing, old boy? Just selling stocks and shares?"

"Just teaching small boys the verbs in -μι?"

"Just messing about with Minutes?"

"Just battening on the disagreements of the rich and foolish?"

"Just arguing?"

"Just making shaving-brushes?"

They would be hurt. For all these gentlemen fondly suppose that they are doing something useful, solid, worthy and respectable; something which, compared with "just writing," is as bread is to butter-scotch.

How curious! For if all the schoolmasters were to perish to-morrow their places could be filled on Friday from the sixth forms of their own schools. And what when he dies has a K.C. done that is "useful"? What solid thing has any stockbroker erected? What contribution does the worthiest Civil Servant make to human happiness in a lifetime surpassing that which is made by the meanest author with a single indifferent book? They tell us they are "useful" and "productive"; but what have any of them to show for their labour, except the gentleman who makes the shaving-brushes; and where will they be in a year's time?

Pooh! You bumptious, overbearing, useful blockheads—where would any of you be if it were not for the men who spent their lives "just writing" in the past, and taught you the elements of your wretched professions?

I imagine there were days when SHAKESPEARE'S school-friends said to him, "Hullo! what are you doing now, old fellow? Just writing?"

As for the politicians, they are perhaps the most offensive of all. They really suppose that more *good* is done by "just ranting" than by "just writing." The PRIME MINISTER himself in a recent speech began a sentence with the words: "*Those of you who are so foolish as to read the newspapers . . .*" and statesmen generally are never so happy as when they are decrying the people who just write the newspapers, especially those statesmen who are most indebted to the newspapers. Lord BALFOUR set the fashion, but he may be forgiven, not being a poor man plucked from obscurity by the activities of newspapers. But for a leader of democracy, an apostle of reform, to say such things! Where, I wonder, would the Labour Party be if it were not for the newspapers? Just

FAME AND FORTUNE.

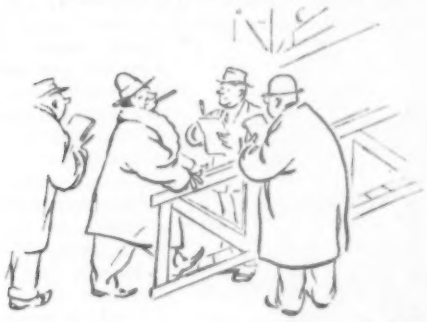
Jaygasse



WHENEVER SIR CRIMSON MADDER, THE ARTIST, DECORATES HIS FRONT GATE ALL THE PAPERS HAVE A PARAGRAPH ABOUT IT—



AND WHENEVER MRS. INTELLIGENTSIA INKPEN, THE AUTHORESS, GETS WRITER'S CRAMP IT RUNS TO HALF-A-COLUMN—



WHENEVER MR. SIMEON SONATA, THE PIANIST, SAILS FOR NEW YORK THE PAPERS TELL US ALL ABOUT IT AT ONCE—



AND WHENEVER MR. SHARPE FOX, K.C., THE POLITICIAN, APPEARS IN CHARITY TABLEAUX THE INTEREST IS INTENSE—



WHENEVER PROFESSOR PARTICLE TRICYCLES IN THE PARK IT MAKES A CONSIDERABLE STIR—



AND WHENEVER LADY DECORÉE DALLIANCE GOES TO DEAUVILLE THE EXCITEMENT IS TREMENDOUS—



WHILE WHENEVER MISS PANSY PLANTAGENET (OF MUSICAL COMEDY) PURCHASES A PEKINESE PUP IT CREATES A VERITABLE FUROR.



AH, ME! I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO LIVE AS EMINENTLY AS THAT.

ranting in their native villages, I imagine; for what power on earth could have dragged the worthy Mr. CLYNES or the windy Clydesider into prominence but the foolish practice of newspaper-reading? All politics, my dear PRIME MINISTER, draw their life, it is obvious, from the news of the day; but that politician is particularly indebted to the publishers of news who is working for reform, for new ideas and drastic changes, and depends for his success on telling A. about the misfortunes of B.

Let me explain this simple thing, O Leaders of Democracy. If there were no newspapers we private citizens would very possibly be happier than we are, for we should not every smiling morn be harrowed and racked by all the lamentable things which have happened elsewhere. The cyclone in China; the earthquake at Bugaboo; the famine in India; the tornado in America; the fire at Brixton; the murdered wife, the starving child; the awful strain of living on the Clyde; strikes, lock-outs, unemployment, poverty, wars, floods, droughts, and rich men's wills—these things harass and distress us, and some of them make some of us vote Labour, and the rest of us placidly accept minority rule by a number of swollen-headed pedants, pedagogues and ex-manual workers. And we at least might be excused for wishing that we lived, as our forefathers lived, in blissful ignorance of other men's misfortunes, save those in our immediate neighbourhood. But there would be no Labour Government then. No, Mr. MACDONALD, a party which wished things to remain as they are might do very well without the newspapers; but any statesman who is anxious for reform should humbly give thanks each morning that every day there are people spreading abroad the facts on which his whole plan and gospel are founded, and that there are some millions still so foolish as to read his speeches in the newspapers.

It is odd too how contemptible the Press appears to many sensational persons who owe their whole existence to it, persons who have won fame and even respect by constantly doing things which have no value whatever except as "news," by rude remarks and melodramatic speeches and silly interruptions, yet cannot say anything bad enough about the Capitalist Press, without which they would never have been heard of a hundred yards from a soap-tub.

Strike-leaders, I have noticed, think very little of "the papers," though they are all for "public opinion;" as if public opinion could magically be created without facts. I venture to press upon them the proposition that if strikes were not "news" few strikes would succeed, and most of them would never be begun.

And one day, I fancy, some of those shallow and irresponsible persons who "just write" will demonstrate their usefulness and power. The Press, the poor, despised, industrious, patient Press, will strike at last. I do not mean that the papers will cease publication; it will be a strike against some particular piece of news—against a big strike, an important speech or project of some particularly disrespectful statesman. Imagine it—a great "stoppage" brewing, threatening, approaching—all the usual conferences and avenues, the comings and goings, the usual self-important pronouncements, ultimata, communiqués, retorts, rejoinders and so forth; Trade Union Secretaries and Napoleonic bosses swell up and burst in the usual way—*and not a single paper mentions them.* Then, bang! the Great Day, and not one paper takes the smallest notice; not a picture, not a paragraph. The useless newspapers flow out as usual from the offices, brimming with foolish news about everything under the sun; but about the grievances of the Amalgamated Nail-hammerers, about the "case" for the Master Nail-hammerers, not one word. That dispute, I fancy, would fizzle out in a single day. Only one such demonstration will be necessary, and after that there will be much less talk about the foolishness of those who read the newspapers and the wickedness of those who write them. As for the politicians, they are entitled to complain that this or that paper is spiteful, prejudiced, ignorant, bigamous, or what-not, but if any man ventures on a general derision of the newspapers, why, that gentleman's utterances will never be reported again.

And now I lay aside my pencil, conscious that in a short space of time I have struck a blow for justice, put new heart into an ill-rewarded and overworked profession, influenced for good the destinies of my country, and administered a sharp but well-merited rebuke to the PRIME MINISTER. What Civil Servant can say as much?

"Just writing," indeed! A. P. H.



A TRAGEDY OF BREVITY.

"IT 'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, UNCLE. WHAT I REALLY WANTED WAS AN 'ICE-CREAM CORNET'—BUT THIS 'LL DO."

Brighter Cricket.

"Both bowlers were aided by some smart slip work, Seymour making three great catches to dismiss Leyland."—*Daily Paper.*

What time the field roared "How's those?"

At the Eton and Harrow match:—

"Prince Arthur of Connaught and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin were again among those present.

They came to-day in simple, young-girl frocks, and never did they look more dignified and serene."—*Evening Paper.*

Where did Mr. BALDWIN bestow his pipe?

From an article on Dr. JOHNSON:—

"The mistake originated with the 'Great Çhum' of Letters as he was called."

Scots Paper.

"Sir," said the Great Lexicographer, "to resort to familiarity is no palliation of ignorance."

From a scientific address entitled "A Neglected Chapter in History: The Fats:"—

"There never was a time when Britain was in greater peril than to-day."

Liverpool Paper.

The fats may be neglected, but the Fat Boy—"I wants to make your flesh creep"—is still going strong.



FROM A CRICKET REPORT.

"*A.* THEN JOINED *B.* AND IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE THEY COULD BE SEPARATED."

OUR GENEROUS SPORTSMEN-JOURNALISTS.

[It has become the custom for lawn-tennis "stars" to write the accounts of their own matches, and they are so charming in their praise of their opponents that it is to be hoped that the practice will extend to other games. Mr. BERNARD DARWIN has of course already perfected it in the sphere of Golf.]

Wattie McGowan, centre-half of Briggleton Athletic, writes: "We won, but our opponents were incomparably the better team. The Rovers' play was artistically perfect, and if we were the more—may I say it?—forceful, it was because we felt that, as far as the finer points were concerned, we were hopelessly outclassed. The general conduct of our right-back was reprehensible, and his act in charging down Banger, the Rovers' centre-forward, when the latter had the goal at his mercy, was most untimely. For this and for the persistent 'kicking-out' in which certain of our men indulged during the closing stages I offer my sincere apologies to our opponents. I feel sure that it was purely an accident when our MacWhirter was tripped in the penalty area, and it was a matter of regret to me that we should have scored from the resultant kick."

* * *

Kid Reilly, welter-weight: "It was an education to go eleven rounds with Bustling Brewer. I thought until last night that I knew something about the game, but the Bustler taught me more in half-an-hour than I had learnt in five years' previous experience in the ring. The lesson was invaluable, and I am quite satisfied with the loser's end of the purse (I get only twenty thousand against the winner's twenty-five). For the first two rounds I more or less held my own, but once the Bustler settled down there was only one man in it. What I admired more than anything else about him was the quietly determined way in which he floored me time after time. I felt that here was a man who would let nothing stand in his way, and that if ever Kid Reilly was to earn a name in the ring it would be as one of the vanquished of Bustling Brewer. Never as long as I live shall I forget the thrill which I experienced when I regained consciousness and found this splendid man shaking me by the hand."

* * *

Master Horace Tubbs, of Hoxton:—"Perhaps a draw was a fair reflection of the play, but such is the uncertainty of cricket there is no saying what the result would have been if we had not been prevented from recovering a lost ball in the delphinium beds. Hookem Street are a fine side. Willie Wriggle burst into tears when he saw the coats displaced by the first ball he received, but he will make a useful man when his stock of seven years has been increased. Batting first, we collected the highly respectable total of seventeen, and our opponents had scored twelve for the loss of fourteen wickets when a park-keeper stopped play. I have nothing but admiration for the sportsmanlike attitude of the Hookem Street captain in letting us have three 'blind balls' when there was some discussion as to whether he had played on or whether his wicket had been blown over. It is such actions as these that give one confidence in the future of cricket."



SCENE—*Drawing-room at Lady Dumpshire's. A ball in progress.*

He. "NO, I HARDLY EVER GO TO THESE PRIVATE DANCES. IT'S SUCH A NUISANCE HAVING TO BE ON ONE'S BEST BEHAVIOUR ALL THE TIME."

FLORA LONDINIENSIS.

WHEN my eyes are fairly weary of this London of to-day
I withdraw five battered folios all marbled black and grey
From their station on my bookshelves and I read the world away

In the company of CURTIS, prince of botanists, whose word
Was the last on London's flora in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD,
When he lived at Lambeth Marshes . . . Yes, I know it sounds absurd.

But the flowers and CURTIS flourished there, the Thames was bright with sedge,
Not a crumbled wall at Putney but had stonecrop on its ledge;
There was traveller's joy at Lewisham along the turnpike hedge.

Then toadflax throve on Temple walls and lilies slipped their sheath
In Lord MANSFIELD'S little pinewood on the way to Hampstead Heath,
And the copses out at Croydon had white violets beneath.

Not a day went by for CURTIS without some botanic thrill,
He found teasels down at Deptford and "on Moulsey-Hurst" a squill,
And he plucked a twayblade orchis from the turf of Shooter's Hill.

For him the Chelsea kingcups blew, for him the mushrooms stood
In the pasture-lands of Islington this side of Hornsey Wood;
You can't pluck cress on Hounslow Heath, of course, but CURTIS could.

At times "within-sides of old wells" he found a hart's-tongue fern,
And every year at Battersea he watched the brief return
Of the poppies whose "fugacity" aroused his quaint concern.

And now his London too is fled, there 's scarce a petal's trace
Of the Thames-side flower that flourished in his Georgian year of grace,
Only weed on weed of brick-work that has over-run its place.

Yet if you can harbour CURTIS (and the elbow-room he claims
Speaks itself of ampler ages) take him down and read the names
Of his blossoms and their habitats, until your fancy flames

With gable-ends and gravel-pits and lanes that gain the down,
And rushy streamlets close at hand and sylvan hills to crown,
A city almost suburbless, a country-girdled town.

"NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS

puu ɯɹɐdqnɔ Chute, Mary-go-round, Boating, Wheel-of-Fortune, Charlie-ɹǝbnoʇ-ǝsnoɔ ʎ ɐzz, Vaudeville Moving Pictures in the open. Special Canteen on the grounds. Well Stocked Bar."
Advert. in West Indian Paper.

Patronised, we infer, by the compositor.

"ETON RAMBLERS *v.* HARROW WANDERERS.

At the tea interval so good was the hitting that the Eton Wanderers looked, for a moment, as if they could win."—*Daily Paper.*

The reporter, a Harrow Rambler tells us, had looked for a moment upon the tea when it was green.



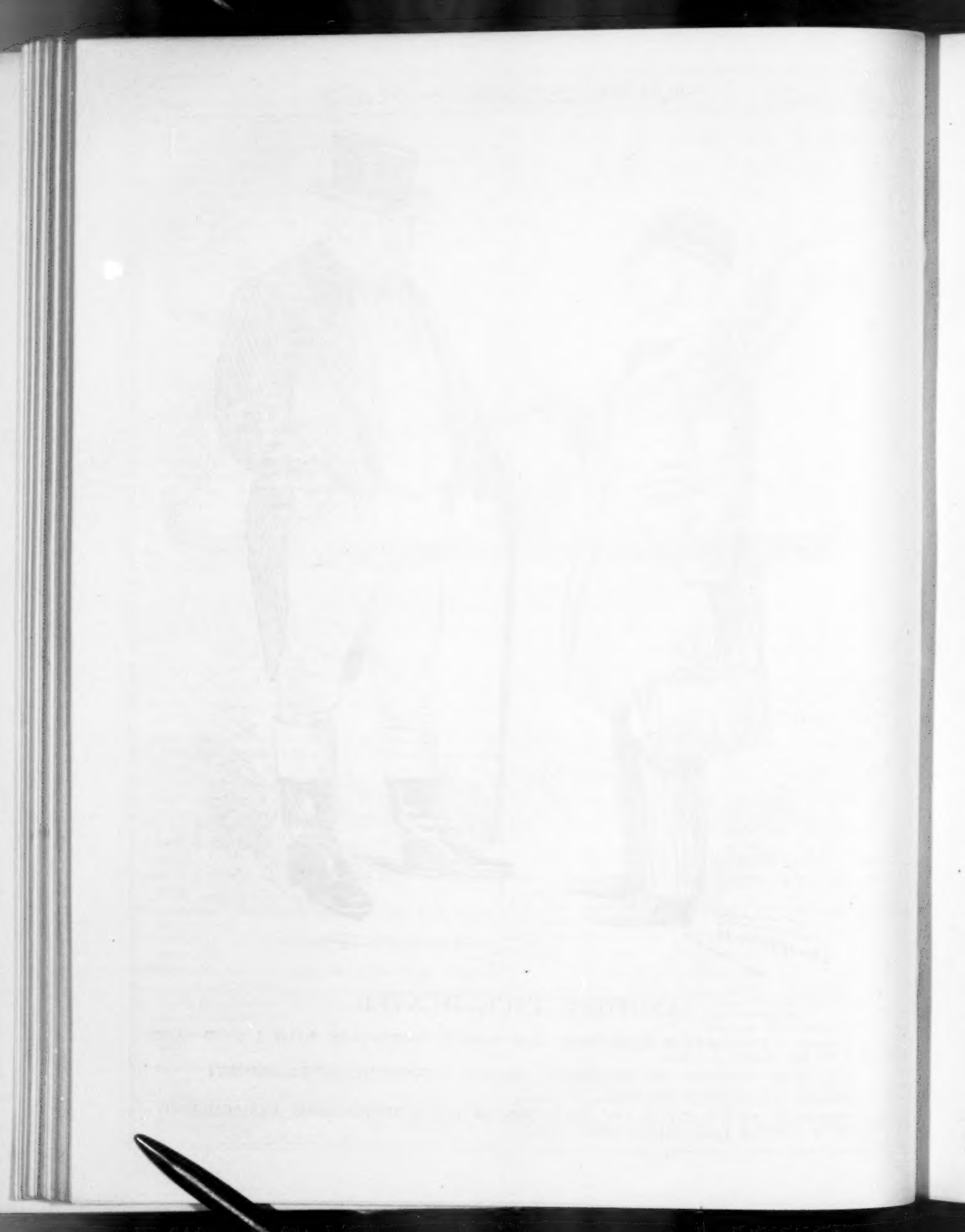
ANOTHER FACE HUNTER.

GERMAN. "YOU HAVE A KIND FACE. I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN WITH A KIND FACE TO LET ME HAVE A LOAN."

JOHN BULL. "WHAT'S THE SECURITY? DO YOU ACCEPT THE DAWES REPORT?"

GERMAN. "I HAVEN'T DECIDED."

JOHN BULL. "THEN UNTIL YOU DO ACCEPT IT YOU'D BETTER LOOK FOR SOMEBODY WITH A KINDER FACE THAN MINE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 14th. — The Lords opened the week with a long and varied programme. Lord PARMOOR's reply to a request for information about the League of Nations was far from satisfy-



Lord Cecil of Chelwood. "IT IS MORE WITH SORROW THAN WITH ANGER THAT I NOTICE THAT THE WHOLE CLASS HAS BEEN INATTENTIVE AND IDLE."
(*Proceeds to rectify matters.*)

ing Lord CECIL, who doubted whether the Labour Government has made any progress whatever towards developing the League. Such lack of progress he considered even tantamount to retrogression, and, assuming the *rôle* of *Sir Peter Teazle*, he sternly forbade the Government ever again to utter another sentiment.

Still more severe criticism awaited the Government on Lord LINLITHGOW's demand that it should reconsider the question of a Naval base at Singapore. Lord CHELMSFORD contended that the Dominions had been consulted, but Lord LONG and he differed widely as to what was meant by "consultation." Lord BALFOUR, author of the Washington agreement on disarmament, insisted scornfully that Singapore was expressly excluded from the areas in which new fortifications would require the consent of foreign Powers. The LORD CHANCELLOR's assertion of faith in the pacific tendencies of the world gave Lord STANHOPE an opportunity to quote from a similar speech made by a certain Lord HALDANE in 1911.

After the PRIMATE, a veteran among the dozen peer trustees of the British Museum, had uttered a grave warning against the Bill to enable the Museum to make loans to other galleries, the Lords witnessed the paradoxical spectacle of Lord CARSON (in a speech which he declared to have no political significance) pleading earnestly for the return to Dublin of Sir HUGH LANE's French pictures bequeathed to the National Gallery. Lord MAYO, as one of that great collector's closest friends, supported his plea that the unattested codicil entitled Dublin to have the pictures back. But Lord LANSDOWNE and Lord CRAWFORD, as trustees of the National Gallery, insisted that the legal will should prevail. Lord ARNOLD explained that the Government were referring the question to a committee of three "competent and impartial persons."

His Highness RAS TAFARI and his Ethiopian retinue surveyed the Commons during Question-time from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. They were possibly startled when, at the moment of their departure, the House broke into tumultuous applause. But the occasion of the cheers was a question by Lord APSLEY, pleading that the Government should "look sympathetically" into the request by a lady doctor for the return of her pet goat, which, although a British subject, is not allowed to return from Madeira. Mr. BUXTON, amid cries of "Shame!" announced that in spite of the lady's long association with her pet the risk of foot-and-mouth disease could not be incurred.

Mr. LUNN had again to answer numerous questions about Wembley. Mr. STUART expressed the dissatisfaction of the Colonials at not being allowed facilities for corporate luncheons and dinners at the Lucullus. But Sir ELLIS HUME-WILLIAMS evidently thought that this was no grievance. He demanded that the restaurant should be obliged to inform its clients, "before as well as after dining," that the minimum charge was twenty-five shillings. Major EDMONDSON was more immediately concerned about the House of Commons' dining-room and made the happy suggestion of fitting electric fans "for the extraction of hot air," not only from the kitchen but from all adjacent parts of the House.

Opening the debate on the Foreign Office vote, Mr. ASQUITH congratulated the Government on shedding all its illusions, but doubted whether the new diplomacy was any more effective, though it seemed to be even more secretive, than the old. As delivered from the Front Opposition Bench, his parental admonitions so pleased the Unionist leaders that Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN leant forward and offered him a cup of cold water, a gift which Mr. ASQUITH thought had "almost an evangelical significance."

For once Mr. BALDWIN, to the delight of his followers, was more aggressive than the Liberal leader. He sarcastically congratulated the Government on having forgotten their pre-election threats to revise the Treaty of Versailles; nothing had been heard of them since the HOME SECRETARY—"the last twittering swallow left over from the winter"—spoke at Burnley. The Government's blundering had nearly slain the London Conference before its birth. He hoped, however, that the PRIME MINISTER would in future remember his own excellent maxim, "One step at a time," and promised him that any success he might achieve would be ungrudgingly welcomed by the Opposition.

The PRIME MINISTER's reply was an elaborate "*Tu quoque!*" It was not for Mr. BALDWIN, considering what happened after his famous interview with M. POINCARÉ, to reproach the Government with indiscreet publicity or premature jubilation. Accepting the *dictum* of a great French soldier, that "the problem of French security is the problem of European peace," he saw in the new Conference "a golden and maybe not recurrent opportunity" for its solution.

Tuesday, July 15th.—It is a pity that the Bishop of DURHAM was not present this afternoon to hear the replies to his attack upon the National Assembly of the Church of England.



"Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade."
MR. GOSLING.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY dealt with him more in sorrow than in anger, but Lord CAVE roundly accused him of having made a "ludicrous error" in connection with the Diocese of Winchester (Division) Measure; and one would have liked to hear Dr. HENSON's rejoinder. As it was, the proposal to divide Winchester, like Gaul, *in tres*

partes, was, after much discussion, approved: the clinching argument in its favour being supplied by Lord LANSDOWNE, who declared that at present it was impossible for the Bishop, however numerous his chauffeurs and however disregardful of the speed-limit, to cover the unwieldy area he was supposed to administer.

Though the most obliging of Ministers, Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM found it impossible to satisfy, within the limits of a Parliamentary answer, Commander KENWORTHY'S inquiry as to the effect upon Anglo-American trade of Great Britain's debt-payment to the United States. It would need a volume, he explained.

Mr. GOSLING introduced a Bill enabling him, *inter alia*, to plant trees and shrubs along the new arterial roads. But it is not true that the officials of the Ministry of Transport now greet their chief by singing in chorus that famous song of HANDEL'S:—

"Where'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade."

"Aren't they pleased?" interjected Mr. MAXTON sardonically as the Unionists cheered Captain BEAMISH, the victor of Lewes, coming up to take the oath. Personally I thought their greeting in no way overdone. On such an occasion they should surely have chortled—

"Come to my arms, my BEAMISH boy."

The best turn of the present Session was provided by Mr. KIRKWOOD when he asked leave to introduce a Bill for the removal of the Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey to Holyrood Palace. Tracing the traditional history of the Stone from the time when it served JACOB for a pillow at Bethel—"after he had stolen his brother's birthright," as Mr. KIRKWOOD significantly remarked—until its arrival in Scotland, he confessed that he did not know whether it was true or not. "What I do know," he added triumphantly, "is that the Stone is Scottish sandstone," and accordingly he demanded that the wrong done by EDWARD I. should be undone, and that Scotland should be given back this "symbol of its nationhood."

But he had reckoned without Lord APSLEY, who, rising to oppose, gave him back history for history, and showed, to the delight, if not the conversion, of the House, that EDWARD THE FIRST had taken the Stone as security for Reparations owed him by the Scotland of that day; and that, if anyone had a right to its restoration, it was the inhabitants of Palestine rather than the Scots, who, if the truth were known, probably came from Albania. As for the "Scotch sandstone" argument, it was nought. There was red sandstone at Bethel, where, like JACOB, he himself had spent an uncomfortable night, and also in Albania. At this point Mr. KIRKWOOD'S feelings must have resembled those of BRET HARTE'S hero "when," during another archæological discussion, "a chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;" but he rallied sufficiently to claim a division. There was a refreshing amount of cross-voting. Mr. FERGUSON, probably for the first time in his life, found himself in the same Lobby with the Clyde Socialists; and Lady ASTOR rallied all the women present to Mr. KIRKWOOD'S support and enabled him to win by 201 to 171.



A BATTLE ROYAL
(in the Punchian style).
LORD APSLEY AND MR. KIRKWOOD.

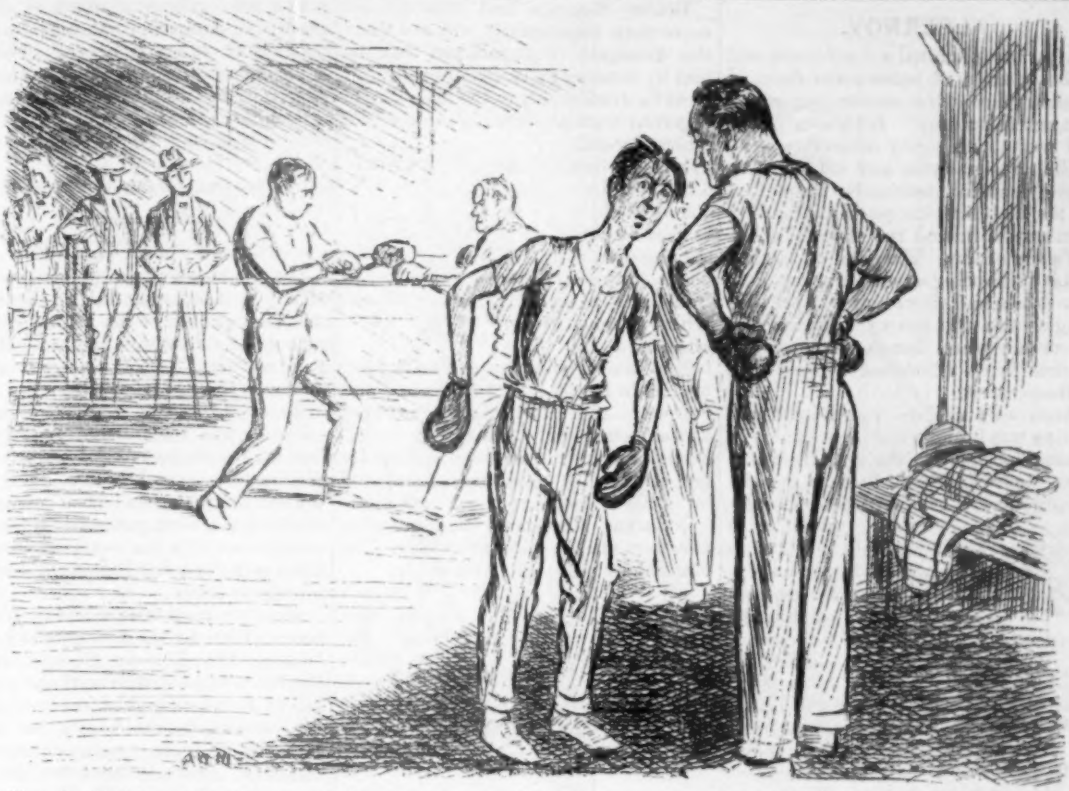


"BLACK BEER IS NOT BEER IN THE ORDINARY SENSE, BUT A CORDIAL WHICH WAS A VERY EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR COLDS."
SIR CHARLES WILSON.

On the Finance Bill Mr. SNOWDEN was more receptive than usual, and, on hearing from Sir C. WILSON that black beer was a sovereign remedy for colds, agreed to modify the duty upon it.

Wednesday, July 17th.—The Lord Bishops were all absent, after their field-day on the Winchester Diocese Bill yesterday—a fact which drew scornful reproaches from Lord CARSON, when he supported the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and NORTHUMBERLAND in their appeals for more speedy compensation to the Southern Irish loyalists. The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND had to deplore that even among the Irish ex-soldiers many can no longer be counted as loyalists. This high standard of loyalism made Lord ARNOLD'S task very difficult in trying to satisfy their Lordships that the Irish Free State is doing everything possible in spite of unavoidable delays. Lord DANESFORT described their compensation courts as "a travesty of justice," but Lord CARSON felt more sorrow than anger for Lord ARNOLD as "the megaphone of the Free State." He even paid generous compliments to the Labour Government for having shown him much more sympathy than its two predecessors. This was scarcely kind to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, whose motion he was apparently supporting. But Lord CARSON was not in a mood to spare anybody. His vehement declaration that "England likes nothing like forgetting" almost suggested that the Ulster leader is becoming a belated convert to the principles of Sinn Fein.

To a constant observer of the House of Commons the solicitude of Members for tidiness in public places is not altogether convincing. The question was again revived to-day, in questions to Mr. WHEATLEY, by Sir WALTER DE FRECE, who complained of the "nuisance of uncontrolled litter," especially handbills thrown away by pedestrians, and demanded drastic powers for the local authorities. Mr. GILBERT complained of refuse-dumps burning by self-combustion in the lower reaches of the Thames, and wanted a Committee



Muscular Christian. "LET 'S SEE—YOU 'RE THE ARTIST WHO 'S ALWAYS PULLING THE CURATE 'S LEG IN THE PAPERS, AREN'T YOU? WELL, WE 'RE NEXT, AND I 'M A CURATE."

set up to consider this remarkable phenomenon.

Mr. LAVERACK, who has been exploring the artistic possibilities of the House, had several suggestions to make to the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. He desires to have a brass plate affixed to the House of Commons Table, rescued from the fire of October, 1834, with an inscription recording the names of "illustrious leaders who have achieved renown in the House." He would also like a memorial to commemorate the First British Settlement in North America by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and desired that the banner of St. Patrick should be obliterated, as an anachronism, from the flag in the fresco painting of the Landing of CHARLES II. at Dover in 1660. To the first two of these interesting suggestions Mr. JOWETT promised his careful consideration.

When the House went into Committee on the Housing Bill the principal topic was the supposed agreement between the Government and the building trade unions, on which the success of the measure depends. Members of various parties chased this elusive agreement up hill and down dale, but, though Mr. WHEATLEY assured them it was in existence, and was ready—anxious, indeed, to judge by the electioneering flavour of his speeches—to submit the question to the electors, he failed to convince either Mr. PRINGLE or Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN that there was any guarantee, or, if there were, that it was binding upon anyone.

Thursday, July 17th.—The Peers were a little doubtful about Lord ASTOR'S Bill to enable Peeresses in their own right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. Lord BANBURY, as the result of his experiences with the lady Members in the House of Commons, was particularly anxious that they should not invade his present domain. Lord DARLING, on the contrary, was ready to welcome them to the red benches.

Viscount CURZON'S solicitude for the welfare of the police since the withdrawal of his motorist's licence shows a forgiving disposition. He pressed the HOME SECRETARY to accept his offer to provide two white overall suits for their protection at inadequately lighted street corners. Mr. HENDERSON tactfully declined the offer and displayed no less courtesy in refusing Mr. HORE BELISHA'S offer to provide white sheets of repentance for Cabinet Ministers.

Members were too anxious at the failure to make headway with the Housing Bill yesterday to respond more than half-heartedly to the Opposition's challenge of a division on a suspension of the Eleven o'clock Rule to-night. Mr. CLYNES was adamantine in refusing to say when the House may hope to rise for the holidays. His firmness won him a majority of two to one for another late sitting to make progress.

A more drastic method of curtailing discussion made itself felt almost at once. Nauseating fumes began to penetrate the House immediately after Mr. WHEATLEY had resumed charge of his Bill. Lord CURZON glanced quickly in the direction of Mr. LEACH, evidently suspecting that the Government had at last found some pacific use for the Air Ministry's poison-gas bombs. But Mr. LEACH had gone.

The Committee stage of the Housing Bill found Mr. WHEATLEY in a more "coming-on" disposition than he has shown hitherto. Even a proposal that local authorities should be free to sell, and not merely let, the houses they build—though dead against the original scheme of the Bill—was in principle accepted.

ALGERNOV.

Algernov inhabited a "self-contained bachelor suite of holes-under-floor of London office. One minute from excellent crumb supply." He was a young and good-looking grey mouse.

His unusual name and his sensitive impressionable nature are both explained by the fact that his previous life had been passed behind the walls of a furrier's work-room. The sight of English rabbit-skins being transformed into Russian sables had given him that peculiar insight into the horror and ugliness of commonplace things which distinguishes those influenced by any form of Russian art.

Algernov's field for morbid contemplation was limited, but he had the true instinct for inducing misery. He would cower beneath a desk to hear the elemental fury of the manager's conversation with the telephone exchange, after which a mere glimpse of the Most Elderly Typist's Louis Quinze heels was enough to overwhelm him with shuddering horror. Or during a morning spent listening to the sound of the Youngest Draughtsman tearing up his caricatures of the office staff Algernov would gather additional melancholy from dwelling upon the drab tint of that gentleman's spats.



"—A MERE GLIMPSE OF THE MOST ELDERLY TYPIST'S LOUIS QUINZE HEELS WAS ENOUGH TO OVERWHELM HIM WITH SHUDDERING HORROR."

But he reached the climax of his emotional experiences by a daily study of the charwoman who cleaned the offices. She suffered from corns and rheumatism, and her shapeless button-boots were perforated to accommodate various salient points those enemies occupied. This sight, and her cheerful but husky rendering of hymn-tunes as she worked, afflicted Algernov with an agony beyond endurance.

He decided to commit suicide, selecting a morning when the water in the charlady's bucket was thicker and blacker than usual. The edge of the pail being slippery he had no time for an intimate analysis of his feelings on the brink of death. He just slid in with a loud splash.



"HE DECIDED TO COMMIT SUICIDE."

Before Algernov had time to get more than unpleasantly wet and dirty the Youngest Draughtsman rescued him by means of a cardboard roll.

As he dried slowly in the little tunnel Algernov meditated upon a more subtle scheme for compassing his own destruction. The Most Elderly Typist looked old enough to be a survival from the era when women shrieked for help at the sight of mice, so he popped up beside her the next afternoon and began the traditional circular scamper of the mouse bent on inspiring terror. Round and round he flew waiting for her screams to break the silence and bring heavy-footed men to crush him.



"PERPLEXED AND BREATHLESS, ALGERNOV WENT BELOW."

No sign. No sound. Yes, at last a movement in the passage outside. The Most Elderly Typist spoke softly.



"ALGERNOV WITH QUIET DIGNITY ADVANCED TO MEET IT."

"Don't open the door," she said. "There is the sweetest little mouse playing on the floor in here."

Perplexed and breathless, Algernov went below. No one appeared to understand his wishes, however plainly expressed.

Then, a few days later, his opportunity occurred. A businesslike tabby entered the office, and Algernov with quiet dignity advanced to meet it. The cat, carrying Algernov, made its way out on to a flat roof at the back of the building.

Yet still Fate frustrated Algernov's desire. At that moment the Chief Designer was at work upon a decorative version of a cat for the sign of the "Richard Whittington." Infuriated by this intrusion of the natural animal on his field of vision he hastened its departure by abuse and a bottle of Indian ink.



"FEATURING MUGGINS THE MERRY MOUSE."

The cat abandoned Algernov in its flight, and he dropped, crushed and bewildered, through an open skylight into a set of offices occupied by a film-producing company. It may be coincidence or it may be the effect of environment on the temperamental Algernov, but this firm now advertises a new film comedy—

BUBBLES AND SQUEAKS,
featuring
Muggins the Merry Mouse.

AFTER "CAPITALISM."

ONE summer evening in the year 1954 Old Kaspar sat taking the air in the front garden of his Purley villa, or rather the villa which had been allotted to him—for England was now under Soviet rule.

The real name of the old gentleman—for he was that, although the word had long since been expunged from the dictionaries—was Cyril; but the Teutonic ideas which had been behind the drastic social changes had made German names—such as Karl—all the rage, and Cyril called himself Kaspar to cloak his bourgeois origin.

On this particular evening he had been obliged to sit in the front garden because the Deputy Commissar for Coulsdon (South), who had billeted himself in Kaspar's best rooms that morning, wished to entertain a few of his peers in the more spacious grounds at the back. Further, the Commissar had appropriated Kaspar's State gramophone and was now playing over and over again the repertory of four records which had been issued for that year by the Supreme Bureau of Fine Arts.

Presently Kaspar's grandchildren, Wilhelmine and Peter, came to ask the nature of a little round object which they had displaced amongst the marigolds.

"'Tis some poor fellow's badge," exclaimed Kaspar, "who belonged to one of the old-time Trade Unions."

"Tell us about the Trade Unions," demanded Peter, "and how the Capitalist system worked."

"It worked very much better than State ownership," Kaspar blurted out. Then, fearful that he might have been overheard in the hush caused by the Commissar changing a record, he called out in a shrill voice, "Long live the Soviet!"

"Those were eventful days with the strikes," he continued in a lower voice as he filled his pipe with State tobacco. At the word "strikes" little Wilhelmine's eyebrows went up inquiringly under her fringe.

"Strikes!" he repeated. "The workers used to employ leaders who were responsible that no grievance escaped notice, and in the frequent disputes these leaders would call the men

off in a body from their work at a moment's warning."

"We 've altered all that," Peter butted in, and proceeded to quote from one of his school text-books: "'Now that we have a People's Government by the People for the People it is plain that anyone who suddenly withdraws his labour from a vital service of the People is a traitor to the People, and is justly shot down by the Red Guards. Thus we have no disturbances to-day.'"

"In those times," rejoined the old gentleman as he struggled with the cough which the State tobacco had provoked, "Red Guards were unknown in England. Under Capitalism they were regarded as being a peculiarly Russian institution of undemocratic brutality. Remember, I am speaking of the days before any Tom, Dick or Harry was entitled to address me as 'Comrade.' As I was saying, strikes were frequent in the decade of the War. I came through them all."

The children kept silence. They were apprehensive lest their grandfather should switch on to his interminable reminiscences of the Great War—tales which were always characterised by what they had been taught to regard as archaic and moss-grown patriotism.

"I shall always remember the opening months of one year," Kaspar continued. "I forget the date, but it was the year Sir Galahad III. won the Lincoln."

"That," whispered Peter to Wilhelmine, "is probably a reference to the horse-racing sport of the capitalists."

"Before the primroses opened that year we of the general public had endured in swift succession strikes of the railwaymen, dockers and the London busmen and tramwaymen."

"Did these strikes make the capitalists feel the pinch?" queried Peter.

"Why, that I cannot say—I was only one of the general public. I *can* say that *our* lives were thrown out of gear when the Trade Unionists used the strike weapon against their employers. In the Railway strike, for example, milk supplies failed the babies, and the Racing Editions (which I have often described to you) failed the punters. Many industries were affected, and men who were at work in spite of the trade depression, or who were not already on strike, were thrown out of employment. One of the effects of the Dock strike was that the Chilled Beef of Old England was held up for days in the ports, while the worst elements of Capitalism ashore sold their stocks of meat at enhanced prices. And when the busmen went out, millions of toilers—a large proportion of whom were young girls—had to trudge up and down to the City from the suburbs to get to their work. If I remember rightly, the Tube men came out in sympathy."

"How did that improve matters for the poor girls?" wondered Wilhelmine.

"It didn't," said Kaspar testily. "The Tube-men's sympathy of course was for the busmen. Girls in offices were not workers at all, but a class whose lives might legitimately be made miserable in order to spite the capitalists."

"Then it was a very wicked thing," replied Wilhelmine obstinately. "Did not the proletariat demand that someone should be punished?"

"No," replied Kaspar, "the general public—or the proletariat, as you call it—were easy-going in those days. They were always content that the very first condition of a return to work of the men should be 'no victimisation.'"

Wilhelmine cast the badge from her and led Peter away.

"I 'll play you a game of chess, Peterkin," she said. "Grandpa's reminiscences get more incoherent every day."



THE INNOVATOR.

"I DON'T DARE ASK THE EDITOR TO SEE YOU UNLESS YOU 'VE SOMETHING VERY ORIGINAL."

"YOU CAN TELL HIM HE 'LL LOVE IT; IT 'S ABOUT WEMBLEY!"

"Then a boat went after him, and he dodged his pursuers by dodging."—*Evening Paper.*

Much the best way.

"A gigantic bridge has been planned to cross the famous Golden Gate at the entrance to San Francisco harbour. At the top of the great steel towers it is proposed to build platforms from which visitors will be able to obtain a marvellous view of San Francisco and the mighty Atlantic (*sic*)."—*Weekly Paper.*

A tallish order!

THE AMERICAN GANGSTER.

THE New York newspapers call it a "crime wave." This is a nice enough title in its way, and in general people seem to be pretty well satisfied with it. All it means is, if you happen to be a bank-messenger, you had better go away to the country for a couple of months; if you stay in town, life insurance companies won't have anything to do with you; they have no intention of going into bankruptcy by gambling on daredevils of your ilk. For they have statistics, and they know that these New York "crime-wavers" are the deadliest in the civilised world; give them a gun at forty yards and in half a minute they will write "PAID" on your stomach in bullet-holes as though you were a cancelled cheque.

There is, I venture to say, not a gunman in Europe to-day capable of doing such a thing; foreign gunmen are almost without exception of a lower order. Occasionally one hears of an isolated example of distinction, but most of them are pitiful dilettantes. They make no attempt to turn out hold-ups on a large scale; they have not, in short, that machinelike efficiency by which the New Yorker turns a spasmodic occupation into a profession yielding a steady income. I have heard of European hold-up men doing such amateurish acts as stopping a client, collecting toll and leaving him tied to a tree with a rag in his mouth, physically in as perfect condition as when they first saw him. This sort of thing comes partly from an inferiority in training and partly from the fact that foreign gunmen never take a real pride in their profession; it is always something they admit with their eyes on the ground.

Now in America the situation is very different. These gangsters know their business and take a great satisfaction in doing it thoroughly. When one of them happens to be caught, as sometimes occurs, his dominant feeling is one of mortification on account of his family, because through his carelessness it has lost its standing in the community; he has disgraced it, and, though the Federation of American Gangsters will take care of his wife and the children while he is out of work, things will never be the same again between them and their friends.

But they do not often have to worry about being apprehended. The banks of course make agitated efforts to catch them; but it is all done in a spirit of sportsmanship and good-natured rivalry, everyone knowing very well that, if these firms did not try to have them caught, gangsterism in the country would deteriorate in quality from mere lack of opposition.

They are far from being mannerless men. They have their own code of amenities, and the better-raised of them never fail in points of etiquette. Anonymity, for example, is thought to be exceedingly bad taste. Only a few weeks ago a bank was relieved of several thousand dollars, but the reliever did not sneak away in guilty silence, as a more vulgar European robber might have done; he made out a cheque, payable to the cashier, for the amount he had received and endorsed it with his own name.

One of the most coveted bandits is a gentleman named "Jack-the-Ripper." You have got to be of the first financial aristocracy to have a man like this bother with you at all; and there is, among the houses at which he has been entertained, a certain bond of pride, as among patients who have had their appendices out by the hand of a far-famed surgeon.

This man is one of the most punctilious people in the world; when he calls he leaves his card; he puts his signature to his work as any other respectable artist would do. And when some unforeseen difficulty confronts him, so that he is unable to finish the job, he invariably dictates a brief note, such as—

3.15 A.M., Tuesday.
The President of the C— N— Bank.

DEAR SIR,—It is with extreme regret that I must inform you that, due to an oversight on the part of my assistant, my drills have failed to work.

I am, Sir, with sincerest apologies,
Very truly yours,
JACK-THE-RIPPER.
(Dict. but not read) per S.

Though he is an expensive patron, I do not believe there is a banking house in the city that would not prefer having him to having some less distinguished and cheaper quack. Indeed it is something against the credit of a bank to be attended to by a lesser man. If he takes up a bank himself it shows immediately that the firm is "all right."

Receiving a visit from him now is even more of a distinction than it was a few years ago, for he is apparently getting along in age and cannot look after any but the very biggest banks personally; the rest he is compelled to turn over to his assistants. These men realize, however, the importance of the master's name to the reputation of the banks, and usually sign themselves so as to allow his light to shine through them.

Many of the newcomers, however, are attaining a certain popularity on their own account, working for the most part, of course, among the smaller establishments. It is significant that the one who is admittedly the greatest of these is a woman. She takes as her pistol-name, "The Bobbed-Haired Bandit of Brooklyn." But her methods are considered rather vulgar, and are tainted with a certain objectionable bravado which is likely to prevent her from ever rising into the cultivated classes; such things as writing to the Brooklyn police inviting them *en masse* to a shooting party is thought by the older gangster families to be a little coarse. The Brooklyn police also seem to think this is carrying things a bit too far, and have given notice that the front-door of Headquarters, which has remained open for fifteen years, is to be shut, locked and barred.

The senses of the New York gangster have been trained to such a point of perfection that only perhaps one out of ten times does he shoot an ordinary citizen through mistaking him for a bank-messenger. If you are just an everyday civilian with no money to speak of, the chances are that you will be able to come through all right; but if you are a bank-messenger there is no use trying to disguise yourself with old clothes and whiskers. You cannot fool them, and this sort of thing just irritates them, and they will probably give you a couple of extra holes so that you will know better next time. They have developed a nose for money, and they can tell that you are a bank-messenger while you are still round the corner. I do not know how large a roll is required to emit a recognizable scent, but I have heard it said by bank-messengers' widows that, with the wind in the proper direction, they can spot a thousand dollars at approximately ninety paces. As they do not usually bother with less than a thousand dollars, this gives them ample time to load their guns and call a taxi-cab, and, before you have had a chance to argue the point you have been made the receptacle for half-a-dozen bullets, they have climbed into the automobile, and everything is over except the job of counting the money.

Many people may feel that the superiority of its hold-up men is something that a new country achieves without any especial virtue of its own, and is therefore nothing to boast of. This is, of course, the argument which will be advanced by inhabitants of older countries where only second-class gangsters remain. Such a feeling is really mere envy. Space does not permit me to prove this, but if you are not already convinced that American gunmen have the drop on the rest of the world, the proof is easy. All you will have to do is look like a bank-messenger and stroll up Wall Street.

U. S. A.



GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

Pavilion Habitué to Friend. "MARVELLOUS CATCH! I REMEMBER ONE JUST LIKE IT IN THE VARSITY MATCH OF '66."
Friend. "AREN'T YOU THINKING OF '67?"
Pavilion Habitué. "I DARESAY; MY MEMORY IS GETTING SHOCKING."

GRATITUDE.

Imprimis, I must clearly make it known
I cultivate no garden of my own,
While, of my wide acquaintance, there are lots
Blessed by the boon of little private plots.
Of these is Smith, at "Torquilstone" he bides,
Grows leeks and lettuces, and much besides,
Things fair to look at and of perfume sweet,
But, with more ardour, such as man may eat.
I called on him one evening, and he said,
"O opportune arrival! Weed this bed,
Thereafter, while we fleet the time in talk,
This little patch—anon this strip of walk;"
And I, who have a foolish kindly heart,
Replied, "Of course I will," and made a start.
'Twas early evening then; the sun still shone
My blistering neck and warping spine upon;
But did I murmur—aching, grimy, hot—
Or intermit my labours? I did not.
The tiny bed I reft of every weed,
The patch and eke the path—I did indeed.
The sun went down, the evening sky grew red
Above my breaking back, my spinning head.
Lumbago, apoplexy, cramp—I knew
How close they crept, and yet I saw it through.
"If I but live," I swore, "there shall be seen
Amongst his gravel not one speck of green."
Egregious groundsel, dandelion grim,
Deep deleterious docks I dug for him;
Small sneaking lichens, grass with roots criss-crossed—
All I extracted; but at what a cost!
And when at last, one animated ache,
A creaking cripple for his salad's sake,
With hands disfigured by the stain of soil,
Aged many decades by distorting toil,
I croaked "Good-night" and made to crawl away,
What was the tribute Smith was fired to pay
A miserable martyr three parts dead?
"Well, every little helps!" was what he said.

W. K. H.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"The emaciated condition was due to starvation rendered acute by the animal being underfed."—*West Indian Paper.*

Educational.

"Wanted—Ladies and Girls to learn tailoring and songs under an expert lady cutter and songstress."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

A capital idea. If only more of our vocalists would learn to cut out their songs.

ON GIVING UP CADDIES.

FROM every single point of view I opposed the idea. But Grant was obdurate from the beginning.

"Quite apart from the expense," he said as we drove down to the links, "there isn't the slightest excuse for going on having caddies. It is nothing but a lazy unnecessary habit. We are just blindly following a convention, slaves to—to——"

"Tradition," I suggested. "I love tradition."

"We have never thought the thing out for ourselves. What 's the use of caddies—the sort of caddies we employ? They are stupid idle little brats. They sniff and they hiccup; they chatter and they giggle. They are always in the wrong place; they make rotten tees; they are no help whatever. On the contrary they are a confounded nuisance."

"They carry your clubs," I suggested, looking out on the glorious hot July afternoon.

"Carry your clubs!" he echoed scornfully. "Are we cripples that we can't carry a bag of golf-clubs round the links? Look at old Gregory. Old enough to be our fathers—our father, that is—did you ever see him with a caddie?"

"I loathe old Gregory," I replied. "I wouldn't be seen looking at him."

"That 's not the point," said Grant. "We 're talking about physical endurance, and old Gregory——"

"If we can't talk about physical endurance," I said, "without talking about that miserable, mean old blighter, then I don't want to talk about it."

We sped on in silence.

"You don't seriously mean it, Grant?" I asked, as we drew nearer the golf course.

"Honestly I do," he replied. "*I* 'm not going to have a caddie, anyway."

"We shall have to let every one through, you know," I said. "It 's etiquette."

"Rot!" he retorted. "Do any of those people without caddies ever let us go through?"

They don't, it is true.

"What about losing balls?" I said.

"Ha!" he sneered. "Did you ever know a caddie mark a ball?"

"Yes," I replied definitely. "And anyhow," I added, "it 's two more people to look for it."

But we had arrived at the clubhouse.

* * * * *

Why I should have meekly followed Grant to the first tee without a caddie, I cannot say. An instinctive feeling of fair play and camaraderie, I suppose. Anyhow I did. And as I surveyed the links before me, with its great jungle of uncut tiger-grass flanking the fairway on both sides, I was quick to recognise that we had selected the worst possible day for beginning a caddieless career. I felt, too, uncomfortably hot.

I drove off. It was quite a good drive, but it must have pitched on a hard bit of ground that was pointing to the right, for it shot across the fairway, almost at right angles, and plunged into the rough.

"Mark it!" Grant cried, and, groping for my clubs, I riveted my eyes firmly on the spot where it had entered.

As I was staring, Grant drove.

"Mark it!" he cried; but I was not to be put off, and, tucking my clubs under my arm, I moved swiftly forward, like a man walking in his sleep, in the direction of my ball. Grant moved forward, too, but as I went further and further to the right he went further and further to the left. Evidently his drive had been the wildest possible pull.

We began looking for our balls. The grass was very, very long. I waved a couple through. A few minutes later Grant waved a couple through. We were separated by the length of a full brassie shot; communication between us was impossible. We just slashed away at the tall grass, looking for our balls and waving couples through. I waved another couple through. And then quite suddenly I found my ball.

Throwing my bag down beside it to mark the place, I went over to help Grant.

"I 've found mine," I said, slashing at his grass. "Pity I couldn't mark yours as well."

"It 's no use marking a ball in this muck," he answered with a slash. "It 's simply hopeless. I shall go back and drive another."

"Right," I said. "I 'll stay here and mark it."

We let another couple through and Grant went back and drove another ball, this time quite straight, but only about forty yards. I doubled back with his clubs, which I had been holding for him, and then ran on in front again to mark his next shot, which fortunately stopped on the fairway.

And now, stupidly enough, we had to waste a few more minutes looking for my golf-bag. It was, of course, exactly where I had left it to mark my ball, but there had been nothing to mark the bag, and we found it only in the nick of time to save us having to let another couple through.

I took my niblick and made a masterly shot—fully seventy yards—out of the vilest place imaginable.

"Mark it," cried Grant. And together we raced to the spot where it had fallen. It was nowhere to be seen.

Many couples had passed through and much slashing had been done before I found my ball. And it had grown very, very hot. I chipped it out on to the fairway alongside.

As I did so some people were coming up as if to go through. I wondered whether we need let them go through, and I judged that we were entitled to go on. I turned round to consult Grant. But Grant was not there. . . . The people came nearer—there were four of them—but none of them was Grant. I wondered what had happened to him.

I waved the foursome through. One of them passed near me.

"There 's a ball here," he said kindly, pointing to Grant's ball, which lay on the fairway.

"I know, I know," I replied. "Thanks.



Shopkeeper (to new boy). "DON'T HANG ABOUT WASTING TIME NOW YOU 'VE FINISHED SWEEPING THE SHOP. YOU CAN BE CATCHING FLIES AN' SHOVING THEM INTO OUR NEW PATENT FLY-TRAP, SO THAT IT WILL BE READY TO PUT IN THE WINDOW."

But I've—I've lost the man I'm playing with."

"How do you mean?" he inquired.

"I mean," I answered, "that I have lost him. A fattish, tallish, goodish-looking man in sort of plus-fours. You haven't seen him, have you?"

"No," he answered. "Where did you last have him?"

"Over there," I replied. "In the rough."

"Perhaps he's still there," he suggested.

"Perhaps so," I said. And I went back in search of Grant.

I found him quite quickly. In the rough. He was spread out full length on his back, his head propped up on his golf-bag, his hat pulled over his eyes, his mouth wide open and parched with thirst. He had fallen asleep while I was looking for my ball.

I gazed at him for a moment in silence, and then, shouldering my clubs, I tiptoed away.

And now, sitting here in the Clubhouse awaiting the return of Grant, with a nice long cold drink at my elbow, I am more than ever convinced about the great caddie question. Never again shall I be found sneaking past the caddie shed carrying my clubs to the first tee. Caddies are an essential part of one's golf equipment. I have found this out by the only practical test. Who was it who said——? Oh, yes, SHAKESPEARE:—

"For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

So may it fare with Grant.

FAIRIES BY THE SEA.

CROWDS of them and crowds of them
All among the tide,
On big waves and little waves
Having such a ride!
Creeping up the crinkly sand,
Dancing on the rocks,
Crowds of them and crowds of them
In creamy curly frocks.

Rows of them and rows of them,
Fifty thousand score,
Glittering and twinkling
All along the shore;
Sands to dig I knew there were,
Shrimps to catch for tea;
No one told me I should find
Fairies by the sea. R. F.

Another Impending Apology.

From the report of a hockey match:—

"—— was in fine form . . . His drivelling was excellent."—*Indian Paper.*



Tipster. "WHEN I WAS A YOUNG FELLER AT HOXFORD COLLEGE MY FARVER SUDDINLY DIED AN' CUT ME ORF WIV A SHILLIN'. *(Silence on the part of audience.)* YOU SAY 'WHY?'—'COS IT WAS ALL 'E 'AD."

"Wanted, Chauffeur-Valet; good shaver." *Daily Paper.*

In which capacity?

From a provincial tradesman's circular:—

"We are now prepared to give you all the advantages of an up-to-date London Store in your own locality. Goods of impeachable quality . . ."

Yes, that's just like London.

"What is the play to me,
Clever though it may be?
Moments drag wearily.
You are not here!
What is the ballroom gay?
What is the tune they play?"
Verses in Weekly Paper.

Could it have been "Robin Adair"?

"Wanted Boys Leaving School for Firewood."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

Only blockheads, of course, need apply.

"Provincials visiting London are not a little shocked that the Royal Sandard flying over Buckingham Palace is torn. They are apt to regard with pained contempt anything imperfect."—*Evening Paper.*

We wonder if this includes the spelling of our evening journals.

There was a strange man of Dunluce
Who would never say "Boo!" to a goose;
Yet he always said "Pooh-pooh!"
On meeting a hoopoe,
And "Moo!" on observing a moose.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MUCH has been written about affinities since ARISTOPHANES (they say) accused the gods of cutting a four-legged mortal in half, "as you cut medlars when you are going to pickle them," so that one half still goes about looking for the other. Since his day the notion has narrowed down, and affinities are popularly supposed to be always of different sexes, with the result that the rigid deride their attraction as a mere fancy name for impropriety, and the anarchical, looking upon it as an indisputable mandate, very often end by justifying the slur. Mr. J. D. BERESFORD belongs to the latter camp. His heroine *Unity* (COLLINS), who chooses her own Christian name by way of counteracting the complexities of her temperament, is a strange and beautiful "sport" from a commonplace family. As a child she has spells of artistic inspiration, and after a luckless early marriage goes on the stage in Australia and returns to England a celebrity. Here she contemplates wedding again, despite an intuition, recurrent throughout her life, that her soul is mysteriously allied to that of a stranger seen once during her girlhood. The stranger, *Adrian Gore*, materialises as best man at her union with *Michael, Lord Kettering*, and turns up, two years later, at a Welsh cottage to which *Michael* and his wife have been supernaturally guided. After an explanatory interview, in which the two initiates handle the purblind husband as tenderly as IZAAK WALTON his frog, *Unity* makes up her mind to return home. But her husband, realising that she is still bewailing her unfulfilled desires, takes advantage of a landslide and an errand of charity to arrange his own death. The whole book reads like a remarkably well-contrived nightmare. Certainly its wasteful and shadowy ends are brought about by the most vivid and economical of literary means. But as an authority on kindred souls, Mr. BERESFORD comes very lamely after the most jocular Greek or the most idealistic German, having neither the rationality of the one nor the all-round and infectious sensibility of the other.



Counsel. "NOW, SIR, PERHAPS YOU WILL GIVE ME A STRAIGHTFORWARD ANSWER TO THE SIMPLE QUESTION WHETHER THE PLAINTIFF WAS TRYING TO PASS BETWEEN THE MOTOR-BUS AND THE TAXI OR BETWEEN THE TAXI AND THE LORRY, AND WHETHER, IF AND WHEN YOU SAW HIM, HE WAS NEAR EITHER OR ANY TWO AND WHICH OF THEM RESPECTIVELY?"

In the index to the late Mrs. E. M. WARD'S *Memories of Ninety Years* (HUTCHINSON) I estimate that there are over six hundred names of friends and acquaintances of the author, all of them famous in one way or another in their day and generation. In some cases that generation is at least three removes from the era of broad-casting and post-Cubism, for it is actually no less than seventy-six years since Mrs. WARD was married—though to be sure she was only fifteen at the time. She remembers THOMAS MOORE, for instance, and speaks of CHARLES DICKENS as "my dear friend"—meaning the every-day kind—while she has suffered practical jokes at the hands of BULWER LYTTON and can look back to Mr. Punch's very first appearance. Since this amazing lady—mother of Sir LESLIE WARD, better known as "SPY," the cartoonist—was a painter in a family of painters, had exhibited at the R.A. times without number, and painted till her death, her memoirs have naturally in no small degree a specialised interest. Yet I dare guarantee that any one, however far from being an artist, who has a little time to spare for this book will surely find a colour note here or a pencil outline there that will sharpen for him some portrait impression of TENNYSON perhaps, or of MILLAIS, of PATTI or of THACKERAY, or it may be of QUEEN VICTORIA. It is a volume to be dipped into delicately rather than taken in a single course, for, though one would be sorry to suggest that it is any kind of a jumble, yet the author, wisely I think, scorned chronological sequence, and the titles of her chapters are no particular guide to the bulk of their contents.

Mr. DALE COLLINS has rather spoilt his promising fantasia, *Ordeal* (HEINEMANN), by the persistent violence of his idiom and the preposterous exaggeration of his imagery. The reader is as it were subjected to a series of concussions. "It sailed up to join the stars, but, losing momentum and spirit, suddenly plunged down into the oblivion of the sea." You wouldn't guess that that was written of a mere cigar-end tossed into the sea by a steward? A sinister fellow all the same, this steward of the *Spray*; a "saturnine thing spawned in the noisome bowels of the liners" before he came to this spick-and-span but essentially unsound yacht hired by a rich American for a cruise in the Pacific. And an original villain, who, after years of outward cringing and inward bitterness, suddenly asserts himself and, by playing off crew and passengers against each other, exerts a cruel, indeed a mad, tyranny over both. The *Spray* is becalmed, and the intolerable heat drives all on board out of their normal course. *Viola Thorpe*, hitherto a respectable married woman, plans an outrageous intrigue with a boy-friend of her husband. Catching a flying-fish, she exhibits it to her quarry, "Even so am I," she observes, "prisoned, pulsing, eager for love and life and freedom. That little creature is instinct with desire. Even so am I;" whereupon "a breath of breeze, straying bewildered [and little wonder!] through the tense void, kissed her skin and set it tingling." Meanwhile "the sun bled in the west." However, Mr. COLLINS in his own violent way can tell a story. The robust reader may be entertained by *Ordeal*.

Mr. L. P. HARTLEY'S short stories, collected under the title of *Night Fears* (PUTNAMS), must take rank in the exiguous category of real works of art. If I add that the artist has evidently learned something from the methods of the late HENRY JAMES, I do but testify to the merits of both master and pupil. Like HENRY JAMES, Mr. HARTLEY produces his effects by the elaborate delineation of mood and emotion and idiosyncrasy. In all fiction the reaction of character to a given situation is the stuff of which the story

is made. It may be handled coarsely and broadly, as in the ordinary Don't-move-or-I-shoot and I-loved-you-from-the-first kind of fiction; or wrought with dexterity and truth of workmanship, as in Mr. HARTLEY'S stories. In his preoccupation with the treatment he is, I think, apt to forget that the quality of the subject must also be considered. For some of his themes are hardly worth the skill he bestows upon them. And I put it to Mr. HARTLEY that, while it may be very suggestive simply to leave off—as in "The Telephone Call" and "The Summons"—instead of finishing, it is not quite fair to his readers. No such affectation mars "The Island" and "The Tonic"; the one a tragic adventure conceived in a vein of high romance, the other a poignant study of character. Both are perfectly wrought. There is just one point in "The Island," occurring in the very article of the catastrophe, I would ask Mr. HARTLEY to consider. I doubt if, even in the gloom, the identity of the figure in the chair would have been mistaken.

Miss TENNYSON JESSE, in an excellent introduction to *Murder and its Motives* (HEINEMANN), divides murderers into six classes. WILLIAM PALMER killed his victims for gain; CONSTANCE KENT murdered her young half-brother for revenge; the DE QUÉRANGALS wished to eliminate those who obtruded themselves inconveniently into their lives; jealousy moved Mrs. PEARCEY to commit an especially abominable crime; love of killing took complete possession of the odious NEIL CREAM, and ORSINI is taken as a typical example of a man who murders from conviction. I hold no brief for the last, but am sorry to find him in the company of such detestably sordid people as CREAM, Mrs. PEARCEY and the DE QUÉRANGALS. Psychologically CONSTANCE KENT is the most interesting of these criminals, and quite rightly Miss JESSE claims that her case shows the gulf that divides present-day thought from that of sixty or seventy years ago. Her crime was confessed to the Rev. A. D. WAGNER, of Brighton, at a time when "questions of ritual, ranging from the wearing of surplices to the use of the private confessional, convulsed England daily." Mr. WAGNER'S attitude in this affair was absolutely correct. Miss JESSE has devoted considerable care to her subject, and allows no recognisable motive for murder to escape her penetration.

I do not think very much of the *Triple Fugue* (GRANT RICHARDS) as a short story. Its satire is apt to be pettish, its magic without glamour. It is randomly constructed and childishly over-decorated, reminding me—for analogical extravagance is catching, and Mr. OSBERT SITWELL himself is badly down with an attack of "seeing resemblances"—of a child's sand garden bright with unindigenous flowers. At the same time the flowers *are* bright and in some cases as rare as they are pretty. There is the germ of a lyric on London tree-tops, for instance, which I would give the whole tale to have brought to musical completion—even in *vers libre*. The plot too has the merit of novelty. Just as beetles, so some wiseacres say, have only one tribal soul between a multitude, so three Londoners of 1948, *Mr. Valentine Leviathan*, *Lord Richard Cressey* and *Mr. Freddie Parkinson*, are piecemeal incarnations of one personality. An aeroplane accident smashes up the three, and ingenious science fashions one physical man out of the *débris*, *Lord Richard* preponderating. You would think the result would be comparatively harmonious, given the pyschical premises; but that is just where you fail to give Mr. SITWELL his irre-



Mother (after reproving Father for giving Bobby a taste of cherry brandy). "HOW DO YOU FEEL, DARLING?"

Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, IT 'S TOO LOVELY—JUST LIKE CENTRAL HEATING!"



PACIFIST (CENTRE) IS MORE THAN EVER CONVINCED OF THE NEED OF A SMALLER NAVY.

sponsible due. Personally I got on best with "The Greeting," an old-fashioned tale of mystery and imagination, so well written that its transparency of plot does it comparatively little harm. Of two character-studies, "The Machine Breaks Down" and "The Ship Comes Home," I prefer the former, which tells of the decay of a great conversational *virtuoso*. "Low Tide" is too restlessly handled to give the pathos of its theme a fair chance; while the subject of "Friendship's Due," the machinations of a trio of literary men, is too favourable to the expression of Mr. SITWELL'S personal crotchets to give his talents free scope. A lengthy appendix of Press-cuttings concerning himself and his family is included in the table of contents.

I imagine that *Patricia Ellen* (MILLS AND BOON) is a first novel, and that "MARY WILTSHIRE" is a pseudonym, since it fits in so well with the fact that much of the scene is laid in the country round Avebury. If both these surmises are true we and Wiltshire have here a most promising new novelist. *Patricia Ellen*, the daughter of an inn-keeper in Avebury, marries a delicate artist, and after his death manages a Bristol restaurant to earn their child's livelihood. Later, for the same reason, she submits to a second marriage, this time with a worthy Cirencester tradesman, and, although she doesn't find much happiness for herself, she secures that of *Phyllida*, her artist daughter. But it is not the plot that makes this book so pleasant a thing for a reviewer to meet. It is for the sympathy and humanity with which the characters are seen, the strength with which they are drawn, the vividness of some of the descriptions—such as that of the death of *Phyllida's* father—that I want to put it on record that I think a lot of Miss WILTSHIRE already and expect to think more. She has written a prologue excusing herself for housing her imaginary people in real buildings, and has made out a very good case for it too.

Scout Pie (PEARSON) is offered to the general public by its editor, Mr. ERNEST YOUNG, "as one means of obtaining funds for the vital purpose of training scoutmasters." Blessed by the PRINCE OF WALES in a letter in which His Royal Highness speaks of the "cheerful co-operation by artists and authors in many and varied subjects for the benefit of their young brothers," the book proceeds to give delightful entertainment. I am not going to overwhelm you by giving a list of the authors and artists, generous as they are eminent, who have contributed to this result, but I will ask you to believe me when I say that the prose, the verse and the illustrations to be found in this volume are really admirable. For the modest price of six shillings it is in your power to give true pleasure—with the kind of profit that won't spoil it—to any boy or girl in the land, and at the same time to assist a most worthy cause.

Where Bureaucracy Unbends.

"Holding oneself in an erect attitude is more likely to bring pleasant thoughts than is a slouching department."—*New Zealand Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government was defeated twice in one night last week, making ten defeats in all. We understand that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is playing fifty up.

* * *

"How many animals go to the making of a fur coat?" asks a correspondent in an evening paper. Our belief is that none of them go. They all have to be fetched.

* * *

M. POINCARÉ has written an article for *The Daily Mail*. Aren't you glad now that you raised your hat to the French ex-Premier?

* * *

By the way, ex-Premiers always seem to have something to say, and the trouble is that they will say it.

* * *

In view of the fact that a gang of counterfeit coiners are at work the police are warning the public to examine their money. Ask your tradesmen to let you have another look at yours.

* * *

The tide has turned against the shingle and women are now letting their hair grow long again. So, after all, women will be women.

* * *

According to a Paris message an American couple divorced last year have just re-married. This is what is known as having your marriage made absolute.

* * *

A contemporary estimates that if all the streets in London were placed end to end they would reach Constantinople. We wonder if the Turks know that.

* * *

Mr. GOSLING is considering the planting of trees along the new roads. For ourselves we should prefer dug-outs as affording a simpler means of escape.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE says that a strong virile nation is one that makes the best of its land. He must have met the house agent who is developing a new estate near us.

* * *

The Stratford magistrates held recently that sauce is grocery. So our grocer's boy seems to think.

* * *

The gramophone in the Queen's Dolls' House can be covered by a breakfast-cup. Why can't they make them all like that?

* * *

Mrs. MITCHELL says that politicians, in order to attract women voters, should talk about hats. Up till now, of course, they 've merely talked through them.

* * *

A dentist recently bit a policeman who attempted to arrest him. We knew this advertising business would go too far before long.

* * *

A strike of plumbers in the Midlands has collapsed. The men are now busy searching for the tools that they downed.

* * *

The City Council is to spend two hundred pounds this year on the cleaning of statues. Many people think it a mistake to interfere with Nature's kindly camouflage.

* * *

Mr. OSWALD SITWELL told *The Daily News* recently that there would be no difficulty about his being buried in Westminster Abbey. Well, why this delay?

* * *

A French lady has embroidered a fairy tale on a piece of tapestry. And we ourselves have seen a carpet marked "Genuine, all wool."

* * *

"Every modern girl should have a chaperon," says a writer in a morning paper. We would go further and recommend three chaperons working eight-hour shifts.

* * *

"If," says a contemporary, "you put a farthing on one side every day you would be surprised in forty years' time at the amount you had saved." It 's a long time to wait for a surprise.

* * *

We are proud to claim acquaintance with the wife of a profiteer who declared she would not do any shopping during the summer sales but preferred to wait until things got a little dearer again.

* * *

We read of a tortoise that has lived in Ireland for nearly four hundred years. This is due to a resolution it made when quite young never to take part in local politics.

* * *

Two more vitamines have been discovered by scientists at the University of California. It is believed that there is still another one at large.

* * *

At a recent baby show a lullaby contest was held. Of course the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can't be *everywhere* at once.

* * *

Mars will be only 34,600,000 miles from the earth this month. Our sky-writers have been warned to keep to the left.

* * *

We read of a Kensington linnet which raises such a commotion when sky-writing is carried out that it has to be covered up until the last stroke of "*Daily Mail*" has been written. We suspect the bird of being a reader of *The Daily News*.



Bobby (following mother and father round links at a respectful distance). "I WONDER WHO 'S WINNING?"

Peggy. "I THINK FATHER MUST BE. I HEARD HIM OFFER TO CARRY MOTHER'S CLUBS A FEW MINUTES AGO."

Another Impending Apology.

"M. Herriot dined at the Fleet-Street tavern where he tackled the traditional dishes with great gusto. It is not now considered likely that he will return to Paris just yet."
Daily Paper.

"THE NEW-STYLE FARMER.

The farmer of to-day is no simple Hodge with a spade, a fork, a cart, a plough and a wisp of straw in his mouth."
Yorkshire Paper.

In the rural districts nowadays they don't grow mouths of this capacity.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"When should I stop pinching sweet peas for show on August 5? RASP.—Cease the pinching at once."—*Gardening Paper.*

We are glad to observe that our contemporary disapproves so strongly of a practice which is all too prevalent at local flower-shows.

THE GERMAN LOAN.

In commerce I have never been a swanker;
My place is far from Mammon's throne;
I do not talk in billions, like a banker,
But, when the alien wants a loan,
Where would the high financier be
Without the small investor—meaning me?

So, where the nations' delegates assemble
To chat about the DAWES Report,
It is the thought of me that makes them tremble
Lest I should cut their Conference short;
They know the tune 's for me to set
Who pay the piper. That 's what makes 'em sweat.

The Frenchman, clamorous for his own "security"
And caring not a curse for mine,
Casts horrid doubts upon my motive's purity
And in my caution smells a sign
Of that material soul and base
That stamps the sordid Anglo-Saxon race.

I gather from this conversazione
That just for pure joy—though the score
Which France declines to pay has left us stony—
We ought to lend some millions more,
Toward which I cannot find (can you?)
That she intends to plank a single sou.

Then let our friends leave Germany free as France is
To pay her debt with hands untied;
Myself, I dimly hope they 'll take their chances,
For still my trust, though sorely tried,
Is that, in spite of ugly rumour,
The French retain some little sense of humour.

O. S.

THE GREAT DECISION.

ONCE upon a time, in a Northern city by the sea there lived two men who loved the same maiden, and her heart was divided between them, fifty-fifty. They were both good-looking, steady-going young fellows, but, no matter how she tried, she could not readjust the percentages in her heart. After seven years she decided that something must be done. But what? The old-fashioned method of building a stadium into which her lovers would ride, each at the head of a hundred peerless knights and fight for her, would entail considerable expense. The other old-fashioned method of tossing a bawbee seemed too brusque and brutal. At last it was agreed that Andrew and David should play one round of golf, and the winner should win her.

There is no need to describe the game in detail. We have all heard games of golf described. Suffice it to say that it was what the sporting reporters would call a ding-dong struggle. At the seventeenth green they were all square and breathing heavily. At the last tee each stood long, nervously oscillating his driver with high frequency, and each delivered an excellent shot, both balls sailing over the ridge in the direction of the hidden green.

On the brae-face above that green, in a clump of whinbushes, sat the object of their affections. She had flitted unseen from one vantage-point to another, running, as *Beatrice* did, "like a lapwing, close by the ground," and, although never near enough to know the exact state of affairs, she now knew, of course, that the decision had been deferred to the last green, if not further. She reasoned that no two men after a game of such importance had been decided would be callous enough to go on playing the bye. At least not on this course, where she and they were members. It would be different if they had each paid two shillings and sixpence for the round.

It is in crises of this kind that the heart discovers itself. At the third hole Maggie had realised that hers no longer stood at fifty-fifty. The David side had advanced to fifty-one and the Andrew had correspondingly receded to forty-nine. At the thirteenth David was distinctly preferred and Andrew very ordinary. At the eighteenth Davids had soared to eighty-seven and Andrews were flabby at thirteen. She sighed over the long-drawn indecision of those wasted years and wept into her handkerchief.

As she was weeping into her handkerchief and looking through a hole in it with one eye, she saw the first ball, which was Andrew's, come bounding over the ridge and bump, bump on the smooth slope. It trickled on to the green and came to rest about four feet beyond the hole. Maggie grasped a twig of the whinbush and let go again. Years afterwards, as it seemed, came David's ball, bounded over the ridge, bump-bumped on the green, trickled to the edge of the bunker beyond and toppled in.

For three seconds the world swam. Then the path of love, in which all is fair, lay plain before her. The bushes screened her from the advancing players as she rose to seek the lower ground. The ridge hid her from them as she raced across the green. For a moment she hesitated as if in doubt about her course of action. But there was no time to think it out. And so David's ball was removed from the bunker and placed in the hole, and in a trice Maggie was back in her hiding-place, panting and triumphant.

Together the rivals came over the ridge, breathing heavily, and saw the fair green and the ball upon it. Maggie clutched a thistle and let go again. "Someone 's had a good shot," she heard Andrew say nonchalantly as he stopped, and with trembling fingers applied a match to his pipe. She saw David stride on towards the ball, stop suddenly at the hole and grasp the pin like a man stricken with sudden pain. She heard Andrew inquire carelessly whose was the ball on the green, and there was no reply. She heard him repeat his question in a louder tone, and then David seemed to pull himself together. To her startled ears came the words, "It 's—it 's mine. Yours is in the—no, sorry, I 'm wrong. It 's—it 's yours. I must be in the bunker."

What could it all mean? Had he not seen the ball in the hole? Or had he pretended not to see it because he no longer loved her? His subsequent action cleared up the mystery. Lighting a cigarette, he dropped the matchbox, and, as he stooped to lift it, Maggie saw his hand fumble in the hole. She saw him go to the bunker; she heard him cry, "Yes, it 's here;" she both heard and saw him smite the earth three times and then congratulate Andrew on his victory.

Yes, it was clear now. Her little deception had been easily penetrated by one who had formerly been a boy scout. Those tiny heel-marks on the soft green could not be hidden from the trained sleuth. He had seen it all in a flash; then had come the great temptation, only to be flung aside, and now he was lost to her for ever. All may be fair in love, but there is honour among golfers, as Maggie now knew.

What she did *not* know is that the penalty for playing a hole in one stroke is the expenditure of twelve-and-sixpence on a bottle of whisky.

A Wardour-Street Dynasty.

"King Louise IV. Drawing-room Settee and 2 large Divans."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"Rembrandt, whose picture, 'The Mill,' was sold for £100,000, recently died a pauper."—*Weekly Paper.*

Very distressing. Why ever didn't he apply for an old-age pension?



"THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH."

THE CHIEF SCOUT TAKES THE SALUTE.

[A Jamboree of Boy Scouts of the Empire is to be held at Wembley on Friday next].



Flustered Lady. "HAVE YOU SEEN A SMALL BOY?"
Recumbent Gentleman. "SANDY-HAIRED FAT LITTLE DEMON? HE 'S PLAYING BY HIMSELF NEAR THE BREAKWATER."
Flustered Lady. "NO; I 'M LOOKING FOR MY SON—A GOLDEN-HAIRED PLUMP LITTLE BOY."
Recumbent Gentleman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON. *HE* 'S PLAYING BY HIMSELF NEAR THE BREAKWATER."

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

HEAVEN forbid that I should be conceited, but I do try to take an intelligent interest in things that matter. Unless a man interests himself in and stands by the country he has honoured by his birth, then he should do the next best thing and resign.

Yet the enthusiast will find that standing by one's own country can become very uphill work, and that it will wear him out in time. But he must not allow this to worry him, for his duty is plain. He must carry on the good work.

It is for this reason that I make it an habitual rule to invite the opinion of all those I meet on the current problems of the day; but, alas, one is apt to become disheartened.

Yesterday, for instance, I noticed in the Tube train a particularly intellectual-looking man sitting next to me. Why he sat next to me I don't know, but I must say I admired his good taste; and, as I have said, he appeared to be very intelligent. He had an oval face, a tired moustache and what looked like an ingrowing chin.

I asked him what he thought of the building strike, indicating that I thought it was terrible.

But do you think he had an opinion?

No. The building strike merely reminded him that Puggletown Wanderers had just signed on a new centre-forward, and I gathered that it was not before he was wanted, and I could take his word for it, and had I a match on me?

I was just going to veer round to my favourite topic, the Theory of Relativity, when he bluntly asked me if I knew a good thing for the two-thirty.

What he meant by the two-thirty I have no notion.

My next attempt was on an omnibus during the late afternoon. Seated next to me was a burly man—probably a licensee in his own right—and I promptly asked him what he thought of the prospects of a satisfactory settlement at the Conference that was dealing with the Experts' Report. But that question reminded him of something different. It reminded him that bread was going up in price, and he gave me a graphic description of the various ways in which he would gladly murder all millers and profiteers free of Entertainment Tax.

Then upon going home at night I got into conversation with the Tube lift-man, as I always try to brighten their lives for them, just to encourage them. I remarked that, having such an up-and-down life, I didn't suppose he had had an opportunity of seeing His Imperial Highness TAFARI MAKONNEM, expecting, of course, that he wouldn't mind telling me if he had.

But no. I suffered my third disappointment, for he merely looked me up and down, more in anger than in pity, and informed me in no uncertain terms that somebody had been pulling my leg and that there "wasn't no such horse running."

I cannot bear to write any more.

"Truth in Advertising."

"Because of a certain singing teakettle we now have the puffing engine. Young Isaac Watts heard the song.

He figured that what made it sing would make something go, if only it could be hitched up right."—*Advt. in American Magazine.*

Did it make JAMES WATT go and write hymns?

"Quite suddenly the city begins to look cleaner and brighter, and the brightness is reflected in the faces of the citizens. It is wonderful what a little paint can do."

Dublin Paper.

Alas for the days when in fair Dublin City the girls were so pretty without this adventitious aid!

VALEDICTORY VARIATIONS.

Forgive, kind shade of MACKWORTH PRAED,
The doggerel bard who courts disaster
By choosing themes and metric schemes
You handled as a master.

GOOD-NIGHT to the Season!—the oddest
Since PRAED, in the Regency times,
Indited his witty but modest
And suave valedictory rhymes;
For never were known such upheavals
Of Parties and morals and modes,
Such strange unexpected retrievals
Of journeys on perilous roads;
Such dismal and deadly surmises
Of national doom and collapse,
Succeeded by welcome surprises
And blessings disguised as mishaps.

Good-night to the Season!—to WHEATLEY
Commanding attention profound
While urging urbanely and sweetly
Proposals extreme and unsound;
To RAMSAY, enjoying at Chequers,
Sequestered in gardens and woods,
Relief from the cry of the wreckers
That he should "deliver the goods;'
To CLYNES, quite the least magisterial
Of Leaders, in Party control;
To THOMAS, of boldly Imperial
And rich Rabelaisian soul.

Good-night to the Season!—The builders,
Whose grand architectural clash
Achieves a result that bewilders,
And grieves the upholders of NASH;
The mansions, like mountainous ridges,
Or cliffs that o'ershadow the street;
The battle of Waterloo's bridges;
The old guard's assault and defeat;
The girders, so gaunt and unsightly
That mid-Piccadilly disgrace;
The luminous horrors that nightly
Revolve and exhort and grimace.

Good-night to the Season!—The Germans
Resuming their lyrical sway,
While ruthless Trade Unionist firmans
Kept Austrian bandsmen away;
Good-night to the "stars" in their courses
Enlisted, regardless of fee,
To make the Grand Syndicate's forces
A match for the B.N.O.C.
Good-night to *Salome*, *Brynnhilda*,
To strains that enrapture or lull;
To *Carmen* and *Mimi* and *Gilda*,
To WAGNER and "GILBERT and SULL."

Good-night to the Season!—BOROTRA,
The prince of the polyglot crew
That Wimbledon lures from Socotra,
From China, Japan, or Peru;
ALONZO, so gallant and gracious;
LACOSTE, that most "fiery Frank,"
Whose onset, alert and audacious,
BOROTRA alone could outflank;



Disappointed Champion Cokernut-shier (*who has been round the South African section in vain*). "I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY 'AD COKERNUTS IN AFRICA."

SUZANNE, who was forced by a cruel
Mischance to withdraw from the bills,
And the final sensational duel
Between Miss MCKANE and Miss WILLS.

Good-night to the Season!—The stories
Whose authors affect to confess
Humanity's grandeur and glories,
And yet Cloacina caress;
The amateurs, lay and decanal,
Who oust the professional scribes;
The poets whose dread of the banal
Exposed them to music-hall jibes;
The *débutantes*, recklessly daring
In claiming their place in the sun,
Though never by painting and swearing
Hearts worthy of winning are won.

Good-night to the Season!—Another
May possibly run the same race,
But ev'ry Red comrade and brother
Is sworn its delights to efface;
Will it beggar myself and my neighbour?
Or find the Allies still allied?
Or widen the cleavage of Labour
That separates Chequers and Clyde?
Will it find me as mad as a hatter,
Or sane, and preparing for flight
To the Cape or to Chile?—No matter!
Good-night to the Season, good-night!



"HAVE WE STRAYED INTO THE AMUSEMENT PARK?"
(*Mr. BRANGWYN's Canvas in the Stadium.*)

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXI.—THE PAGEANT IS DELAYED.

IT was a simply amazing storm.

"I don't think I'm coming to Wembley," I said to the Illustrator on the telephone. "How large are the hailstones falling down into your grate? As large as pigeons' eggs?"

"No, no, no," he said reassuringly—"not a bit bigger than doves'."

"Rabid Imperialist!" I replied. "HENRY THE FIFTH wouldn't have gone to the Stadium on a day like this."

"No, but HENRY THE SEVENTH will."

"What 's HENRY THE SEVENTH got to do with it?"

"He 's the first episode, my lad."

"Well, he 's got a nice face in the National Portrait Gallery. What else is there in the first episode?"

"The discovery of Newfoundland and Canada."

"Nasty day for a job like that," I said. "Never mind, I 'll come. 'The path of glory leads but to the grave.' I suppose General WOLFE will be there?" And I grasped my umbrella.

As a matter of fact there was no episode at all. The Pageant had been postponed. Early-Tudor ladies and gentlemen, wearing neo-Georgian goloshes, were waiting patiently on the off-chance of a dress rehearsal.

The Stadium, which I had last seen as a steer-roping arena, had now something of the consistency of a buffalo wallow. There was a large empty artificial sea at one end of it, and a large full unartificial sea at the other. In the middle of the unartificial water stood a



COURT CUSTOMS IN THE TUDOR PERIOD.

canvas Tudor gateway, and beyond the artificial water were painted canvas mountains. Halfway up these there was a painted canvas ship. It was as idle as a painted ship upon a painted hill.

"All that is by BRANGWYN," said the Illustrator, waving his hand at the scenery.

"Rather a good idea having the ship up in the mountain," I commented. "It saves the keel from getting damp, you know."

"If I knew as little about the rigging of a ship as BRANGWYN," said the Illustrator, scowling at it, "I would eat my hat."

"I don't suppose you 've ever done much rock-climbing in one of the old Tudor galleasses," I said. "Those were strange adventurous times, my boy," I added, looking at the programme, "when JOHN CABOT came to the Court of HENRY THE SEVENTH."

"Who was JOHN CABOT, anyway?" inquired the Illustrator sulkily.

"I think he found the North-West Passage," I said. "You know, the one where it says 'EXIT TO WEMBLEY HILL ONLY.' Another thing he did, I believe, was to start our trade with Russia; but I don't suppose they 'll bring that into the Pageant. A lot of water has flowed down the Volga since then."

"A lot is flowing down the back of my neck at this moment," said the Illustrator. "For goodness' sake let us get under cover. Hullo! there 's FRANK LASCELLES up there."

The Pageant-Master was seated in the royal box, talking probably to HENRY THE SEVENTH, and drinking every now and then out of a thermos flask. Far

away behind him, over the topmost tiers, were a number of notices written in very large letters:—

FORWARD. BACKWARD. RUN ABOUT.
GO STEADY. GATHER. DISPERSE.

and one or two more.

I have often been ordered about rather brusquely when trying to find a seat in the Stadium, but never quite so confusingly as this. I made a few rapid attempts to obey the whole set of instructions at once, but found it completely impossible.

"What is all that nonsense about, my Lord?" I asked a stray bishop—LATIMER, I think. At any rate he was lighting a pipe.

"To direct the stage crowds," he explained. "Not now, but when it gets darker. The words have electric lights behind them, like the Tube indicators, and when Mr. LASCELLES presses a button it shows up the direction he wants to give."

"Splendid," I conceded. "Only there aren't nearly enough of them. You don't exhaust the possibilities of a stage crowd with a few sentences like those. Why not have

SOB LOUDLY.
RAISE FISTS TO HEAVEN.
CURSE SOFTLY BUT DEEP.
FLING GREASY CAPS IN AIR?

They're always flinging up their greasy caps in SHAKESPEARE, you know. Or you might tell them to

EXHIBIT SIGNS OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS

like the Florentine crowds in MAX BEERBOHM's *Savonarola*. How many people *are* there in this Pageant, by the way?"

"About twelve thousand," said LATIMER, "not counting animals. Excuse me a moment. I want to speak to the GREAT MOGUL."

"That will be JEHANGIR," I said to the Illustrator, referring to my programme again. "He receives Sir THOMAS ROE, ambassador from QUEEN ELIZABETH. It's a pity it's so damp underfoot. I can't help feeling the weather must have been far finer than this in India when QUEEN ELIZABETH reigned."

"They'll have to hustle a bit to make any part of the Stadium look like the Court of JEHANGIR, I should say."

"Simple dignity will be the keynote," I said. "That and rubber overshoes. Look here, the rain's stopping. Let's go outside the Stadium and look at some of the stray pageantry behind."

Choristers, damsels in peaked hats, knights, nobles and fools, had begun to emerge cautiously and walk up and down the cinder track. Others moved picturesquely about amongst the slopes of mountains or in the sea. The artificial sea, I mean. That was fairly well drained. Nobody, not even Sir WALTER RALEIGH, went through the quagmire beneath the Tudor gate.



"WE ARE NOT REHEARSING TO-DAY, THANK YOU."

Prowling behind the scenes we saw property jungles with orchids and palms, and property palanquins, bows and arrows and musical instruments and lanterns and baskets of fruit; and then the noise of braying drew us to a tent in which were picketed one dirt-coloured camel, four white asses, six white ponies and a white zebu. At least I said it was a zebu. The boy in sole charge said it was "one of these foreign cows." The camel was making occasional efforts to bite off this creature's hump, probably out of mere professional spite.

"This will be part of the splendour of the East," I told the Illustrator, consulting once more the book of the words. "The camel has to trot on in the second episode. JEHANGIR up, I suppose."

"Look here," he cried, as if struck by a brilliant idea—"why shouldn't you and I each get one of these white ponies and give an exhibition of zebu wrestling in the Stadium, to pass the time away?"

"Have you no sense of the dignity of Empire?" I asked him. "Try to remember Sir THOMAS ROE."

"They've got more animals than these," declared the boy. "There's a bear and elephants and lions and tigers coming on in the Pageant, and a lot of things they call llamas."

"That will be your old friend CABOT," said the Illustrator. "He probably brought them back from America to amuse HENRY THE SEVENTH; or else Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. Nobody could sit a bucking llama like Sir FRANCIS DRAKE."

"It gives you rather an insight," I observed reflectively, "into the trials of a pageant-master's life when you look at this little tent. Supposing the whole show is going perfectly and then a zebu, or a llama, or a camel, or it may be an elephant, fails to notice the electric indicator and begins to gather when it ought to disperse? Up till now I fancied Mr. FRANK LASCELLES had got rather an easy job."

EVOE.

"CORNWALL.—Board Residence; facing Bay and Sands. Minute Golf Links."
Sunday Paper.

With Lilliputting greens?

"Day drove Douglas in one over for a 6, two 4's and three 3's."
Provincial Paper.

Very obliging of the umpire to let DOUGLAS change ends during the over.

From a law-report:—

"The Soviet Government had been recognised by Great Britain as the awful Government of Russia."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Truth will out—even in a misprint.

"Paris mails of May 21 arrived at Shanghai on June 25 on SS. *Porthos* and are expected to arrive here to-day arrive here to-day at 10.25 a.m.
at 10.25 a.m."—*Chinese Paper.*

Chorus, gentlemen!

"Deborah, I say that every breath I draw, every drop of blood in my body, every beat of my heart and every dream of my soul, are here at your feet."— —— *Magazine.*

We infer that Deborah's lover had not yet qualified for the medical profession.

TO SAVE CRICKET.

THE regrettable dispute between Middlesex and Yorkshire, which may, it is feared, end in the cancelling of their two matches next year; the sparse attendance at Lord's and the Oval all this season, and the general feeling of depression caused by HOBBS's super-caution in the Gentlemen and Players contest, cause much disquietude and thought among the friends—not of cricket, which can always take care of itself and is flourishing on its true home, the village green, as never before, but—of those exacting and important persons, the cricket crowd. Are they to be permitted to abandon the game without a blow being struck in their defence? No. Their good opinion must be recaptured at any cost.

After much thought I have perfected a plan to save the situation. By this plan the cricket of the future will be put on a sound and stable basis and the public at last will get what it wants.

Now, one of the reasons why football is so much more popular than cricket is the fact that there is intense activity and excitement compressed into ninety minutes. Cricket suffers by its leisureliness and by the timidity of batsmen who are solicitously desirous not to return yet to the Pavilion. Reduce the time of a match from three days to three hours, and remove the cause of the batsmen's prudence and tremors, and you have an ideal entertainment for Wembley. Bowling and fielding have little interest for the crowd; the crowd goes to see big hits, and, if there are no big hits, it remembers that it will never, never be slaves, and boos. Without the crowd first-class cricket cannot live, and moreover, if the counties are going to quarrel and refuse to meet each other, there will be little point in continuing the first-class championships, anyway.

Therefore the first-class game may as well go, and its ordinary practitioners return to normal life and play only on holidays in smaller matches. But what of the batting cracks? By my plan they will be kept as star turns for the Wembley Stadium and other suitable arenas.

I have it all mapped out in the manner of the Rodeo. The management will announce a series of hitting displays and secure the services of HOBBS, who will then recognise no just impediment to opening his shoulders, HENDREN, WOOLLEY, SUTCLIFFE and others of the more famous bats, together with some of the more adventurous sloggers of the day, the men who, by reason of their aptitude as bowlers or wicket-keepers, now cheerfully lash out at everything, such as TATE and PARKIN and MURRELL. Perhaps some amateurs may be persuaded to join too—Mr. MANN, Mr. GILLIGAN, Mr. HAIG, Mr. FENDER, Mr. BLAIKIE, Mr. CARR, Mr. M. D. LYON, and so forth. Only bowlers who send down half volleys will be employed, cutting and leg-glancing and such subtle strokes having little spectacular value; and everything like defence will be under a ban. What the crowd wants is big hits into the air, if possible out of the ring; and prizes will be offered every afternoon for the longest efforts.

But we have not yet touched the heart of the matter. The special attraction, the certain lure, will be the undertaking that, no matter how often he is caught or bowled, the batsman will continue his innings for a definite space of time, say half-an-hour each. This will at once enchant the spectators and by liberating the batsman's mind from all petty restrictions and fears will enable him to do his best and deserve the applause that I am sure will be constant and cordial. There will be a few fieldsmen, but only for the purpose of returning the ball, like the boys at Wimbledon; and of course, as at Wimbledon, the bowlers will have a plentiful supply so as to save time. And there will, of course, be no running, because that would fatigue the batsmen and divert them from the real business of the day.

I can visualize a poster:—

> **SIXES AT WEMBLEY!**
>
> On Monday at 2.30
> in the Stadium
>
> HOBBS will hit sixes for half-an-hour against the worst bowling in England. Followed by HENDREN, WOOLLEY and other giants of the bat.
>
> No disappointments,
> No tiresome science,
> No kill-joy umpires,
> and
> More comfortable seats than in 1924.
>
> &c., &c., &c.

Don't you think this a very good way of bringing popularity back to this unfortunate game? It is now at sixes and sevens; it will then be only at sixes—the magic figure. E. V. L.

"MINISTERS REMOVING.

—— & Sons, specialise in Wesleyan Ministers' Removals to all parts."
Advt. in Methodist Paper.

HENRY II. cannot have known about this firm when he asked, "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?"

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

VIII.—THE AIR MINISTRY.

THE Ministry contains, of course,
The shrewdest brains in all the Force.
The men who draft the Regulations
That blow along to distant stations
Sit calmly there in swivel chairs
Directing everyone's affairs.
It rests with them alone to fix
The pattern of our walking-sticks,
And whether bandsmen ought to wear
An extra inch or two of hair.
They also issue their decrees
To units serving overseas,
With hints on how to sleep at night
In Basra when mosquitoes bite.
The Admiralty even says
(And this indeed is valued praise)
That those who run Adastral House
Possess their share of pep and nous.

It 's said that at the Ministry
They lunch from half-past twelve to three,
Then hasten back to work again,
And never murmur or complain,
But, filled with departmental zeal,
Apply their shoulders to the wheel,
And not a single man alive
Knocks off before the stroke of five;
Which shows, I think you must admit,
Their boundless energy and grit.
Their motto is, "Department first,"
And they will stick it till they burst
Before they 'll let a rival say,
"*We* worked the harder yesterday."

From time to time they cause a stir
By sending down an officer
With rows of ribbons on his chest,
Who puts us through a searching test.
He marshals us upon the Square
And sets us tramping here and there,
Inspects our buttons, badges, boots,
And takes a series of salutes
From lines of squadrons marching past,
While trumpets sound a stirring blast.
It 's kind of them to let him come
For just a day, to make things hum;
It gives our lives an added zest,
Inspiring us to do our best,
That we may never fail to be
A credit to our Ministry.

Byron and the Abbey.

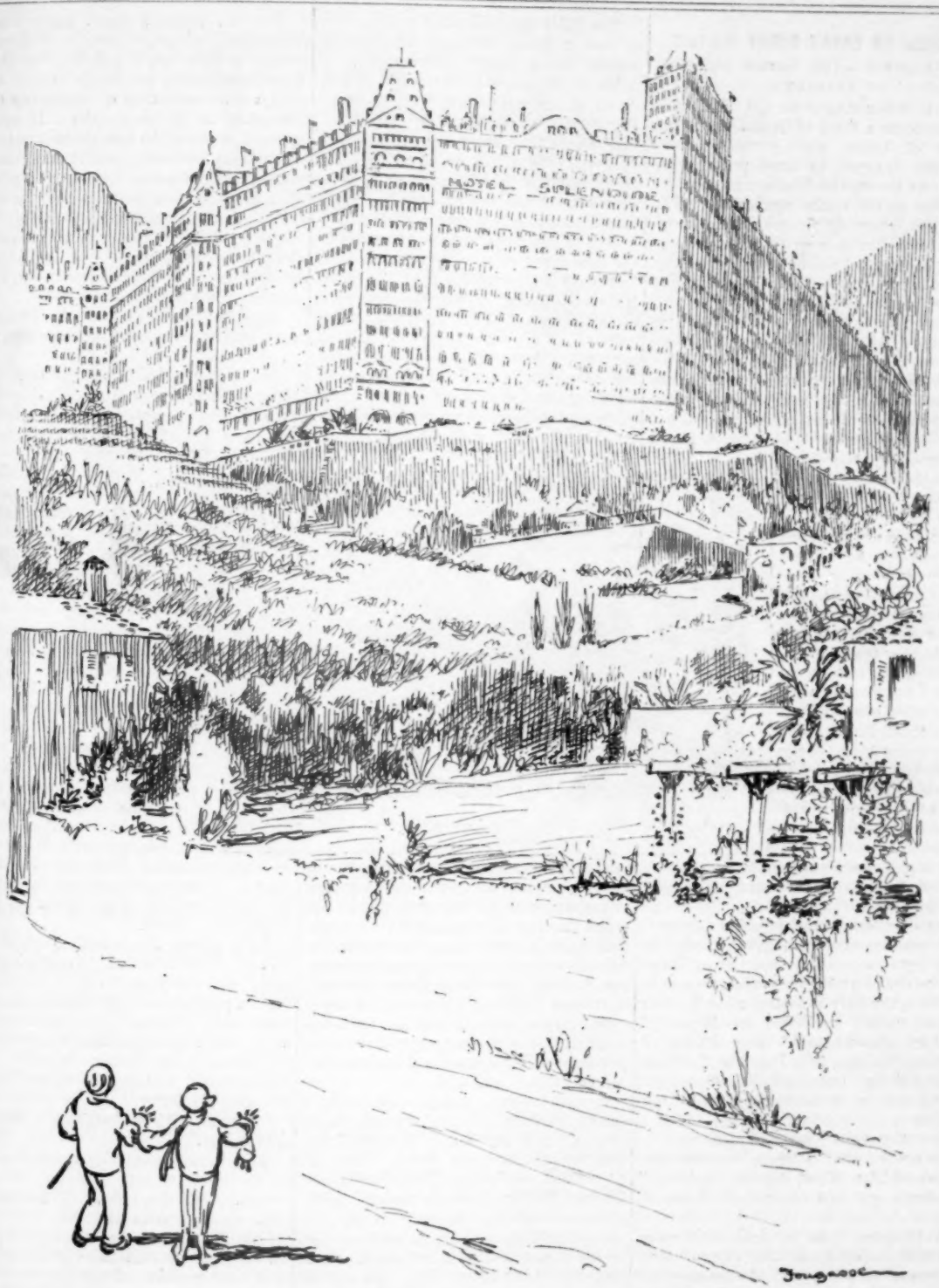
"Moreover there is in this case a personal issue. Byron earned a reputation for immortality."—*Scots Paper.*

But that isn't what put the DEAN off.

From the report of a lecture on Winchester Cathedral:—

"Then came the second Saxon Church, which F. L. Wold rebuilt, and which lasted until between 1079 and 1093."
Provincial Paper.

This architect must not be confused with F. L. REDD, a later member of the firm, usually known as "The Unready."



"OH, PERCIVAL, HOW DREADFUL! WHEN I SENT THAT PICTURE POSTCARD TO AUNT LOUISA, I DO BELIEVE I PUT A CROSS AGAINST THE WRONG WINDOW."

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON I.—THE SHORT STORY ANALYSED.

THIS is the magazine age. And with it has come a flood of literature, in the form of books and correspondence courses, designed to teach people how to write the stories that are required to fill the pages of the magazines. The thing is becoming almost a cult. Judging from the advertisements, everybody seems to be either writing stories, learning to write stories or teaching other people how to write stories.

Everybody, that is, with one exception. Me. This serious omission is now to be remedied.

Of the three courses open to me I have chosen the last. It was borne in upon me some time ago that I cannot write short stories (this is not my own opinion, by the way, though it appears to be the settled conviction of a number of gentlemen who used to tell me so almost daily in snappy little slips printed especially for the purpose). I am quite sure that nobody could ever teach me to write short stories, so that I am forced to fall back upon the excellent rule that, if you can't do a thing yourself, the next best thing is to teach someone else how to do it. How otherwise, I asked myself earnestly, would dramatic critics and political leader-writers be able to marry and bring up families?

Very well, then, let us have no more discussion on this point, please.

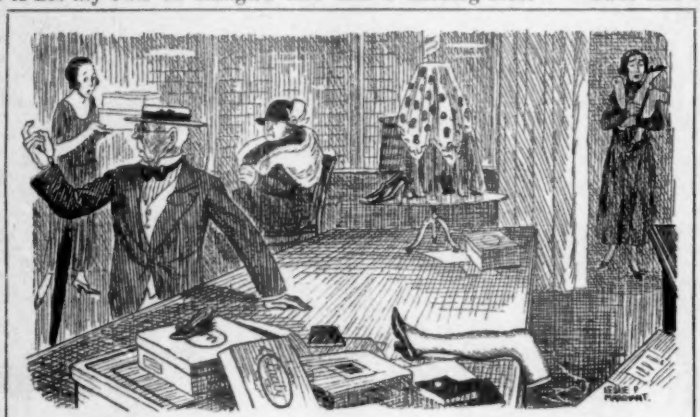
I have been very puzzled as to what to call my course of lessons. Most of the books dealing with this subject seem to strike a severely practical note in their titles: "How to Write for Money;" "Short Stories and Long Profits;" "What Editors will Pay For." That sort of thing. Personally I prefer something rather more unassuming. "A Guide to Short Story Writing" has, I think, the right note of simplicity.

I notice that I have headed this lesson "The Short Story Analysed." Perhaps we had better get down to it.

I propose then to deal with some general aspects of the short story, common to all types. In subsequent lessons (wind, weather and the Editor permitting) I hope to take some of these types and examine them separately. This will be very jolly.

The chief thing about a short story is that it should be short and that it should tell a story. Otherwise it is liable to degenerate into a full-length novel or an essay upon "Forty-seven Different Ways of Cooking Bananas." This makes the thing practically useless as a short story. If therefore you find anything like this happening to your short stories you may be morally certain that something is wrong with them.

One of the most important points in the technique of short story writing is to ensure that your story shall be illustrated. This can be done by getting it accepted by one of the illustrated magazines. The importance of this is obvious. Even though the artist has not troubled to read the story before drawing the pictures for it and has depicted your heroine propelling a punt instead of wheeling a perambulator in the costume of an over-worked young suburban wife, yet his illustrations do catch the eye of the casual reader and may even go so far as to persuade the fellow—who knows?—to take his courage in both hands and glance through the story itself. First points of technique are always concerned with inveigling the unsuspecting reader into a perusal of the actual story, as we shall see again in a moment.



Shortsighted Gent. "MR. SHOPWALKER—QUICK! ONE OF YOUR LADY-ASSISTANTS HAS FAINTED, I THINK."

A short story should deal with a single incident. But there are limits to this. For instance, it is almost useless for you to write down, "In a fit of absent-mindedness Mrs. Parkinson-Greene bit the postman under the impression that he was an over-ripe tomato," and expect people to believe you when you call it a short story. It is nothing of the sort. Why this should be so I can't explain. All I can say is that I have a sort of feeling—second sight, instinct, *flair*, call it what you will—that this is *not* a short story.

For one thing a short story must have a beginning and an end. It should have a middle too, of course; but that is perhaps asking too much. *Of all the things that matter in a short story the beginning is the most vital.* It must arrest the attention and strike a note of expectancy and suspense; it must rouse the reader's interest to such a pitch that (as with the illustrations) he will be lured into reading the rest of the story in order to find out what really does happen; it must—— But I am getting excited. To tell the truth, first sentences always do excite me.

Very well, then, let us start our story with such a trenchant scene as this:—

Sir James McGrigsby blotted the letter he had just completed, slipped it into an envelope and rang for the butler.

"Take this to my daughter at once, Willoughby."

The butler padded softly out of the room, and the baronet waited until the sound of his footsteps had died away. Then with trembling hands he raised the revolver that had been concealed in his pocket, pointed it at his temple and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report; then all was still.

You see the idea. What was Sir James shooting himself for? What was in the letter he had written to his daughter? What was his daughter like? Had she a tip-tilted nose? I mean, such an opening as that leaves the reader simply bursting with questions. Good.

Now comes the middle part of the story. This is called "developing the plot," and shows how important it is to have a plot to develop. Without a plot your story will be a very poor sort of story, as a moment's reflection will show.

"From your father, Miss." The butler stood motionless while the girl scanned the letter.

"Thank you, Willoughby. There is no answer."

Lavender McGrigsby's youthful but aristocratic features had not changed as she read the note. (Observe that you must constantly use the word "but" between adjectives that are not in the least antithetic.) Not a blench had been visible. Only the tip of her tip-tilted little nose had quivered ever so slightly. Yet the letter was one which might have been expected to upset any girl.



AFTER-EFFECT OF THE ADVERTISING CONVENTION.

LITTLE MUDDLETON STARTS A PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN.

"MY DEAR LAVENDER" (so it ran),—"I have another large carbuncle coming on my forehead. This is the fourteenth in succession, and I can stand it no longer. By the time you get this I shall have shot myself. Give my love to your aunts.

Your loving FATHER."

The girl clutched blindly at the air. It failed to support her and she fell to the ground.

"Philip," she muttered, "what will this mean to him?"

Well, the plot develops rapidly after that. Philip and Lavender, the reader learns, are secretly in love; but under the terms of her grandfather's will Lavender cannot marry without her father's consent. If her father is dead, how is she to obtain it? Why has Philip not spoken already? Because he is only a poor market gardener's labourer, and Sir James is known to be absolutely stuffed with all sorts of obsolete ideas about class distinctions. Lavender does not want to interview her father's corpse (this would spoil the *dénouement*), but at once informs Philip of the catastrophe.

He in his turn reveals the fact that he is not a market gardener's labourer at all, but the eldest son of the Duke of Watford, and that, having fallen in love with a picture of Lavender in *The Prattler*, he had adopted this humble disguise in order to win her love for himself alone. So far so good; but the original difficulty still remains. Lavender is a remarkably dutiful granddaughter, and nothing will induce her to act against her grandfather's wishes by marrying without her father's consent. What to do?

So now for our *dénouement* (this only means the end really, but we technical people always call it the *dénouement*). This is almost as important as the beginning. It should be very short, logical and totally unexpected.

Here is the *dénouement* for our model story:—

Lavender clasped her slender hands. "I can't do it, Philip," she moaned, "I can't! I feel somehow that Grandfather is watching me, and I can't destroy his faith in me. I can't marry you without father's consent, future Duke though you be." Her face was very pale, and there was a world of sorrow in her eyes; but her voice was low and firm.

"What's all this?" asked a peevish voice behind them.

The two lovers spun round. Sir James McGrigsby himself was standing in the open doorway.

"Who can't you marry without my consent, and who's a future Duke?" he continued irritably. "Of course you can marry a future Duke. I give my consent at once."

"But, father," Lavender gasped (her cheeks were flushed now and there was a world of joy in her eyes), "I thought you had shot yourself."

"I did try," returned Sir James petulantly. "But you ought to know by this time what a bad shot I am, Lavender. I missed myself. Ring the bell at once, please, and tell Willoughby to bring me a hot fomentation for this infernal carbuncle."

Lavender turned to Philip. "My own!" she breathed.

And that, I venture to suggest, is the perfect short story—undraped. Clothe its bare bones with a few complications, decorate it with another case or two of mistaken identity, embellish it with a few more incidents as far removed from anything resembling real life as possible, and you will find yourself with a story that any magazine editor will be ready and willing to pay you good money for.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; that will do for to-day.



Drover (leaving itinerant "Professor" after an unsatisfactory operation). "DID YE EVER CURE ANYONE?"
"*Professor.*" "THOUSANDS!"
Drover. "'OW D' YE KNOW YE CURED 'EM?"
"*Professor.*" "WELL, THEY NEVER CAME BACK."

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Many are anxious for the reform of the House of Lords, and many complain that not enough young men of the right quality take part in political life. But no one, I think, has seen that there is a single, simple and obvious solution of both problems, namely, the creation of young peers.

This is the Age of Youth, we are constantly informed; every Party is in search of young recruits of political inclination and ability, and it is true that almost any young man is now able to enter the House of Commons, provided he has money. And there are at least three powerful bodies who will commission a poor young man to fight an Election, provided that, if elected, he behaves himself. Yet with all these avenues to public life open before him there must still be many an unsuspected PITT at the wrong end of an avenue. And there must be many of these who cannot hope, while young, to afford the grinding cost of a seat in the democratic chamber, but might easily support the trivial expenses of a peer.

Take my own case. For political purposes I am now in the prime of life, moderate, high-minded, unusually wise, free from those elderly accretions of the mind which are called political principles, prepared at any moment to throw bouquets or boulders at any of the parties and to judge any measure on its merits, irrespective of its parentage. Principle and logic are the two twin curses of current politics, and I should be valuable in public life for the same reason as women, that I am free from both. At the moment also I share with women that realism which is the breath of reform and that irresponsibility which is the spark of genius. But it may be twenty years before I am ennobled in the ordinary course, and by then, no doubt, I shall have lost these wholesome qualities; I shall have become a sound Party man and for legislative purposes comparatively useless.

Meanwhile, the House of Lords, in spite of the ability and learning of that handful of noblemen who conduct its business, does not enjoy the public confidence which it deserves. In fact, of course, it is infinitely superior to the House of Commons in every respect, in knowledge, experience, wisdom, courtesy and breadth of mind. But there has sprung up somehow or other a legend that it is composed of legislators with the habit of mind of elderly men; and indeed, if this is the Age of Youth, the House of Lords is not its most conspicuous advertisement. But what is extraordinary is this, that every scheme of reform so far put forward is designed to "strengthen" that House by the addition of yet other elderly men, who, however distinguished their careers, are not very likely to bring to their debates that liveliness and freshness of temper in which alone they are deficient.

The real charge against the House of Lords is not that their intentions are not good, but that their attendance is so bad; yet how can they be expected to be regular attenders at debates so dull that for the most part they are not even "news"? Sinister reasons have been advanced for the large attendance of Peers at the debates upon the Liquor Bill; but surely the true explanation is innocent and simple enough. For there, at any rate, were some of those warmer manifestations which distinguish a debate from a mere discussion. Peers of the realm openly disagreed with one another, Ex-Lord Chancellors grew cross, and even Bishops contradicted. The peerage is but human after all, and it is no wonder the House was

quite unusually full. It is true that where the arteries are old some special stimulus may be needed to promote such warmth; but the annual inflow of a number of young men might generate at last in every discussion such interest and feeling as were discovered by the Liquor Bill and are, of course, the common accompaniments of an ordinary House of Commons' debate on Sewer Gas or the Diseases of Pigs.

I have not forgotten that there is already a sprinkling of young peers; but these, like poets, were born, not made, and they can hardly be expected to display the special qualities of youth in a House so thickly peopled with their elderly relatives.

The new creations which I contemplate will be young men noble by character rather than birth, and in the matter of blood not blue so much as red (I use the word with no political significance). They will be chosen for their political interest and aptitude; in age about thirty, and in number, I suggest, about ten per annum. Thus in ten years' time there will be at least one hundred active legislators in the House of Lords below the age of forty. And I do not think we need go any further in the direction of Second Chamber Reform. The solid work, no doubt, will still be done with the same impeccable efficiency and public spirit by the same venerable pro-consuls and privy councillors, but they will be badgered, questioned, contradicted, interrupted and generally kept up to their work by the young peers, in the manner of the House of Commons. In this way the House of Lords will become "news," and then at last its sterling qualities will be revealed to the electorate. For any old institution is safe provided only that it is "news."

Sir, I am a busy man, but I write to say that I am willing to offer my services as a pioneer in this experiment. It would require a heavy and continuing endowment to induce me to face the humiliating process of a series of popular elections; but I am ready to become a peer for nothing. I do not insist upon an Earldom; indeed, I would willingly begin as a Baron. And while I should, of course, be prepared to shoulder the usual responsibilities of high rank I should prefer that any more substantial grant which it might please HIS MAJESTY to associate with the bare title should take the form of money rather than land.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, A. P. H.

Literary Candour.

"This popular author . . . has never failed to create a story without interest."
Bookseller's Catalogue.



Waitress (to persistent bell-ringer). "MUSICAL, AIN'T CHER?"

"He then made 339 out of 108, being top scorer for his side."—*West Country Paper.*

We thought he must have been.

"J. ——, Deputy and Enquiry Agent. Traders' income-tax prepared. Lessons on Flute, old and new system."
Advt. in Local Paper.

We wonder if it would be any good trying our Inspector of Taxes with a Lament in Schedule D minor.

"The tourists one and all were quite unable to find adequate expression for their amazement at the wonderful scenery of the rugged mountains and natural forest. At one point the cars dropped a distance of approximately 1,500 ft. in a quarter of a mile."
South African Paper.

It sounds as if the reporter had had a drop too much?

"The difference between Mr. Tilak and Mr. Gandhi was that the former advocated a tooth for a totoh while Mr. Gandhi advocated a kiss for a kick."—*Indian Paper.*

It is not too clear, but we gather that Mr. GANDHI differs from Mr. TILAK in totoh.

"Westminster has only one registered cowshed, but it has not been used during the past twelve months."—*Agricultural Publication.*

It would appear that Mr. ASQUITH'S "patient oxen" found this accommodation inadequate.

From a railway-guide calendar for July:—

"George Bernard Shaw born, 1956."

You will remember that he threatened something like this in *Back to Methuselah.*



First Matron. "THE BOYS ARE GETTING SO BIG NOW I REALLY MUST BE FINDING A TUTOR FOR THE HOLIDAYS."
Second Matron. "MY DEAR, I KNOW THE *VERY* MAN. QUITE THE HANDSOMEST I'VE EVER MET, AND DANCES DIVINELY."

JANIE GENTLY.

A REVUE SONG—AFTER THE BEST MODELS.

["Ilfracombe also possesses a pier or jetty." *TOWN CLERK.*]

Jane and Poll and Kitty were
Three delightful girls;
Each of them displayed her hair
Done in Marcel curls;
At the seaside they entranced
Daily crowds immense;
Janie played and Pollie danced,
Kitty took the pence.

Janie gently jingled on the jetty,
Pollie pirouetted on the pier,
Quiet little Kitty,
Scarcely half as pretty,
Took the cash from people far and near.
Thus they earned their lodging and spaghetti;
Every day when it was bright and clear
Janie gently jingled on the jetty,
Pollie pirouetted on the pier—ier—ier.

Janie, as she played a tune
Ending with a chord,
Murmured softly, "I shall soon
Wed a wealthy lord;
I 've a man who sees me play
Falling at my feet;
I observe him every day
In the frontest seat."

Chorus.

Janie gently jingled on the jetty, etc.

Pollie, as she danced with glee,
Whispered quite apart,
"There 's a boy that watches me;
I have won his heart;
One day we shall meet outside,
He 'll propose, no doubt;
I shall be a blushing bride
Ere the season 's out."

Chorus.

Janie gently jingled on the jetty, etc.

Kitty, as she took the cash,
Moving through the press,
Heard a man declare his pash,
Swiftly answered "Yes;"
Stopped to take his proffered pound-
Note and hurried on . . .
One day Jane and Pollie found
Their collector gone.

Chorus.

Janie gently jingled on the jetty, etc.

Girls, if you desire to click,
Follow Kitty's plan;
Contact always does the trick,
Captivates the man;
If you want a wedding-ring,
Keep your talent hid;
Do not dance or play or sing,
Do as Kitty did.

Janie jazzed and jingled on the jetty,
Pollie pranced and pattered on the pier,
Charming little Kitty,
Wise as well as witty,
Threw the trippers' hearts all out of gear;
She it was who got the first confetti
Thrown into her newly-married ear,
But Janie went on jingling on the jetty,
Pollie pirouetting on the pier ('Ear! 'Ear!).

Another Impending Apology.

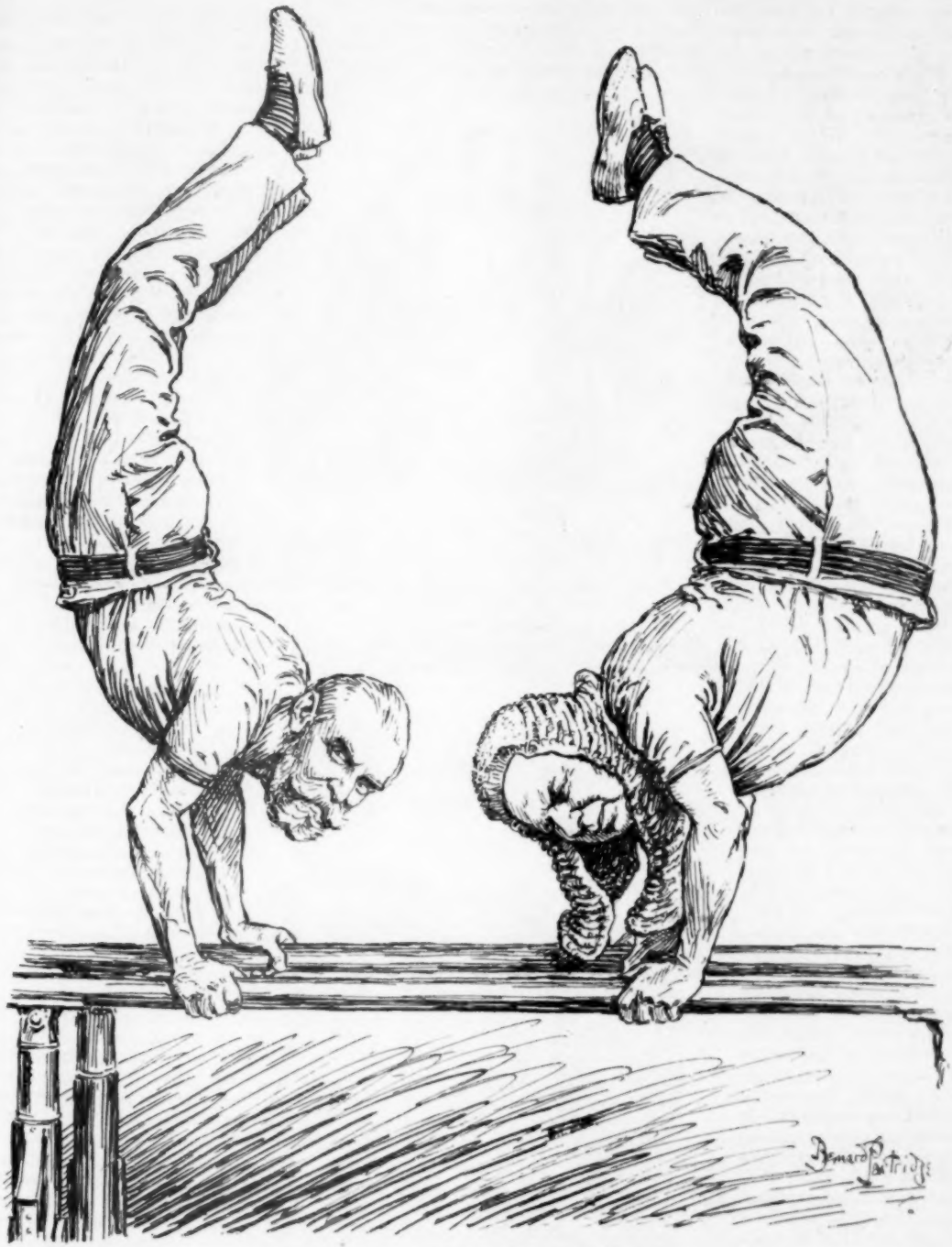
From a bookseller's advertisement:—

"FICTION JUST ARRIVED.
L. George: Is it Peace?"
New Zealand Paper.

At a new colliery village:—

"The cottages consist of three and four apartments each, and every dwelling will have a specious bathroom."—*Scots Paper.*

It looks as if Mr. WHEATLEY had designed them.



THE PARALLEL BARS.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR *(to Mr. C. E. HUGHES, President of the American Bar Association)*. "THIS MAY NOT BE IN THE OLYMPIC PROGRAMME, BUT IT'S DOING US BOTH A LOT OF GOOD."

[In Westminster Hall last week the representatives of the American Bar Association were formally welcomed by Lord HALDANE on behalf of the British Bench and Bar.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 21st.—The prospect of an adjournment in the first week of August did not reconcile the Peers to Lord PARMOOR's proposal that they should sit on Fridays in order to complete the Government's programme. Their feelings were expressed by Lord LONG, who considered it unreasonable to ask the House to rush through such controversial measures as the Agricultural Wages Bill and the Housing Bill, about whose ultimate form Ministers themselves did not appear to have made up their minds.

Lord PEEL, initiating a debate on India, paid a high tribute to Lord LEE OF FAREHAM for his success in securing a unanimous report from the Commission on the Indian Services—all the more valuable because there were certain persons in India who desired to deter young Englishmen from going there. Paradoxically enough these same persons sought to prove their own fitness for further responsibility by either boycotting the new Councils or attempting to paralyse their administration.

Urging the Government to carry out the Commission's report unreservedly, Lord LEE reminded them that there was already a shortage of suitable candidates for the I.C.S. During his recent tour in India he had met Cabinet Ministers who had no private secretaries and had to answer their own telephones. Millions were being spent on a new and palatial capital, yet the civilians were told that there was no money to meet their grievance.

Lord OLIVIER lived up to his description as "an angular man in an all-round hole." His speech, so far as one could hear it, was full of points of a kind to infuriate his critics. He implied that the Indian agitators had learned their tactics from Ulster, and, while admitting that Mr. DAS's eulogy of the murderer of Mr. DAY "had not unnaturally been interpreted as implying a commendation of his deed," declared that it was not necessary for the British Government to assume "an attitude of high moral condemnation," or indeed to take any action whatsoever.

On the PRIME MINISTER's promising to lay before the House the Government's observations on the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance it was pointed out that they had already appeared in the Press. Mr. MACDONALD then expressed his regret that he could not solve "this constantly recurring mystery." *Mr. Crummles*, you will remember, was troubled in exactly the same way. He could not imagine how those paragraphs about *The Infant Phenomenon* got into the papers.



THE OLIVIOPHONE.

A NEW SUPER-AMPLIFIER SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO MAKE LORD OLIVIER AUDIBLE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The recent experience of Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS with a brick-laying machine was not likely to escape the attention of Mr. WHEATLEY. A clumsier controversialist would have tried to extract heavy fun from the incident. The MINISTER OF HEALTH cleverly used it as an argument against those who derided his "agreement" with the building-trades. How could he ask them to "dilute" further when new methods might soon disestablish them altogether? During the evening the Government suffered their tenth defeat, but, like another immortal, they "kept on walking," and at two in the morning had the satisfaction of getting the Housing Bill through its Committee stage.

Tuesday, July 22nd.—Poor Lord PARMOOR, in charge of the London Traffic Bill, did not quite show the efficiency of the London policeman. As one hostile Amendment after another bore down upon him he duly held up a warning hand, but rarely did anybody pay the slightest attention. An attempt by Lord BUXTON to limit the London traffic area was, it is true, successfully resisted; but here the LORD PRESIDENT had the powerful aid of Lord ULLSWATER, the original author of the proposal, and of Lord SALISBURY, who declared that the obstruction at Hatfield (vehicular, of course, not political) urgently needed control.



TRAFFIC CONTROL.

P.C. PARMOOR RECEIVES THE SUPPORT OF LORDS SALISBURY AND ULLSWATER.

In the Commons the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was asked if he knew that there was a company known as "British Progress, Limited," of which nearly all the shares were held by an unnaturalized Russian, while the other two directors were naturalized British subjects of Lithuanian and Russo-Armenian origin respectively; and, if so, what was he going to do about it? Mr. WEBB meekly replied that he had no power to do anything, instead of boldly stating that there was nothing inconsistent nowadays in British progress having a Russian flavour.

It was surprising to hear Mrs. WINTRINGHAM, hitherto regarded as a rather advanced politician, demanding that on

all trains there should be carriages reserved for women. Surely the emancipated sex scorns such special consideration nowadays and, as Mr. STURROCK observed, asserts its equality by annexing and nearly monopolising the compartments intended for smokers.

Mr. TREVELYAN'S modest and, as Mr. WOOD called it, "disarming" review of the work of Education contained the grateful announcement that the money which was to have been devoted to Children's Unemployment Insurance will now be used to keep them longer at school. Sir MARTIN CONWAY recalled with regret the days of his youth when ambitious boys ran away to sea.

Wednesday, July 23rd.—The mere mention of drink makes the House of Lords loquacious. Lord LAMINGTON, having moved for an inquiry into the different systems of disinterested management, particularly in Carlisle, unwittingly turned on the tap and could only sit aghast in contemplation of the flood of eloquence he had let loose. Lord ASTOR immediately demanded that the inquiry should also cover a number of other towns in England. This roused Lord MAYO to implore their Lordships to remember that "there are still thirsty souls in this country," while Lord LONSDALE, expressing the local feeling around Gretna, declared that the Carlisle experiment was undertaken only because "the scum of the earth" had been imported there to do war work.

Lord SALISBURY spoke feelingly of the pangs of conscience of respectable men and women whose souls occasionally pant for the cooling stream, but feel that to enter a public-house is a fall from grace. Viscount GREY thought it heartrending that so many advocates of temperate drinking should waste all their energies in denouncing the extravagances of Pussyfoot. Lord LAMINGTON at last protested that he had anticipated only five minutes of discussion, but a number of other speeches had to be heard before their Lordships agreed without a division to grant him his inquiry.

Mr. BECKER'S request that the Government would enable the Ice Cream and Mineral Water Sales Bill to be passed during this session, "owing to the high climatic temperature of this summer," was so obviously inappropriate to a chilly afternoon that he did not even appear to ask his Question. So many other Members also absented themselves that a list of over eighty Questions was disposed of before half-past three. But the House filled up while Mr. HARTSHORN delivered a thrilling exposition of the new "beam" system of wireless, by which the Marconi Company desire to establish communications with South Africa, India and Australia.

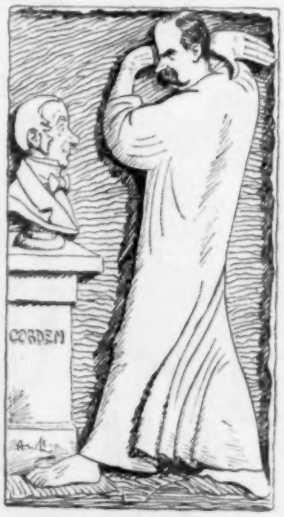
The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was explaining that this beam communication



THE STOWAWAY.

A REVIVED FORM OF EDUCATION, AS ADVOCATED BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

can only take place during the hours of darkness, when Mr. PERCY HARRIS introduced a terrible conundrum by reminding him that it is daylight in Australia and New Zealand when it is



THE ICONOCLAST.

(*After the manner of M. MESTROVIC.*)

MR. J. FITZALAN HOPE.

dark in this country. Mr. HARTSHORN had to retire to consider the matter.

The House was largely deserted, but Mr. HOPE remained. Living heroically up to his patronymic, he made a fresh effort on the third reading of the Finance Bill to convert the Labour Party from the obscurantism of Free Trade. A devout Roman Catholic, he had discovered a new means of persuasion by accusing the Free Traders of having inherited the traditions of TORQUEMADA. With a tactful appeal to those who have been brought up on the Old Testament, he suggested that the Cobdenites have blasphemed in likening Manchester to the Holy City.

Sir ROBERT HORNE also spoke, but, to the disappointment of the sensation-hunters, said not a word about the American Debt controversy now raging between his late leader, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and his present leader, Mr. BALDWIN. Sir JOHN MARRIOTT had a last fling at the Budget, which he described as both "cowardly" and doctrinaire, but did not succeed in drawing Mr. SNOWDEN, who wisely left its defence to Mr. GRAHAM, and was rewarded for his golden silence by obtaining the Third Reading without a division.

Thursday, July 24th.—Mr. SNOWDEN was deaf to Major GEORGE DAVIES' entreaty that Members who object to availing themselves of their free railway vouchers should be allowed to deduct travelling expenses in their income-tax returns. His strict conception of the *Homo Economicus* could admit of no such eccentricities. The pleas of other Members that they should be allowed to deduct travelling expenses to and from their homes as well as their constituencies he met as courteously as possible, but firmly declined to admit that a home, unless it were in a Member's constituency, could be regarded as a place of business.

When Mr. TOM JOHNSTON demanded angrily why an offer for the ether plant at Gretna by an industrial company was refused by the Government, Lord WOLMER unkindly inquired whether this question implied the conversion of the Clydesiders to a belief in private enterprise. Mr. JOHNSTON indignantly retorted that he wished to see the Government itself use this plant for the production of motor fuel; and Mr. HARDIE, who is a peripatetic edition of "Enquire Within Upon All Things," protested that the Government ought to "take the advice of those who know." But Mr. HANNON was unconvinced and asked awkward questions about the loss incurred by the Ministry of Agriculture's farm settlement at Patrington, and Sir FREDRIC WISE genially remarked that every such experiment under State control had always added to the taxpayer's burdens.

Mr. MARDY JONES, having been recently awarded the Dunmow flitch for



Bashful Bride (*on honeymoon*). "NO—NO MORE KISSES NOW, GEORGE. AND—DO BEHAVE! WHAT EVER MUST THAT COW THINK OF US?"

having lived with his wife in complete and unbroken concord for a full twelve months, hopes to win it again next year. This makes him unduly sensitive to any possible cause of domestic strife. He called the attention of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee to the anomaly that a lady M.P. can entertain a gentleman friend in the Strangers' dining-room, whereas a male M.P. is not allowed to entertain a lady friend there. He looked strained and anxious when Sir J. AGG-GARDNER regretted that lack of space made it impossible to rectify the anomaly. The reminder that there are three rooms to which male Members may bring their lady friends only led him to protest despairingly that the Government would have to go to the country on the subject.

"There are several fine studs in this country, but at the present time it is a case rather of quantity than of quality."—*Provincial Paper.*

We infer that the writer's gold one is at present under the wardrobe.

"Boring Outfit for Hire, with or without man."—*Provincial Paper.*

The kind with a man attached to it is usually the most deadly.

ON "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND."

[*The Children's Monthly Magazine edited by Miss* ROSE FYLEMAN (*"R. F." of "Punch"*), *and published by Messrs.* BLACKWELL].

O CHILDREN, you're the fortunate
That, in your small beloved estate,
Forever, by some happy fate,
The wise have brought to you
Their wisest, not to condescend,
Or wear too much the guise of friend,
But just as if your needs to tend
Had made them children too,

And set them singing, as did one
Called ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
Or weaving *Alice*, just for fun,
All on a golden day
(A web with wonder-colours shot);
Or painting for you, on the spot,
Like Mr. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT,
Some magic fresh as May.

And still their true succession stands,
And still outstretched are ready hands
To link with their enchanted lands,
And pass the bright torch down,
And keep the tossing flame well lit,
The eager flame and exquisite;
E'en now their mates speed on with it
From BLACKWELL'S, Oxford Town.

And swift and fair their pages are
To lend you, 'neath a dancing star,
The horns of Faerie, faint and far,
And themes of elf misrule,
The bluest moon, the yellowest sun,
The rushlit road to Babylon,
And songs that sing and rhymes that run
Like coming out of school.

Why not? For *you* their scroll's unrolled,
And frankincense and myrrh and gold,
Or pictured page and story told
For Time to be beguiled,
The gift of kings or clerks professed—
These tell of treasuries put to test,
For surely all men give their best
When giving to a child.

"At Othery, Somerset, a fox destroyed about 50 men and pullets. An organised attempt is to be made by local sportsmen to deal with Brer Fox."—*West Country Paper.*

Intrepid fellows!

"Messrs. —— have now published 'Intelligent Lubrication for Motor Cycle Owners."
Scots Paper.

Some of the motor-cyclists we see on the roads look as if they required intelligent washing rather than further lubrication.

"BOWS AN' ARRERS."

THE bow! The bow! The bow that was made in England! The yew bow—the true bow, the bow that *et cetera* . . . I should not be worthy of the name of Englishman if I did not approach with diffidence and reverence a theme so closely laced with the history of my country. And I do.

What I went to see was the "Grand National"—the Grand National Archery Meeting; and what more suitable setting could be found for the practice of so ancient a sport than the lovely grounds of Worcester College, Oxford, with its lake and water-lilies and swans, its antique garden and venerable trees?

Our archers of to-day are not invariably as young as they were; but this was not always so (if you understand me); for, as an old and distinguished servant of my College informed me, so late as the 'seventies the bow and the horse (now not less obsolete) were the twin amusements of the ordinary undergraduate, and every afternoon the young lads rushed forth into the gardens and madly shot their arrows in the air.

"Then, about '77," said my informant, "this lawn-tennis sprung up," and ROBIN HOOD was forgot. I once read an ancient canon of the Church (now obsolete also) which, in defining the sports proper for the clergy, said that "no ecclesiastical person must play with cards or dice, or any impolite games, but they may exercise themselves with the bow and arrow, but that modestly, *animi causa*" (which means, I take it, "for the good of the wind") "and in due season." The Chinese, I read, used archers in the fight so late as 1860, at Taku; but we may take it that for the purposes of European warfare the bow is practically *vieux jeu*; and, alas, the undergraduates and the Bishops have abandoned it also for the wilder recreations of lawn-tennis and ping-pong. But thirty-seven gentlemen and eighty-four ladies turned out and shot for the Archery Championship last week in the home of lost causes; and for my part I honour them.

For it may be a good and useful thing to fly round the world; but it pleases me more to see the ancient *useless* things stubbornly surviving; and next to those absurd slow relics of the past, the sailing-ship and the horse, I suppose the bow is the most useless thing in the world.

I will not pretend that archery is thrilling as a spectacle, though it is gently exciting to see for the first time a flight of arrows in the air. But it is graceful to watch; and it has a fascinating placidity, touching the placidity of bowls at "The Lord Nelson" or cricket at Lord's. At every moment one feels "This is too sleepy. I must go away." Yet one remains; for here is the Lotus-land of sport. And one recognises how sure was the instinct of those old divines who held that this was an exercise not too hilarious for the clergy.



THE ADVANCE OF THE AMAZONS.
LADY COMPETITORS CHANGING OVER.

It has too a picturesque and decorative charm—the faded caps and coats of the bowmen in the traditional forest-green, with the multitudinous brooches and badges of past triumphs; the silver belts and dear little quivers of the ladies; the bows themselves, so smooth and polished, with perhaps a ribbon flying at the top, and the pretty little arrows with painted rings and brightly-coloured feathers. Who would not die to win the Silver Challenge Belt and Quiver?

And then what glorious clubs they have! Who will not envy a lady or gentleman who belongs to "The Shropshire Bowmen," or "The Archers of the Weald," "The Woodmen of Arden," "The Vale of White Horse Archers," "John o' Gaunt's Bowmen," or, for the matter of that, "The Royal Tox.* Associate?"

If I may so far venture, the ladies (which is strange) do not make the most of the decorative possibilities of the sport. Only a handful of the eighty-four wore the proper forest-green, and for the most part, save for their quivers and the minor ornaments of the craft, they were dressed in the comparatively uninteresting uniform of croquet or clock-golf.

The procedure was simple. The archers gathered at one end of the field, about six to a target, and one by one loosed off three arrows at their own particular target a hundred (or, in the ladies' case, sixty) yards away. When all had fired, the whole line advanced, stately and unhurried; and when I saw the four-score ladies move forward together, their long-bows tucked under the arm or carried "at the trail," their quivers shining



CLASS.
THE TASSEL IS FOR CLEANING THE ARROW-HEAD.

* Toxophilite.

in the sun, it gave me some idea of the Battle of Hastings.

Arrived at the other end, Admiral Ulysses proudly plucks his shaft from the "gold," or bull's-eye, while Major Robin Hood, stooping with lamenta-



UNORTHODOX.

tions, retrieves his arrow from the ignominious earth. All is orderly and quiet. There *can* be no "incidents," one would say, save when, blundering, the Reverend William Tell puts his great foot on one of Colonel Teucer's precious arrows with the scarlet feathers and snaps it—the unforgivable sin; but even that is forgiven, and with what a courtly grace! It is the ideal event for the Olympic Games.

Then, turning, we shoot three arrows more. Deliberately we take an arrow (not from a quiver, for that is a feminine device, but from a side or arrow pocket), deliberately hoist the great bow and draw back the well-fitted string; we remember not to drop that right elbow, we swear we will keep that left hand up; neither will we "creep" or "loose forward" (for golf itself has not more pitfalls), and twang! the shaft is speeding for the mark, while we strain our hopeful ears to catch the delicious little thud which tells us that at least it has hit the target somewhere. Meanwhile, behind us, Ulysses murmurs to William Tell, not without pride, that he "got a gold that time," and William replies, not without the black despair of golfers, that for his part "he *cannot* shoot to-day;" and dear old Teucer, who is not so thin as he was, regrets the buried past, when there were target-boys to do the stooping after ill-directed arrows.

Then we march back again. If in this way you shoot seventy-two arrows, three at a time, I calculate (but timidly) that in the 100-yards' event you march, however solemnly, about a mile-and-a-half, not counting the stopping; moreover, you draw seventy-two times a bow which has a pull of forty to sixty pounds; seventy-two times you stand erect and mobilise your nerve and eye and steadiness and muscle; and the answer is an exercise which even the very young might not despise. But if anyone supposes that modern archery is founded on the school of ROBIN HOOD, who, to judge from the film of that title, was continually bounding and leaping into the air, he will be disappointed.

Indeed, if only to attract the young, I wonder if a little more variety in the way of fancy archery might not be good. As, for instance, a WILLIAM TELL event. After what I have seen I no longer much believe in WILLIAM'S feat. For at eighty yards, at which range the unfortunate TELL junior stood (according to my encyclopædia), the arrow must surely have fallen at such an angle as to cleave his head as well as the apple; moreover I do *not* believe that with this weapon and at that range accuracy to an inch with any given shot is humanly possible. At the "Grand National" I saw only one arrow out of thousands find the "pinhole" or dead-centre of the "gold." But I should like to go on believing in WILLIAM, and it would surely be fun to try. Other pretty events would be "The Running Free Trader" or the "Disappearing Liberal."



THROUGH THE BARRAGE (THE ONLY EXCITING INCIDENT).

And of course the thing should not be done in common fields at all, but in forest glades, or roving over the country-side, with different targets at different ranges, as though it were golf. One



THERE WAS UNFORTUNATELY NOTHING OF THIS SORT.

day, when I am less busy, I shall join "John o' Gaunt's Bowmen" and reorganise archery.

A. P. H.

Our Erudite Authors.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"'Why,' she thought—'why should this usurper, this scribbling woman, who was my servant a few months ago, cast her spell over that infatuated boy of mine? That men should be such fools! He has only to drop the apple, like Paris in the legend, and there would be a dozen Helens worthy of him.'"

Provincial Paper.

Such is fame, Milanion.

"Mr. —— mentioned that he was the possessor of all the day-books used by the Medicis, the great merchant-princes of Florence . . . He was now having those books translated by a fifteenth-century Italian scholar."

Daily Paper.

Most fortunate that he should have survived!

"Even at this slow rate of progress we had to indulge in a rest for a minute0 or two every 20 or 3 yards. nI fact, we were getting to the limit of endurance."

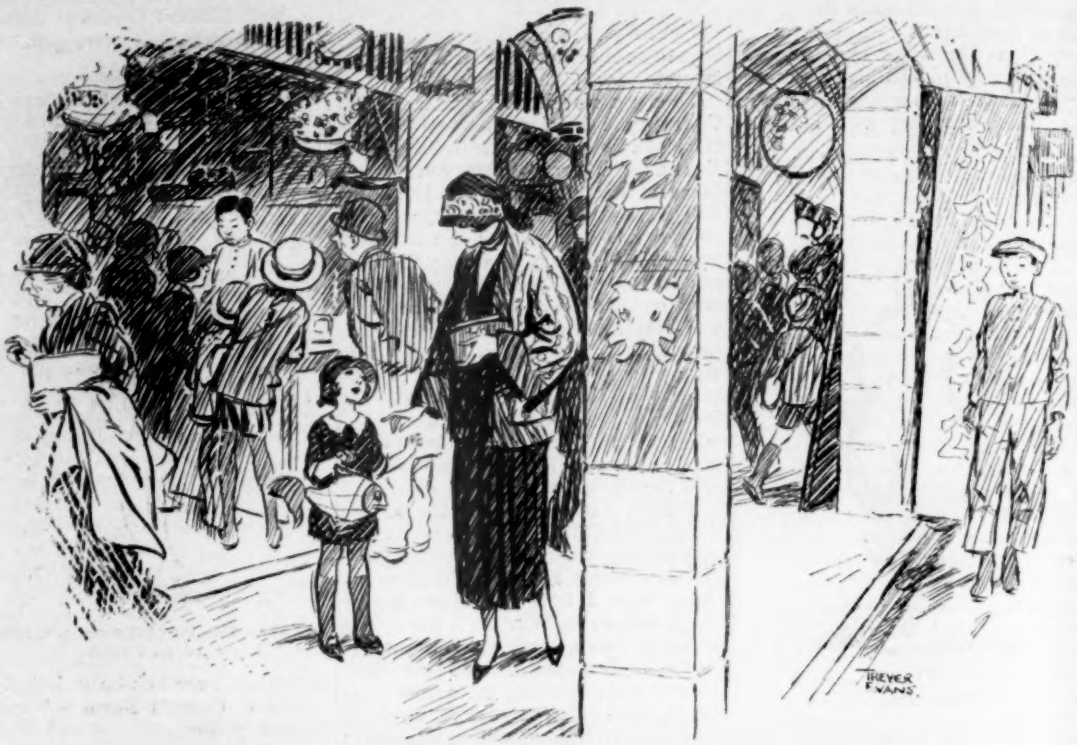
Daily Paper.

The compositor appears to have reached it.

"Caravan Tours by Trailer-van and Car; 300 miles a week; Car runs and pitches."

Advt. in Morning Paper.

Many thanks, but we prefer smoother travelling.



IN THE HONG KONG SECTION.

Mother. "YOU MUST TAKE IT BACK AT ONCE, DARLING. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT IT AWAY WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT."
Betty. "BUT HE COULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH AND I COULDN'T SPEAK BAMBOO, SO WHAT WAS I TO DO?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CREAKING CHAIR" (COMEDY).

UNDER the discreet influence of an admirable Burgundy (Nuits) I thought this play was going to be better than it in fact turned out to be, though it was good enough for a pass degree in its particular school. I can conceive worse ways for theatrical *entrepreneurs* to spend their publicity appropriations than in founding a dining-club for critics, in which the wines should be adroitly chosen for the occasion: a generous Chambertin where it is desirable to suspend the operation of the critics' cold intelligence (if any); a subtle Lafite for a WILDE, a HANKIN or a MILNE; a gross country-bred cider for a MASEFIELD and a PHILLPOTTS; an Yquem, I think, for a DEAN electrical production or a Grand Babylon BENNETT; the inevitable champagne, not too dry, for a GROSSMITH and MALONE; for a SHAW a thin and sour Soho table wine which might be calculated to be active about the time of the epilogue or the eighth Act. The post of wine-designer to the Theatrical Managers' Trade Union would be a pleasant addition to the world's odd jobs.

The Creaking Chair is a faint echo of the TUT-ANKH-AMEN boom. *Edwin Latter*, an Egyptologist, has been paralysed in his legs by a knife thrown in an Egyptian temple, it is hinted, by a rival excavator, one *Carruthers*, whose wife, a gambler and a siren, lives next door. We are in Hertfordshire for the duration of the play. Why the creak in the chair was not promptly eliminated by *Latter's* most efficient man, *Angus Holly*, is not explained. The author, Mr. ALLENE TUPPER WILKES, and reviser, ROLAND PERTWEE, use it freely and very properly, if not very excitingly, as a pseudo-sinister *motif*, alternating with the wild irrelevant notes of a tom-tom, played, I suppose, by that particular person of foreign birth who was discovered, when the curtain rose upon *Latter's* dimly lit lounge, fiddling with a lacquered cabinet in a highly suspicious manner. We all know that cabinet. And the experienced among us suspect that the priceless jewelled headdress of the Egyptian princess is not going to be left there by the worthy *Angus* with his sturdy Scots prejudice for exercising his private judgment where his simple-minded master's foolish orders are concerned.

We knew someone had to be murdered, but not *Mrs. Carruthers*. And when we learn that she has a bite on the wrist we naturally suspect the odd *Mrs. Latter* (she came from Port Said, saved from the "blue houses of the East" by the chivalrous Egyptologist), whose favourite pastime is saying "Damn" and biting people's wrists, and who has a blue complex—blue godlings, blue scarabs and so forth. But then there 's *Latter's* daughter by his first wife. *Mrs. Carruthers* held this girl's I.O.U.s—Mah Jongg—and, in case we couldn't believe that a simple English girl of twenty would murder her creditors in this forthright manner we are told that she was engaged to a young man on *The Courier*, and we all know to what length journalists will go when roused by desire of gain or fear of loss.

But then again *Latter's* bedroom-slipper tracks were found on the lawn leading to *Mrs. Carruthers'* house. *Latter's* game legs then were mere spoof? You never know with people who have spent a long time in the East. But then surely Mr. AUBREY SMITH wouldn't be allowed to commit a murder, so we rule that out. Perhaps *Inspector Hart*, who bullied the

people in the lounge as no self-respecting English detective would think of bullying real English gentry—perhaps this hectoring inspector was a fake and a murderer. And yet the impenetrable stupidity of one of his associates rang true to the stage tradition.

One didn't suspect the tearful parlour-maid, *Rose*, although her footsteps too were traced to the *Carruthers'* house—everybody in fact made a point of stamping his or her feet well into the lawn so as to make it all more difficult; and the cub journalist's friend, the star reporter, *Philip Speed* of *The Courier*, out for a scoop, didn't seem in the running. So there we were.

The real hero of the restless piece—I never knew any stage staircase run up and down so often for so little reason as that leading into *Mr. Latter's* lounge—was *Angus Holly*, a very well written part with a touch of unforced humour, admirably interpreted by Mr. NIGEL BRUCE. Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD squirmed about the stage in a Port Saidish way, registering guilt, fear, jealousy and love. I seem to remember Mr. ERIC MATURIN climbing down a creeper out of *Loyalties*. Do they now say, these men of the stage, "Ah, man climbing down creeper; must have MATURIN for that"? However, his easy insolence stood him in good stead in a not very likely part.

Mr. AUBREY SMITH creaking about in his chair was a pleasant sight, and his gifts were not strained in the process of interpreting the amiable Egyptologist. Mr. SAM LIVESEY, who always skilfully takes half a chance and makes it into a whole one, accomplished that most difficult feat of playing against the audience and compelling their attention and admiration. Miss OLGA SLADE'S *Rose* and Miss FABIA DRAKE'S young female gambler were intelligently presented. And somebody, whose name I can't place, played quite excellently *Inspector Hart's* stolid assistant. On the whole a successful and amusing if not very conscientiously worked-out mystery. But then few of these mystery-mongers are conscientious. T.

Mr. Punch's other critic, in his laudatory review of *Midsummer Madness*, did an injustice to Mr. CLIFFORD BAX in one particular. Referring to the couplet—

> "Then why not wed her as you ought,
> And put the other out of thought?"

he wrote "court" instead of "thought," imputing to Mr. BAX a false rhyme of which he was innocent.

Nothing Doing.

The Anglo-Soviet Conference is reported to be a failure. *Bolshie far niente.*



Bo'sun (to Chief Officer). "WHEN I GIVES THIS MAN A HEAVE, SIR, FOR BEIN' DIRTY AN' SLACK IN 'IS RIG, 'E TURNS ROUND AN' TELLS ME 'E CAN'T 'ELP IT. 'E SAYS IT 'S 'IS ARTISTIC TEMPERATURE."

A Double Attraction.

"BEAUTIFUL GEORGETTE HAT.
Sale price only 2/4 post and boy free."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

It seems cheap, even without the boy.

"SOUTHEND.—People are bathing until midnight in the moonlight."—*Daily Paper.*

We hasten to contradict the malicious rumour that this was all that they could find to bathe in.

"Millions, nay hundreds of millions, of these [germs] could be placed on the point of a sharp needle—and there would be room left for millions more."—*Sunday Paper.*

No housing problem here, we gather.

"I have always considered —— too uncertain a starter to make him a Test player; the way he picks up his hat to point makes him liable to be snicked out."—*Daily Paper.*

It may be polite, but it 's hardly cricket.

THE GREAT GAMES;

OR, A PLEA FOR PINDARS.

[Not written to disparage in any way the literary competition which was actually held in connection with the Olympic Games, but merely to suggest a way of rousing even greater popular interest in this event.]

WE are not as those ancient Greeks
Of whom the good Professor speaks,
Who ran about without their breeks;

Who chose to face the wrestler's toil
In simple suits of olive-oil,
To which adhered the sacred soil;

And so all day, unclothed, unshod
(Which now would seem distinctly odd),
Strove for the chaplet of the god;

While round them, as I understand,
The poets stood with harp in hand,
And formed the necessary band.

Developments of various sorts
Besides the vogue of cotton shorts
Have changed to-day the Olympic sports.

We have no race with hoplite rules,
The rage for trumpet contests cools,
There is no chariot race for mules.

Few busy men, their work forgone,
Go miles to make big bets upon
Pentathlon or Pancration.

Olympic Games, in fact, are not,
Despite our noblest efforts, what
They were when held upon the spot.

And, worst of all, our bards were bid
To sing their songs this year, and did,
Whilst doubtful victory yet lay hid.

Not in the full tide of the games
They cried aloud—for this one blames
The management—the conquerors' names.

Not as old PINDAR long ago,
Hard on the wrestler's final throw,
They sang. This did not help the show.

All robed in white around the city
They should have thrummed their deathless ditty,
Not sent the stuff to a committee
(I do maintain this was a pity.)

Fair are the pilum's proud exploits,
Fair is the long jump, fair are quoits,
But one thing beats them all—the poets.*

They should have been there on that day
When soccer's crown—so people say—
Went to the boys from Uruguay.

They should have sung the glorious Finns
(Who take no beers nor aspirins)
Hot from their triumphs, warm with wins.

They should have hailed with hammering heart
Columbia, when her desperate dart
Had Europe bulldozed from the start.

They should have shouted dithyrambs
And dealt the harp some lively slams
For LIDDELL and for ABRAHAMS.

It may be that some Harvard shell
Shook into music on the yell
Of "Attaboy!" One cannot tell.

It may be that some skald of note
Sang Finnish songs too hard to quote
And made strange gurglings in his throat.

But England? England, who was third!
If any swan or other bird
Sang her, the sound is still unheard.

Why, tell me why, was no prize given
For pæans when the strong had striven,
Made on the course, rough-hewn in heaven?

Such unpremeditated chords
Had graced the day, and afterwards
Might have been published, bound in boards.

Soon as the Autumn lists were set
There should have been brave books to get,
Sagas of sport at five-bob nett.

The victor's skill, his past renown,
His diet and his native town,
For ever there had been set down.

Who leaped the first through startled air
Should have been hymned by MASEFIELD there,
And DRINKWATER and DE LA MARE.

Who was the Yankee's livest wire,
Whether or no the Finns perspire—
This should have been the chant of SQUIRE.

And last of all, a triumph ode
On every wreath that was bestowed
Out of the SITWELLS should have flowed.

For these I should have thanked the god
τήνελλα ὦ καλλίνικε. EVOE.

* Well?

The Oxford Manner Again.

"Lord Desborough, who was accompanied by the Mayor of Oxford and the ice-Chancellor of Oxford University, laid a memorial stone yesterday to commemorate the opening of the new Iffley Lock."—*Sunday Paper.*

"A giant searchlight, which will throw an osculating light of 300,000,00 candle-power, is to be erected on the roof of a skyscraper in Cleveland, Ohio, as a guide to the United States night air mail service. The rays will be powerful enough to cause sunburn to a person standing for only a few moments within six feet of the arc."—*Provincial Paper.*

We are not alarmed by this "osculating light." Even the "burning kisses" so popular in modern fiction no longer raise a blush on our hardened cheeks.

SUMMER SPORTS.

LIMPET-WRESTLING.

IT is, of course, now too late for this fine and romantic exercise to be included in this year's Olympic Games. Pending the next Olympiad (if *The Times* Correspondent permits these contests to continue) it must remain a matter of private enterprise, organised round our coasts by enthusiastic idlers. For it must be admitted that there are few more efficient ways of achieving nothing at all than the endeavour to wrest by digital manipulation the true-born British limpet from his native rock. The season for this sport is now in full swing, and a few words on the subject should not be out of place.

As to costume it may be observed in general that the less there is of it the better. In order to take up the best possible stance for a surprise attack on some particularly massive and challenging limpet it may be necessary to get well into a deepish pool and perhaps stand knee-deep among the seaweed, small crabs and floppy anemones. Old flannel trousers, rolled as far above the knee as they will go, will serve, but the simplicity of young John's bathing-drawers and sand-shoes obviously represents the true ideal of all those who go down to the sea in shorts.

As for rules, the limpet must be fairly thrown by the competitor and not spooned or scraped. It must be laid down at once that young John's method of hammering them off with the edge of a wooden spade is grossly unsporting, worse than tickling for trout. Almost as reprehensible is the elder (or Uncle) John's practice of prizing them off by wiggling the blade of his penknife underneath the limpet's base. Both these breaches of the rules and etiquette of the game may be detected by the damaged appearance of the shell. No marks should be awarded for any limpet with a damaged shell. Indeed there are many honest sportsmen who hold that such cases would more properly be dealt with by the R.S.P.C.L.

No, limpet-wrestling must be conducted by the genuine competitor without any adventitious assistance; the victor must have thrown his quarry by cunning and his own unaided hands. The cunning should be underlined, for the element of surprise is the *sine qua non* of success. When the limpet is dreaming idly upon its rock, to some extent it relaxes its hold. If the wrestler draws near with infinite stealth and, pausing silently for a second over his selected prey, swoops suddenly down upon it, it is just (but only just) possible that a swift sideways wrench may succeed in dislodging the creature. If it



Lady (to friend while the gramophone is performing a record of Madame AMELITA GALLI-CURCI). "BEAUTIFUL VOICE, AIN'T IT? REMINDS ME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S."

doesn't, and if, after that first yielding instant, the limpet attaches itself still more firmly to its rock, the wrestler might just as well pass on and select a fresh object of attack. He will as soon move the whole of the Cornish coastline as a warrantable limpet which has received warning of his attempt.

It is conjectured by some that limpet-wrestling must be one of the oldest sports practised in these islands. The conical shape of the limpet's habitation renders it ideally unsuitable for the wrestler's grasp. It is thought that this is the result of centuries of wrestling, from the time of the Druids onwards, and represents the survival of the fittest in the shape that is best able to resist a stranglehold.

It may be mentioned that where the limpet has taken in lodgers and become the host of two or three barnacles the business of the wrestler is considerably facilitated, and in those cases the overlapping grip may be tried with some hope of success.

Lastly, it should be observed that the sport is best practised in the blander regions of the South. There is no authenticated record of anyone having thrown an Aberdeen limpet in fair combat.

Our Alarmist Contemporaries.

"The outlook for a speeding up of the trouble between France and ourselves looks good, and this should do much to help trade."
Daily Paper.

We suspect that the writer is interested in an armaments firm.

"Thomas ——, charged with being £17 in arrears in the maintenance of his wife, was allowed to go on promising to pay the money by instalments."—*Evening Paper.*

Very different from what we were taught in the hymn :—

"'Tis not enough to say
We 're sorry and repent,
And still go on from day to day
Just as we always went."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Wives (HURST AND BLACKETT) are the topic of Mrs. KATHARINE TYNAN'S latest batch of short stories—wives as many and multifarious as the rats of Hamelin town in Brunswick; good wives, bad wives, dull wives, clever wives, "grave old plodders, gay young friskers," wives in India and wives in Connaught, wives gadding on the Riviera, wives clinging tenaciously to furnished residences at Brighton—all studied with a single eye to their attitudes towards their husbands; with children, servants, friends, lovers, society and their own personalities thrown in as a make-weight. It is a good notion thus to unify a small show of little canvases, if it can be done without monotony; and Mrs. TYNAN can be amply acquitted on that score, though the simple expedients she uses to avoid uniformity have a way of giving a girlish and inexperienced air to some of her flimsier plots. *Mrs. Dampier* has, I think, the most interesting problem to handle. Three times is that long-suffering woman parted from her husband—(1), as Mr. BELLOC would say, on his exodus to the War; (2) on his imprisonment in Silesia, and (3) on his return, after a conscientious home-coming to announce his escape, to the arms of the German farmer's daughter who helped him to engineer it. But *Mrs. Dampier* herself is not nearly so interesting as some of her creator's less constant wives, *Mrs. Urquhart*, for instance, and *Mrs. Jardine*—two Anglo-Indian heroines, and *Mrs. Magnier*, another Anglo-Indian, over whose decision of a sufficiently difficult case of conscience Mrs. TYNAN is inclined to be severe. Taking them all round, I feel that the regimental ladies, whether in England or India, come off better than their civilian sisters. But the whole book is pleasant and harmonious; and I particularly like the engaging way in which the minor characters pop in and out of several otherwise disconnected stories.



Perfect Stranger. "SAY, MISTER, WHAT 'S THE BOGEY FOR THIS HOLE?"

Immaculate Golfer (with a touch of hauteur). "FOUR."

Perfect Stranger. "GUESS IT WOULD BE THREE IN AMERICA."

Immaculate Golfer (with increased hauteur). "AMERICA? ISN'T THAT THE PLACE WHERE THEY PLAY GOLF IN THEIR SHIRT-SLEEVES?"

Rhododendrons and the Various Hybrids (LONGMANS, GREEN), by J. G. MILLAIS, is the second of a series of which the first, by the same author, appeared in 1917. It would seem hardly possible that he should so soon have found sufficient new material for another volume of such vast dimensions. But the interval has been very fruitful in research; many new species have been discovered and cross-fertilisation has produced several fresh varieties. These plants are the ornaments of gardens unconfined by walls and measured not by square yards, or even by rods, poles or perches, but by acres; and Mr. MILLAIS' book is in keeping with the houses and libraries overlooking such pleasure-grounds. A certain amount of wealth is presupposed, as the cost, the size and the rarity of many of the most beautiful varieties here described are beyond the scope of the suburban amateur. Yet, as Mr. MILLAIS points out, their upkeep, when once established, is less costly than that of many other plants, and so they are well suited to the ancestral homes of the *nouveaux pauvres*. There has always been romance in the quest for rhododendrons, and the adventures and discoveries in Nepal and Sikkim, some ninety years ago, have been rivalled and surpassed by explorers in recent years. Among the most attractive illustrations are those of the plants in these distant regions. The photographs of specimens in cultivation give a better idea of their form and grace than some of the coloured plates, where the temptation to reproduce their gaudy splendour has overcome artistic discrimination. What has been achieved in sheltered Cornish gardens is delightfully portrayed by Miss BEATRICE PARSONS. Owing to its exhaustive catalogue the book must rank as a standard work of reference.

I have found that the detective story loses something of its grip when it is staged abroad; the foreign criminal may be sufficiently terrifying, but the fate of the foreign victim touches me less, and the police often seem to be more than commonly ineffectual and garrulous. Yet I must admit that when reading *More Lives than One* (HUTCHINSON) I heard only just in time the name of a station in which I take more than a passing interest. *Andrew Barham*, a rich American, lived two perfectly blameless lives, the secret one being a very necessary refuge from a most trying wife and her mother, whose conversation, though their "high birth and good breeding" are insisted upon, ranged from the crudeness of a fishwife to the gentility of a boarding-house inmate. *Andrew's* wife, rather unfairly, brought his secret life to an end by getting killed in his secret studio. The numerous police at work on the case seemed to be compact of sensibility rather than of sense; they found it a "revolting task" to get damaging information against a woman from another woman, and they were delightfully kind to *Pearl Jane Cutler* when she was found hiding in a cupboard with a blood-stain on her sleeve. They liked her so much indeed that, rather than let suspicion rest on her, they followed up many other clues in a half-hearted way. Both *Andrew* and I could have helped them at an early stage, but were compelled by circumstances to wait until Miss CAROLYN WELLS produced *Mr. Lorimer Lane*, who guessed right without once using the ejaculation "Pshaw!" a habit to which I regret to say that *Andrew* was addicted. It is a readable enough story, but few characters in it are really lifelike or convincing. However, I am inclined to ask Miss WELLS for the address of



First Camper (unpacking). "WHERE DID YOU PACK THE BUTTER, OLD THING?"
Second Camper (in punt). "IN THE KETTLE, OLD MAN."

Chinese Charley—"devoted to his master, neat and efficient, and about as talkative as a steamed clam."

The true histories of adventure, heroism and endurance related by Mr. E. KEBLE CHATTERTON in *Seamen All* (HEINEMANN) begin at the time of the Restoration with the diary of a rather rackety Naval chaplain who, in 1675, served in the squadron of Sir JOHN NARBOROUGH; and they end with the wonderful voyage achieved in open boats by Captain FOSTER and Chief Officer SMITH in June, 1923. Here are privateering expeditions, storm and tempest and shipwreck, clipper-ship racing, castings away and gallant rescues, such as that for which Captain E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N., received Lloyd's Gold Medal. I entertain the theory that the Englishman is never really happy unless he is at sea, and not even then unless he is attempting some hopeless enterprise or desperately struggling with catastrophe. Most of the annals of the sea are calamitous. Prosperous voyages and happy landfalls, which surely must occur sometimes, lapse into oblivion. The truth is that seafaring is a profession, part commercial, part scientific, and not in itself material for narrative; whereas the perils of the sea, regarded by the sailor merely as annoying interruptions of business, touch the imagination. A sailor going steadily about his work may be compelled at any moment to fight for his life; and then it is that he becomes the hero of the historian. How magnificently he can fight upon occasion Mr. KEBLE CHATTERTON expounds with knowledge and sympathy.

It is high time, I feel, that amorous adventure should have something to say to the newer University towns, instead of confining itself to the environs of Oxford. After all Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool are not without their votaries, and these presumably not without hearts. Why not a Plasher's Mead at Didsbury or Edgbaston and the rhododendrons of Sefton Park in idyllic competition with the hollyhocks of Wychford? Of course there are difficulties; but the objection that the neighbourhood of the more recent seats of learning does not lend itself to romance is, I think, a surface one. The true and ultimate reason is that few or none of their *alumni* can afford it. Nor for that matter is a really impressive prodigality easily compassed at Oxford by youth *in statu pupillari*. So mark Miss DIANA PATRICK'S cunning. She calls her novel *Dreaming Spires* (HUTCHINSON) and gives you the spires on the jacket, with Piccadilly Circus in the foreground to hint at that spell of preliminary squalor, on or about the pavements of the capital, without which the *innamorata* of the traditional undergraduate is incomplete. But she cancels the actual academic element altogether, for which I for one am truly grateful. Her *Dallas Coventry* is suddenly brought from affluence to poverty by a defaulting step-father, turns old-clothes mender to a Dress Agency and mistress *en titre* to a young man about town, drops anchor as the temporary daughter of a rich connoisseur with a mansion somewhere near Boar's Hill, and ultimately, having skated on ice of every degree of tenuity, makes a marriage of pure affection with the so-called son of her guardian. Her change of heart is mainly attributed to the magic of Oxford; and both this and the change of fortune which makes her marriage feasible are highly representative of the book. Sentimental and mechanical as this is, it is only fair to say that its vice is far more senseless and perfunctory than its virtue.

The Beast (CAPE) is the Sheik-and-Eagle business raised to an unreasonably high power. A perfectly lovely American girl, camping with her friends in the Rockies, strays from the trail and is found and rudely abducted, with the worst possible intentions, by the hard-as-nails, handsome, evil-looking misogynist, *Blake Drinnan*, a rich New Yorker who has out-



'BUS CONDUCTORS BEING TAUGHT THE ART OF NOT SEEING THE SIGNALS OF INTENDING PASSENGERS.

lawed himself because of his wife's treatment of him. There is a protracted cat-and-mouse series of escapes and recaptures which become tedious, especially as we know that the girl is perfectly safe and all will end in the most orthodox and inevitable way. The hero does not appear to be a nice man. He beats dogs, thrashes Indians and drinks heavily, besides leering in an unpleasant manner. But I need hardly say that his better nature gradually asserts itself. He determines to send his capture back to her friends. But by this time she has learned to love him so fanatically that to prevent such a catastrophe she dyes herself Indian-colour with the ula-berry. Mr. LUKE ALLAN failed to persuade me that any main episode or any character (except perhaps *Asha*, the dog) was in the least possible; but the incurably romantic may like this story, which really ought to be the last of its kind. There can't be anything more left to say about the situation or the type.

When Mr. G. I. FINCH was thirteen years old he climbed to the top of a mountain in the Australian bush and then and there made what for a child of his age was a remarkable resolution. Even more remarkable is the fact that he has carried it through. He determined to see the world, and to see it from above. In *The Making of a Mountaineer* (ARROWSMITH) he relates some of his adventures, and has illustrated them with photographs which will make some of us who are constitutionally prevented from imitating them positively giddy. Mr. FINCH tells us that his book was written primarily for members of the younger generation in the hope that it might persuade them to follow the pursuit of mountaineering, and, as he intersperses his vivid descriptions of feats and defeats with sound and sensible advice, his persuasion is not likely to fall upon deaf ears. No one, at any rate, can read of these difficult and often perilous climbs without the keenest sympathy for Mr. FINCH and his companions. I wanted, most eagerly I wanted, these skilful climbers to reach their goals successfully and to return from them in safety, for they climbed mainly for the sheer joy of climbing and not for the sake of making records. The Alps were Mr. FINCH's chief hunting-ground; but these adventures end with a thrilling account of the "1922 Mount Everest Expedition," in which he took an important part. A book admirably written, illustrated and produced.

Mr. C. J. H. TOLLEY'S *The Modern Golfer* (COLLINS) could not have appeared at a more favourable moment. As all golfers know, he has recently won the French open championship, and thereby done inestimable service to amateur golf. He deserves well of all golfers good, bad and indifferent, and here he tries very hard to serve them all—especially the bad ones. By means of countless illustrations and most careful instructions he leads us on our way, never for a moment minimizing the difficulties of the game, but trying to show how they may be overcome. Listen to him on the subject of a prevalent sin: "You must keep your head at the same distance from the ball all through the stroke. This will tend to lock the top of your backbone. The other point is that you must try—it is very difficult—to keep your bottom waistcoat button also at the same distance from the ball all through the movement, and this will help you to lock the lower end of your backbone." I suspect that for years I have been playing golf with my backbone unlocked, but now I am going to mend the error of my ways. I am convinced that Mr. TOLLEY'S golf methods are immaculate, and I wish I could honestly say the same of his literary style.



Keen Stickler for Etiquette. "Uncle, I wonder if you'd mind not smoking your pipe. Somehow it looks all wrong."

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Lovat Fraser has had an interview with Signor Mussolini. It is said that he did his best to put the Italian Premier at his ease.

* * *

One of the speakers at the meeting of the British Medical Association said the problem of to-day was "what to do with our grandfathers." The old custom of allowing office-boys to bury them every time there is a cricket-match seems to have been overdone of late.

* * *

Typists are wearing stockings made of gold-coloured silk. This has given a deplorable impulse in the City to the worship of the Golden Calf.

* * *

Last Monday week was the anniversary of the Declaration of Peruvian Independence. This inspiring thought served to alleviate the gloom of a wet day at the Manchester Test Match.

* * *

The bungalow where visitors were allowed to inspect the scene of a recent murder on payment of a shilling has now been closed. The public must try to bear up. There will always be killjoys.

* * *

Sir Alfred Mond has reminded the electors of Llandilo that the Labour Party have not got a Lloyd George. But the Government will probably claim that, in spite of this defect, they have achieved a record number of defeats.

We regret to hear of a case of disloyalty in connection with *The Daily Mail's* advice to its readers to eat wholemeal bread. It seems that one of them has been seen in a restaurant eating white bread and shielding himself behind a newspaper that has nothing to do with Lord Rothermere's syndicate.

* * *

Don Miguel de Unamuno is described as the George Bernard Shaw of Spain. What we cannot understand is why our own George Bernard Shaw cannot be the George Bernard Shaw of Spain as well.

* * *

Two income-tax demand notes were found in the crop of a duck at Ingatestone. We could get fond of a bird like that.

* * *

"Is there no cure for insomnia?" asks a contemporary. Personally we believe in going straight to bed and sleeping it off.

* * *

In North Schleswig recently a merry-go-round was lifted sixty feet into the air by a whirlwind. Nobody in the directorate of the Wembley Amusement Park seems to have thought of this.

* * *

Two horses attached to a fish van took fright and bolted at Billingsgate Market. What can you expect with this growing habit of listening-in?

* * *

Mr. A. J. Roberts has invented a device which makes a motor-car come to him when he whistles to it. This is quite distinct from the Ford that will sleep on the mat and bite the postman.

* * *

An American is proposing to bounce over Niagara. But most Americans do.

* * *

The Silly Season is upon us, and with favourable weather it promises to be a brilliant one.

* * *

The London County Council will not meet again until the middle of October. Still, we have no doubt that the members will keep in touch with one another by means of picture-postcards.

* * *

Large ornamental buttons are to be fashionable this autumn for evening wear. For Sunday use we learn that experiments are being made with a button which will make a noise like half-a-crown.

From the report of a medical debate:

"Different kinds of food were recommended by different people. The 'nut' school recommended a food which gave good exercise to the paws and cleansed the teeth."

Liverpool Paper.

There is nothing like a set-to with a healthy Brazil-nut to strengthen one's "mauleys."

There was an old loony of Lyme
Whose candour was simply sublime.
When they asked, "Are you there?"
"Yes," he said, "but take care,
For I'm never 'all there' at a time."

SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER: A SCOTS TRAGEDY.

["Is it not the Scot's exquisite sense of humour that so frequently prevents him from giving way to demonstrations of appreciation?"—*Extract from a perfectly serious article in "The Glasgow Herald."*]

The Southron jester rose to speak.
Surely his fun, though slightly foreign,
Would penetrate the ribs and tweak
The diaphragms of Kirkmasporran.

He glanced a moment at the roof
To judge if ancient beam and rafter
Could bear the racket and be proof
Against the coming shocks of laughter.

Then he began. But not a smile
Greeted the wheeze with which he started;
It seemed that his exotic style
Rendered the diners heavy-hearted.

Bravely he moved from jest to jest,
But never an eyelid raised a flicker;
An awful silence locked each breast
Save for the gurgling sound of liquor.

Then he explained the subtler points,
Their latent sense he indicated,
But still he failed to pierce the joints
Of local armour triple-plated.

Then he produced his final spell
In one last desperate hope of scoring—
And lo! a man collapsed and fell
Inanimate upon the flooring.

Borne out, he perished on the mat;
The corpse was posted to the coroner;
He called an inquest, and they sat
On the lamented Kirkmasporraner.

Was it the haggis choked his breath?
Was it perchance a too unwise use
Of whisky? No, the cause of death
Was found to be "*suppressio risus.*"

O. S.

THE DUPLICITY OF WOMAN.

"When I am trying to write something funny," I complained, "I find the noise of a sewing-machine about as inspiring as a saw-mill."

"Why not try writing something serious, then?" suggested Millicent helpfully, buzzing her machine with renewed energy. "You know very well I must finish these curtains by to-morrow evening — the Minters are coming to dinner."

"And you know very well," I retorted, "that if you keep on interrupting me at my work we shall soon have no dinner to eat."

"You could go up into your study and work," said Millicent, sniffing. "As a matter of fact, you'd be able to write down here—*if you knew what to write about.*"

"As a humourist's wife," I reminded her solemnly, "you should know that your duty is to say clever things, all ready to go into my articles. Now, I ask you, have you ever said anything even tolerably clever? *Not once.* I have to invent them all as I go along."

"And do you invent clever things for yourself to say too?" inquired Millicent innocently.

"Certainly," I admitted with modesty.

"Well, mind you save some for to-morrow evening," she said quickly. "I'm sure the Minters must be sick of hearing your three stock yarns."

It is sometimes difficult, you will gather, to preserve one's patience with Millicent.

"Just keep to the point, please," I snapped. "How can I put you into a humorous article if you're always trying to be funny?"

"Peter," she questioned, almost thrilled, "you aren't really going to write about *me*, are you?"

"I've got to write about something," I pointed out sadly. "The least you can do is to help me find some suitable material."

Millicent snipped her work from the machine, came over to the table and patted my head kindly. She does the same thing to stray dogs.

"I've thought of a perfectly splendid idea for gathering material," she said earnestly. "Supposing you try a little homely sort of humour for a change? Something domestic, with me in it—'Laying the Carpet' or—er—'Hanging the Curtains,' for instance."

"No harm in trying it," I agreed gloomily. "When do we begin?"

"At once," she directed. "First of all we must fetch the steps from the outside shed."

"We" sighed wearily, re-lit our pipe and trotted away in search of the steps. Eventually, of course, I found them up in the attic—a nice unseasoned pair of steps of the nutcracker type, which manage to pinch your fingers whichever way you hold them. As I was arranging them across the bay-window I noticed that one of the cords, designed to prevent unrehearsed splits on the part of the steps, was frayed almost to a thread.

"It's been like that for ever so long," Millicent assured me. "And even if it does break," she added brightly, "think what splendid stuff that will be to put in your funny article."

"Oh—of course," I murmured. "I'd nearly forgotten the article."

With a poor twisted little smile I ascended gingerly, wondering as I went what humour, if any, could be wrung from such a perilous situation as the top of those steps. At the fourth rung an unpleasant creaking and an ominous wobble decided me to make a forced landing. I landed.

"Oo—oo!" shrieked Millicent.

"It's nothing, darling," I consoled her quickly. "I haven't hurt myself."

"Glad to hear it," she retorted with some bitterness. "Still, I'd rather you kept off my toes when you're taking your jumping exercise."

"Shall I put that in my funny article?" I inquired. "It isn't bad—for you."

"If instead of hurting me terribly and then being funny at my expense——"

"Yet you coolly send me up those steps to be funny at the risk of a fractured neck," I said deliberately. "I can't bear to think of you as a widow, and *I'm not going, so there!*"

With an expression bereft of hope, Millicent dragged the table across into the window and spread a newspaper carefully upon it.

"Fuss, fuss, fuss!" she grumbled. "Anyone would think you were doing something for me instead of me trying to help you to be funny. There"—she shook the table—"that would stand an elephant."

Recognising my cue, I clambered up obediently and took the first curtain from her outstretched arms.

Now, you may never have tried hooking up curtains. If not, do not. If you have, you will understand exactly the frame of mind I was in when, half an hour later, the job was done. With aching arms, dusty hands and a torn finger-nail I descended exhaustedly to earth.

"There now," observed Millicent, standing back and regarding the curtains with some satisfaction, "I'm sure doing that's given you lots of funny ideas to write about, hasn't it?"

"Just a minute," I said, quelling my feelings with difficulty. "Am I to understand that you only let me hang those curtains in order to provide material for my article?"

"Why, of course, darling!" answered Millicent, meeting my eye shamelessly. "You don't imagine I should ask you to do a little piece of housework for me just because I didn't want to do it myself, do you?"

* * * * *

An hour later my article was finished and ready for the post. I laid aside my pen with a sigh of relief.

"Finished already?" cooed Millicent, looking up from her stitching. "What are you going to call it?"

"It's a little homily entitled 'The Duplicity of Woman,'" I told her sternly.

"How disappointing you are!" she pouted. "I quite thought you were writing something about me."



THE DANCE THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. "MUST YOU GO?"

The Bolshie Bear-Leader. "YES, WE MUST. HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE DANCING TO YOUR TUNE, AND YOU WON'T PAY FOR ANY OTHER."



"GET THOSE MEDALS FOR EATING, MY MAN?"
"NO, SIR."
"THEN WHY THE DEVIL D'YOU WEAR 'EM ON YOUR STOMACH?"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

With the Arkwrights at The Ark, Nr. Pettibury Parva.

JUST a few final notes on the Season that 's over and the London that 's emptied. The glass bangle craze was short-lived but fierce, and when, *pour ainsi dire*, all the glass bangles fell off (to be picked up and put on by *ces autres*) and painting the arms set in, those foolish virgins and matrons who'd had their arms artificially stretched to hold more bangles found they 'd better have let well alone, for *plumpness* is wanted for painted arms and length doesn't matter.

Betty Bellairs at last found her big fat arms correct, and had simply gorgeous portraits of her champion peky, Ming-Ming the 22nd, done all over them, little golden body, black face and all. Of course she had to dress to match his colours. *Some* people preferred to have *human* favourites painted on their arms to doggy ones. *A propos*, a little story of the Blankleys. Fortunately for himself, or for his wife, I don't know which, Mortimer Blankley is 'normously short-sighted, both physically and mentally, and one evening, when several of us were dining there, he said, "This is a queer fancy for painting the arms. My wife 's had her arms decorated with my poor o'd face. My sight 's too bad to pronounce upon it, but I 'm told it 's quite a good likeness." With a *méchant sourire* Fay Blankley held out her lovely arms for our inspection, and there, full front, profile, three-quarter, every view poss, was a certain very well-known face indeed, for which she has a *penchant* just now—a face quite the opposite of Mortimer Blankley's. We were all 'mensely amused, and poor Mortimer joined in the laughter and said, "Yes, it 's a funny fashion, but, as my wife makes it the means of paying me such a pretty compliment, I won't quarrel with it."

One of the last parties before London shut up was the Highways and Byways dance given by Pixie Dashmore and the League of Jolly Juveniles, of which she 's the leader. After a few dances they all went out into the highways and byways and roped in everyone they found—all the taximen off the near-by stand, several point policemen, a lot of girls who 'd been working late at the Maison Dernier Cri, and so on and so forth. They had a gorgeous rag, it seems, and after supper they all rushed across the road into the park and danced and ran races and played hide-and-seek among the trees, till morning and bacon-and-eggs ended the revels. Pixie told me there was only one little jolt. While Rosebud Rushington, the newest thing in *débutantes*, was dancing the very latest version of the Pinks with one of the taximen, he suddenly said, "Don't you know me, little Rosebud? I 'm your down-and-out cousin, Odo Rushington." And Rosebud got the wind up, stamped her foot and screamed out, "I thought I was dancing with the real thing. Get out!"

Here at The Ark with the Arkwrights the atmosphere is deliciously unconventional and frightfully clever. Marian, who 's too well-informed and historical for words, has adopted the motto of a famous eighteenth-century club, "*Fais ce que voudras*," for the framed notice that hangs in the hall. And we jolly well *do!* The only restriction is in the *quality* of one's talk. To be banal or obvious is to end one's stay at once. A story is told of an unlucky man who presented himself at breakfast with the remark, "What a fine day!" Marian's answer was to hand him a railway

time-table and tell a servant to pack his things.

Some of us here are simple life and some aren't. If you're simple life and the weather's kind, you take your blanket at by-by time, go out into the grounds and curl up under a bush or climb into a tree. A servant who can climb takes early tea to the tree-sleepers, and a servant who can crawl takes it to the bush-sleepers. A house-sleeper who has a fancy for an early-morning walk in the grounds will hear epigrams called from trees and murmured from under bushes till the air seems full of daylight fireworks.

This afternoon, when we were enjoying tea, cocktails and smoke (Marian was sitting on the mantelpiece smoking a pipe, some of us were sitting on the piano with our cigarettes, and the rest were strewn about the floor), someone asked, "What *is* an epigram exactly?"

Said Chatterton Soames, "An epigram is the great-granddaughter of a pun. A pun wore a crinoline and flounces and a chignon and played croquet. Her great-granddaughter, epigram, is shingled and wears plus-fours and plays golf."

"Shut your head, Chatty," called Marian from the mantelpiece; "*that*'s not telling us what an epigram is. Michael, my best beloved," she went on as that dreffully brilliant boy of hers came into the room, "the question arises, 'What is an epigram?' Say it with tea or with a cocktail."

Michael put himself on his back on the floor. "Mother o' mine," he said, "the perfect epigram should be the ultimate expression of the *Zeitgeist* and should contradict some respectable and long-accepted axiom, Biblical for choice."

"For instance," said Chatterton Soames, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard—and be thankful thou canst live on the dole. How's that?"

"Out!" answered Michael.

"Well, *you* give us a better one, Archangel," said Chatty.

"I'll think of it," murmured Michael, closing his eyes. . . .

"I wonder you care to have poor little me here among all you clever people," I said to Marian yesterday.

"You're a type, Sylvia," she told me. "Just as they collected types in the original ark, we like to collect them in ours."

"What am I a type of?" I asked.

"You're a type of the woman who just *paddles* in life and never goes in off the deep end."

"And what are *you* a type of, Marian?"

"I?" she said, blowing smoke-rings into the air. "Oh, *I*'m not a type. There's no one like me; I'm unique!"



THE PERSONAL POINT OF VIEW.

Guide. "BETTER BE CAREFUL HERE, SIR. I'VE BEEN RATHER UNLUCKY WITH MY VISITORS THIS SEASON JUST AROUND THIS CORNER."

Another Fishing Story.

"'Three Fishers went sailing out into the West.' Now that was the way Mr. Tennyson put it . . ."—*Canadian Paper.*

"CAIRO, July 13.—Said Zagloul Pasha, the Premier, who was shot and drowned yesterday by a student, passed a good night."
Egyptian Paper.

And has since, we are glad to say, been completely restored to life.

"The German passion for detail is often as not the cause of a persistent indefiniteness which leaves in involved particularity a rendering which might otherwise be simple.

Then the awful bungle of words which separate languages implicates and adds to the tangled webs of meaning."—*Latour Paper.*

We get you, Steve.

"The magistrate, having commented on the evidence, said he was bound to act upon it, and discharged Gunn."—*Evening Paper.*

Very sporting of him.

"Lady seeks post Housekeeper-Companion; would run flat lady or gentleman away all day."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We dare say she would. Anyway we are not taking the risk.

"At Otley yesterday William —— was fined 20*s.* and £3 6*s.* costs for driving a motor-car to the danger of the public; Herbert —— was fined 40*s.* for a similar offence; and George —— was paid 20*s.* for driving a motor-car negligently."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Otley, we understand, was the home of the great sweepstake, and the law there, too, seems to be a bit of a lottery.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXII.—THE PAGEANT BEGINS.

THE growth of Empire! But a few historical notes about the growth of the Stadium first of all:—

THE STADIUM.

The fortifications of the Stadium were designed as a defence against the people of Bolton and West Ham, in case they should attempt to take it again by assault, as they did in 1923. As defences they are admirable. The seats are divided into concrete partitions, protected by spiked bars. There is nothing better at Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubs. The outside is rendered almost impregnable by means of iron palisades with outcurved fangs. Two immense flights of concrete stairs lead up majestically towards the higher tiers and seem to offer some chance of storming the redoubt. They are however placarded with notices, saying:

NO ADMITTANCE TO THE STADIUM BY THESE STAIRS,

and lead, in fact, to a banqueting-hall. To add to the security, you cannot even banquet in the banqueting-hall unless you have booked the whole of it beforehand.

Apart from what may be termed its natural defences, I should be sorry to say how many uniformed officials guard the narrow turnstiles through which, when you find them, it is possible to enter the Stadium, nor how closely these warders scrutinise even free tickets before they permit you to pass through what appear to be prison corridors into the compound assigned.

This being so, it is not a little surprising to the visitor to find, as he often does, on reaching his seat that he is apparently the only person in the Stadium. Far away at last, across the enormous expanse of turf, he is able to detect a few other tiny figures scattered here and there amongst the cement and rubble solitudes. Nothing but a Cup-tie to the death can fill the Stadium. It was never even nearly full for the Rodeo performances, and the English people are not so profoundly interested in English history as they are in TEX AUSTIN and bucking bronks. It may be the fault of the cinema, but there it is. What they ought to do is to dynamite one end of the Stadium and despatch the men in uniform to the Amusement Park to fall on their knees and implore people to come and witness the spectacle of the British Empire's growth for nothing, instead of paying money for the joy of being bashed about on the Witching Waves.



"WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE UNRULY CROWD."



FISHERMAN'S LUCK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

JOHN CABOT.

More and more clearly I perceive that a Pageant-master has difficulties to contend with. The arena, for one thing, is so vast. It is not really like the street of a mediæval town. It is too oval. Perhaps it will be more like Newfoundland or one of the larger provinces of Canada. The little platform with the chair on which HENRY VII. is going to sit is a mere dot upon the prairie—

"This precious throne set in a grassy sea."

Hullo! Here come the trumpeters . . .

Enter a mediæval crowd in the ancient City of London to the music of a hundred-and-ten musicians very high and far away on concrete chairs. A pageant scores mostly by patterns. I wonder whether the burghers of mediæval towns really took pains to mingle so pleasantly their reds and yellows and greens.

Enter folk-dancers. Mediæval merry-making occurs. The great attraction in a mediæval amusement park seems to have been to allow red demons to seize you and thrust you into a painted devil's mouth.

Enter billmen, bowmen, halberdiers. Enter the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. Enter a lady and gentleman, hawking, or, at any rate, with hawks on their wrists. Enter knights and ladies of KING HENRY VII.

One of the excitements of a pageant is guessing who anybody is. You follow a garish-looking gentleman with your eyes over the immense tract of grass, fully convinced that he is It, and then find that the KING OF ENGLAND, or ST. GEORGE in full armour, or somebody like that, has crept in through a postern, and is perhaps having a little difficulty with his mount.

Enter at the gallop a covey of wild cowboys—I beg your pardon—I mean travel-stained horsemen from Bristol. They are bringing JOHN CABOT to present him to the KING.

Poem by Mr. ALFRED NOYES, sung by the Stadium choir:—

"Every sundown as it deepens,
Every sundown as it deepens,
Reddening to an English rose."

It is getting a little shadowy on the far side of the arena by now. Never mind; in the Wembley Stadium every sundown, as it deepens, searchlights on the Pageant throws. Otherwise history would be rather dim. The pioneers come on. Also the peoples of

the lands they pioneered in. I find this very confusing. Little groups of Indians, Esquimaux, Aztecs, I don't know what, keep arriving from side entrances, whilst the pioneers and their retinues parade up and down. I cannot tell which pioneer is which. They ought to carry sub-titles on poles; or else they could put their racing colours in the programme.

Poem in the programme by Mr. ALFRED NOYES: "*Marchaunt Adventurers.*" Funny word, "Marchaunt." I wonder what it means. Merchant, perhaps. I must ask him.

"All to cram the sunset in
our old black galleon—"

Difficult thing to do that; especially with a painted ship—

"Glory everlasting and the
lordship of the sea."

We must get on to Bristol now. The most beautifully turfed of all our seaport towns.

looped skirts the ladies are led out to dance and curtsey to their swains, whose cravats and pegtop trousers remind us of the photographs in our old albums of long-forgotten grandfathers."



MERRIE ENGLAND.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

JOHN CABOT has set out from Bristol and been blessed by the Abbot. The worst of blessings by Abbots in pageants is that the incense frightens the horses.

What is happening now? Oh, Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT is taking possession of Newfoundland in the name of ELIZABETH. Why is somebody walking about with a live Teddy Bear cub? Fancy! a man speaking in the middle of the Stadium has made himself heard without using a megaphone; "*ELIZABETH,*" he shouts, "*by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.*" I suspect him of being the City Toastmaster. Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT seems to be mainly dressed in red and gold. I shouldn't have liked to be a marchaunt adventurer's valet.

Enter unruly crowds. Nothing is so well done by the Pageant performers as unruly crowds. They tell me that a great part of the crowds, both men and women, are young ladies out of the Post-Office and the big shops. At night they shriek and dance and become Red Indians and Newfoundland fisherfolk. "Excuse my scalping-knife, Modom, I'm just off to Wembley." Rather good fun.

Enter Naval contingent. The Government of Newfoundland is settled now. We have leaped on a few hundred years.

Quadrille to welcome "ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES in the flower of his early youth. In their quaint

Dear, dear! And to think that I remember ALBERT EDWARD being Prince of Wales! But not "in the flower of his early youth." No, no.

THE PAGEANT OF LEARNING.

This is an interlude. This is really the most important crisis in English history. Scribes (in black) are sur-



WHICH OF THE CHARACTERS IN THE PROGRAMME IS THIS—FROBISHER, RODNEY, SPEKE, GRANT OR "ALBERT EDWARD IN THE FLOWER OF HIS YOUTH"—OR CAN IT BE W. G. GRACE?

rounding CAXTON'S printing-press and threatening to destroy it. (What would be the use of Newfoundland without CAXTON'S printing-press?) I cannot quite make out which is CAXTON, but a lot of lords and ladies seem to be visiting him. ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, perhaps, from the Palace of Beauty. And here are the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges out for a stroll. They don't seem to mind CAXTON'S printing-press. Little they know the worry it 's going to cause them.

Somebody else is coming to the printing press. Oh, I see, it is SHAKESPEARE. A voice rings out:—

"*You shall cease your wranglings for the tide of the world flows on.*"

Through a megaphone, I think. It wasn't a very bright remark for SHAKESPEARE to make. But I don't think he did make it. Mr. LASCELLES, I expect, or the City Toastmaster.

The place is full of people now. Queer people coming from every side. "The children of SHAKESPEARE'S brain." Is that *Hamlet?* Tut tut, I thought he was fatter—I thought he was fatter. That will be *Lear*, that unhappy one. They got a cup-tie referee to take his part, you know . . . Fairies from the *Midsummer Night's Dream.*" Followed by scribes, monks and founders, the Master passes by." He will be out just in time to get a drink.

CANADA.

Let me see, Canada was discovered by a Frenchman, wasn't it? But the Indians, of course, must have noticed it previously. There are lots and lots of Indians on the grass. They have put up wigwams. They like JACQUES CARTIER. They rush about with their bows. They always seem to be going to attack gentlemen who land in Canada from the side entrances; but they never do. "With clamorous hospitality," as the programme says, "they offer them gifts of beans, corn and other articles of uninviting aspect." They like CHAMPLAIN as much as they liked CARTIER. He has landed in 1608 and is helping them to smoke the pipe of peace. It is a most enormous pipe. The Indians shriek heartily but in rather treble tones.

All Quebec is now on the ramparts to receive the Lieut.-General of LOUIS XIV.

I don't notice the ramparts,—do you? The factotums in green must have forgotten to bring them on. I suppose they wear green so as to be less noticeable against the grass when they are changing a mediæval town into an Overseas Dominion.

Hullo! here's a beautiful ecclesiastical procession. Surely, surely that is the Pageant-master himself. Yes, I am certain. He is the Vicar Apostolic . . . From Mitre to Megaphone; or, The Life of a Pageant-master. . . . We are going to have processions of soldiers now. "Regiment by regiment there appear, marching shoulder to shoulder, the two great and victorious armies of Wolfe and Montcalm." Now I call that tact. And what beautiful uniforms! And how well they march! When the fatigue is over you can see them all marching in ordinary khaki back to their camp.

Here is a sort of picnic scene. Oh, no! I am wrong. The refugees from the seceding colonies in North America are founding British Canada: they will not desert the Old Flag. This is one of the episodes that one does not take one's friend from Boston, Mass., to see . . . "They are worn with exhaustion. One family arrives in an old coach, drawn by thin tired horses, which breaks down near the boundary." I recognise that coach. It is the old stage-coach from outside the South African Pavilion. It just shows you how closely the Empire is knit together. The refugees are toasting King George III. This is a splendid scene. "*Onward! Courage! From this day forth we are Canadians!*"

Are you going to Baker Street or Marylebone? Evoe.

SCIENTIFIC HORTICULTURE.

Many years ago, before science conferred so many benefits on humanity, the gardener inserted his seeds into the ground, stopped up the holes with some earth, then went away to pray for fine weather if it happened to be raining, or else to pray for rain if by any chance it happened to be fine. Inevitably something happened to the seeds. In most cases they came up again, aided by the next-door chickens. Sometimes they grew, and produced miserable and attenuated plants which nevertheless bore some resemblance to those ornate specimens in the illustrations on the outside of the packet which contained the seeds—they were poor relations, so to speak. But more often everything he planted, whether raspberry canes, oak-trees or radishes, grew up into twitch-grass and bindweed.

The most scientific part of the business in those days was the digging. Unless you could persuade the local Council to mistake your garden for a main road and search for some drains underneath it, you had to dig it up yourself. This necessitated standing a spade upright on the softest lump of earth you could find, then stamping on the blade of it with your foot until you either chopped the sole of your boot in half, or else the spade went in.

Nowadays, however, everything is changed. In the first place the soil needs so many patent chemical fertilisers that it saves trouble to get your garden ready made to the correct formula in a laboratory.

Having done this, and having planted the carefully sterilised, properly inoculated seeds, heated to the right temperature, at calculated distances apart, you now proceed to assist their development. It has lately been discovered, for example, that plants are susceptible to music. Possibly you might get results if you obliged the celery with a little Gilbert and Sullivan, say "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."

It has been known for years that vegetables react to electricity, but now it is asserted that wireless does something to them, so possibly the B.B.C. will shortly broadcast a carrots' half-hour or a ten-minute talk for the potatoes. In any case you will see the advisability of exercising discretion where you put your earth-wire, lest you should empty a lot of used-up jazz into the beetroots and make them hysterical.

You may think this last suggestion a little exaggerated, but in the horticultural world you must be prepared for anything. Scientists have discovered that, like the beasts of the field, the herbs of the kitchen garden have a circulatory system actuated by heart-beats. They breathe, assimilate nourishment and suffer from epidemic diseases like influenza. Maybe some day you will have to go out and increase the bulk of your vegetable marrows with a course of physical jerks. And everybody knows how a change of air benefits the aspidistra. An up-to-date gardener would think nothing of prescribing a month at Bournemouth for it.

And of course plants feel. Remember always to use a tourniquet and plenty of chloroform when you prune the apple-tree, and never to extract parsnips without using cocaine injections. From this to a chapter in the encyclopædia on the psychology of the onion is only a step. Sir Jagandis Bose has already taught a carrot to write. I fancy I should like to read the intimate diary of a broad bean; but not of course too broad. What would it—or perhaps I should say he or she as the case may be—think about the gardener? No man is a hero to his valet; his cat also holds him in contempt; but what of the sweet peas? Do they love us, or are they only actuated by greed, like the gold-fish? Do they thrill when they hear our footsteps crunching the gravel path and sending the worms to cover?

At all events they are certainly not the insensate objects we fondly imagined, although perhaps they have not yet developed any political leanings. Can you picture a class-conscious horse-radish, determined by means of subterranean propaganda to permeate the whole foundation of society in your cabbage patch, undermining with its insidious arguments the loyalty of your faithful spring greens?

If so—and there must be some such reason for the villainy of the horseradish—the next gardener you engage may need to inform you that he is a strict disciplinarian and able to handle refractory plants.

But this savours of slavery. Personally the ramifications of the business are too much for me. I may keep a couple of pet dandelions and breed a few daisies, but for the rest I shall still deal with the heartless greengrocer at the corner.

CHANCING LONDON.

Or the Street of Bond
I 'm still quite fond;
In the Street of Fleet
I rarely eat,
And never drink
In the street of ink.
When funds are low
I dine in Soho;
When flush and silly
I try Piccadilly;
But I am no scorner
Of Amen Corner.
The Road of Harrow
Is squalid and narrow
And freezes my marrow,
But I 'm rather sweet on
The Square of Eaton.
I look in Long Acre
For '*Enery Straker*,
But sadly retreat
From Regent Street—
Where the builders smash
The scheme of Nash—
And no more repair
To St. James's Square,
Or Waterloo Place
With its altered face,
Where the cars of the great
Are "parked" in state.
But I sit and talk
In Bird-Cage Walk;
And after dark
In St. James's Park
I listen to owls
And the waterfowls.



NEMESIS AND THE PAPER-BAG.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEAR FUTURE WHEN THE PRESERVATION OF THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE IS RECOGNISED AS A MATTER OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

IV.—THE YACHT RACE.

YACHT-RACING at Chisenham, I fancy, is a different thing from yacht-racing at Cowes—more difficult, more dangerous, more truly a test of the heroic virtues of the island race. I have only to mention the trifling circumstance that our races are conducted on a tidal river freely used by commercial traffic, scullers, pleasure-boats, tugs, steamers, ladies' eights and coxswainless fours.

Still, as far as we can, we regulate our races on the lines of Cowes; and we use of course the common laws of the Y.R.A., including the ridiculous provisions for handicapping and the start.

Handicapping is important in our races, for we have no one-class design. Indeed there are no two boats in the Chisenham fleet with the same dimensions, shape or sail-area. But we have sailing-dinghies of various sizes, some with red sails and some with white, and one or two with the end of an old sheet, and large decked cabin-cruisers, and swift half-raters built for racing, and lumbering vessels built for rowing, boats twenty feet in length and boats the size of my writing-table, and the *Flying Crab*, which is seven feet long and entirely circular in shape. In all the history of ships there never was a fleet so various as ours; and Mr. Tonkes gives me sixteen minutes. I give the *Flying Crab* six minutes. The course is three miles, up to the "Green Man" and back, unless one stops for a beer.

Now in any sensibly conducted sport the competitor who receives a "start" starts first, and the competitor who finishes first wins. Moreover, if the handicapping is well arranged, most of the competitors finish more or less together; there is the excitement of a contested finish, and the spectator can generally see, more or less, which man is winning. In yacht-racing it is quite otherwise. The yacht which finishes first seldom or never is the winner. And yacht A, which has half-an-hour's "start," starts at the same time as yacht B, which is giving it half-an-hour's start, an arrangement which would only be possible in *Alice in Wonderland*, Bedlam or the rules of yacht-racing. The result is that yacht B finishes half-an-hour before yacht A, and yacht C half-an-hour later. Then they all sit down and do arithmetic. And the result is that the yacht which came in first is last, and the yacht which came in last wins. And solemn people write to *The Times* to say that they cannot understand why the common herd are not more interested in yacht-racing.

The august gentlemen who order these things will tell you, I expect, that this is the tradition and the only possible arrangement. Don't believe them. It is all nonsense.

But that is the way we race at Chisenham and Cowes. And the only thing to be said for it is that it provides a scene of delicious confusion and excitement at the start. For all the yachts not merely start together, but start in all directions.

Let me explain this fascinating ritual. Our own ritual (not very different from that at Cowes) is this: Five minutes before the race starts a gun is fired, the steward hoists the "Blue Peter" to the very truck, or tip, of the club-mast, and after that a yacht is subject to the rules of the Y.R.A. and not allowed to row. The yachts are now



Stout Golfer. "HAS IT GONE OVER?" *Caddy.* "NO, SIR, YER LUCK 'S IN. IT 'S STOPPED ON THE VERY EDGE."

"jockeying for position," the object being to be near, but not over, the starting-line (which is an imaginary line between the club-mast and the "Black Swan") when the starting-gun is fired. Five minutes later another gun is fired, the "Blue Peter" is hauled down and away we go.

That is the theory of the thing. What happens in practice may be very different. When the first gun goes the expert, in theory, takes out his watch and notes the exact time, so as to be ready to the second for the starting-gun. What happens in practice is that one of the officers of the Club says loudly, "Oy! Mr. Haddock! What about your entrance fee?" I sail dashingly under the verandah, fling him a florin and foul my rudder on a mooring chain. When I am free of this I rejoin the other yachts and jockey for position, or, in other words, do what I can to avoid colliding with them. Generally, about this stage, Mr. Tonkes points out that I ought to have taken in a reef, or, if I have, that I don't need a reef on a day like this.

When we have jockeyed for position for some time and are anxiously referring to our watches, there usually approaches a vast, bulging and offensive motor-boat containing pleasure-seekers at a bob a head. Now it is a rule of the road that steam-ships and river-hogs must give way to sailing-vessels; more particularly should they give way when the sailing-vessel or yacht is evidently preparing to take part in the race for the Commodore's Cup. I therefore hold on my course, hoping against hope that the commander of the *Cheerio* is acquainted with this rule and will pass respectfully under my stern.

The commander of the *Cheerio* is never acquainted with this rule. On the contrary he too holds on his course. Nay, as often as not he adds insult to this injury by blowing at me with a filthy motor-horn. And at the last moment, since in the material sense I am in the weaker vessel and shall certainly be sunk if we collide, I am compelled, fuming, to "go about." At this point the captain of the *Cheerio*, so far from apologising, condoling or wishing me luck in the approaching contest, looks down from his disgusting motor-wheel, shakes his fat fist at me and in a voice vibrant with moral indignation addresses to me a rebuke so foul and vivid in its terms that it cannot here be reproduced. I give you only the gist.

"Oy!" says he, as one who reviles a dangerous motor-driver or human pest. "*You* ought to be locked up, you ought!"

"*What?*" say I, scarce able to speak for the injustice of this attack. "You—you—you *toad!*" I finish feebly.

"You mind where you're going—see?" he yells, with a warning shake of the finger, while all his passengers grin their approval.

"Don't you know the rule of the road?" I say hopelessly, knowing too well that I might as well ask a mandrill if he has got religion.

"One river ain't big enough for you, I suppose?" is generally his cutting conclusion, or "Why can't you go *straight?*" and away he goes out of earshot, the righteous man, still genuinely believing that sailing-boats tack back and forth across a river, instead of going straight ahead, from sheer malignant cussedness.

A little shaken by this encounter, and possibly another of the same kind, I begin jockeying again. It is now but half a minute to the starting-gun and all our eyes are glued to our second-



Auntie Maud. "Why, Marjorie, what's the matter? Aren't you going to have any supper?"
Marjorie. "I'se got blue yibbons in my hair, and blue yibbons in my djawers, and there aren't any blue ices!"

hands, while our vessels caper up and down and go about, and jibe and jib and narrowly escape collisions. Also we observe a tug approaching with six black barges trailing astern of her. Ten seconds—nine—eight—seven—six—I am in a superb position, well to windward and not far from the line—five—four—Mr. Tonkes is fifty yards away—three—two—one—*time!* I am six yards the right side of the line and now the gun should go.

Nothing happens.

Looking across the river I observe upon the balcony two officers of the gun in awful conflict with it. "The old story," we mutter. The whole fleet goes about and we begin jockeying again.

At length there comes across the water a voice. It says:—

"Oy! The gun's broke. I'll give you a shout in half a minute."

We look at our watches, still inflamed with the authentic thrill of Cowes, and again approach the line. Half a minute passes—one minute—a minute and a half. Vague cries go up from the manœuvring yachts: "Have we started?" "What about it?" and also "Oy!" We look expectant at the club-house, but there is no man to be seen. Together we raise an angry shout of protest, one vast infuriated "Oy!" At this a man rushes out from the door of the club, a glass of something in his hand, and gives a loud amorphous yell. This we take to be an imitation of a starting-gun and we make for the line, still plaintively inquiring, some of us, "Oy! Have we started? Oy!"

As for me, at this moment I am invariably in the worst possible position, travelling in the wrong direction and blanketed by the tug. However, I go about smartly and find upon my lee bow a ladies' rowing eight in the act of turning round, which takes a long time to do. Caught between the ladies and the tug, I put my boat into the wind and drift between them on the tide, regarded with curiosity and amusement by the oarswomen, who believe all yachtsmen to be mad. Yachtsmen, on the other hand, consider rowing to be the sport of lunatics. It is a queer world, my hearties.

Having drifted safely but ignominiously past the ladies (to whom I explain that I am in the act of yacht-racing) I find myself "in irons," a condition in which the boat will go neither in one direction nor the other and the sail flaps senselessly and everybody else is much amused.

This may go on for two minutes or twenty. Meanwhile Mr. Briggs is having an altercation with a sculler, and small boys on the bank with unconscious irony implore me to "give them a ride."

At long last, however, the boat "pays off" and we are away. By this time Mr. Tonkes is disappearing round the first corner.

All that now remains is to finish the race. But after a start so full of incident it is no wonder that the rest of the proceedings fall comparatively flat and are not worth recording in detail.

* * * * *

Result.

		Corrected Times.	
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	
Bluebell . .	3 21 4	4 10 11	4th
White Witch	3 39 6	3 48 20	3rd
Redwing .	3 48 20	3 39 6	2nd
Green Fly .	4 10 11	3 21 4	1st

Arethusa fouled a mark-buoy and gave up.

Clytie fouled a pleasure-steamer and sank.

A. P. H.



Vicar's Wife. "I HOPE YOU'LL COME TO SOME OF OUR 'PLEASANT HOURS,' MRS. PICKLES. THERE'LL BE TEA, FOLLOWED BY A HALF-HOUR LECTURE BY THE VICAR ON SOME INTERESTING TOPIC."

Mrs. Pickles. "I SEE, MUM—MAKING AN HOUR AND A-HALF IN ALL."

SPATS AND PERDITION.

[A well-known lady doctor, lecturing upon the effeminacy of the modern young man, attributes his degeneration to the use, among other things, of spats.]

Siegfried Jones might have stepped straight out of the pages of a lady-novelist. He was large and muscular; he was particularly brutal in his habits, and his strength and silence had won several challenge cups in local competitions. Siegfried Jones, in fact, was what is known to suburban circulating libraries as a Man.

Yet even into such a rugged life as his Romance had entered. He loved, in his stern silent way, the winsome Lady Hermione Robinson. And Lady Hermione loved him.

Siegfried's wooing had naturally been a model of all that a genuine, up-to-sample, red-blooded he-man's wooing ought to be. Striding one day into the presence of the quivering Hermione, he had lifted her from her chair and dashed her savagely upon the floor. Lady Hermione, having read the books, was at no loss to interpret this action in its right light, and she had shown her appreciation of the honour, together with an avowal of her own emotions, by shyly kissing the toe of his Number 12 boot. Whereupon Siegfried had given her a sound thrashing with his dog-whip and stridden from the house, after breaking the front-door off its hinges.

Not a single precious word had been wasted.

So far the stream of love had run smooth. But in every stream there is a snag. In this one the snag was Sir Rupert Pennibunne.

Sir Rupert Pennibunne was, alas, everything that a Man should not be. Coming of an old stock, his family had wallowed through the ages in successively deeper laps of luxury until the manhood had been sapped right out of them and their red-bloodedness reduced to a faint blue.

Even in far-off Norman times Sir Hugo de Pennibunne had foreshadowed the future degeneracy of his race by wiping his fingers daintily on the plume of his parade helmet between the meat and the pudding courses; and since then the family had slid downwards through successive stages of table-napkins, finger-bowls, baths, woollen vests and chest-protectors to the condition of their present miserable representative, Sir Rupert himself.

To match his depraved tastes, Sir Rupert had a certain fund of low cunning; and the news of Siegfried's engagement to Hermione set it in motion. For he too loved the gentle maiden.

In the silent hours of the night he evolved a foul and dastardly plot against his successful rival.

The next day Siegfried received a parcel. In accordance with his usual custom he set it upon the table and frowned fiercely at the string. Whereupon the string broke in alarm, and Siegfried opened his parcel. It contained a pair of curiously-shaped articles, such as Siegfried's austerely innocent ankles had never met before. With them was a card of instructions headed "Smart Gents' Wear."

Siegfried read through the card with interest. It would not be unpleasant, he felt, to be a Smart Gent. Besides, it might gratify Hermione. And those gaudy little things about his ankles would flash prettily as he kicked her. Girls appreciate small attentions like that.

He bent and slipped the fatal things over his shoes.

A few moments later Siegfried felt a strange weakness creeping over him. He fought against it strenuously; but on his way out it was all he could do to cut with his dog-whip at his landlady as he passed. The old lady expected it, he knew, and he did not wish to disappoint her; but for some reason it was an unwonted effort.

In Hermione's house this unusual feeling became still more pronounced. For the first time he allowed the trembling footman to show him into her presence, instead of knocking the man senseless and kicking open the door of Hermione's room himself.

But even that was not all.

Hermione had leapt up eagerly on his entrance, wondering in her artless girlish way whether this impetuous lover of hers was going to stamp on her to-day, or whether he would merely throw her downstairs. Perhaps, if he loved her very much this afternoon, he might even hurl her out of the window! She quivered with ecstasy at the thought.

So that when Siegfried merely seized her and did nothing at all beyond crushing her savagely to him, she was a little disappointed. The fact that in doing so he dislocated her collar-bone and cracked two of her ribs showed that his affection for her was still strong; but it was not what she had hoped. Hermione felt singularly depressed.

The next day he went no further than to smack her with his hand; and when Hermione tearfully asked him what he had done with his dog-whip he replied, though a trifle sheepishly, that he had come to the conclusion that one ought not to take a dog-whip to ladies.

Hermione wept bitterly after he had gone. Already she foresaw the end of her sweet romance.

Yet it must not be thought that Siegfried had thus embarked on his downward course in sheer ignorance. Some inner voice was busy warning him that there must be some connection between this new-found weakness and those curious little articles which he wore continuously upon his ankles. Yet in spite of everything he could not bring himself to discard them. Already he had fallen a victim to their fatal and insidious lure.

They fascinated him, these delectable little ankle-warmers. Their little grey buttons thrilled him. The cute little straps, too. He even wore them in bed . . .

But why prolong the painful story? By the end of a month Siegfried's hair was flowing over his new soft collars; he wore a Jaeger vest; he had bought three cushions, a feather-bed and a doll. And he hadn't killed, maimed or even thrashed anybody for weeks. The man had completely gone to pieces.

The end was inevitable. Hermione, not having been beaten, kicked or even slapped for a whole month, found that her affection for this poltroon of a lover had turned to contempt. In a terrific scene she closed her doors to him for ever and watched him with scornful eyes as he crept away on all fours. A week later in a fit of pique she married Sir Rupert Pennibunne.

Siegfried Jones is now a mannequin in a well-known gents' tailoring establishment. His figure is much admired.



Amateur Decorator. "I WANT THREE POUNDS MORE OF LIGHT-GREEN PAINT—THIS SHADE."

The Grandmaternal Touch.

From the report of a wedding:—

"The Duchess of —— played, but quite neglected to look, the part of grandmother to these pages. The Duke looked it a little more, but not quite."—*Weekly Paper.*

"'If the project should prove practicable upon the lines indicated—namely, a road through Whitechapel district, a large portion being carried by an aqueduct,' said a leading authority interviewed to-day, 'then it will afford an important object lesson.'"

Evening Paper.

With all due deference to the "leading authority" we are afraid that "upon the lines indicated"—namely, an aqueduct—it is more likely to prove a washout.



THE COMING PERIL FOR THE CLUMSY MAN.

FORTUNATE ISLES.

SOMEBODY has written to a London newspaper expressing the opinion that few people are aware that there is a "Stonehenge" in the Orkneys.

I for one was ignorant of this. As for the Shetlands, I could have told anyone, and have often done so, that they have ponies and shawls; but I did not imagine that the Orkneys had anything at all excepting the Shetlands, the two being, of course, inseparables. Few things perhaps in the whole range of geography are quite so touching, quite so beautiful, as the devotion of these, the one to the other—always together, never wandering from one another for a single hour, and neither of them seeking in any way to outdo its old companion. I never think of the Orkneys and the Shetlands without humming a few bars of that charming old ballad, "Darby and Joan" and—let me confess it—wiping a tear from each eye. A silly sentimental old fool, you may say—and perhaps you're right; but there it is.

I am delighted to hear this news about the Orkneys. Even with the Shetlands to enliven their existence they must find life dull at whiles. Away up there, even further from civilization than Aberdeen itself, they must suffer terribly from *ennui* in the long winter nights and the short winter days when there are no visitors from the South to afford them a little harmless amusement. After all, an occasional bagpipe solo is not everything.

Happy Orcadians, then, to be able, when the day's toil is over, to wander out in the moonlight or the fog and have a look at their own Stonehenge, to feel once more the cold solidity of its masses of granite, to ponder yet again upon the significant fact that these enormous boulders were raised into position long before the building operatives were thoroughly organised and efficiently led. And the best of all must be that in the case of the Orkney Stonehenge there is no charge of sixpence for admission.

Well, we have nothing like this in Balham—nothing. In many ways, indeed, Balham must be totally different from the Orkneys. Happy Orcadians!

THAT JENNY.

THAT Jenny's wed a gipsy,
A weather-tanned tramp;
She'll never clean the knives again
Nor trim the parlour lamp.

He came for 'er at sunset,
When the moor grows dim;
She 'adn't any call to go
Along o' such as 'im.

There's some weds for plenty,
And there's some weds for place,
But Jenny's took a feller
For the look upon 'is face.

She didn't ought to do so;
She shouldn't 'ave been led;
A pack is Jenny's pillow now,
The fern's Jenny's bed;

The moon's Jenny's candle
In the cold sky above;
An' good enough for softies
That 'll follow men for love.

"Flannel Trousers. Special Value. White or Grey. Send chest measurement and length of leg."—*Outfitter's Circular.*

Much too high-waisted for our taste.



AFTER SIX MONTHS' TRIAL.

LABOUR PARTY (*going on her first holiday*). "I HOPE, M'M, I'VE GIVEN SATISFACTION SO FAR?"

MRS. BRITANNIA. "WELL, I WON'T SAY YOU 'VE TURNED OUT QUITE THE TREASURE YOU REPRESENTED YOURSELF TO BE; BUT I WILL SAY THERE HAVE BEEN FEWER BREAKAGES IN THE PANTRY THAN I FEARED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 28th.—These Monday sittings have freshened up their Lordships wonderfully. They were at work to-day by a quarter past three. The attendance has slackened off somewhat among the hereditary peers, but the former Members of the Commons say that it makes them feel like old times again. Lord BANBURY particularly enjoyed himself on the Unemployment Insurance Bill, and carried against the Government an Amendment providing that a person who had failed to pay his contributions should not have a right to uncovenanted benefit. Encouraged by this triumph he then sought to continue the disqualification of a Trade Unionist thrown out of work by a strike in which he was not directly concerned. But this was too drastic for Lord CAVE, who, having vainly urged him to withdraw his Amendment, moved and carried a milder one to much the same effect.

The Government had to put up with further defeats on the London Traffic Bill. Lord MONTAGU succeeded in arming the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT with power to insist that the various bodies who break up the roads should confine their operations to the hours of darkness, and Lord ASKWITH procured a longer life for the measure, which is now to run till December 1930.

Mr. STEPHEN WALSH was welcomed with sympathetic cheers on his first reappearance after a long illness. During his absence Mr. WALTER BAKER has been driven distracted by the unemployment in the Musicians' Union—a condition which he attributes to undercutting by the State-aided regimental bands. I fear he was not altogether convinced by the WAR MINISTER'S assurance that the regulations which permit Army bands to accept private engagements are carefully framed to prevent any unfair competition.

Mr. WALSH was not the only wanderer who reappeared. The Commons were scarcely seated when a low growl, oddly familiar and yet almost forgotten of late, was heard from the Labour back-benches. It was Mr. JACK JONES, returned from an unaccountable absence of many weeks, letting the House know that he was back again. He had something to say on almost every question that was asked. On hearing from the COLONIAL SECRETARY that the Parliamentary Commission about to visit East Africa would consist of Mr. ORMSBY-GORE (Unionist), Mr. LINFIELD (Liberal) and Major CHURCH (Labour), he was particularly indignant. "Why," he asked, "is not real Labour represented?" Mr. THOMAS did not reply directly, but, as he had just relieved Mr. HANNON'S anxiety as to the safety of the expedition by saying, "I am sure each Party will do its best to see that its representative returns," his reason for not inviting Mr. JONES may perhaps be inferred.



ON SAFARI.

A Parliamentary Commission, consisting of Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, Major CHURCH and Mr. LINFIELD, is shortly to visit East Africa in order to study local conditions.

Mr. THOMAS himself is also going to Africa (South) next month, but not, as he was careful to explain to a questioner, at the public expense. Having drawn compliments from the Opposition, who look for great things from his expedition, he showed himself an expert angler in "playing" first Colonel GRETTON and then Mr. BRIDGEMAN on the question of the release of Irish prisoners last week. He informed Colonel GRETTON that the Irish Free State had not demanded their release, but repudiated Mr. BRIDGEMAN'S suggestion that the Free State had not been consulted. It was a Cabinet decision, and "I am a Cabinet Minister," he replied archly when pressed for fuller information.

On the Agricultural Wages Bill the SPEAKER ruled out of order the most controversial Amendment. This was a proposal, emanating from the Liberal benches and already rejected in the Committee upstairs, for a minimum wage of thirty shillings. Mr. PRINGLE hotly resented the ruling and earned a rebuke from the Chair. Thereafter the debate degenerated into an electioneering contest, each party proclaiming that it alone had the interests of agriculture at heart. The honestest, if not the best, speech came from Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, who, describing himself as "not a very patient ox," derided the talk about "a national outlook" and declared that until they had "national weather of a suitable kind" they had better leave the people in the country districts to manage their own affairs.



AGRICULTURE—THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS

Mr. PRINGLE. Mr. NOEL BUXTON. Lord WOLMER.

Tuesday, July 29th.—Lord ARNOLD'S exposition of the principles underlying the Finance Bill might have appealed to the mythical Earl of Huntingdon, better known as ROBIN HOOD, but found no favour with present-day Peers.

Their views were expressed by Viscount GREY, who in solemn tones, recalling those of his historic oration on the eve of the War, described the Budget as "popular but improvident," rebuked the

Government for taking off taxes without regard to their heavy commitments for future expenditure, and warned them that, if they continued to pile all the national burdens upon the saving classes, the worst sufferers from the ensuing distress would be the wage-earners whom they wanted to benefit.

Too often of late it has been recorded that the LORD CHANCELLOR was "imperfectly heard" in the Press Gallery. But to-day, profiting perhaps by his friend Viscount GREY'S sonorous example, Lord HALDANE, when moving the Second Reading of the Housing Bill, spoke up like a man. Indeed his remark that "we are all Socialists now" was delivered in so penetrating a tone that Lord BANBURY barely recovered from the shock in time to register his protest against this monstrous accusation.

Admitting that the Bill would cost an immense sum of money—one per cent. of the national income—Lord HALDANE argued that, "if it proved a success" (a proviso repeated more than once), it would save the country as much or even more through the removal or amelioration of the evils now caused by bad housing.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, standing on the steps of the Throne, smiled sardonically as the LORD CHANCELLOR skated lightly over the details of the Bill, and particularly over Mr. WHEATLEY'S bargain with the building trades, about which the Commons showed themselves so sceptical, but which Lord HALDANE appeared to take at its full face-value.

Lord WEIR declared that the Bill was much too extravagant, and outlined a scheme under which, by the adoption of modern methods, satisfactory houses could be built for three hundred pounds apiece.

Question-time in the Commons was a trifle less dull than is usual on Tuesdays, for the rising loaf provided Members with a new topic on which to heckle Mr. WEBB. He declined to encourage their alarm, however, and declared his confidence that, in spite of the diminution of the Canadian crop, there would be plenty of grain to meet the requirements of the world's wheat-consumers. A back-bencher who asked if the Government proposed to interfere with the "laws of supply and demand" was assured that nothing would please Mr. WEBB more—"if only I knew how to do it."

The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND endured the usual spate of "Supplementaries" regarding loans to Scots fishermen, but declined to go beyond his brief even when half the House was yelling "Answer!" simultaneously.

The heartiest laugh of the afternoon was heard when a Liberal Member, just before the thunderstorm broke, plaintively petitioned the SPEAKER for "a little light on this side of the House."

On the Colonial Office Vote Mr. ORMSBY-GORE asked a number of questions regarding Iraq, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY seized the opportunity to make a comprehensive attack upon British policy in that country. The Arabs, he declared, did not want us "except perhaps as milch-cows from whom golden milk can be drawn," and would not have accepted the Anglo-Iraqui Treaty but for our intimidation.

To a debater of Mr. THOMAS'S peculiar gifts the gallant Commander is "easy meat." The House rippled with laughter as he took his critic's assertions one by one and turned them against him. Intimidation? There had been none except that we had plainly told the Iraquis that if they did not want the British they would go back to the League of Nations. As for the golden milk, the estimates had come down in four years from seventy-five millions to barely six. And, while he would give no guarantee, the Government had every intention of evacuating the country as soon as possible: "If you keep us here we will get out."



Owner (to hirer, who has had a really dreadful time). "AND LOOK WHAT YOU 'VE DONE TO THAT ROWLOCK! BEEN LARKING ABOUT, I SUPPOSE."

A debate on the Dominions and Foreign policy was started by Mr. AMERY and continued by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who in a refreshingly statesmanlike speech of the 1914-1918 brand pointed out that by their sacrifices in war the Dominions had established an indefeasible claim to be consulted during peace. "And so say all of us" was in effect the reply of Mr. THOMAS, who earned the high approval of Sir J. MARRIOTT: "Nothing could be better than the tone and temper in which the right hon. gentleman had treated the subject."

Wednesday, July 30th.—Assembling at a quarter past three, the Lords had by four approved of two Special Orders, passed three Second Readings and six Third Readings, carried two Bills through Committee, and discussed both Lord ONSLOW'S plea for school teachers who acquire foreign nationality by marriage, and also Lord DANESFORT'S motion about the nationality of British women married to American citizens. But the London Traffic Bill soon brought about a block. Lord BANBURY could not resist the temptation to tell their Lordships a few stories illustrating his own views on traffic congestion, and the queue of Peers who were determined to follow him into anecdotage grew longer every minute.

The Government showed no eagerness to accept Major CHURCH'S suggestion that the unemployed should be set to work on the restoration of certain parts of HADRIAN'S Wall. The secret of their reluctance was revealed by Lord WOLMER, who recalled that the wall had been built to keep the Scots out of England. "And, like most things English, it was a miserable failure," interjected Mr. KIRKWOOD.

In opposing a last effort by the Opposition to curtail Mr. TOM SHAW'S salary by one hundred pounds, Mr. SNOWDEN, while protesting against the unreasonableness of expecting the Labour Government to provide "a complete solution" for unemployment within six months, again asserted that his party had a positive remedy for that chronic disease. Pending its production he read out a long catalogue of temporary palliatives, all of them, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE reminded him, prepared by the Government's Coalition or Unionist predecessors.



Helpful Farmer (to fleeing party). "DON'T 'EE STOP TO OPEN YON GATE—'TIS CHAINED."

THE ROPE.

IF you are going to the mountains for your holidays, take clusters of large nails with a pair of boots attached, if you wish. But the chief thing to take is a rope.

The rope may be of the greatest value in enhancing the pleasure of your visit. Securely fastened by one end to your own person (not too near the neck and not too far the other way) and by the other end to someone whose nails are bigger and stronger than yours, it may render you signal service. It should be one of those ropes with a crimson thread running through it, to indicate, should the worst befall you, that here was a case, not of suicide but of holiday-making.

By means of the rope you may obtain views of the wonders of the mountains which the unroped might not have time to observe. You may dangle, twirling, over a two-thousand-feet precipice, and thus enjoy a sensation different in many ways from anything to be experienced at Wembley; and while your companions try unsuccessfully to pull you up again you will see the quiet village far below you, with its miniature chalets and the thin thread of its torrent stream winding among the meadows. Should time permit, and it probably will, you may observe the curious strata in the face of the precipice, the variety of its stunted vegetation and something possibly of the bird life of the locality. You may even get a glimpse of the inaccessible edelweiss from your point of vantage. Then the merry peal from the tiny red-roofed church will greet your ears, and all too soon will the shadows begin to lengthen in the peaceful valley and the pink glow of the setting sun will lend its gorgeous tints to the peaks beyond.

Or should you experience the thrill of sudden descent from the glare of the glacier into the green coolness of the crevasse the rope will permit you to obtain some idea of the enormous mass of these slow-moving rivers of ice as you hang between the smooth and chilly walls and gaze about you at surely one of the most wondrous works of nature. While the degree of strength and skill possessed by those you have left behind you may play no small part in determining the outcome of such an adventure, the fact remains that whether you will be privileged to discover the utmost depth of the crevasse in which you are hanging will depend very largely upon the rope.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch very earnestly appeals to his readers on behalf of the children of the poor who cannot without generous help have any holiday in the country. Especially he appeals to the parents of those more fortunate children who are at this moment enjoying the delights of the sea-shore and the countryside to remember the hard lot of those who are confined to the close alleys of our towns.

Last year the Children's Country Holidays Fund sent away over 25,000 little ones to be entertained for a fortnight by kind hosts in the country. It is hoped that at least as many may this year be given the same chance of a happy time in the good air. But everything depends upon the amount of money at the disposal of the Fund. High hopes have been held out to the children; and, that they might the better appreciate their holiday, numbers of Lantern Lectures and Nature Talks have been given in the schools to illustrate and explain the common—but to them unfamiliar—objects of the country and the seaside. It would be pitiful to disappoint these hopes and to let these preparations be wasted. Gifts should be sent—and as soon as possible—to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of ARRAN, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.



SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

LAST ON THE LIST.

Not Brown for whom the bright wave dashes
Where breezy Barmouth takes the seas,
Not Jones whose well-aimed mashie mashes
North Berwick's superficies,
Not Smith I envy, though his cash is
So ultra-plentiful that he 's
Sailed in his steam-yacht to the Adriatic,
Returning on a date that 's wholly problematic.

The angler by slow watercourses
With pipe and lunch and noonday nap,
The motor fiend whose ninety horses
Contemn the rustic bobby-trap,
The mountaineer whose one resource is
To scale some Alp's unsullied cap—
These, as they leave for range or road or river,
Provoke no answering bile in my rebellious liver.

The sail that swells to all the breezes,
The wave that cools the fevered skin,
The vale where every prospect pleases
And trippers don't come barging in,
The friendly inn whose duck and peas is
Companioned by a decent bin—
Rich memory, in her ample store-house, treasures
Days when I too fared forth to prove these fleeting pleasures.

Yet well I know how meretricious
Are all those vistas of the mind,
How dearly Fortune loves to dish us,
The elements to prove unkind,
How jaunts we thought would be delicious
Attempted prove a tedious grind,
And we return, our unsuccessful fun done,
Saying that, after all, there 's no place quite like London.

Let others wander; me St. James's
Delightful park sufficeth still,
Or where the fleetfoot Eros aims his
Inflammatory darts at will;
Me Bond Street, dear to dainty dames, is
More bracing to than any hill,
The liquid haunts beloved of thirsty Gringos
Cooler than stream wheredown the halcyon's sea-blue wing goes.

So whether August bends his solar
Ardours alike on dog and man,
Or harries us with circumpolar
Blizzards, as English Augusts can,
London, whose streets the present goal are
Of half the *élite* of Wumpville (Kan.),
Shall hold the faithful feet of Albert Cluffins
Till harvest comes and goose and golden rod and muffins.

Then where late summer warms the failing
Leaf and the clacking binder goes,
Where over hills the clouds go sailing
Or orchards ripen in repose,
I shall be found at last regaling
Eye, ear and lung and patient nose,
Free, as the cold bars clang behind my fellows,
To go where Summer goes and mellow as it mellows.

Algol.



Simkins (who has been inspired by the "Access to Mountains" agitation and taken his holidays in the Highlands—after a long day in the mist). "ANYONE CAN HAVE ACCESS TO ALL THE MOUNTAINS HE WANTS FOR ME! GIVE ME GOOD OLD PICCADILLY AND A PORTERHOUSE STEAK."

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

THE HORSE.

You may wonder why I choose this moment to address a letter to you. I will tell you. I was riding the other day in a friend's motor-car on our way to Lord's and in a narrow street a heavy van ahead of us was being drawn at a walking pace by a pair of you. We could not pass it until the next turning, the interval of time being sulphurously filled by my friend's remarks about the wickedness of allowing you in London at all. "Monstrous" was the mildest of his adjectives. "Monstrous." It was while I reflected that it was for you that this London street, in common with most of the other streets and roads of the world, had been made, and that the mechanical vehicle in which we were sitting is a contrivance of mushroom growth, that I decided that the time had come to express a little sympathy with you; for I have the feeling that you like work and resent your eclipse and the approaching total exclusion of you from the metropolis and other cities, which, I fear, nothing can now prevent.

You used to fall down a good deal, I remember, and you often had difficulty in pulling heavy loads over slippery ground; but London was a jollier place when you dominated it and there were drivers instead of chauffeurs. The reins were more human than the steering-wheel, and chauffeurs are not really nice men. They have no sense of locality; they dislike helping with the luggage and they make no soothing hissing sounds when they are in the garage. Our characters generally were the better for having constantly with us "a noble animal with a leg at each corner," and for seeing at every turn your dignified countenance and comfortable curves. Also how much quieter or less discordant was it when there were only your hoofs and bells instead of the insolent horns that now affront our ears and destroy our nerves!

There were equine superstitions too which amused us to test and which are now obsolete. It used to be a saying in the days anterior to motor cars—and I have proved it to be true again and again—that no one could cross London Bridge without seeing a white horse. It used to be said that, having seen a white horse, we were certain, searching about, to see a red-haired girl. The white horses are no longer visible, and red-haired girls, I suppose, have vanished with them. At any rate, how seldom do we see them! And what of the sparrows that once feasted so bravely upon the overplus of your nosebags—for you were ever a careless feeder—how can they subsist to-day? Little did that scientific innovator think, when he constructed the first petrol-driven engine, that he was at one blow depriving London not only of half her sparrows but of all her Titian tresses.

Had the motor never been invented, I cannot see how the world would have been any the worse; we should merely have had to start earlier for our engagements—no more. The best things in England, at any rate, all came about before the contraption was thought of, and while you were still "the friend of man"—SHAKESPEARE, for example, and beer and dog-carts (how exciting a ride in a dog-cart used to be!), and DICKENS, and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and OLD CROME and the waltz, and ALFRED MYNN, and hansoms and lawn tennis; while two of the worst things in the world—

jazz and the War—have happened since. It looks as though man made a mistake in treating your friendship so lightly, doesn't it? He must fancy himself very rich in friends to be flinging you off like this.

And what of your future? Your future will lie on farms, in the hunting field, on the polo ground and on the racecourse. Farmers, however, do not count on your trustworthiness as once they did, for the mechanical tractor has lured them away; and the people who can afford to hunt to-day are too often the people who prefer Margate to Melton Mowbray. But your power on the turf grows stronger every minute. Indeed the activities that you set in motion by competing in races would certainly astonish and perhaps appal you. When I leave the paddock, where you walk so sedately and display so modestly your lovely form and glistening coat, and pass into the ring, I am appalled myself. That such a beautiful creature as you should be the cause of all this ugly and noisy avarice is outrageous and distressing. When I am knocked down in Fleet Street by the hurrying lout with the "first winner," I wonder why betting is allowed, especially since our purblind Governments, one after the other, refuse to derive any revenue from it. When I follow the advice of the prophets to find once and again that they are no wiser than the ignorant, I wonder even more.

None the less, my dear horse, if you would like to make any acknowledgment of your gratification at receiving this letter, you would more than discharge the fancied obligation if you could find out the winners of the St. Leger and Cambridgeshire and whisper them to me. The information must, of course, be accurate. I would then fulfil the dream of all our lives and bring off such a string of doubles as would at once give me all overdue revenge and cripple the commission agency world for years to come. Do this, my dear horse, and ensure my comfort—more than comfort, luxury—and my peace of mind for ever.

E. V. L.

"By his victory Tom Gibbons will be qualified for a match with Tom Gibbons. If he beats Gibbons he will have a shot at the world's heavy-weight championship."
Provincial Paper.

But what if GIBBONS should beat him?

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

I AM writing this on the supposition that you are an English merchant and are therefore planning to establish a branch of your London store in New York. The wisdom of this course is so generally accepted that there is no need for me to stop to point out its advantages; living in England and doing business in America is rapidly coming to be recognized as the ideal existence.



Visitor. "NOT VERY TEMPTING THIS MORNING, SAM."
Sam (Sea Baths, Ltd.). "NO, SIR. I 'VE RECEIVED SEVERAL VERY NASTY COMPLAINTS ABOUT IT."

But it will not be an ideal if it is going to be necessary for you to travel back and forth across the Atlantic several times a year. For your happiness to be complete your store must prosper without you, and to help you towards this prosperity is the purpose of the present paper.

Now success with New York branches, I have found, depends entirely on a few important details. Let me go into them in an orderly manner.

The first error that you are likely to make is in choosing the site for your shop. (If by good fortune you have not decided what sort of shop it is to be, let me urge you to set up a haberdashery; you will find this of great convenience when you come to the spelling of your sign, a point I shall take up presently.) You might suppose from a cursory knowledge of New York that the wisest place for your shop would be somewhere between Forty-second Street and Fifty-ninth Street on Fifth Avenue; your neighbouring stores would all be of the first class, and you might think that their customers would be your customers and that you too would soon make a fortune.

You must guard against this kind of reasoning. Native stores occupy the fashionable Avenue, but to open an English shop there is to ignore a most important psychological phenomenon and your shop is almost certain to perish. New Yorkers like to "discover" a foreign shop; they like to feel that they are trading at a place not generally known, which feeling is of course denied them with your store on the Avenue, where everybody can see it.

You are therefore first confronted with the problem of finding a site convenient to Avenue shoppers and at the same time sufficiently out of the way to be capable of being "discovered." Here your own ingenuity is called upon, but you will probably find that one of the cross-town streets—say up about Forty-fifth or Forty-sixth, between Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue—combines these two essentials better than any other.

Though of course you must be careful not to be too hard to discover, it has generally been found advisable to sink your shop a few feet below the sidewalk. The slight loss of prominence occasioned by this is more than offset by the advantages that come from gratifying the New Yorker's prejudice in favour of descending two or three steps into a foreign shop.

But you must make it perfectly obvious that your store is not American. Few American stores are hardy enough to live in semi-basements. And for this purpose you will need two simple signs.

One is to be suspended over your entrance from a rough-hewn piece of timber and is to be made of an old oak board. (Any local lumber company will sell you one for a dime.) On it you may put whatever legend you please so long as you use the expected English spelling. Thus, for example, do not write it, "The English Haberdashery"; New



Professional. "YOU CAN'T EXPECT EVER TO BE A GOLFER UNLESS YOU PRACTISE CONTINUALLY."
Despondent Golfer. "I DON'T. I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IF I DO I SHAN'T."

Yorkers will not believe you and you will find your three-step descent a serious hindrance to trade. But write it, "Ye Englysche Haberdascherie," and your first move towards prosperity has been made.

In case you have some good reason for not establishing a haberdashery I should advise you as a second choice to open a kind of store over which you may use in your title the word "shoppe," such as "Ye Olde Tobacco Shoppe" or "Ye London Dogge Shoppe." If you happen to be planning an establishment over which the word "shoppe" is clearly inappropriate, see if it is any more intelligible to say "chop-house" or "coffee-house." If none of these expresses your store you had better not put much money in it.

The other sign I referred to is to be painted on the glass in the lower corners of your display windows. All you will need here is:—

SUCH-AND-SUCH, LD.,
LONDON & NEW YORK.

If you have followed carefully these preliminary matters, you may here consider that your shop is crowded with New Yorkers. Now comes the problem of making them buy and making them return to buy more. The solution of this involves a larger outlay of capital.

It rests almost wholly upon your clerks; you cannot give too much care and thought to the selection of your clerks and to their appearance in the store. There is no general rule to be laid down as to the best costume for them to wear; this depends somewhat on the scale of prices you expect to ask. With scale "C" (the lowest) it is permissible, if not advisable, to have them simply wear English street clothes neatly pressed; with scale "B" (moderately high) it is wisest for them to wear light coats of cream-coloured English broadcloth; and with scale "A" (up to infinity) the material is the same, the only difference being that the coat now hangs to the knees. Customers of course will not understand these costumes and will ascribe them to the picturesque eccentricities of foreigners.

Since English broadcloth is not expensive and can be bought in any quantity you wish after you reach New York, this part of the problem is very simple; the part having to do with the selection of your clerks is infinitely graver.

You probably think that, in order to carry out the idea of your shop's being merely a New York branch, you should bring your clerks over with you, thus making certain of your English atmosphere. I will not say this plan leads to absolute failure; you may be able to do business for a considerable period, and even to pay expenses. It is admittedly the cheapest way of getting your clerks, but, like most cheap ways, it is not the best in the long run.

The reason it is not the best is that the atmosphere you must produce is not the atmosphere of an English shop but the New Yorker's idea of the atmosphere of an English shop, and native-born Englishmen for clerks would do the real thing far too accurately, having of course no way of knowing just exactly what the New Yorker's idea is.

Now the wisest and safest plan is this. Come to America alone and, while the shop is under construction, advertise in the papers for the required number of thin young men. Select from these the ones whose appearances displease you least and present them with round trip tickets to London and enough money to enable them to live there two weeks—no longer. Two weeks is generally accepted as the normal time required for

the English accent to reach its maximum exaggeration; if their stay is shorter, they may have difficulty in fixing in their minds a sufficient quantity of English "key-words," and if they remain much longer they become *blasé* about it and begin to speak like Americans again.

One small but important precaution you would do well to keep in mind is to send over a fresh neophyte for the two weeks' training about once every six months. You will find this necessary, because, after a year back in New York, the original clerks, urged on by the distinction of an exotic pronunciation, will be rapidly becoming unintelligible. Though a certain amount of unintelligibility is extremely desirable from the point of view of trade, it must not be carried too far. When you can no longer understand them yourself, you may know it is time to put a substitute into training.

As a final suggestion, let me advocate the scheme of the free-lance clerk. He is to do no selling himself; his use is as a lead to the other clerks. He should approach a clerk attending to a customer and mutter something to him in an aside; the clerk is thus given the opportunity of saying "Right-ow," which he of course could not say to the customer. Failure to use this essential expression might create in the back of the customer's mind a suspicion that your shop was not English.

Always remember that what you are attempting to do is to reproduce the New Yorker's conception of an English store. If you succeed in doing this you may return to England in perfect peace of mind as to the comfort of your declining years. Your days may now be spent in blessed idleness, for, having got the branch store properly going, you may sell the main shop and retire.

P.S.—I find I have overlooked the matter of your wares. As to this, you will find that American products are the cheapest under the circumstances. You will have no difficulty in arranging with the manufacturers to stencil the goods "English," "Scotch," "Welsh" and so forth, thus eliminating the last possibility of the customer's becoming apprehensive that he is buying a non-imported article and withdrawing his patronage. U. S. A.

A Police Mystery.

"The constable, who might have become a constable, resigns his job before he applies for it."—*Evening Paper.*

From a detective story:—

"For a while we droved on along quiet country lanes killing time until duck fell."
Weekly Paper.

A useful mixed bag.

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

'Twas just a month ago I found
That, though I seemed so stout,
The daily task, the common round
Had simply worn me out;
And how a week or two wherein one stagnates
And leaves the working mind a restful blank
Were quite essential for us merchant magnates—
But that was only swank.

No complicated business deal,
No contest for the swag,
Had actually made me feel
The least bit like a rag;
I merely wanted, like my friends and neighbours,
When Summer beckoned me, to haste away
Thither where people cease from other labours
And simply eat and play.

But now a really torpid brain
Proclaims as overdue
A respite from the grievous strain
That I 've been passing through;
My haggard features and the weight I 'm losing
Show that my constitution needs support,
Being wrecked and broken with the task of choosing
My holiday resort.

RESOURCE.

I HAVE a nephew of some sixteen summers. Strictly speaking, I am not really old enough to be so blessed, and my comparative youthfulness, combined with the facts, (1) that he saw me play Rugger against the Harlequins, and (2) that his heart was warmed by the adequate tip I had produced in the first fine glow of my first leave, may possibly account for the intimacy which sprang up between us.

"You know, Cheese" (the imp had unearthed a nick-name which I had graced at the same school), "I can't call you 'uncle,' you 're much too—too sporting for an uncle."

I capitulated. There is no greater compliment in the public schoolman's vocabulary than the epithet "sporting." I felt that my dignity as an uncle was well lost. And so "Cheese" and "Gazeka" it became.

Dropping, one day, into a smartish restaurant for luncheon I was accosted by a familiar voice.

"Hullo! Cheese. What are you doing here?"

I turned. Dressed in his most ornate suit, a flower in his buttonhole and at the other end—adornment forbidden, I knew, by parental dogma as "unsuitable for little boys"—immaculate white spats, sat the Gazeka.

He was entertaining a demure little maiden of about his own age (the "Betty," I guessed, of whom I had already heard).

With no trace of embarrassment the Gazeka made the necessary introduction and invited me to join them. I demurred, but he waved me to silence. "Rot!" he said; "we haven't started yet. Old Cheese here," turning to Betty, "plays for the Services, you know."

Betty giggled.

Having settled us to his satisfaction, the Gazeka turned his attention to the menu.

"À la carte," said he, "or table d'hôte? I suggest the latter. They do you quite well here."

"Thank you very much," said the bewildered Betty.

The Gazeka gave his order and picked up the wine-list.

"What will you drink?" he asked.

"Oh! I'll have a ginger-beer, please," said Betty a little breathlessly, contributing her first intelligent remark to the conversation.

"Oh! have a little wine," said the Gazeka loftily.

"No, really——" began Betty.

"Do," begged the Gazeka.

Whether it was, perhaps, the old sex-antagonism subconsciously at work I cannot say, but Betty, hitherto content to play the *rôle* of passive admirer, seemed suddenly to feel the imperative necessity of self-assertion.

"Do," begged the Gazeka once more.

"Well, the only wine I ever drink," said Miss Betty with great calm, "is champagne."

For a fleeting second a look of consternation came over the Gazeka's face, but he recovered quickly. Something, however, was obviously wrong. Though I had no precise information regarding his resources, I shrewdly suspected that an additional guest and the unexpected champagne might well prove to be too great a burden for his exchequer.

By means of gentle and, I hoped, suggestive kicks under the table I endeavoured to place my pocket-book at his disposal. As a medium of expression, however, my foot was exasperatingly ineffective. The Gazeka took no notice of it.

"Bring me," he said at length, "a small bottle of No. 5" (it was marked at 14*s.* 6*d.* the small bottle). "I think you 'll like that," he continued, turning to his fair companion. "It 's a good wine, though there 's not much of it left nowadays."

Then he rose. "Excuse me," he said,



The Lady. "THE WAY THEM MOTORS DASH ABOUT FAIR PETROLISES ME WITH FRIGHT."

"but it never does to let these fellows open wine on their own. I 'll just stroll round and see we get the real article."

This, obviously, was my cue. So my signals had been understood after all. Marvelling at the Gazeka's tactful handling of the situation, I made some feeble excuse and followed leisurely in his footsteps.

I reached the screen at the end of the room and stopped. From the other side came the Gazeka's voice. A shameless curiosity rooted me to the spot.

"Here 's half-a-crown for you," he was saying. "I want your help. What 's the cheapest white wine you have?"

"You can get a small bottle of No. 33 for two-and-nine," answered a puzzled voice.

"Good," said the Gazeka. "Get me a small bottle of that, a soda-water, some sugar and an empty champagne bottle."

There was a moment of silence; then, I suppose, the Gazeka's great idea dawned on the amazed waiter and he guffawed.

I withdrew swiftly to my place, avoiding detection. There are some secrets that even the most sporting of uncles may not share.

* * * * *

"How 's the wine?" inquired the Gazeka casually.

"Beautiful," said Betty.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"An angry demonstration by disappointed spectators marred the fourth Test Match. Mr. Walter Brearley, the well-known county and Test match cricketer, attempted to address them, but in vain."—*Sunday Paper.*

"At last Walter Brearley came out and addressed them in a speech which was typical of his personality. He restored the crowd's good humour."—*Same paper.*

From an article on home-grown sugar:—

"Last year's production of sugar was 15,000 tons, extracted at two factories at Cantley and Kelham from 68,000 tons of beet, and this year the figures should be doubled. A third factory is in Posse, in Suffolk."—*Scots Paper.*

A charming spot, this Posse.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I REMEMBER about twenty years ago coming across the legend of the Sin-Eater in a remote Herefordshire village, and thinking what an admirable addition he would make to a novelist's stock-pot. The Sin-Eater, I must explain, is a wanderer, generally disreputable enough to be damned already in popular estimation, who turns up whenever there is death in the house and takes upon himself the sins of the deceased in return for a bite of bread, a maple bowl of ale and a small sum of money handed across the coffin. Now in *Precious Bane* (CAPE) Mrs. MARY WEBB has introduced the Sin-Eater with great effect, though she serves him with wine instead of ale—which I take to be a Shropshire variant—and makes him an amateur scapegoat and not a professional. *Gideon Sarn*, an ambitious young farmer of the early eighteen-hundreds, assumes the misdeeds of his father out of greed, his mother promising him the whole inheritance in return for this piece of dare-devilry. Moreover his sister *Prue*, the teller of the story, swears to work for him, "as biddable as a prentice, a wife or a dog," in return for a share of his ultimate splendour and fifty pounds to be spent in curing her hare-lip. *Gideon's* aspirations, with whose partial fulfilment and catastrophic frustration the book is mainly concerned, include a fine house and silver plate, the local wizard's beautiful daughter to wife, and the Squire's scornful sister as his mistress. *Prue's* more modest desires begin with the removal of her deformity and end with a happy marriage; and though she misses the first she ultimately secures the second. I am not quite sure that Mrs. WEBB's enthusiastic preoccupation with folklore is all to the betterment of her story-telling; her style is so stiffly brocaded with often delightful archaisms that it is capable of standing alone—and occasionally does. But those who like their rustic archæology in narrative form, sweet and strong, will certainly enjoy her picturesque assemblage of old-world customs and characters.

The title of *The Infinite Shoeblack* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) suggests at once *Sartor Resartus*, and we wonder why, on the wrapper, a bronzed officer with the eyes of a film villain should be glaring at a red-headed young subaltern with one empty sleeve as he embraces a rather attractive-looking girl. Outside, in the background, palm-trees are faintly visible against the pale green sky of Egypt at evening time. All this is very well, but it seems a little unsuitable to THOMAS CARLYLE. And it turns out that the artist need not have given those eyes such an evil appearance. The man was not really much of a villain; he was in fact a General, and quite a decent sort. Apart from this trifling matter, which is probably not the author's fault, I hasten to congratulate Mr. NORMAN MACOWAN on a very creditable piece of work. Construction is perhaps not his strong point, but there is a great deal more behind his novel than we generally get from the provider of modern fiction. The hero is, as you might expect from the author's name, a Scot. He is also, what you might not expect, an actuary—perhaps the first of that honoured profession to come forward as the chief character of a novel—and a profound admirer of the Sage of Chelsea. *Andrew Berwick* is good, and clearly drawn by someone who knows Edinburgh and her students. I liked particularly the opening of the story; the incidents were unexpected and promised well. When we came to the War and Gallipoli and Egypt, I was not so sure; it looked as though we might be in for a dash of melodrama after all. But we got back safely to Edinburgh in the end and all was well, with the best of morals for a luxurious generation.



Small Son (whose father has suggested the country instead of the usual seaside). "NO COUNTRY FOR ME! I DON'T WANT TO GO, DADDY."

Dad. "BUT WHY NOT?"

Small Son. "'CAUSE I HEAR THEY HAVE THRASHING MACHINES DOWN THERE, AN' IT'S BAD ENOUGH HERE WHEN IT'S DONE BY HAND."

The previous works of "A Gentleman with a Duster" had hardly prepared me for *The Conservative Mind* (MILLS AND BOON). In those he showed, if anything, a slightly Liberal bias, due, it was inferred, to the inspiration of Lord HALDANE; in this he displays an even stronger, though not altogether convincing, admiration of Toryism as exemplified by Mr. BALDWIN and some of his leading colleagues. The explanation of this rather sudden change of heart is the advent to office of a Labour Government. So long as Socialism was only an academic theory it had no terrors for the "Gentleman," who even threw it an occasional bouquet. But Socialism in actual occupation of the Treasury Bench is a much more alarming wildfowl; and, as the Liberals have forfeited his allegiance by putting it there, he turns to the Tories as the only bulwark against the coming revolution. In a word our "Gentleman" has "got the wind up" badly. Unfortunately it has communicated itself to his style. One or two of his character-sketches—notably those of Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. EDWARD WOOD—are readable enough, and will do their subjects no harm, and possibly some good, with the electorate; but others are turgid and occasionally far from happy in their phrasing. And the book as a whole is vitiated by the indiscriminate abuse of Socialism and Socialists which runs throughout it. The author has not even taken the trouble to "join his flats." When on p. 25 I read that the present PRIME MINISTER is an "earnest and unquestioning Christian," "inspired with the idea of lifting up the human race from the squalid and destructive materialism of recent times," and on p. 36 that Mr. MACDONALD has a "furtive mind," a "hard and secret brain," and something "surreptitious and evasive" about him, I feel as if the "Gentleman" had flicked his duster in my eyes.

Mr. JEFFERY E. JEFFERY lays *The Burden* (PARSONS) very heavily on the shoulders of his hero, *Alan Carnes*, an archi-



"NOW MIND YOU COUNT THEM AS THEY GO IN."



MARVELLOUS EFFECT OF THE INSOMNIA CURE.

tect with ideas and a high estimate of the social service obligations and opportunities of his profession. He is a sound Streatham bourgeois, and falls in love with *Christine Wracke-Helyar*, the daughter of an obstinate retired soldier with exaggerated convictions as to the importance of family in general and the Wracke-Helyars in particular, and as to the disasters consequent on the mixing of castes. *Christine*, a girl of spirit, who doesn't share her parent's views, having vainly waited for his consent, marries her *Alan*. After a few months of rapturous happiness on both mental and physical planes, a motor accident makes her a hopeless cripple. At first the sincerity of the boy's dedication to her service carries him through the difficulties of the situation. But the position is not static; the invalid becomes exacting; attendance on her in all his available leisure robs him of the exercise and recreation necessary for health; an ardent nature, sexually starved, fights a losing battle for self-mastery in peculiarly difficult circumstances. The main interest of the book is in *Christine's* reactions to *Alan's* infidelities—the first a mere casual episode, the second a much more serious affair with a woman of intelligence and temperament. Mr. JEFFERY offers no solutions. True, a worldly-wise friend of *Alan's* urges that he must face the plain fact that either his work or his wife must be sacrificed; and both on public grounds and because a man's work, if he have creative genius, must always be the really dominating thing in his life, it is the wife who should be put aside: not, that is to say, abandoned, but prevented from spoiling his health and his career. A sincere piece of work, competently and candidly done. The characterisation is precise and likely—except that I find it difficult to understand the continuously vindictive and mischievous hostility of *Christine's* father.

I started *Mr. Arnold* (METHUEN) with an advantage denied, I am sure, to most of Mr. FRANCIS LYNDE'S original American readers. I had not the remotest idea what became of BENEDICT ARNOLD after he swopped horses in mid-stream of the War of Independence and became an "American loyalist" among our not over-grateful forces. As a result of this ignorance I was prepared for anything; an attitude of mind highly favourable to the enjoyment of historical romance. As for the army BENEDICT left behind him, I had a vague notion that his perfidy was a more or less isolated case. But here Mr. LYNDE puts me right. Apparently there were other defections; and ARNOLD himself was busy in New York recruiting a regiment from among his imitators. Here auspiciously the novel opens. To put an end to the leakage it is necessary to kidnap and punish the first renegade. But an American sergeant, posing as a deserter, has already proved too simple and insignificant to get into touch with the astute and haughty ARNOLD. So *Captain Dick Page*, a gallant young Virginian, volunteers for the purpose, shoulders the stigma of desertion until his end is accomplished, and leaves unfought a duel arranged for the very evening of his apparent flight. The sham deserter's task loses none of its difficulty when he finds his American lady-love (for reasons of her own) in New York, hand-in-glove with Mrs. ARNOLD, yet sufficiently scornful of her turncoat wooer—as, with every justification, she believes him to be. I do not mind divulging that *Dick* manages to placate *Beatrix*, to join forces with *Sergeant Champe* for the purpose of getting ARNOLD into his clutches, and even to fight his postponed duel. But I shall not give away the eleventh-hour change in his plans which is the psychological making of the book. Seldom is so commendable a zest for action wedded to so nice a perception of character.

Days That Are Gone (HUTCHINSON) is rather a gloomy title for a book, and certainly I suppose that a writer who hates machinery only less than he hates democracy, as Colonel B. DE SALES LA TERRIÉRE says he does, may very reasonably be inclined to maintain that the world, though once a cheerful place, has gone something awry during the last few years. Yet, if he would be content to let the rising generation deal with its own problems and its own politicians, the author might have to allow that, on balance, life has not treated him too badly, or he could not have so much to relate of the sound horses it has given him to ride, the pretty partners to dance with and, latterly, the lovely old houses to restore. Perhaps his present attitude is, after all, only part of that "you-be-damned manner"—his own expression—that he has maintained, as he admits, all his life, and takes an unholy delight in thrusting upon his readers. He has no more hesitation about shocking our delicate feelings, on all sorts of topics, than he had about giving the lie direct to a famous Commander-in-Chief, for instance, or planning to "lay-out" a regimental colleague with a hammer. His estimate of Earl KITCHENER, with whom he worked on intimate terms in the early days of Sudan campaigning, will strike most of us as an example of rather particular perversity. He describes him as a quite ordinary mortal, rather "puzzle-headed" than otherwise, who appeared impressive because he could hold his tongue, and made his way by force of skilful advertisement. After that, his loathing for Oxford—as he knew it—and his rancour against a certain statesman may pass as quite modest idiosyncrasies. My suggestion in regard to this book is that it should be reserved for sturdy optimists, as it will surely induce a fit of the blues in those who are already inclined to think that the country is going to the dogs.



THE MEERSCHAUM REVOLVER: CALLING THE BLUFF.

I hope that Mrs. MAUDE SPEED's pleasant gossiping book, *Through Central France to the Pyrenees* (LONGMANS), will attract many English people to visit the more remote and picturesque regions of Central and Southern France, their antique buildings—Roman and Byzantine—their noble rivers and deep mountain gorges. Mrs. SPEED answers in refreshing detail the first question commonly asked by the English traveller, which concerns the quality of the food obtainable. I gather that the cuisine is generally satisfactory and often excellent. The history of each place she visited is lightly sketched by Mrs. SPEED with an engaging freedom of style. Of Chambord she writes: "Louis XIV. and his gay Court often made the great rooms ring with their laughter and the rustle of their silks and laces and the tinkle of their jewels." From such sentences as these, which are frequent, something seems to be missing. But what does that matter if one knows what is intended? As an amiable companion in travel Mrs. SPEED's book is admirable. Her illustrations give an excellent idea of the country.

That *Mr. O'Rane* at his death should leave his three younger children to the guardianship of the twenty-six-year-old son of a school-friend is very much the sort of thing that happens in books rather than in real life, and even the eccentricities of his character make it seem only just possible. *Angus*, the guardian, visits *The House of Broken Dreams* (NISBET), where his wards live with their elder sister *Fannie* and three pathetic old pensioners whom their father had rescued from poverty and institutions; pretends to be his friend, *Bobbie de Bouton*, while *Bobbie* pretends to be *Angus*, and falls in love with *Fannie*, while *Bobbie* falls in love with her younger sister *Kane*. This is, of course, what might be expected and will be very satisfying to those people who like their stories to run on accepted lines. Yet Miss CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE has written a fresh charming story quite out of the ordinary ruck. The quarrel between *Fannie's* idealism and *Angus's* commonsense, her engagement to *Tom Ripon*, Bolshevik-turned-capitalist, who promised to keep her pensioners for her, and how and why *Fannie* did seven days in Holloway prison, Miss JOPE-SLADE tells in very taking fashion, contriving, within a line or two of the end, when every heart but the most experienced reader's must be in its owner's mouth, to bring about happiness for *Fannie* and *Angus*.

Days in the Sun (GRANT RICHARDS) is the title of Mr. NEVILLE CARDUS's new book on cricket and cricketers. I have little but praise for his opinions, with which I find myself in the strongest sympathy. For instance, he hates the "two-eyed stance" so cordially that he can hardly bring himself to write about it; he is furious—and rightly so—with the ignorance that dares to call Mr. G. L. JESSOP a mere "slogger," and he thinks that Mr. A. W. CARR was born to captain England. "Carr," he writes, "is A. O. Jones all over again, but with a dash of Maclaren's faith in himself. . . . Surely Lord's will make a note of this young Cæsar—a man apparently fashioned by nature from his boyhood to lead English cricketers to victory." Only on one point am I in disagreement with Mr. CARDUS. "Rhodes," he says, "would be first choice for England yet with a rational selection committee." I wonder if he still agrees with himself on this point. Anyhow, his personal opinions do not detract from the charm of his book. An enthusiast for the game of all games, he is also an artist in words and combines humour with profound commonsense.

CHARIVARIA.

"Is Germany Preparing for Another War?" asks a *Daily Express* headline. If so they should be reminded that they haven't paid for the last one yet.

* * *

With reference to the disquieting reports from Brazil it seems that an American jazz band has been touring the country and the natives mistook it for a rebellion.

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The answer to the Irish Question seems to be an Orange.

* * *

In the opinion of a financial writer the public must thank manipulators of the tea-market for the disappearance of the Budget benefits. We shall do nothing of the sort.

* * *

Mustard gas, which is being tried in New York for killing the influenza germ, has not proved wholly successful as yet. Still we understand that it made the bacilli cough a little.

* * *

A circus features a strong man who can stop a motor-car travelling at fifty miles an hour. Many pedestrians have been known to do this, but it wears them out in time.

* * *

Mr. GOSLING has suggested that trees should be planted along all new roads. This would be a distinct improvement on the present custom of making a new road and then bedding out a few road-menders here and there.

* * *

A burglar was recently chased and captured by a plumber. Very humiliating.

* * *

A magistrate has advised a young woman to read less WELLS and do more house-work. In the face of this sort of thing it seems hopeless to expect Utopia.

* * *

The Ice-Cream Federation has decided to hold an Ice Cream Day this month. The annual flag-day of the Doughnut Moulders' Federation will be held the week after.

* * *

Lord WOLMER has mentioned in the House of Commons that HADRIAN'S Wall was built to keep the Scots out. Judging by the number of Scotsmen in England we presume that their forebears overlooked the object of the wall.

* * *

"The infant daughter of Mrs. and Capt. —— is still unconscious of the fact that the name of June Rose was bestowed upon her last week," says a daily paper. Our own feeling is that it is a very nice name, and we see no reason why the news should be kept from her like that.

* * *

The hippopotamus, we are told, often remains under water for five minutes. So should we if we had a face like that.

* * *

Attempts are being made to build houses to suit all pockets. Very successfully too if one may judge by the size of some of those we have seen.

* * *

Somebody says that to express silence in music he needs three military bands. This seems to be the sort of music they are practising just now in the Silent Service.

* * *

It is significant that shingled hair is going out of fashion just as the manufacturers had decided to raise the price of soap.

* * *

The brigands of Greece are said to be notoriously lazy. They certainly seem to take life easily, especially if it belongs to somebody else.

* * *

Railway companies issue fifteen-hundred million tickets per year, but you wouldn't think so from the fuss they make if you happen to lose yours.

The full Chinese alphabet contains forty thousand characters. We should love to see a Chinese serial-writer looking for a note of exclamation on his typewriter.

* * *

If faith really can cure things we are of opinion that somebody ought to start a revival movement among the bacon-factories of U.S.A.

* * *

It is said that Ireland was governed by Iberian princes a thousand years before the Christian Era. We doubt it.

* * *

There has been so much criticism of American film artistes in these columns that we are glad to give prominence to the case of one Los Angeles actor who married last week and is still living with the same wife.

* * *

HENRY FORD is going to build a factory in Egypt. That 'll show the Sphinx whether it 's wise to lie about in the desert.

* * *

In view of the fact that a topical news film may be seen by a hundred-and-fifty million people, we certainly think it is time Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had his hair cut.

* * *

Twelve hundred trains leave Liverpool Street daily. Knowing Liverpool Street as we do, we don't blame them.

* * *

"At the seaside, half the place is occupied by the sea," says Sir JAMES CANTLIE. And the other half by female bathers.

* * *

Non-brick houses are discussed in a Sunday paper. Non-bricklayers have, of course, existed a long time.



Peevish Child. "BOO-OO, I 'VE GOT A PEBBLE IN MY SHOE!"
Fed-up Father. "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT? LOOK AT ALL THE PEBBLES YOU HAVEN'T GOT IN YOUR SHOE."

"WARNING THE VIPER."
Headline to Letter in Daily Paper.

Evidently what our American friends meant when they used to speak of a caution to snakes.

"The interpreters of the London General Omnibus Company, who all speak French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Esperanto, are having a busy time. For each language spoken, the flag of that nation is worn on the left arm."—*Daily Paper.*

"Tourist," who admits his ignorance of the national flag of Esperanto, writes for information of the whereabouts of this country.

BY ORDER OF SINN FEIN.

WHEN Mr. COSGRAVE said to Mr. THOMAS:
"Thomas, We 'll have your holiday cut short;
Take therefore these precise instructions from Us
And to your House Our Royal ban report;
Your orders are to speak from Our dictation,
Rapping it out upon the Treasury box,
And tell your Parliament that its vacation
Ends on the 30th *prox.*"

Then answered Mr. THOMAS: "Sire, Your pleasure
Shall to the loyal Commons be proclaimed;
I will instruct them to curtail their leisure
Upon the date Your Majesty has named;
From moors or lochs, marine-parades or mountains,
From the pursuit of feather, fur or fish
I 'll call them—yea, from Afric's sunny fountains—
Obedient to Your wish."

Leaving The Presence, THOMAS boards the packet
Like a King's Messenger and speeds to Town,
Issues the edict, with his name to back it,
And loyally they take it lying down;
But through the silent gloom, while all looked pleasant
At being robbed of seaside, sport and spa,
I fancied I could hear an old cock-pheasant
Utter a loud "Ha! ha!" O. S.

OUR LAWN-TENNIS PRESTIGE.

THE following communication has been received from Miss Emmeline Hibbs, Gable Cottage, Barleyhampton:—

In a recent issue of a morning journal I was distressed to learn that our dear country has *lost* her old pre-eminence at the exhilarating sport of lawn-tennis. It appears that certain foreign nations—even coloured races—have now taken up the game, and have achieved a quite *unlooked-for* degree of proficiency.

There is, I gather, an urgent demand that any native talent which has hitherto been *concealed* should now be *revealed*. I write therefore to state that at the small but select club to which I belong—the Myrtle L.T.C., Barleyhampton (our membership is mainly composed of church-workers, and we have the use of two *excellent* grass courts on four evenings a week)—we are *confident* that our esteemed club champion, Mr. Egbert Podbury, would be an *acquisition* to the *highest* class of play.

Unless you had attended our club and participated in its activities you could have no idea how completely Mr. Podbury *dominates* the rest of us, including some who have practised the game for *several* years. The lady or gentleman who has Mr. Podbury as partner is almost *assured* of victory, and in single combat (though we do not encourage this less sociable form of the pastime) he is *impregnable*.

Mr. Podbury is not what one would call a *young* man. The eldest of his seven children has just married a *sweet* girl who joined the Myrtle last season, and Mr. Podbury himself shows several traces of white in his moustache and beard. But what he lacks in youth and elasticity he more than atones for in *experience* and *mental* profundity. I have heard his tennis aptly likened to the chess of a Master. It is *intellectual* tennis. One cannot fail to perceive how his every stroke has behind it the strategical direction of a powerful and calculating *brain*.

It is indeed diverting—perhaps in a slightly cruel sense—to observe the attempts of his opponents to delay their inevitable defeat. I always obtain the fantastic impression that I am watching the struggles of a poor little *fly* to evade the clutches of an inexorable *spider*—not, of course, that Mr. Podbury's nature has anything in common with that of so *repellent* an insect as a spider. On the contrary, he is *cordiality* itself, and never allows his troublesome dyspepsia to cloud his relations with his fellow-members.

Mr. Podbury's service is not severe, but, what is more valuable, it is *controlled*. So accurately does he deliver his *first* that he but infrequently requires to avail himself of the privilege of serving a *second*. He *places* the ball with a precision that is almost uncanny, and imparts to it a slight *cut*, with a quick downward motion of the racquet, which restricts its bounce and makes it *excessively* difficult to return. He *aims* the service by closing the left eye, the better to focus with the right. His mode of delivery is *under-arm*. He holds that the results of the *over-arm* method are rarely commensurate with the *violent* extra exertion which it entails.

In considering his particular strokes one would say that his *back-hand drive* (pardon my being so technical) is his chief source of mastery over less gifted players. This I trace to the fact that he grips his racquet with *both* hands when striking a ball that has been placed to his left. It is obvious that he must thereby obtain *double* force and control in this most difficult of strokes.

Mr. Podbury is *deadly* at the net, when the whim seizes him to take up position there. As a general rule he is not fond of the *volley*—it tends, he says, to rob the game of rhythm—but he occasionally reveals himself as a master of cunning deflection. He achieves by *craft* what others strive to achieve by a prodigal expenditure of *force;* and the merry twinkle in his eye behind those gleaming glasses, as he thus diverts a swift stroke, is *delightful* to behold, causing the onlooker many a hearty chuckle.

His form this season is *fully* equal to that which he displayed a year ago when (with Miss Lulu Jelly as partner) he won the Myrtle championship, though slightly anæmic at the time. One cannot doubt that he will maintain this excellence for a prolonged period in the future, for he is a most *abstemious* and self-disciplined man, a living example indeed of the fortifying effects of a rigidly *vegetarian* diet, coupled with an *ascetic* avoidance of alcoholic liquors.

Finally, I must refer to the delicate matter of social prestige, for I am well aware that this cannot be quite a negligible factor. There need be no trepidation as to Mr. Podbury's fitness to associate with people of position. He is, I may say, the grandson of a *solicitor*, and his dear wife is the daughter of a *minister of religion*. His own profession is that of a teacher of the pianoforte, but he accepts pupils from none but the *best* households in the locality.

I ought to add that this communication has been penned *entirely* on my own initiative. Mr. Podbury is *quite* unaware that I have written.

Our Modest Advertisers.

"Come and see me if you are interested in Pigs."—*Advt. in Sports Programme.*

"COLOMBO, July 24.—It is officially announced that the light cruisers *Chatham, Colombo* and *Cairo*, of the East Indies Squadron, who are believed by the light cruisers *Effingham, Emerald* and *Enterprise*."—*Scots Paper.*

The Nation's confidence in its ships will be strengthened by this proof of their confidence in one another.

From a storekeeper's advertisement:—

"LADIES OF KENYA!

Our well-known and expert Head-Cutter has returned from leave and resumed duties."—*East African Paper.*

Executioner or shingler? The former, we hope.



SAFETY FIRST.

GERMAN DELEGATE. "COME OUT TO THIS FLOAT, MA'AM. IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE—I GIVE YOU MY WORD FOR IT."

OLD LADY OF THE MARKET. "IT MAY BE SAFE FOR YOU, BUT I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO RISK IT. YOU SEE, I'M NOT WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A PLUNGER."



"Don't you think we 'be a bit of a load for your 'usband?"
"Not 'im—'e loves it. 'E always 'ad a weakness for bowin'."

LUGGAGE IN ARREARS.

"The two chief things about luggage on a holiday," I said with my well-known Delphic look, "are firstly to take as little as possible, and secondly to send it in advance."

"And thirdly," said Angela, who was on her knees in front of the ancestral cabin trunk, "to get someone else to do the packing."

I rose with, I hope, dignity and handed her a collar-box and a pair of boot-trees.

"I am always ready to do my share," I said simply.

"As long as it is limited to sitting on the trunk," said Angela, a little pertly, I thought. "What a good job it is you don't get any thinner!"

"My figure——" I began.

"Oh, I should scarcely call it that," said Angela.

It was at this point that I recognised a mood. Angela has moods, and when they occur the only thing to do is to give her air and lots of it. I left the room unruffled, but only just.

It was the eve of our annual holiday and we had chosen the jolliest little place. Its great charm lies in the fact that it offers so many varied attractions. If you want to play golf there is a links; if you desire tennis, there are courts; if you wish to bathe, there is the sea; if you have a depraved longing to walk, there is the land; if you prefer to do nothing, there are innumerable spots where there is nothing to do. The place is perfect.

Now one always likes to take full advantage of a place like that. I mean, one likes to be prepared for anything, from snaring prawns to calling on the Vicar; and at these select little places it is fearfully important that one should do all these things suitably attired. It would never do to call on the prawns in the costume in which you had just been snaring the Vicar, for example. So that by the time we had collected everything and stowed it away in the trunk it needed every ounce of my fourteen—of my robust manly frame to induce the lid to close. Even so I had to take a deep breath and bounce till Angela had flicked the key home.

"Now we will send it in advance," I said. "A really wonderful arrangement, Angela, one of the marvels of our modern civilisation. And simplicity itself."

We went to the station and filled up a nice green form, and the man, after thinking it all over, said that they would collect our trunk and deliver it at the other end for two shillings. It seemed impossible that they could do it for the money and make a profit, but he said they would try. We left it hopefully at that.

We arrived light-heartedly at our destination the following afternoon and proceeded to that jolly little hotel down by the breakwater which so few people know about. Fortunately we had written just in time—the beginning of February—and secured the last vacant room in August.

But the trunk wasn't there.

"Well, anyhow," said Angela looking round, "we shall be all right until to-morrow with the things you forgot to pack."

Sometimes I fear that Angela's attitude towards me is tinged with ingratitude.

It was a nuisance, of course. The afternoon was perfect for tennis, but we were obliged to sit and look on. And one felt a little conspicuous at dinner. Angela almost refused to come down at all, but we compromised by taking a side-table and explaining in a loud voice to the head-waiter about the trunk. The people near us seemed to understand.

We went to the station the next morning and hung about a bit. Nobody knew anything of our trunk, but, as Angela said, the station was practically the only place for which we were correctly dressed, so that we might as well be there as anywhere. And everybody was very kind. One man explained a lot of obscurities in the time-

table to us; in fact he very nearly made Angela understand the scheme of the thing, only we had to knock off for luncheon.

By the fourth or fifth morning they were beginning to get quite used to us at the station. The station-master told off a man specially to amuse us, and I for one thoroughly enjoyed his demonstrations of the working of a modern railway. Angela was less patient. She would keep harking back to the question of our trunk; I never knew anyone like Angela to hark. She even suggested that we should take a train back to London and hang out of the windows, one on each side, in defiance of the Company's warning, and see if they had dropped our trunk anywhere on the line.

But on the sixth day she struck and spent the morning (whilst I was, as usual, at the station) in a whirl of shopping. It is only a little place, you understand, but there are one or two shops where you can get anything you really need.

"There," said Angela after lunch as I surveyed a room littered with purchases, from bathing costumes to golf stockings—"now we can begin. And," she added impressively, "I've wired for your old dinner-jacket and things. I don't think the head-waiter really believed you last night. Or the fat woman with the wig at the next table," she concluded vindictively.

* * * * *

We thoroughly enjoyed our second week. The relief of the head-waiter was alone worth the trouble and expense. We still went to the station now and then and asked after our trunk, partly through habit and partly because we didn't wish our railway friends to think that we had forgotten them in the mad whirl of pleasure. But we didn't really bother about it much any more.

* * * * *

On the morning of our departure we drove to the station with a nice new trunk containing all our nice new belongings. We were met at the entrance by the entire staff, tastefully grouped about the venerable and impressive figure of the station-master.

He advanced towards Angela and raised his hat with old-world courtesy.

"It 's come," he said.

The staff smiled happily and there was a murmur of applause. They felt that their chief had said the right thing in a difficult situation.

It was nice to see it again after such a long separation. Angela recognised it almost at once.

"But we 're on our way home," she said.

The station-master smiled delightedly.

"Then it has come just in time," he said. "Will you take it with you, or shall it be sent?"

Angela put her head on one side and considered a moment.

"We 'll leave it," she said. "It will be so nice to know next year that it is really here."

L. DU G.



"MAN, YE MAUN KEEP YER LINE UP IN THE BACK CAST. YE 'LL CAST FURTHER AND YE 'LL NO BE SO LIABLE TO CATCH THE FLY IN MA EAR."

From the confessions of an M.P.:—

"Four days per week I am at the House from 12 to 14 hours daily; sometimes as much as 20 to 26 hours."—*Evening Paper.*

This, we think, is distinctly overdoing it.

"The organised women of the country would very much object if her [Lady Astor's] picture were removed, and he M.P.'s who signed the petition will have to answer to their women constituents."—*Provincial Paper.*

Who will, of course, insist on fair play for the she M.P.'s.

"Plans for celebration of the Fourth of July in Shanghai are well in hand. The Columbia Country Club annual dance will be held on the night of July 3 and the community celebrations well be held the following day."

Chinese Paper.

"Judging by last year's festivities [writes the correspondent who sends us the cutting] they probably were."



EASTWARD HO! (OPENING SCENE.)

Watchman. "SIX O'CLOCK AND A FAIR MORN. AN' NONE O' THEY PESKY CROWDS ABOUT TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE AUDIENCE."

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXIII.—THE PAGEANT CONTINUES.

THIS the age of ELIZABETH . . .

Since HENRY VII. gave his commission to JOHN CABOT in 1496 an entire change seems to have come over English merrymaking. There are a great many more booths for one thing. There is a maypole. People are better distributed and arranged in more delightfully-coloured groups. And what is that up there in the BRANGWYN scenery at the far end, on the shore of the artificial sea? St. Paul's Cathedral? Gramercy, fair My Lord, I did not recognise it for the moment. There is a procession of choir-boys as well as a procession of knights and nobles and merrymakers. The choir-boys will go and stand on the steps of St. Paul's.

WAITING FOR GLORIANA.

It was out of that entrance, wasn't it, that a pair of lovers have just come forth with their arms twined round each other and their lips meeting in one long kiss? A very, very long kiss, really, because it will have to go on from the defeat of the Armada till the dispersion of the Barbary corsairs—a matter of seventy years or so. That is to say, if their part doesn't develop at all during the first scene.

And here are our old friends the hawking knight and his lady (I mean his gadge-boy), with falcons on their wrists. Observe the jesses and the hoods. I am glad that this old sport has gone on uninterrupted since early Tudor times. As a matter of fact, hawking is really the sport of kings. HAROLD has a hawk in the Bayeux tapestry, and the eldest son of GEORGE II. used to hawk at Epsom. There was a notice up at Wembley saying that live lures were going to be used, and I noticed one or two pigeons walking about the Stadium in the old days before the pageant was postponed. But probably they got tired of waiting.

That fellow with the game leg is the



NON-STOP RECORDS AT WEMBLEY.

THE PAGEANT KISS.

Commenced	8.19 p.m.
Changed sides	8.27 ,,
Lost in crowd	8.35 ,,
Resighted	8.37 ,,
Still at it	8.47 ,,
Broke away	8.56 ,,

old watchman. He ought to have come out by the Tower with his horn and lanthorn, blown a long blast, and cried

"Six o'clock and a fair morn."

I don't think he did, did he? Perhaps our summer time confused him . . . Enter the Halberdiers. Enter more and more people. That girl in the litter must be the May Queen. How very charming Elizabethan children were! The City Companies—the Lord Mayor again. Mounted ecclesiastics with their vestments on. I do like seeing a bishop's brown field boots and spurs coming out beneath his rochet—don't you? Everything is working up, you see, to the entrance of QUEEN ELIZABETH. I do hope she will be here. They refused her admission one day, you know, because she hadn't got a ticket. Quite naturally the man at the gate thought that anybody trying to get into the Wembley Stadium dressed as QUEEN ELIZABETH had merely come to loiter with suspicious intent.

Here she is, in a luvverly chariot and dressed all in gold. Which QUEEN ELIZABETH is it? There are two of them, I believe. Oh, the one that hasn't written her reminiscences yet . . . This is a perfect spectacle. There has been an absolute crescendo of colour and pomp, culminating in the arrival of the QUEEN. Now she is to go up the steps of St. Paul's to receive just one man, DRAKE. But there is a little procession of DRAKE'S mariners first, with tattered banners taken from Spain.

THE ENTRANCE OF DRAKE.

That, of course, has been one of the difficulties of the pageant-makers. It would not have been quite tactful to show tattered banners taken from everybody.

In dealing with South Africa, you see, we say in the programme, "And now the British flag has replaced the flag of the Dutch." And in dealing with Canada the two victorious armies of WOLFE and MONTCALM paraded round the arena and

then marched side by side. But I suppose the KING OF SPAIN didn't mind. They probably wired to him—"*Wembley Pageant Any objection Beard singed* DRAKE." And he answered, "*Heavens no we had a revolution here the other day and it didn't worry me in the least.*"

Ah! here he comes now, Sir FRANCIS, with his Indian drummer in front. A fine burly man, on foot, waving his hands to the merry-makers and dressed in sober black. That is a perfect stroke. He is the only single person who has made an effective entrance into the Stadium so far, which is not bad considering that one of the characters was St. GEORGE. DRAKE is solid, debonair, but just a trifle patronising. He knows in his heart of hearts the difference between all this pomp and ceremony and the business of pounding the gallasses. The girls run out to kiss him. He takes the kisses in his stride and goes on. Quite unconfused by the fact that St. Paul's is on the edge of the Spanish Main, with the Mountains of the West behind it, he goes on to kneel at the feet of the QUEEN. This is EL DRACO . . . "As if moved by a common impulse the crowd breaks into the chant, 'Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered.'" A stout woman leaving the Stadium treads upon my toe. I very nearly join in the chant.



DRAKE. "HOW DE DO, LITTLE GIRLS?"

DONKEYS AND WHITE SLAVES.

The next scene wants a little more imagination. England clears the sea from pirates, 1655. St. Paul's Cathedral stays where it is, except that it is somewhere on the Mediterranean littoral this time, and one of the canvas ships is moved slightly towards the centre. That shows you how rampant piracy is. The arena becomes full of dark men in enormous white turbans, driving youths and maidens in brown rags in front of them. Driving also an immense assortment of small donkeys all over the grass. You know them; they graze just behind South Africa all day. . . . The Barbary corsairs beat the slaves and beat the donkeys. Both try to escape, but the donkeys run faster than the slaves. Other slaves bring on portmanteaux of the period. They are also the portmanteaux of every other period covered by the pageant. Nothing in the growth of the British Empire remains so steadfast as the portmanteau.

Enter BLAKE'S men from the sea, with cutlasses. Not from the side of the sea on which St. Paul's stands, but from the other. All landings are made there. Signs of mild disapproval among the Barbary corsairs. These signs of mild disapproval are common to all inhabitants of all countries on which Englishmen land. In this case there is a fight. The Bey of TUNIS is routed. One doesn't have to be tactful about the Bey of TUNIS. . . . Thunder from a Cromwellian gun. Red lights. The pirate ships are burning. A little donkey escapes and careers the full length of the Stadium, but is rodeo-d by repentant corsairs and a mediæval monk who is snapshotting the scene.



EN TOUT CAS.

Poem by Mr. ALFRED NOYES:—

"Are there worlds beyond the darkness,
Mightier worlds beyond the darkness?"

Answer. Yes. South Africa. Phœnicians spotted it about 606 B.C. and VASCO DA GAMA in 1496 A.D. VASCO DA GAMA put up an astrolabe to take the sun's altitude. Anybody else would have put up an umbrella. It was raining hard in the Stadium at the time. JAN VAN RIEBECK rolled up to look at the weather in 1652, and the French in 1688. Somehow or other the British butted in too, and are still browsing around.

RATHER ROUGH ON SOUTH AFRICA.

The scenes of the South African pageant show that pioneer work is not easy stuff for a pageant to portray. BLAKE'S entry wasn't bad, but then the Barbary pirates had been beating white slaves and little donkeys, and our English hearts were roused. British settlers arriving in Algoa Bay in 1820 don't cut quite so much ice.

The visit of FARWELL and FYNN to TCHAKA, in 1824, is a good scene. TCHAKA has an *impi*, and the *impi* yells. But we don't fight TCHAKA at Wembley. That is a little cowardly of us, I think. People who dared the Spanish Armada and the Bey of TUNIS . . . We leave fighting the Zulus to the Dutch in 1866. The Boers are to fight against DINGAAN. Hurray! We shall see a laager. Hullo! What's happened now? Five scenes of the History of South Africa have gone west. They included the meeting of STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE (Scene 7). The supers must have mislaid the impenetrable jungle. They also include CECIL RHODES making peace with the Matabele in the Matoppos, 1896 (Scene 9). "RHODES realises how costly and endless is the war, and how it prevents settlement and cultivation." Mr. LASCELLES realises how numerous are the episodes of the South African story and how they delay the conquest of India.

Poem by Mr. ALFRED NOYES:—

"Are there worlds beyond the darkness,
Worlds of dawn beyond the darkness?"

THE WHOLE HISTORY OF INDIA.

Answer. Yes. The East India Company was formed in 1600. And the Emperor JEHANGIR received Sir THOMAS

ROE (close to St. Paul's Cathedral, temporarily transferred to the Persian Gulf) in 1616. A very gorgeous affair. Mendicants, musicians, nautch-girls, procession of Mogul chieftains, a brave show of colours, lit up by searchlights on the darkened grass—four elephants—camels—ox carts—the canopied throne of AKBAR'S son. No fighting occurs in India. "The anarchy which followed when the Mogul power crumbled into decay resulted in the creation of British dominion." So the Mogul power crumbles into a magnificent procession, which files round the Stadium and out under the Royal Box, the nautch-girls not forgetting to make their obeisances as they go.

It is fairly clear that to create a good effect in the Wembley Stadium you must have processions, and more processions, and then more processions again. Landings from the sea are not much good. The sea is too calm. It does not heave the mariners of England to and fro before they land. It is not like a bucking steer. . . . EVOE.

A CORNER IN MANNERS.

[Miss VIOLA TREE, defending the nocturnal "treasure hunts" organised by the Bright Young People of Mayfair, recently hinted that such ebullitions of high spirits were not suitable for the youth of Streatham and Golder's Green, owing to their lack of good manners.]

MEN and maidens bred in Tooting
Should avoid the nightly scooting
Practised by the B.Y.P.
(So asserts Miss VIOLA TREE);
Residents of Golder's Green
Should on no account be seen
Dashing round and being bright
In silent watches of the night;
Revellers from Chiswick Park
Tend to maffick after dark;
Persons born in Shepherd's Bush
Use their elbows when they push;
Wimbledonians are not
Cognizant of what is what;
Types that hail from Kew and Bow
Are very far from *comme il faut*;
Those whose joy-rides start at
Streatham
Scare the public and upset 'em;
Putney, Hammersmith and Ealing
Lack the finer sort of feeling
Current only in the air
Of Curzon Street and Berkeley Square.

"The new Pig Pavilion at the Sydney Show Ground is considered to be the finest in the Southern Hemisphere. It cost £8,000 to build."—*Australian Paper.*

Housed like the gintleman he is.

"Apartments in newly-decorated house; good cooking; with or without food."
Advt. in Morning Paper.

Fond as we are of good cooking, we never care much for it without food.

HOLIDAY READING.

Fothergill and I dislike fashionable resorts. Last summer we went to Bilborough and the summer before to Scarsgate to please Amy (his wife, my sister). This year I was glad to find that he meant to put his foot down.

"You must not mind if Amy grouses a bit about our walking tour," he said. "The truth is that she wanted the gaiety of Skidmouth. However, I have talked her round, and I know she'll enjoy a tramping holiday in old clothes really as much as we shall. The open road, the wind on the heath——"

"Quite," I said; but I have known Amy longer than he has. "I suppose you have explained that we really mean to walk. No carriers' carts or lifts from kindly motorists."

"I've heard all about that," said Amy. "What about luggage?"

"For myself," said Fothergill, "I am merely taking a toothbrush. I shouldn't dream of brushing my hair. I may run a hayfork through it if I find one lying by the roadside. I shall wear a black shirt—*Evviva Mussolini!*—with *A Shropshire Lad* in the left-hand pocket of my sports-coat, SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets* in the right."

"Very well," I said, "I had better bring *Malory* as we are going through Cornwall, and it would be rather jolly to have SWINBURNE'S *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner* in case we come back by the route he followed with WORDSWORTH and DOROTHY."

"I was hoping you might contribute MASEFIELD'S *Reynard the Fox* and one of W. H. HUDSON'S Nature Books," he said. "And we really ought to have *Cornish Saints and Sinners*."

"We might pick that up on the spot," said I. "I'll see if I can manage the others; or perhaps Amy——"

"My dear fellow," said Fothergill, "your sister has many good points, but her taste in literature is deplorable. I more than suspect her of reading the *feuilleton* in *The Daily Stuff*. You must not expect her to bring anything but the most absolute piffle."

"Amy," I said, "I am disappointed. I thought marriage with James would have improved your mind. I was going to suggest that you should come with the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—the thin-paper edition, of course."

"I shall probably bring a book," said Amy, "but I shan't tell you what it is."

* * * * *

It was towards noon on the fifth wet day. We had agreed to remain where we were until the rain ceased, but the dreary little parlour of the inn smelt of stale beer and tobacco, and we felt like the stuffed birds mouldering under the glass-case on the mantelpiece. From the window we could see the road, a rough cart-track, crossing the treeless waste under a leaden sky. It looked interminable.

"It's a good thing we brought a few books," remarked Fothergill, "but I've got through them all." He glanced at Amy, who was knitting. "What about yours, old thing? *Gurtie of Gulping Gulch*, or *The Sheik's Beloved*, or whatever it is. You don't seem to be reading it yourself."

"Purl two," she murmured. "Oh, James, have you really sunk so low? How frightfully sad! I'll fetch it."

She left the room and returned. "There! Don't despise it."

"Heavens!" said Fothergill, "it's a *Bradshaw*. Amy, I did you an injustice. This is good stuff. Clean, virile, terse, simple."

He appealed to me. "Look here—the weather is pretty rotten. Shall we go home? 2.23 from the Junction."

"If you like," I said.

I don't know how Amy worked it—I suppose is was sheer luck—but the fact remains that the clouds cleared off while we were in the train, and that not a drop of rain fell during the ensuing ten days, which were spent, as you may have surmised, in the gay whirl of Skidmouth.

"H. & H." AND "C. & C."

AFTER the episode of the two taps I feel sorry that I ever subscribed to the popular doctrine that plumbers are lacking in intelligence.

I was advised to make a final inspection of my new house before the workmen left—although it seems doubtful now if they ever will leave—and in doing so I noticed that both the bath taps were marked "Cold."

Beckoning to the foreman plumber, who was hovering on the horizon, I drew his attention to this *contretemps*. For a long time he gazed intently at the taps without speaking. Then the cloud lifted from his corrugated brow and with a sunny smile he exclaimed, "Well, I'm blowed! Then the party next door must 'ave two 'ots."

"BOXING.
ARE CHAMPIONS EASILY RECOGNISABLE?"
Daily Paper.

Much more easily, we understand, than those who have had the misfortune to run up against them.

Smith Minor has at last discovered the right rendering of a difficult passage in HORACE:—"*Ventum erat ad Vestae.*" "He had met his match."



ARRIVAL OF THE FAT CUSTOMER. STAMPEDE IN THE DONKEY MARKET.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

V.—CORRUPTION.

THIS is a sad story, but true.

There dwelt in Chisenham two families of vegetarians—the Greens of the one part, the Parsnips of the other part. And both these families, though mild and pacific in their overt actions, had an inward scorn and hatred for those grosser families about them which were in the habit of consuming meat.

Still, it was pleasant to think that in this lost community of barbarians those two enlightened families had at least each other to fall back upon for intercourse and comfort. It was pleasant to think so, as many did, but unfortunately it was not true.

For the Parsnips were of the highest order of vegetarians who not only eat nothing but vegetables and fruit, but insist on eating them *uncooked*. The Greens also were once of this austere persuasion. But not long ago old Silas Green, returning from a holiday in Spain, revealed a new and irresistible craving for braised onions—the accent, alas! on the "braised." This craving, being irresistible, he did not resist. He *had* braised onions, openly and without shame; and, what is more, he did this thing at those joint vegetable orgies at which from time to time the Parsnips and the Greens would come together. It was in vain that Ebenezer Parsnip reasoned with the man, proving, at least to his own satisfaction, that in point of material pleasure an onion braised was no more palatable than an onion raw, while in point of morals and the true belief it was the indulgence of a backslider. Nothing could divert Silas Green from his new passion, and Ebenezer was forced to make the best of it, hoping at least that the thing would go no further.

But it was the old story. One thing leads to another, and braised onions had not been a regular dish in the Green household for two weeks when young Simplicity Green, the son and heir, confessed a shameful appetite for apple dumplings. Old Green, a just man and, except where onions were concerned, a reasonable, gave way, and apple dumplings became as lawful in his house as braised onions. And that was the beginning of the end. Purity, the younger boy, put in a plea for stewed pears; and his mother, with all the extravagance of a fallen angel, took to apple fritters. Within the week there was no form of cooked fruit or vegetables which they were not prepared to eat.

Ebenezer Parsnip watched with horror and dismay the gradual corruption of the Greens, and, when he heard of the apple fritters, he acted. "The next thing," he said, "they will be eating flesh." And he cut them out of the book of his life. That very night there came the usual fortnightly invitation from Mrs. Green for the usual Friday gathering. It was refused.

From that day forward—for so are men made—the Greens, who had fallen from grace, were more odious to Mr. Parsnip than the common run of his neighbours who had never found it.



Mistress. "THERE 'S JUST ONE THING I WISH TO SAY, JANE, BEFORE I GO."
Fed-up Maid. "ONLY ONE, MUM. AIN'T YOU WELL?"

Old Ebenezer spoke more kindly now to fleshly solicitors on the 9.15; but Silas Green he cut dead. Yet Silas still was true to the vegetable faith and scorned the solicitors more thoroughly than Parsnip.

Alas! how SHAKESPEARE repeats itself! What are the hoary enmities of *Montagues* and *Capulets* compared with the passion of young love?

Old Ebenezer Parsnip had a daughter; and this girl, whom he had touchingly named Lettuce, was not indifferent to young Simplicity Green. And young Simplicity loved Lettuce.

Their love was not known to their parents; and they did not meet except at the fortnightly reunions of the two families. But so modest are the vegetable passions that they were content to love, as certain snakes are fed at the Zoo, on alternate Fridays.

But now there came a Friday on which they might not meet. And in the heart of Lettuce, as she sucked her oranges with Ebenezer and her mother (whose Christian name was Broccoli), the flame, it may be for the first time, burned high and strong; while young Simplicity, bitterly imagining the empty years before him, pushed away his apple dumpling and would not be consoled.

For a whole week the deprivation was endured in silence. And then—for there is no knowing to what extremes passion may not drive a man—Simplicity sent his love a letter.

Do I say "a letter"? It was an appointment—Heavens!—an *assignation*.

They met at the vegetarian restaurant in —— Street. They met by stealth, deceiving their dear ones; and shame makes hot my ink as I put down the words.

In that first tender meeting, when for the first time they came together confessedly for reasons of affection, few words, as usual, if any, were said. Simplicity, oblivious of all but the eyes of his darling, automatically, but in a fluster, ordered for both of them the fare to which he was accustomed—nut cutlets, fried. *Fried!*

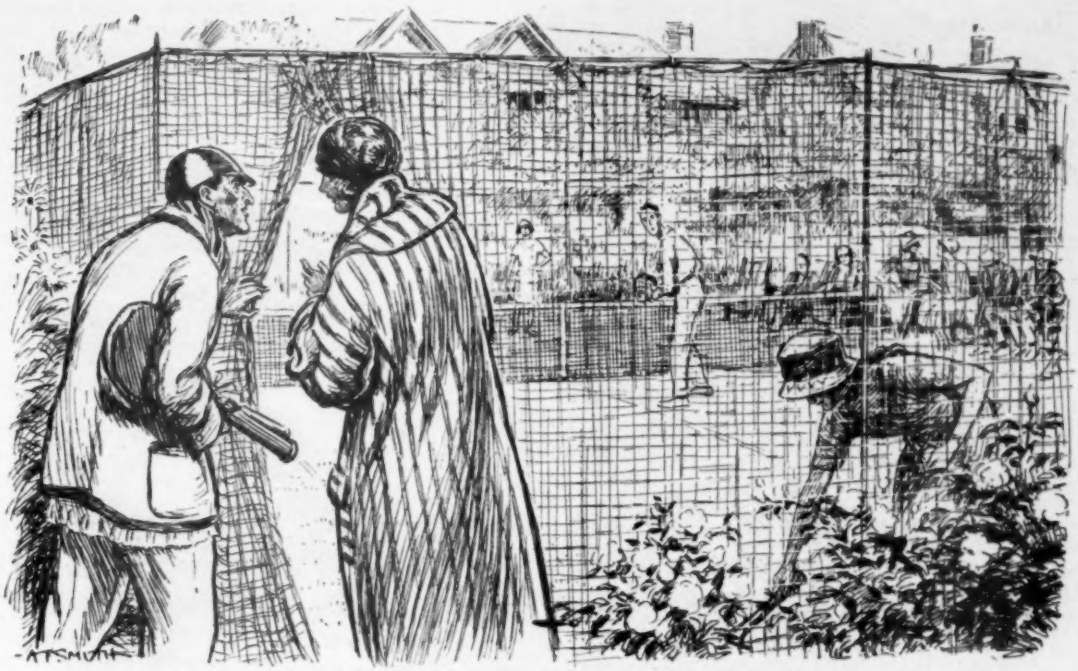
Lettuce was not less oblivious than he, and it was only when her thin (but charming) lips had closed upon a morsel of nut cutlet, *fried*, that she realised where love had led her. *It was the first time she had tasted cooked food.*

Simplicity too remembered suddenly and trembled.

Their eyes met. And the ink boils upon my pen as I record that Lettuce laughed. Lettuce laughed and said, "What *would* father say if he could see me?"

Her curiosity was quickly satisfied, for at this moment the tall figure of Ebenezer Parsnip entered the restaurant and sat down at a neighbouring table, unnoticed by the lovers.

The feelings of this old man may be imagined when, raising his eyes from his simple meal of water-cress and pine-apple ale, he saw his own daughter sitting in the company of the son of the backslider and with every appearance of enjoyment consuming a nut cutlet, fried. *Fried!* It was the smirching of a young life, the betrayal of a religion. For a man of his diet and habit of mind he was of a strangely choleric temper, and in the presence of this awful thing he "saw radish"—as the quaint phrase is in those circles. He rose and confronted the guilty pair.



Husband. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY HAD A DECENT COURT HERE."
Wife. "I SIMPLY SAID IT WAS LIKE A BILLIARD-TABLE, AND IF ANYTHING IT 'S LARGER."

"Lettuce," he said simply, but in a very loud voice, "come home! And you, Sir, unless you want to be horse-whipped, will never speak to my daughter again." (For it is the horse-whip, and not the more brutal cow-thong or dog-lash, which vegetarians employ for the adjustment of affairs of honour.)

Lettuce, making no bones about it, declared her love, and added that she and Simplicity proposed to marry.

"Then you are no daughter of mine," said Mr. Parsnip warmly.

To this illogical and, indeed, erroneous conclusion the girl made no reply, but burst into tears. Her father led her weeping from the building, omitting in his emotion to pay for his watercress, the bill for which was handed to Simplicity.

When Silas Green heard of the public insult offered to his son he became equally insistent with Mr. Parsnip that the boy must never be united with the object of his affections; and both the lovers were forbidden to meet or correspond.

They met, of course. True love is not so easily sundered. They met. But now, alas! in holes and corners, at railway-stations and public telephone-call offices, with all the shameful accompaniments of stealth and deception; they corresponded through the advertisement columns of newspapers; they made false statements to their parents. Before a week had passed they were both far gone in cunning and duplicity.

But worse was to follow. For the most part they were compelled to meet at lunch-time (for Simplicity worked in an office), and, since even lovers must eat sometimes, in public eating-houses. But now, alas! the vegetarian restaurant, the temple of their common faith, was closed to them. It was not safe. And in the vile flesh-houses to which they resorted they became less careful of what they ate. There came a day when a harassed waitress brought them two eggs and bacon instead of two plates of spinach, and, lost in some lovers' dream, they tamely acquiesced. Moreover, they *enjoyed* the dish. From this the step was small to ox-tail soup and curried mutton. They ate *kidneys*. They ate —— But why prolong the horror? They surrendered utterly to flesh.

And, now that this gross appetite possessed them, life in their own severe homes became intolerable. They married. They married secretly and were duly cut off with shillings by their respective parents. And I am sorry to say that they lived happily ever after —sorry, because I hate to see men sacrifice an ideal to the worldly satisfaction called Love.

I prefer to think of Silas Green and Ebenezer Parsnip. Deserted by their first-born, insulted in their creed, the two old men turned to one another again. Neither would admit that he was wrong; but Silas, being the weaker man and perhaps confessing in his heart of hearts that braised onions had been at the bottom of the trouble, returned to the true faith. Or so I believe.

At any rate, at the usual Friday dinners the onions are invariably raw.

A. P. H.

Grazing for Road-Hogs.

"Instead of recommending hotels, I think the A.A. should recommend commons and public places, where motorists would get good grass for lunch."—*Evening Paper.*

"TO LET.

Room and Bedroom to forigen caple o dzputelmens near sea baths. Electerik bels hol voter and seperet salon."—*Brazilian Paper.*

M.P.'s in search of congenial holiday-quarters would doubtless find the "hol voter" a great attraction.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Dalton Ashmore said nothing. His jaw set as though it were a mould of iron. The cigarette between his lips snapped in two under the intense pressure. 'Damn' he swore, and tossed the broken thing into the fire."—*Indian Paper.*

These strong silent heroes ought not to smoke such brittle cigarettes.



TIPS FOR TYROS.

A DOG CAN SOMETIMES BE PICKED UP VERY CHEAPLY AT ONE OF THE AUCTION SALES HELD IN LONDON DURING THE SUMMER.

A CUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON II.—THE SIMPLE LITTLE LOVE STORY.

IN this lesson I propose to discuss that shortest cut to the editor's heart, the simple little love story.

If you are the fortunate sort of person who can exude this type of fiction, you may begin at once to make inquiries as to the safest way of evading the payment of super-tax; you are as good as made. Many a sturdy little fortune has been raised upon the cardiac affections of one girl, masquerading through the magazines under a variety of names. Why shouldn't *you* do it?

The simple little love story must not be confused with the tense love story, the analytical love story, the married love story, and all the other love stories which depend for their interest upon something else than love pure and simple. Character and such abstruse matters as that have no place in the type of story we are now considering.

If you are to become a successful exponent of the simple little love story, certain fundamental principles must first be absorbed. They are as follows:—

(1) A man or a girl, seeing a certain member of the opposite sex for the first time, always decides within five seconds that this is the only girl (or man) in the world for him (or her).

(2) The meaning of the verb "to love" is "to contemplate urgent matrimony with."

(3) A proposal of marriage may be made and seriously received within an hour of a first meeting. In any case it should not be delayed longer than a week.

(4) For two people to fall in love, the following conditions must be fulfilled: (*a*) they are meeting for the first time (nobody in short stories ever falls in love with a person whom he has known for any length of time); (*b*) their meeting takes place under unexpected or exceptional circumstances; (*c*) the girl is extraordinarily pretty (it is only people in real life who dream of falling in love with a girl who is not extraordinarily pretty); (*d*) there are reasons, apparently quite insurmountable, to prevent them from ever getting married (naturally no one ever wants to marry a person with whom it is possible to walk straight into church without any preliminary fuss, bother and upheaval; it simply is not done).

(5) The odds should be seven to two that the person with whom you fall in love is pretending to be somebody else. If by any chance this is not the case, it is up to you to play the game by assuming immediately and for no cause whatever that she (or he) *is* somebody else. It's mistaken identity that makes the magazine world go round.

(6) Marriage is the be-all and end-all of life.

Having thoroughly mastered these rules of life and conduct, we may now proceed to the next important point. This is the language you are to employ in telling your story. It must be arresting. It must be strikingly original. This is quite easy. All you have to do is to invent your own words. Failing that, you may take perfectly sound old ones and put them to questionable uses. I need only cite "to glimpse" and "to feature" in order to bring home to you what I mean; "glimpse" and "feature" were perfectly respectable nouns once.

Now we can get on to the recipe for our love story. Take—

One beautiful maiden, with large

eyes, corn-coloured hair (ripe, of course), a tip-tilted nose and a scarlet mouth (scarlet, remember; not green or blue).

One incredibly good-looking (or fascinatingly ugly) young man with a well-knit frame, crinkly hair (essential) and other attributes to match.

One situation.

Stir well; add seasoning to suit the particular magazine you have in mind; and serve briskly.

In other words you need not bother over your hero and heroine; they are always the same, and the same as any other magazine hero or heroine. The only thing that makes the difference between simple little love stories is the situation.

Having decided then upon this, push your tip-tilted heroine and your crinkly hero into it, let them flounder there for a bit, complicate with a case of mistaken identity, and then pull them out.

The result will, or should, come out something like this:—

The girl in the scarlet bathing-suit, with her big blue eyes, her hair of the colour of ripe corn, her tip-tilted little nose, and her lips, whose vivid hue almost eclipsed that of her bathing-suit itself, was surely the most perfect picture ever seen of demure young English girlhood. So thought Reginald Carstairs as he passed and repassed that section of the beach upon which she was sitting. He had known instinctively the very first time his eyes had rested upon her that this was the only possible girl in the world for him.

Gloomily he watched her as she threw handful after handful of sand, in her demure young English girlish way, into the grinning face of the big black retriever, who, barking merrily at his mistress, seemed quite unaware of the honour that was being done him. Reginald Carstairs wished desperately that she would throw some sand at him, if only a single handful.

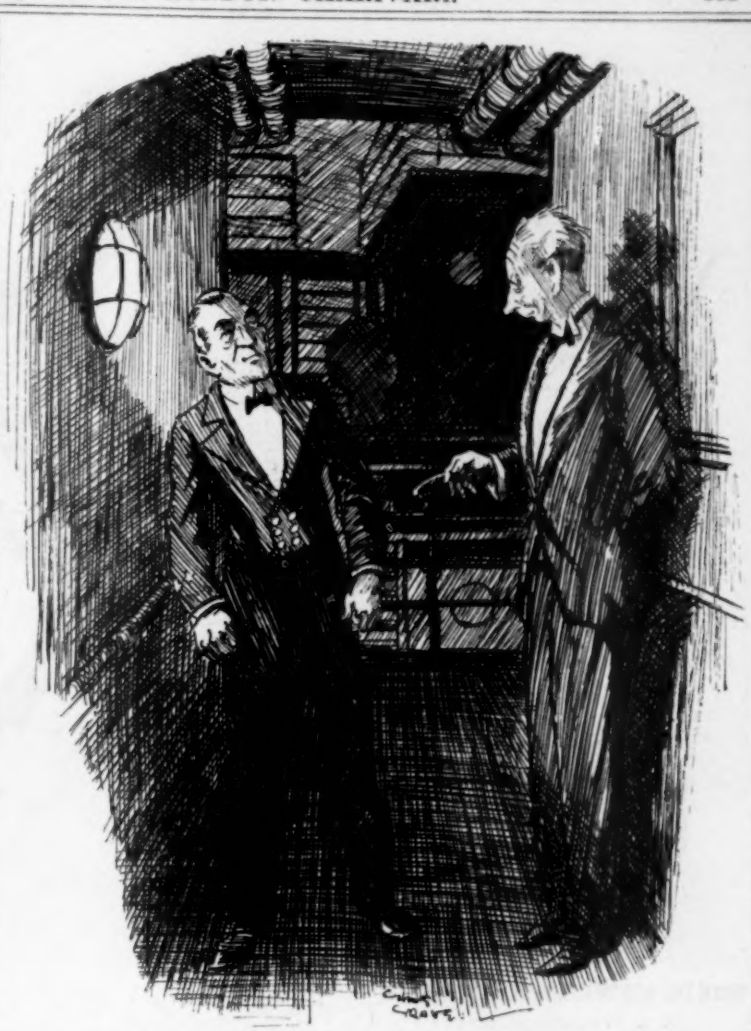
As he passed her for the forty-second time his heart gave a sudden leap. For it had seemed to him that her eyes, wandering approvingly over his athletic well-knit frame, had lingered for a moment on his crinkly hair with something of a smile in their blue depths. The next minute the wind blew his hat off.

With long frolicsome bounds the retriever bounded to retrieve. I mean, the dog ran after it and, bringing it back in his mouth, dropped it at the girl's feet.

The smile in her eyes broke into candid blue ripples. "Is this yours?" she demurelied.

Pupil. "Demurelied"?

Professor. Magazinese for "said demurely."



Passenger. "WHAT 'S THE IDEA OF THE CHURCH BELL AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?"
Steward. "THAT ISN'T A CHURCH BELL, SIR; IT 'S A BELL BUOY."
Passenger. "OH, IS IT? WELL, EVEN IF IT HAD BEEN A CHURCH BELL I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE."

Pupil. Oh!

His hair crinkled towards her fondly. "Yes," he eagered.

Pupil. "Eagered"?

Professor. "Replied, advancing eagerly to her."

Pupil. Oh!

"To whom am I indebted for this kindness?"

Her brows complexed. "I am the Duchess of Kensal Green," she simplied.

He stiffed. "I beg your pardon. I thought—— But I am only a poor clerk. Good morning, your Grace."

She glimpsed a half-smile at him from blue depths. "You are in a great hurry, aren't you?" she softlied.

Pupil. Here! Wait a minute. I know the end of this story. She thinks he thinks she's a duchess and he thinks she thinks he's a clerk and she thinks—I mean he's really a peer's eldest son and she's really a typist, and it all comes out in the last paragraph when he folds her in his——

Professor (*passionately*). Of *course* it does. Are you trying to teach me my own story? *All* simple little love stories come out like that.

Pupil. Ah!

(*Another big heart-throb next week.*)

A Further Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Totally disarmed, Germany . . . would be in an impossible position if . . . she were called upon by a decision of the League of Nations to take part in warlike measures."
Provincial Paper.



SCENE—*Dance at a Seaside Hotel.*

She. "HULLO, THAT'S A NEW STEP, ISN'T IT? RATHER JOLLY. HOW DO YOU DO IT?"
He. "OH, YOU JUST GET SOMEBODY TO KICK YOU ON THE ANKLE."

WHEN THE STOCK EXCHANGE ADVERTISES.

BY A PUBLICITY EXPERT.

THE unqualified success of the great Advertising Convention has made it clearer every day that those trades, professions and callings which do not advertise have no place in a commercial world ringing with the clarion call, "Truth in Advertising." An influential movement is in progress on the London Stock Exchange to shake off the fetters of an archaic convention which denies to its members the fruits of a wider publicity.

In the few following examples I propose to show, without divulging the more subtle appeals which will be at the disposal of my future clients, how "live wire" ads. may be used by the members of the hitherto silent and obscure Stock Exchange:—

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN INVESTMENT IS KNOWLEDGE.

There are more traps for the unwary but greater possibilities for the WELL-INFORMED in the Foreign Market than in any other.

Consult

SHADRACH, MESHACH & MONTAGU,
of 193, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

BEFORE—and not AFTER—you deal.

Every client's letter is replied to personally by one of the ex-Foreign Ministers on their staff. Revised lists of the latest frontiers in Europe and South America issued daily.

Write to-day for their wonderful special pamphlets—

"Hats on to POINCARÉ!" by J. L. GARVIN.

"Not a Ha'penny for the Hun!" by Lord ROTHERMERE.

EVERY TYPE OF BOND DEALT WITH.
SOVIET PROMISES DISCOUNTED.

BULLS OF BRUMS

BUILD BONNIE BANK BALANCES.

They come to the RIGHT Firm for the RIGHT Stock.

Messrs. LOWE, COE & COE,

777, Old Broad Street, E.C. (and Stock Exchange), are THE Railway Market Specialists.

Exclusive Trade Union Information.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER. Every purchaser of One Hundred Pounds L. M. S. Ordinary Stock will receive a Free Ride on the Scenic Railway at Wembley.

YOUR BOY—

Is his Financial Future Secure?

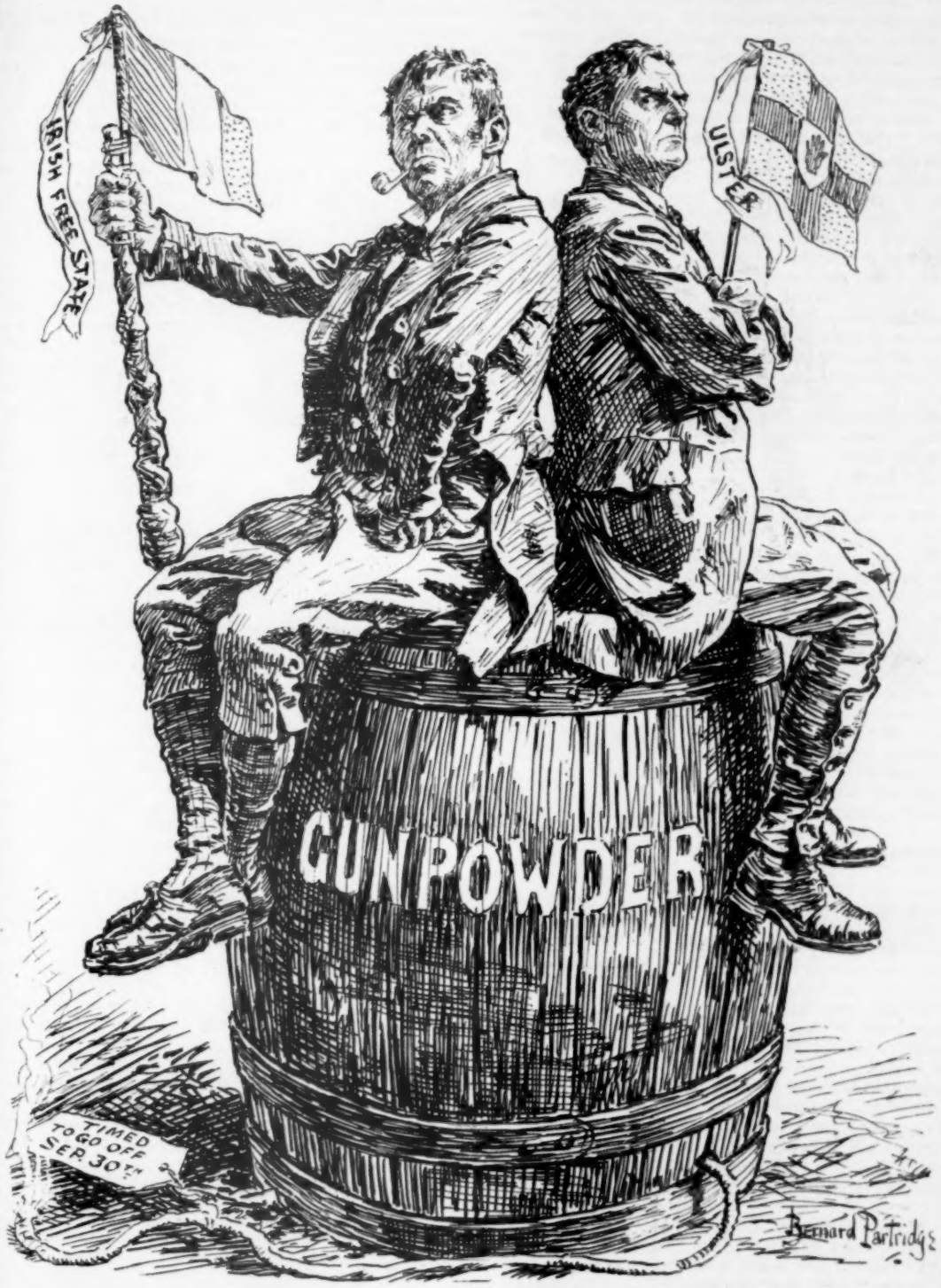
Let him start to learn now. Is he backward? Then let him read "Backwardation for Babes." (BIBB, BROTHERS & SUCKLING). Here is a sample:—

"Little Jack Horner
Fixed up a corner
Sending Brazils sky-high;
He quit at the top,
Then watched the things drop,
And said, 'What a cute boy am I!'"

"PERU PREFS. FOR POOR PEOPLE."

Mrs. Hannah Burrupson, 462, Acacia Villas, High St., Broxton, S.W. 17, writes: "For many years I suffered from terrible financial ill-health. My means were wasting away. The neighbours were quite horrified at the way they had shrunk. Solicitors and money-lenders could do nothing for me and gave up my case in despair. I tried mortgages, racing and ballots, but all in vain. Then one day a friend asked my husband (who was dreadfully anxious about me) if I had ever tried your *Peru Prefs.* He wrote at once for a small parcel, and my recovery dated from its arrival. After three accounts I was better than I had ever been in my life before. I shall always recommend your wonderful remedy to all my friends. I have no objection to your publishing this letter."

To Messrs. STEER, URSE & Co., 1034, Lothbury, E.C. (and S.E.)



AN INTERVAL FOR REFLECTION.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 4th.—Neither the merry-go-rounds of Hampstead Heath nor the Wembley Jamboree could keep their lordships from performance of their public duties on Bank Holiday. The day's programme was indeed scarcely worthy of their heroic example. But they showed that they would forgo their holiday cheerfully even to pass the Cheshire Water Bill and to approve orders under the Gas Regulation Act for the benefit of Sandwich, Uttoxeter and King's Lynn, besides passing the St. Helen's Corporation Trolley Vehicles Bill. Most of the afternoon was devoted to concluding the Committee stage of the Housing Bill.

Ten years after Sir EDWARD GREY'S immortal description of Ireland as the "one bright spot" the Irish banshee was again wailing unexorcised through the corridors of a House which is in other respects scarcely recognisable after the interval. Members were wandering about with long faces, doubting whether even the desire of Mr. THOMAS to start on his mission to South Africa this week would prevail against the Irish Free State's insistence upon immediate legislation. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE alone showed a gleam in his eyes at the prospect of a new campaign against the Dukes, which might yet restore his old popularity, even in Limehouse. Mr. THOMAS in the meantime had most of the limelight. Called suddenly from the House during Question-Time, he was back in his place to announce that no statement could yet be made beyond the fact that he leaves for Dublin to-night. Members must possess their souls in patience till Wednesday.

Left in this state of suspensive animation, the House listened with dazed ears to the PRIME MINISTER'S weary statement upon his success at the Inter-Allied conference during the week-end. Sir FREDRIC WISE alone seemed to retain full control of his wits. With a catechism of terribly pointed questions, delivered with his most disarming smile, he drove Mr. MACDONALD into a fresh display of his newly developed genius for cautious phrasing. Weighing each word deliberately, he informed the House that in the matter of sanctions "the Government's position remains where it is at the present time." His pause for further reflection left time for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and other Members to murmur in puzzled voices, "Where is it?" Summoning all his resources of elucidation and taking the House into his innermost confidence, Mr. MACDONALD replied slowly and with great emphasis, "It is here."

In such moments of despondency the House responds eagerly to the heavy humour of Mr. WILL THORNE. Coming to the rescue of Miss BONDFIELD, when she was heckled on a Question to the Ministry of Labour, he referred to her gallantly as "the noble lady." Correcting himself, he expressed a hope that he would be able one day to call her by that title. In the meantime he chose to refer to her as "my honourable friend the good lady."

Nobody could keep off the subject of holidays. Mr. HOGGE, in supporting a protest about postal facilities in the Western Isles, demanded that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should spend his vacation there, making a personal tour of inspection. Even the MINISTER FOR WAR was furiously attacked for his alleged sinister intentions to acquire that popular beauty-spot, Lulworth Cove, as a school for artillery practice. His elaborate explanations failed to satisfy Viscount CURZON, who demanded hotly how he could pretend that the firing of six-pounder shells four thousand yards out to sea would not interfere with the amenities of this holiday resort?

The House emptied at once for the Second Reading of the Appropriation Bill, to continue its speculations about the holiday prospects outside. Several unsuccessful attempts at a count were made, but the Government Whips managed with increasing difficulty to keep a House until 2 A.M. By that time the "patient oxen" had gone to their byres, and so many of the Labourites had followed their example that not even forty Members could be found to carry on.

Tuesday, August 5th.—There was nothing of the old Diehard about Lord SALISBURY when the London Traffic Bill returned from the Commons with two of the Lords' most important Amendments rejected. Declaring that compromise is the essence of public life he announced himself ready, though with



RESORTS OF THE MIGHTY.

some reluctance, to accept the decisions taken in "another place." Lords MONTAGU and BANBURY urged that, unless tramways were included within the scope of the Bill, it would be of little use in relieving the congestion of the streets, but, having been deserted by their leader, were easily defeated in the ensuing Division. On the question of duration, however, the Peers rejected Lord SALISBURY'S advice and decided, rather illogically, that this admittedly imperfect measure should remain in force for three years longer than its authors proposed.

The Clydesiders were again active at Question-time, their idea being no doubt (with the holidays imminent) to show their constituents what fine fellows they are. Mr. STEPHEN, who utters the most *outrés* sentiments in the softest of voices, was much grieved that Mr. CLYNES gave no hope of legislation to compel landlords to accept pre-war rents for their houses. What would he say, I wonder, to a proposition that industrial workers should accept pre-war wages for their work?

Since Mr. BUCHANAN returned from his honeymoon his chief delight has been to bait Mr. FERGUSON—an easy task, since the Member for Motherwell rises to the crudest lure. This afternoon he asked the SPEAKER if it was in order that he should be called a "swine" by some "guttersnipe," and Mr. WHITLEY assured him that both terms were equally unparliamentary.

As Mr. LLOYD GEORGE began his speech on the London Conference by expressing the hope that no one would do anything to embarrass the PRIME MINISTER in his task, one must assume that he himself intended to be helpful. Otherwise some of his criticisms as to the wording of the Agreement might have appeared a little captious and not altogether calculated to further the policy (of which, as Mr. MCNEILL reminded him, he was in 1918 the principal promoter) of making Germany pay.

Still, it was pleasant to hear him solemnly impressing upon Mr. MACDONALD that "a compromise always comes to grief with a fact." As the main author of the Irish Treaty he ought to know.

The art of evading awkward questions is one that every PRIME MINISTER has to practise on occasion. Mr. GLADSTONE'S method was to weave so intricate a pattern of parentheses within parentheses that no one could disentangle the main theme from its modifications. Mr. ASQUITH had at his command a faculty for coining apparently clear-cut unequivocal phrases which nevertheless on subsequent examination turned out to have two or more meanings. Mr. MACDONALD, not quite such a master of language as either of those supreme artists, adopts the simpler expedient of his countrymen and answers one question by asking another. He asked so many in his ostensible reply to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that the House was as much in the dark—if not more—when he ended as when he began.



THE HABIT SPREADS.

Cricketer (whose moves have not been exactly successful). "WAITER! BRING ME SOME NEW DRAUGHTS, PLEASE."

Wednesday, August 6th.—The Lords had a broken-up day. Beginning at noon they had disposed of their immediate business by lunch-time, only to find that, owing to the dilatoriness of the lower Chamber there was nothing more for them to do. To Lord CURZON'S complaint the LORD CHANCELLOR coyly replied that the House of Commons was like an unruly wife who would not listen however politely one talked to her.

The dinner-hour was approaching when the Peers resumed their labours, and the long wait had not improved Lord CURZON'S temper. He was decidedly sniffy in regard to the Irish Boundary Commission Bill, accused the Government of displaying partiality, and reminded them that they were under "obligations of honour to both parties to the dispute."

Considering that messages were passing between the two Houses all day, it was surprising that Lord HALDANE was not informed of the Anglo-Russian Agreement reached that afternoon. From his point of view it may also have been fortunate, for, if he had made a statement similar to that delivered by Mr. PONSONBY in the Commons, the protests of the Opposition Peers would have kept him fidgeting on the Woolsack till midnight.

The Commons had to wait all through Question-time for Mr. THOMAS to tell them whether they might go on holiday to-morrow or not. At last, provided with a more than usually large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles for the occasion, he rose to tell the House its fate. He kept everyone hanging on his words with tantalising elaborations until the word "September" made the House gasp with dismay. He could not answer for the consequences to the Irish Free State, we gathered, unless the House returned on the thirtieth of next month to pass the Irish Commission Bill. Mr. BALDWIN'S reply was heard with the same breathless silence, and then Sir JOHN SIMON, under cover of asking a few simple questions, managed by one brief sentence in conclusion to throw all the fat into the fire at once.

With arms waving frantically and hands clutching nervously at the benches in front, every Ulsterman in the House was on his feet in a moment. Mr. RONALD MACNEILL, pale with anger, rose enormously right in front of the Chair and, restraining his emotions with a supreme effort, informed the SPEAKER that he would ask only one question that would not be a cover for a Party speech. His supreme effort at self-control and the SPEAKER'S stern ruling against anything that sounded like an argument saved the House from a first-class Irish row in the grand old manner.

An exciting day ended with Mr. PONSONBY'S extraordinary exposition (already alluded to) of the eleventh-hour agreement with the Soviet delegates, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S scathing denunciation of what he bluntly described as "a fake."

Thursday, August 7th.—The Government's efforts as peacemakers have certainly brought them no peace. Lord PARMOOR, hoping that their lordships would be in a complacent mood on the last day of the session, expounded the terms of the new Anglo-Russian Treaty,



THE RETURN FROM THE PICNIC.

Unhappy Holiday-maker (bitterly). "AND TO THINK HOW WE SNIGGER WHEN WE SEE THIS KIND OF THING IN THE COMIC PAPERS!"

on the motion for the adjournment. But Lord CURZON's indignation at the disrespectful behaviour of the Commons yesterday was meekness itself in comparison with his wrath at this manner of introducing so important a debate. With an implied acknowledgment of Lord PARMOOR's good intentions, he declared that he had never seen an occasion which called for greater pity for a good man struggling against adversity. But even such pity could not excuse a procedure which he believed to be without precedent in the whole history of Parliament. The Treaty itself appeared to him as "all give and no take." As for the Government's assurances in regard to the cessation of Bolshevik propaganda they went off his back like water; but gave him, one inferred, a cold shiver on the way.

Feeling was even more heated in the Commons where the PRIME MINISTER, after adjourning the Inter-Allied Conference for half-an-hour, essayed the stormy task of domestic pacification. Sir ROBERT HORNE suggested that the signature of the Treaty should be postponed until the House had had time to master its contents. But Mr. MACDONALD was like the child who didn't want to go home, but wanted to be at home now. "I want to sign the Treaty to-day," he exclaimed, adding that the House would be quite at liberty to consider and amend or reject the document when it came up for ratification.

Mr. E. D. MOREL's account of his adventure into the City, where the chief bondholder concerned in the claims against Russia had assured him of his delight at the arrangement now provided, failed to convince the Opposition. He had to fall back upon a threat that the Labour Party would double the number of its Members in the House by fighting on this issue.

When Sir ROBERT HORNE declared roundly that the whole Treaty was only a "makeshift, a sham and a pretence," Mr. CLYNES replied rather testily that the Government was willing to abide by the decision either of the House or of the country upon it. Mr. T. E. HARVEY, a Liberal, thereupon took Mr. CLYNES at his word and demanded to keep the House sitting for another day to discuss it. But the House, feeling that the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak, fought shy of so drastic a proposal and affirmed by 157 to 77 votes its decision to go on holiday to-day.

It will return—COSGRAVE *volente*—on October 28th.

POETRY OF TO-DAY.

IN a recent issue of that important quarterly, *Poetry of To-Day*, there occurs this poem, entitled "My Garden":—

"My garden is my pride and joy,
On it my thoughts I focus;
The only gold without alloy
To me 's my yellow crocus."

But why only a single quatrain? If this inspired work is typical of modern poetry we cannot have too much of it. Here, for instance, are a few more verses to go with the above creation:—

My garden is my joy and pride,
I follow my proboscis
And find with this devoted guide
My yellow salpiglossis.

My garden keeps me young and slim,
Beneath my nice acacia
I dance at dusk with verve and vim,
As giddy as a geisha.

My garden is a keen delight,
I love my purple asters;
I put them on my chest at night
Instead of mustard plasters.

My garden stimulates my brains,
It smells of pinks and onions;
The former rouse my serious strains,
The latter prompt my funny 'uns.

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

THE PIG.

PIG OF MY HEART,—So much of our indebtedness to you is taken for granted that I want to write you a few lines of appreciation. For your friendliness to man knows no abatement; I believe that every day you come to our rescue more and more; every day, all over England, to the traveller's question, "What have you for lunch?" the answer is more frequently returned, "I 'm sorry, but there 's nothing but eggs and bacon." The innkeeper's sorrow matters nothing, because directly we hear the word bacon our hearts leap up. And the reason is not merely that we like bacon, but because, as a wise man once said, "However good bacon and eggs may be at breakfast, they are far better at meals to which they don't belong."

A lot of rubbish has been talked (and sung) about the roast beef of Old England. *The* national dish of this great country is bacon—a gift from you.

Eggs no doubt can be an agreeable accessory, but it would be an ungracious act in a letter intended to celebrate your merit to stress them overmuch. Bacon alone is food for the gods. If I step aside and quote from HOGG'S *Life of SHELLEY* it is not from any facetious motive, but (in case you have missed it) to let you know how one of the least material of men, an ethereal being who is usually thought of as a vegetarian, a beautiful if ineffectual angel, esteemed you. It is told there how HOGG and SHELLEY once met at a wayside inn when HOGG was eating bacon. At first this was to SHELLEY a cause of distress. "But he gradually approached the dish and, studying the bacon attentively, said, 'So this is bacon!' He then ate a small piece. 'It is not so bad either!' More was ordered; he devoured it voraciously.

"'Bring more bacon!' It was brought and eaten.

"'Let us have another plate.'

"'I am very sorry, gentlemen,' said the old woman, 'but indeed I have no more in the house.'

"The Poet was angry at the disappointment and rated her. 'What business has a woman to keep an inn who has not enough bacon in the house for her guests? She ought to be killed!'"

There, that is how you struck the author of *Adonais*.

But bacon is not all. What of ham? What of brawn? What of pork? What of Bath chap? All these blessings we owe to you. Forgive me, however, if I am dwelling too long on what, after all, cannot be unmixedly agreeable hearing for yourself, since, in order to give us these noble dishes, you must first have passed away. I recognise that even my enthusiasm (and SHELLEY'S) may not remove the distastefulness of so much emphasis on death. Let me then pay you a compliment that can be received with rejoicing and say that what mothers and nurses would, on occasion, have done without your assistance is past imagining. That game (derived from the exploits of your five children) which they play with babies' toes—what oceans of tears it has dried or prevented! What myriad wailings it has changed into fat chuckles! There is no music so adorable as the laughter of an infant, and no infant's laughter is ever quite so irresistibly musical as when its bath is over and "This little pig" sets in. I wonder who invented that story, and so gave us our earliest introduction to what is called picaresque literature—"a style of fiction," says my dictionary, "dealing with the adventures of rogues." "This little pig went to market" was the version with which I was persuaded into good humour; "this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; and this little pig cried, '*Wee, wee, wee*' all the way home." Your first, second, third and fourth children were interesting but ordinary; the child of genius was the fifth. I can still recall the agony yet ecstasy of apprehension as his arrival drew near and nearer. I wonder who wrote this nursery masterpiece. The pundits of *Notes and Queries* must be roped in to discover such a benefactor.

So much for your children in nursery lore. Your children in actual life are adorable. I can think of no young creature so full of caprices and comic vivacity as eight or nine little pigs, black for choice. They are the embodiment of curiosity and fear, impudence and doubt, quicksilver and fun. All maturity is a decline from the freshness and innocence of infancy; but in your case there is a wider gulf fixed than with almost any other animal. The little pig is lost more completely in the big pig than anyone would think possible. I am sorry for this, although it is the table's gain. As for the little pig dressed for the gourmet, his place in literature is assured.

Finally, a word of thanks for your assistance in helping us out in invective—I am sure not of your own wish, but very usefully none the less. The people that we don't like, whether for particular or general reasons—what do we call them? We ought really to search our minds for the accurate epithet minutely applicable to each; but we are too lazy for that. So—very unfairly—we fall back on you and merely say they are pigs. The child who eats too quickly, the man who won't have the window open in the railway carriage, the woman who edges her way unjustly into a queue, the boy who demurs at the too frequent bath—each is rapidly characterized as a pig. As I say, it saves us trouble to think no further and to borrow your name in this way; but it isn't fair, because they did not go to you to learn these habits; they were behaving naturally. I wonder if you ever tick off the pigs you object to by calling them men. Or are you too well-mannered?

E. V. L.



Wife. "PUT YOUR 'AT ON STRAIGHT, GEORGE; YOU AIN'T GOT THE FACE FOR AN 'ALO."

"Wanted, Good Template Maker . . . must be Society man."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

A chance here for one of the New Poor.

"The church interior has recently been thoroughly renovated and presents a very beautiful appearance. The exterior of the rector, the work of the parish is soon to receive attention."—*Canadian Church Paper.*

After a wash and brush-up he too, we trust, will present a very beautiful appearance.



The Meenister. "I THOCHT YE WERE AWA' TO LONDON BY THE EXCURSION?"
McDougal. "WEEL, I WAS JIST ABOUT AWA', BUT ANGUS, WHO BIDES THERE, YE KEN, SENT ME A PICTURE-POSTCAIRT O' THE TOON."

UTILITY.

"CERTAINLY, Sir," said the manager, pausing in his stately progress through the Universal Utilities Emporium, "we can supply you with a trouser-press that will astonish you. Something quite new, Sir. Mr. Harris!"—addressing a grave young man in *pince-nez*—"show the gentleman our Patent Number Five Collapsible Utility Press."

The grave young man dissolved in a discreet but inexplicable manner through the panelling, to reappear a moment later bearing an object of intensely practical appearance.

"This is the trouser-press, Sir," he observed.

"It doesn't look awfully like one," I said, and the young man seemed a little hurt.

"Oh, I assure you, Sir ——" he began, but I hastened to make amends.

"I meant it as a compliment," I said. "Now, tell me, how do you work a thing like that?"

The young man bent down and consulted a small label.

"Just a moment, Sir," he apologised; "I have not grown quite accustomed to all our lines yet. We have so many and the work is somewhat new to me. However, this"—he manipulated something and was visibly affected when the top fell open in two sections—"is quite simple."

"I say, what fun!" I cried. "And where do the trousers go?"

"I think," replied the young man, "you turn this."

"Perhaps we ought to have another look at the label," I suggested, as a metal arm about a foot long shot out, dealing the young man a smart blow on the side of the head.

"*That*," remarked the salesman, retrieving his pince-nez, "would be the Hygienic Exerciser. Many gentlemen insist on the exerciser, Sir."

"And just what happens when I press this?" I asked.

"Oh, that," he replied, pressing vigorously without result—"that is evidently meant to be *pulled*, Sir."

"Bless my soul! so it is," I exclaimed in admiration as the emblem of utility turned itself inside out and stood upon its two ends with a distinct purring sound. "Now what might that be for?"

The salesman, temporarily embarrassed by the fact that both his hands were imprisoned, called my attention to the really excellent quality of the workmanship.

"But can't I make it do anything else?" I persisted rather wistfully. "Won't it go off and call me in the morning or anything?"

"It is a remarkable invention," resumed the young man, who by now had succeeded in releasing himself. "You know, Sir, how difficult it is to stow an ordinary trouser-press anywhere. Now, with this one you just lift it and . . . it comes to pieces, all ready to be cleaned, just like that."

Here the manager approached.

"Careful with that Twin Parlour-Polisher and Sewing Machine, Mr. Harris," he cautioned. "I trust, Sir, that you were suited in the trouser-press?"

"To tell you the truth," I answered, contemplating a swift departure, "what I *really* wanted was a combined folding-bed and lawn-mower."

"Ah!" remarked the manager of Universal Utilities, Limited, "that will be in the Reversible Piano-Player Department. This way, Sir."

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

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Pig of my Heart,—So much of our indebtedness to you is taken for granted that I want to write you a few lines of appreciation. For your friendliness to man knows no abatement; I believe that every day you come to our rescue more and more; every day, all over England, to the traveller's question, "What have you for lunch?" the answer is more frequently returned, "I 'm sorry, but there 's nothing but eggs and bacon." The innkeeper's sorrow matters nothing, because directly we hear the word bacon our hearts leap up. And the reason is not merely that we like bacon, but because, as a wise man once said, "However good bacon and eggs may be at breakfast, they are far better at meals to which they don't belong."

A lot of rubbish has been talked (and sung) about the roast beef of Old England. *The* national dish of this great country is bacon—a gift from you.

Eggs no doubt can be an agreeable accessory, but it would be an ungracious act in a letter intended to celebrate your merit to stress them overmuch. Bacon alone is food for the gods. If I step aside and quote from Hogg's *Life of Shelley* it is not from any facetious motive, but (in case you have missed it) to let you know how one of the least material of men, an ethereal being who is usually thought of as a vegetarian, a beautiful if ineffectual angel, esteemed you. It is told there how Hogg and Shelley once met at a wayside inn when Hogg was eating bacon. At first this was to Shelley a cause of distress. "But he gradually approached the dish and, studying the bacon attentively, said, 'So this is bacon!' He then ate a small piece. 'It is not so bad either!' More was ordered; he devoured it voraciously.

"'Bring more bacon!' It was brought and eaten.

"'Let us have another plate.'

"'I am very sorry, gentlemen,' said the old woman, 'but indeed I have no more in the house.'

"The Poet was angry at the disappointment and rated her. 'What business has a woman to keep an inn who has not enough bacon in the house for her guests? She ought to be killed!'"

There, that is how you struck the author of *Adonais*.

But bacon is not all. What of ham? What of brawn? What of pork? What of Bath chap? All these blessings we owe to you. Forgive me, however, if I am dwelling too long on what, after all, cannot be unmixedly agreeable hearing for yourself, since, in order to give us these noble dishes, you must first have passed away. I recognise that even my enthusiasm (and Shelley's) may not remove the distastefulness of so much emphasis on death. Let me then pay you a compliment that can be received with rejoicing and say that what mothers and nurses would, on occasion, have done without your assistance is past imagining. That game (derived from the exploits of your five children) which they play with babies' toes—what oceans of tears it has dried or prevented! What myriad wailings it has changed into fat chuckles! There is no music so adorable as the laughter of an infant, and no infant's laughter is ever quite so irresistibly musical as when its bath is over and "This little pig" sets in. I wonder who invented that story, and so gave us our earliest introduction to what is called picaresque literature—"a style of fiction," says my dictionary, "dealing with the adventures of rogues." "This little pig went to market" was the version with which I was persuaded into good humour; "this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; and this little pig cried, '*Wee, wee, wee*' all the way home." Your first, second, third and fourth children were interesting but ordinary; the child of genius was the fifth. I can still recall the agony yet ecstasy of apprehension as his arrival drew near and nearer. I wonder who wrote this nursery masterpiece. The pundits of *Notes and Queries* must be roped in to discover such a benefactor.

So much for your children in nursery lore. Your children in actual life are adorable. I can think of no young creature so full of caprices and comic vivacity as eight or nine little pigs, black for choice. They are the embodiment of curiosity and fear, impudence and doubt, quicksilver and fun. All maturity is a decline from the freshness and innocence of infancy; but in your case there is a wider gulf fixed than with almost any other animal. The little pig is lost more completely in the big pig than anyone would think possible. I am sorry for this, although it is the table's gain. As for the little pig dressed for the gourmet, his place in literature is assured.

Finally, a word of thanks for your assistance in helping us out in invective—I am sure not of your own wish, but very usefully none the less. The people that we don't like, whether for particular or general reasons—what do we call them? We ought really to search our minds for the accurate epithet minutely applicable to each; but we are too lazy for that. So—very unfairly—we fall back on you and merely say they are pigs. The child who eats too quickly, the man who won't have the window open in the railway carriage, the woman who edges her way unjustly into a queue, the boy who demurs at the too frequent bath—each is rapidly characterized as a pig. As I say, it saves us trouble to think no further and to borrow your name in this way; but it isn't fair, because they did not go to you to learn these habits; they were behaving naturally. I wonder if you ever tick off the pigs you object to by calling them men. Or are you too well-mannered?

E. V. L.



Wife. "Put your 'at on straight, George; you ain't got the face for an 'alo."

"Wanted, Good Template Maker . . . must be Society man."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

A chance here for one of the New Poor.

"The church interior has recently been thoroughly renovated and presents a very beautiful appearance. The exterior of the rector, the work of the parish is soon to receive attention."—*Canadian Church Paper.*

After a wash and brush-up he too, we trust, will present a very beautiful appearance.



The Meenister. "I THOCHT YE WERE AWA' TO LONDON BY THE EXCURSION?"
McDougal. "WEEL, I WAS JIST ABOUT AWA', BUT ANGUS, WHO BIDES THERE, YE KEN, SENT ME A PICTURE-POSTCAIRT O' THE TOON."

UTILITY.

"CERTAINLY, Sir," said the manager, pausing in his stately progress through the Universal Utilities Emporium, "we can supply you with a trouser-press that will astonish you. Something quite new, Sir. Mr. Harris!"—addressing a grave young man in *pince-nez*—"show the gentleman our Patent Number Five Collapsible Utility Press."

The grave young man dissolved in a discreet but inexplicable manner through the panelling, to reappear a moment later bearing an object of intensely practical appearance.

"This is the trouser-press, Sir," he observed.

"It doesn't look awfully like one," I said, and the young man seemed a little hurt.

"Oh, I assure you, Sir ——" he began, but I hastened to make amends.

"I meant it as a compliment," I said. "Now, tell me, how do you work a thing like that?"

The young man bent down and consulted a small label.

"Just a moment, Sir," he apologised; "I have not grown quite accustomed to all our lines yet. We have so many and the work is somewhat new to me. However, this"—he manipulated something and was visibly affected when the top fell open in two sections—"is quite simple."

"I say, what fun!" I cried. "And where do the trousers go?"

"I think," replied the young man, "you turn this."

"Perhaps we ought to have another look at the label," I suggested, as a metal arm about a foot long shot out, dealing the young man a smart blow on the side of the head.

"*That*," remarked the salesman, retrieving his pince-nez, "would be the Hygienic Exerciser. Many gentlemen insist on the exerciser, Sir."

"And just what happens when I press this?" I asked.

"Oh, that," he replied, pressing vigorously without result—"that is evidently meant to be *pulled*, Sir."

"Bless my soul! so it is," I exclaimed in admiration as the emblem of utility turned itself inside out and stood upon its two ends with a distinct purring sound. "Now what might that be for?"

The salesman, temporarily embarrassed by the fact that both his hands were imprisoned, called my attention to the really excellent quality of the workmanship.

"But can't I make it do anything else?" I persisted rather wistfully. "Won't it go off and call me in the morning or anything?"

"It is a remarkable invention," resumed the young man, who by now had succeeded in releasing himself. "You know, Sir, how difficult it is to stow an ordinary trouser-press anywhere. Now, with this one you just lift it and . . . it comes to pieces, all ready to be cleaned, just like that."

Here the manager approached.

"Careful with that Twin Parlour-Polisher and Sewing Machine, Mr. Harris," he cautioned. "I trust, Sir, that you were suited in the trouser-press?"

"To tell you the truth," I answered, contemplating a swift departure, "what I *really* wanted was a combined folding-bed and lawn-mower."

"Ah!" remarked the manager of Universal Utilities, Limited, "that will be in the Reversible Piano-Player Department. This way, Sir."

CARPENTERING IN THE HOME.

I HAD just turned the kitchen table upside down and was rubbing a little mutton suet on the saw when Fazackerley arrived. It was too late to hide. I hadn't even an opportunity of semaphoring the maid to say I was out. Fazackerley just strolled through and caught me suet-handed.

"Good evening, Faz.," I said, entirely without enthusiasm.

Faz. in many respects is quite a good fellow. At children's parties, for example, where energy counts for so much, he is invaluable. His impersonation of an ant-eater is something to be seen. But he lacks tact. He is far too masterful, too prodigal of advice and help.

"Hullo!" he cried, raising his eyebrows and making a grimace. "Trying to do something to the table?"

Instead of hanging the saw up immediately and pretending that the job was finished, I made the initial mistake of telling the truth.

"One of these legs is a bit short," I explained, "and as the table rocks slightly I am about to saw bits off the others. You can wait for me in the drawing-room."

But Fazackerley is not one of those men that wait in the drawing-room — or anywhere else. He prefers to help.

"If *one* of the legs is short," he began ponderously, "it must follow either that one of the others is also short—in which case two are too long—or that three are of the correct length, and the remaining one short. Do you follow?"

Rather than risk having all this over again I pretended to understand.

"Very well, then," resumed Fazackerley, "the next point is this: Have you ascertained the precise facts of the case? Have you measured up and tested?"

"A tiny chunk has to come off here," I replied, bringing the saw down to the ready and assuming as casual a tone as possible.

But Fazackerley was not to be denied. He insisted that the first thing to be done was to put the table on its legs again, rock it experimentally and then mark for the cuts. And when I returned to the kitchen with the tape-measure, three minutes later, Fazackerley was applying the rocking test.



"SHUFFLING ABOUT UNDER THE TABLE, MEASURING TO RIGHT AND LEFT."

He was in his shirtsleeves now, his head held to one side, his pallid brow wrinkled with thought.

"If you don't mind putting your weight on this corner," he remarked presently, "I'll take the measure and line out."

"Lining out" sounded so technical and efficient that I resigned all claims to leadership on the spot. "Here," I said to myself, "is a man who knows how."

Meanwhile, dropping to hands and knees, Fazackerley was shuffling about under the table, measuring to right and left as he went and endeavouring to commit the results to memory. Then briskly marking two of the legs, he rose to his feet, grasped the saw and pulled the table over with a crash.

Thoroughly impressed by this time, I held the legs while Fazackerley hacked lumps off them. Then——

"There you are!" cried he, kicking the stumps to one side, throwing the saw into a corner and readjusting his shirt-sleeves. "Up with her *now* and test for rocking!"

But there was no need to test. If the table rocked slightly before the advent of Fazackerley, it bucked like an Arab charger now. Fazackerley scratched his head.

"That's funny," he lied in a detached kind of voice. "And yet, come to think of it, I suppose it's natural. See what I've done?"

"Mucked the thing up," I suggested as calmly as my emotions would allow.

"In a way, yes," was the answer; "although not permanently. As an instance of mental aberration this is most interesting. I appear to have marked the short legs instead of the long ones. Curious to observe what a tremendous difference results."

He rocked the table absently as he spoke.

"It only wants a pair of arms and a cushion," I remarked with forced cheerfulness, "to turn it into a commodious rocking-chair."

Fazackerley reproved me sharply. He pointed out that four simple measurements carefully taken and followed by two simple cuts would put things right in less than no time. And once more, sinking my own better judgment, I allowed him to proceed.

"Now," said he, after another rough-and-tumble with the saw, "if you'll be so good as to put her on her legs again, you'll find her as firm as a rock."

And so she was. She might have been glued to the floor. The only thing was that the top sloped down sharply



"À LA JAPONAISE."



Ardent Angler (who has just spotted a rise). "S-s-s—sh-h-h!!!"

to one side, like the roof of a lean-to. The effect was dismal. Fazackerley swore.

"That 's your fault!" he broke out. "You must have turned the rotten thing over on its wrong side. See what I 've done?"

"Hazarding a rough guess," I replied, "you have now utterly ruined the filthy thing."

But Fazackerly wouldn't hear of it. Two simple cuts, he explained, would bring her back to an even keel again. What is more, he persuaded me to let him perform the operation.

"Slightly down by the head" was his verdict after the test that followed. "Now we 'll have a weeny bit off these two."

But I didn't see eye to eye with him. I even made so bold as to wrench the saw from his eager grasp and announce my intention of finishing the job for myself. Which I did.

Nine o'clock was striking when, stumbling over the sawn-off stumps, we retired from the scene of ruin. Fazackerley was in the best of spirits.

"Much as you have detracted from the general appearance of the table," said he, "your perseverance has been magnificent. Anything is better than a wobbly bit of furniture. And if you will only remember to keep that Post Office Guide under the near off leg, you will never regret the trouble you have taken."

Not a sound broke the stillness of the room. I was too busy calculating whether I should take six inches off the chair legs so as to bring them into register, or whether we should train our maid to feed *à la Japonaise*.

LYRA BOTANICA.

(*Lines of least resistance.*)

THOUGH my knowledge of botany 's meagre—
Of flowers I can name but a score—
Yet I 've been intermittently eager
To add to my limited lore;
For the sense of my ignorance fills me
With longing to better my plight,
While the rich terminology thrills me
With awe and delight.

When my prosody falters or stumbles
Or suffers from shortage of rhymes,
I seek the assistance of umbels
Of branched or centrifugal cymes;
And I gather the speed of the panther,
The gait of the galloping horse,
From the adnate or versatile anther
Introrse or extrorse.

Be it mine, whether sessile or pinnate,
To wear a flabelliform face,
To cherish the cells that are innate
And spring from an auricled base;
And when the dread panicles, rostrate
Or ringent, their orgies enact,
To grow, not decumbent or prostrate,
But bulbous of bract.

O pods that are hispid or scabrous,
O capsules, rugose, circumsciss,
Glochidiate, glaucous or glabrous—
Ye move me to runcinate bliss!
O mealy marcescent caruncles,
O succulent stolons or stoles,
O blithe polyandrous peduncles,
O sleek petioles!—

O follicles, axils and stamens,
O Pomes of the Pyrus, I sing
Your praises, ye prophets and flamens
Of Flora, the Goddess of Spring;
For your names are alluring, propitious
And sweet, whether spoken or sung,
Being wholesome and also delicious
To roll on the tongue.

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

I saw the prettiest secret that no one else has seen,
For when I went to Wembley I saw the Fairy Queen—
She 'd turned her tiny back on us, but in a looking-glass
I saw that she was smiling as she watched the humans pass;
So quiet was she sitting there, as quiet as a mouse,
All among her maidens in the Queen's Dolls' House;
And oh! it was a pretty sight, as pretty as could be,
But no one seemed to see her—only me.

I saw her dainty maidens, and I saw them brush their hair,
I saw them wash their tiny hands and dry on linen fair,
And then I heard a pixie at the baby telephone—
The one that is so really just exactly like our own,
And then I thought, "Supposing he should give our house a ring
To telephone a message from the little Fairy King!"
"Hullo!" he said, and oh! his voice was silver as could be,
But no one seemed to hear him—only me.

I saw the little library, and, climbing up the shelves
Or peeping into picture-books, were tiny learned elves,
While over by the window in a tiny easy-chair
A fairy sat a-reading with the sunlight in her hair;
So pink and white and gold was she, I didn't have to guess—
I *knew* her in a moment for a Fairyland Princess,
A little Fairyland Princess, as royal as could be,
But no one seemed to know her—only me.

GOLF IN EXCELSIS.

By a Student of Social Economics.

COMPLAINTS are frequently heard of the expense of golf, so frequently that the time seems propitious for a reasoned defence of the fees and subscriptions which obtain in well-managed clubs. If the public were only aware of the cruel difficulties with which committees have to contend, their wonder would be, not that the charges are so high but that they are so modest.

Newspaper comment is too often uninstructed and misleading, but it is sometimes enlightening. One of our daily journals has recently published several instances of golfers whose shots have been ruined by collisions with inconsiderate birds. But these well-authenticated narratives give only a faint idea of the extraordinary and increasing extent to which Nature persists in throwing obstacles in the way of pastime or of the extreme costliness of the devices which self-respecting clubs are driven to adopt in order to abate the nuisance.

It was recently my privilege as a guest to play on the fine links of the Midas Club at Shoregate, where the entrance fee has recently been raised to thirty, and the annual subscription to twenty guineas, and after a conversation with the secretary, Colonel Hamish Nasalheimer, I came away marvelling at the moderation of their decision.

The cuisine of the Midas Club has always been renowned. Modern golf is a strenuous game and players are seldom able to realise their true form unless they are well-nourished. The salary of the *chef* has in consequence been raised from eight hundred pounds to one thousand a year. So far, however, from restricting the applications for membership, this move has had a most salutary result, and the waiting list is now so large that it takes ten years for an ordinary applicant to come up for election.

Another serious item in the balance-sheet of the Midas Club is the necessary outlay on Turkish cigarettes for the caddies, whose consumption of inferior brands had in the past caused great distress to fastidious members. But the chief increase in outgoings has been accounted for by the imperative need of protecting golfers from the incursions and intrusions and even assaults of insects, birds and animals. It has been found necessary to spray not only the greens and the fairway, but the entire course, so as to keep down the hordes of crawling and flying beasts which infest the neighbourhood. A peculiarly tragic incident, when Lord Boreland lost a match owing to a caterpillar deflecting a crucial putt, brought the matter to a crisis. Caterpillars have now been eliminated, but at great cost, for the spray which is deadly to them is also deleterious to the turf. But though ants and midges, harvesters and other pests which irritate the sensitive epidermis of highly-strung players are being gradually exterminated the plague of birds has proved much more difficult to cope with.

Birds on the links, as Colonel Nasalheimer pointed out, are a double nuisance. They get in the way of the line of vision and they distract the players by their infernal twittering. Larks are the worst offenders, the most fatal foes to concentration, the most fruitful incentives to profanity. The Colonel owned that on some days he found it necessary to stuff his ears with cottonwool. But of late ten additional ground-men had been engaged to shoot them down with air-guns, and the results were decidedly encouraging, in one week alone four hundred of these excruciating songsters having been silenced.

But, as the Colonel remarked, there is no end to this warfare. "Casualties are still frequent. Count Ysidro Bonanza was stung on the nose by a horse-fly yesterday and had to be removed at once in a motor-ambulance to a nursing-home in Park Lane. I have just had a telegram from the Ruritanian Embassy to say that his temperature is now normal and that no international complications are anticipated."

HOLIDAY NEWS.

Sir Firelock Stock is shooting driven storks
In Yorks.
The Watermans (all eight) are pushing punts
Through Hunts.
Currie 's collecting eggs of Bombay ducks
In Bucks.
Old Grubbe is gorging cranberries and worts
In Herts
(I 've heard so, but it may be apple-tarts
In Herts).
Jock Gamble 's playing county pitch-and-toss
For Glos,
And Boileau 's testing aerated drinks
In Lincs.
Bugg-Hunter's Summer School is netting ants
In Hants,
And Fleahy 's bitten with the flint spear-heads
In Beds.
Lovelace is sampling the new season's lambs
In Cambs.
The Ogle girls are at their usual pranks
In Lancs.
Young Hepworth Pathé 's filming solan goose
In Worcs
(Later he 'll snapshot "Terriers" at "jerks"
In Worcs).
Walton is catching deep-sea Wyandottes
In Notts,
And Swindell 's catching critical remarks
In Berks.
Stump 's busy with a walking-tour on stilts
Through Wilts.
But I am left—to run the rotten "shop"
At "Hop."



Batsman (to opposing Captain). "DO YER MIND CALLIN' OFF YOUR MEN A BIT, MATE? I'VE A NASTY 'ABIT OF LETTIN' MY BAT FLY OUT O' MY 'ANDS ACCIDENTAL LIKE."

TONGUE-VARNISH.

[There is reported to be a movement in American schools to teach children a more perfect politeness of speech.]

Son. Excuse me, Father, may I speak to you for a moment?

Father (earnest reader of the HEARST *newspapers).* Gee, Buster, what 's this line of sissy talk you 've gotten hold of? I don't get ya.

Son. That 's the way we 're being taught to speak at school.

Father. Waal, cut it out. Sounds like you was chewing caraway seeds.

Son. Say, Pop, there 's something I can't get the hang of.

Father. Cough it right up. You don't wanta pull all that overture-with-variations stuff. Spludge right in and say; and, when you 're through, sizz off.

Son. It 's this way, Pop. You know Si Schuyler, son of that guy in the dry goods?

Father. Yep.

Son. I butted into him this morning, coming around a corner. "Where are ya headlamps, ya dime flivver?" I said. I suppose he didn't catch what I shot; so, instead of asking "How?" like a Christian, he handed out that soft stuff. "I beg your pawdon," he said.

Father. I hope you beat him up. Who are the Schuylers to act like they was soup-and-fish in the movies?

Son. I didn't play rough, not me; Si 's bigger. I just said, "Why don't ya look ahead, ya blear-eyed sewer-rat?" And he never let out any back talk. Just straddled off, though I could see he was peeved a heap.

Father. Drive right on. You got some more gasoline in yore think-tank.

Son. Then, Pop, I got a hunch that this mush-talk might go with you the way it does with teacher.

Father. If teacher teaches you that wadding you better keep tabs on it. But I don't stand for that brand of chin-music at home. You won't get it past me, so cut it right out.

Son. I guess Mommer ud fall for it.

Father. Nope. Or, if she did, she 'd only get fancy notions in her head, and in a month or two we 'd all be talking like parrots, right down in the mouth.

Son. Say, Pop, what do you make of this line of guff, anyway? Teacher says Eur-o-peans talk that way, like they had paralysis of the nose.

Father. I don't care a cat's whiskers what they do in Eur-ope. They 're played out over there anyway. Why, Buster, I 've heard that if a guy wants a light to his stogie he says "Please." And some folks say "Thankya" when they pay a carfare and the conductor hands 'em a ticket.

Son. Aw, that 's fine, Pop! I 'd like to see Eur-ope; it must be like living on the comic side of the Sunday paper.

Father. Mebbe, if you 're a good scout and work hard and stack up the dough, you will some day. Is that all you gotta say?

Son. Yes, thank you, Father.

Father. Goldarn ya, ya teetering canvasback! You gotta watch yore step when yore talking or yore teeth 'll tread on yore tongue. I 'd ruther my son was a doggone plug-ugly than a poodle-faking silk-sleeves. It 's more Amurrican.

"At ten o'clock the uillotine came into operation,g"—*Provincial Paper.*

The biter bit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Hidden Player (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not the title of one of Mr. ALFRED NOYES' short stories, but a quotation from HUXLEY which, embedded in the second of the series, accounts for the name of the book and for the impressive group of two chessmen, one small human being and one towering immortal, depicted on its jacket. Personally I have always thought the comparison between life and a game of chess rather a specious one. Few of us are pessimistic enough to claim Destiny as our constant opponent, and still fewer see the implications and issues of our lives as clearly as we see those of the chessboard. However, you really need not worry about HUXLEY and his metaphor, for, apart from "Checkmate," in which a prosperous middle-aged novelist is sensationally brought to book for a youthful lapse, Mr. NOYES does not bother about them either. The notion that you reap the gains and losses of your play here and now is flatly contradicted in "Court-Martial," a most poignant and sincere account of a small volunteer in the Great War; and totally ignored in "The Wine Beyond the World," a cheerful little fantasy about two moneyed Americans and a renowned German vintage. "The Red Rat" is rollicking satire, in which the esoteric masterpieces of one *Jabez Podd* are trumped by those of a rival poet whose star has risen in a well-known asylum. "The Confessional" and "The Fourth Generation" deal with one and two murders respectively; while "The Troglodyte" tells of a marvellous constancy marvellously rewarded. On the whole I feel that the veins of "Court-Martial" and "The Wine Beyond the World," those of unadorned domestic pathos and irresponsible romantic drollery, are the two I should like to see Mr. NOYES explore further. Either is well worth the pains of a poet. And if I cannot say as much for his more melodramatic ventures this does not imply that they are not successful enough in their less exquisite and untrodden field.



Bather. "SAY, YOU OLD PROFITEER! A SHILLIN' AN HOUR FOR THIS HUTCH, AND NOT EVEN A MAT INCLUDED!"
Salt. "NO, THERE AIN'T—*AND NOT SOAP NEITHER!*"

Among the moderns whose books aim at making us laugh and successfully achieve this noble end, Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK looms large. He is, though never derivative, of the school of the late "SAKI." Each is a genius of the absurd. In *The Garden of Folly* (LANE) Mr. LEACOCK succeeds again, at any rate as far as I'm concerned. His garden is laid out in ten beds, and flowers are in all (I don't think he could grow a turnip if he tried to); and, if some of his blooms have a salutary thorn to them, well, all the best roses have thorns. I have laughed under all the ten headings into which the book is divided, but perhaps most of all at the "cynic scoff" with which Mr. LEACOCK mocks at the uses of advertisement and money-making. His letters and his unposted correspondence are also good reading, and his few pages on beards, which contain the record of the President of a Western college who shaved off his whiskers and "threw them into the Mississippi," remain very funny in spite of the late boom in beavers. Spiritualism (I am glad to have been introduced to *Miss Mutt*, the medium) and the patent-food crank are dealt with faithfully and not fatuously; and the preface has a list of people "compelled to take themselves seriously" which is worth study. This most entertaining book must have been nearly as good fun to write as it has been to read.

The Red Horse (GRANT RICHARDS) is a study of the effects of war in two very different environments, and it is a complete mystery to me how "CHRISTOPHER ROVER" should have given such an air of plausibility to both of them. In the first story, "Revolution," a young Russian girl of good family tells of what happened to her and her friends under the Bolshevist masters of Moscow. It is not a tale of spectacular horrors. There is indeed a background of violence and an ever-present sinister expectation of violence to come, but the emphasis is on the deterioration of character which results from hopelessly drab and circumscribed conditions of life in which individuality is suppressed by crude circumstance. *Sofia Pavlovna*, a girl of character, begins by putting up a sound and successful fight against the Cheka and its senseless tyranny, but ends by becoming the mistress of her fiancé's father, partly out of a sort of perverted sympathy, partly in a torpor of despair. In "War Time" the author sets out with the thesis of one of his characters, a thoughtful young officer, that in the struggle between good and evil in individuals and groups under the stress of war it is the surface evil, not the deeper-lying good, that prevails; and he illustrates it by showing the effect of four years of the "invasion anglaise" on the simple people of a small northern French town. You see the young girls of a charming family gradually spoilt by the attentions of our officers seeking distraction from an intolerable strain. The mournful reflection is that the reactions of the evil so lightly accomplished will remain in the minds of our allies as individuals longer than the memory of war-services finely rendered. A depressing, if intelligent, study. It seemed to me that the author makes his conversations, certainly those between the young officers, rather stilted and unconvincing, but the sincerity and sympathy of his outlook make the story well worth reading. Is "CHRISTOPHER ROVER" a *nom de guerre* meant to conceal not only the identity but the sex of the writer?

Those who are interested in good wine—and what sensible man is not, even in these degenerate and prohibitionary days?—will agree that Mr. H. WARNER ALLEN has produced, in *The Wines of France* (FISHER UNWIN), a book



Uncle (entertaining nephew in the holidays). "WHAT FORM ARE YOU IN NOW?"
Nephew (clearing the dish). "TOPPING, THANKS!"

almost worthy of its magnificent subject. A true wine-drinker, our author recognises the serious side of his position, while not unaware of a humorous element. It is the connoisseur's office, in the words of ANTONY REAL, to "spiritualise the pleasures of the table," and for this he should be, to begin with, a man of some culture and intelligence; he should know something of the place where his wine was made and the manners of those who made it; and he should be aware that the tasting of wine is a delicate and complicated business, demanding reverence no less than experience. On all these matters does Mr. ALLEN instruct us, warning the young especially against fatigue, tobacco and cocktails. I suspect him of imperfect sympathies with America; he declares, a trifle pettishly, that these last abominations could never have been discovered in a country where good wine was appreciated. As a preparation for wine-drinking they are fatal; they kill anything at all delicate that may follow them. A special Italian vermouth or, failing that (and you are not likely to get it), an olive followed by a glass of real Chablis, should put your tasting apparatus in perfect condition. I like Mr. ALLEN's catholic taste. He can be generously enthusiastic over a Romanée-Conti or a Latour, and also over a Hermitage—which is something of a rarity. He knows his subject thoroughly and he can tell a good story. If you want to see him at his best, I recommend to your attention the chapter in which he analyses the menu provided at the great banquet of March 18th, 1922, at the conclusion of the French Wine Week, where he seems to have been a worthy and honoured guest. Here indeed is lyrical enthusiasm. Had the wine-waiters only been equal to the occasion—but, alas! the red wines were too cold, and wine was actually poured from at least one corked bottle of Burgundy. The Union des Sommeliers de Paris should look to it. This volume deserves a place on your shelves next to Professor SAINTSBURY's *Notes on a Cellar Book*.

To those whose pet cure for the excitements of the Season is a hair of the dog that bit them, I should like to recommend Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' *After the Verdict* (METHUEN) for holiday reading. Crime and sport, the two chief interests of the proletariat, are handled with just that assumption of science which warrants their inclusion on the library lists of larger incomes; and the story has an admirably dramatic opening which is not on the whole unworthily sustained. *Clive Baratrie*, a young stockbroker demoralised by the War, is accused of murdering his elderly mistress in order to facilitate his marriage. *Vivian Denys*, his fiancée, is down for the women's doubles at Wimbledon on the last day of *Clive's* trial; and her notion of pluck—she stands quite prettily and adequately for English endurance and womanly loyalty—incites her to see the tournament out. She has promised to rejoin *Clive's* widowed mother at her house in Knightsbridge in time to hear the verdict; and it is here that, before and after *Clive's* triumphant acquittal, the possibilities of his future and *Vivian's* are debated. *Vivian* believes in *Clive* and would marry him, if she could, in the condemned cell. *Archie*, her brother, also a tennis

champion, loathes the whole entanglement. *Mrs. Baratrie's* attitude is cryptic—the standing mystery of the book. However *Clive* has no intention of facing Society in London. He implores *Vivian*, if she is still willing to marry him, to escape to a North African villa, "*l'endroit du bonheur*," not for a honeymoon but for good. *Vivian*, thinking that the recluse mood will pass, refuses. The *Baratries* stay in London. But fresh babble goads *Clive* into bringing an action for slander, and finally it is *Vivian* who suggests their departure for Africa. The end of the book—of which I own I had an inkling halfway—is hardly contrived with the outstanding competence of the beginning. But an indefatigable care for accessories gives even this an unfailing if tenuous interest, apart from its not very convincing solution of a distinctly unattractive problem.

It may be a ridiculous foible of mine, but in a tale of pursuit I like the villains to be the pursued and not the pursuers. Having, however, recorded this preference I hasten to add that Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON has charged his story of *Two Strange Men* (NASH AND GRAYSON) with such a wealth of exciting incident that it is impossible not to enjoy the hunt. The tale opens peacefully enough. *Jack Rodd*, a little on his beam ends after the War, had unexpectedly inherited a beautiful country house, and he and his beloved mother had gone to live there. The weather was charming, the month was June. But we who know our STORER CLOUSTON are aware that he is never more dangerous than at the moment when he has lulled his readers into a sense of security. In a flash *Jack's* dreams of perfect peace are shattered. His uncle *Rupert*, a great fighter and filibuster, calls for help; and I cannot imagine a case in which assistance could be more urgently needed. With the prospect of death by murder before him *Rupert* fled, and for the soundest reasons *Jack* went with him. No sooner has Mr. CLOUSTON got this couple on the run than dangers begin to press closely on their heels. *Rupert's* adventures include an affair of the heart, in which I found him less credible as a wooer than he had proved himself as a warrior. The end of the book is a triumph of ingenuity.



Wife of New Sportsman. "BACK FOR MORE CARTRIDGES, BROWN?"
Keeper. "NO, MA'AM—A COUPLE MORE DOGS."

It is the pleasing enterprise of Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD, in *The Home-Maker* (CAPE), to demonstrate that sometimes a husband may be better qualified than his wife to manage domestic affairs and to care for children; and, conversely, that a wife may be endowed with a commercial faculty denied to her husband. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Knapp* occupied that unfortunate position, and the conventions of society forbade them to do the sensible thing and exchange their jobs. So not only the parents but their children were quite extraordinarily miserable. *Mr. Knapp* indeed, having (deservedly) lost his situation, came to the desperate conclusion that it were better for all parties that he should perish, and incontinently pitched himself from a roof. That attempted suicide should bring happiness to all concerned is perhaps unusual; but *Mr. Knapp*, crippled, became the contented home-maker; and *Mrs. Knapp*, released from household bondage, became a star in the great American dollar-hunt. All went beautifully until, rather tactlessly, the local doctor began to cure *Mr. Knapp's* infirmity. A reversion to the original tragic situation was becoming imminent when it was surprisingly averted by the resource of *Mr. Knapp*, with the collusion of the local doctor. These things, it should be understood, happened in an American township, a place commonly depicted by American novelists in depressing hues. If Miss CANFIELD'S picture is charged with woe, its delineation is admirably minute and truthful, and it is illumined by a ray of hope.

Gnats and Camels (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a clever title for a novel, but Mrs. CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE'S story scarcely lives up to it. It is all "gnat," or all "camel," according to taste, but certainly not both. The story is about the intellectual and truly modern *Widdingtons*, mother, daughter and sons, who "talked very free" about new theories of marriage, "revolution in all moral codes" and so forth, but strained as much as the most old-fashioned moralist could wish when *Rosamond*, the daughter of the family, ran away with *Harry Marsham*, a married man, and so offered them one of the "gnats," or "camels," which they had been clamouring to swallow. There is a second interest in *Kit*, the pleasant, subdued little wife of the least objectionable of the *Widdington* brothers, who takes her to the Continent with him in pursuit of *Rosamond*. Here the atmosphere of the Austrian village, which saw the beginning of his love for *Kit*, serves to revive it, though it does not seem to give any guarantee that the second spurt will last longer than the first. The end of the book shows us *Rosamond* going back to the respectability of the "not found out," because the death of *Marsham's* wife, through his cruelty, has made any happiness for them impossible. *Mrs. Marsham* is an excessively tiresome female, but the manner of her death left my sympathy all on her side. *Kit*, horrid old *Mrs. Widdington* and the picture of spring in the Austrian mountains are, in their three different ways, the best things in the book.

From the report of a musical society:—

"WORKS FOR NEXT SEASON.

January 29.—Parry's 'Despair of Syrens.'"—*Local Paper.*

A sequel, presumably, to "The Return of Ulysses."

"Philosopher, Reformer, Politician, Criminologist, Orator, Theologist, Civil, Military experience allround, competent Office Manager, wants post, small pay.—Apply C."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Surely our WINSTON is not deserting the Old Country!

CHARIVARIA.

"EVEN if it is defeated at the next Election the Labour Party will hang together," declares a daily paper. Don't cheer yet!—there is always the possibility that the HOME SECRETARY may grant a reprieve.

* * *

GIBBONS, the American boxer, complains that he could not get his money after fighting. Much the same complaint is made by the Allies.

* * *

"I would like to take back a memento of your wonderful country," declared GIBBONS as he left for America. Failing his prize-money, he is welcome to our climate.

* * *

Every boy scout, according to *The Daily Express*, carries a Prime Minister's portfolio in his knapsack. Against that, of course, he has sworn to perform a good deed every day.

* * *

The wife of an American millionaire who is now on her way to visit this country is bringing with her two-hundred-and-forty different hats. A large purse is offered, we understand, by a famous sportsman if a match can be arranged with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL at the Wembley Stadium in the near future.

* * *

It is stated that, while England is becoming smaller by coast erosion, Scotland is expanding. In course of time there will be nothing for it but for Scotsmen to go home.

* * *

When the "Murder Bungalow" was reopened to the public at a charge of one shilling, and twopence entertainment tax, some disappointment was expressed among the crowds of sightseers that they had not been permitted to witness the actual crime.

* * *

We are glad to deny the rumour that one enterprising showman has offered to purchase the exhibition rights in the next three murders.

* * *

A floating milliner's shop moored among the yachts is a feature of the Deauville season. In view of the attitude of harassed husbands there is some talk of equipping her with torpedo nets.

* * *

A fire in the Borough High Street was got under by the police just before the fire-brigade arrived. Such breaches of professional etiquette are calculated to create ill-feeling between the two bodies.

* * *

A bishop has won a needle-threading race and a ribbon-matching competition at a Diocesan Conference. We have always understood that these Diocesan Conferences were rather rackety affairs.

* * *

A shipbroker of Edinburgh is stated to possess ninety overcoats. It is evident that he intends to take no risks with the weather this summer.

* * *

It is said that drinking as an outlet for masculine interests in the U.S.A. has been diverted to the motor-car. We should like to see two Americans tossing who pays for the third Ford.

* * *

A man was recently arrested at the seaside for jumping on a girl and attempting to break her back across his knee. It transpires that they were merely practising a new exhibition dance.

* * *

A motor-car has been invented that can move sideways across a road. It was felt that pedestrians were getting altogether too artful.

* * *

A lady has just invented a saucepan in which two things can boil and never come in contact. If this won't solve the Irish problem nothing will.

* * *

"Stir up the stage amateur," suggests a Sunday paper. On the other hand we advocate letting sleeping dogs lie.

* * *

"We have a Government of straw," says a writer. This is the straw that makes the bricks that make the houses that JACK WHEATLEY doesn't build.

* * *

A visitor to one seaside resort complains that her landlady refused to dye a jumper for her. The young lady should have known better, for the average landlady would probably have made a hash of it.

* * *

According to *The Daily News*, trippers are tricking the seaside profiteers. Heartless, we call it.

* * *

The Daily Express announces that its special correspondent is to make a series of journeys on the Southern Railway. The dare-devil!

* * *

Mr. FENTON MACPHERSON says that there is so much scenery in New Zealand that it cannot be removed. But you wait until some of the road-menders now digging in London get down a bit further.

* * *

A large piano factory was recently burnt down. Father can come home now.

* * *

The President of a South American State is said to be anxious to arrange for an immediate loan from Great Britain. He will have to wait his turn in the queue, like everybody else.

* * *

Although he was told by a doctor forty-five years ago that he could not live another fortnight, a resident of Enfield has just celebrated his hundred-and-first birthday. This is a glaring case of disobeying a doctor's instructions.

* * *

We read that as a lad Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL was an accomplished boxer. But, like the rest of them, he became a writer.



CARMARTHEN, 1924
(After Carnarvon 1284).

King David (presenting his bantling to his loyal subjects in the manner of EDWARD THE FIRST). "THIS IS YOUR MAN."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE and SIR ALFRED MOND.

THE HAMMOCK FALLACY.

It is in the summer months that the cult of the hammock flourishes. Hammocks hibernate; it is one of their few really attractive attributes. And this popularity of the hammock in summer is very largely the fault of the bee-haunted-garden school of fiction-writers. No bee-haunted garden is complete without one. In the cool shade of the sycamore the heroine reclines gracefully in her hammock, keeping that school-girl complexion and waiting for Sir Reginald. She does this most of the time; the author never tells us how she gets into the hammock or out of it. That is the difference between realism and romance.

At the cottage we have a bee-haunted garden and at the first hint of summer Angela insisted upon completing the picture.

For Angela to get one of these attractive close-ups in her mind is always, with her, the immediate prelude to direct action.

"We must get a hammock," she said.

I looked up with my kind tired smile and gave her a tolerant ear.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, because it 's summer and everybody has one, and it 's just the thing for the garden, and they look so jolly in the pictures, and—oh! heaps of reasons."

"But I don't know whether my insurance covers risks by hammocks," I said cautiously. "It would probably come under 'Aviation.'"

"The Horrockses have got one," said Angela.

"Then I suppose I must take the risk," I said, sighing. The Horrockses are Angela's dearest friends, but it is unthinkable that they should be allowed to remain a hammock ahead of her.

"That 's just the place for it, Angela," I said more enthusiastically when we had adjourned to the garden. "Between the raspberry canes and the rhubarb. Or we might hitch one end of it to that flowering lettuce and——"

"We really need some trees," said Angela.

"Ah, yes. It has always saddened me that the fourth earl was obliged to fell all the timber. But let us give our minds to this problem. I think sycamores are the best."

"The best what?" asked Angela.

"Trees," I said patiently. I am always patient with Angela when she asks for obvious information.

"Trees for what?" she asked.

"For slinging hammocks, of course. They 're used by some of the most famous hammock-slingers in the country."

Angela looked a little dazed.

"But we haven't got any sycamores," she said.

"Not yet. But if we were to get a hammock and lay it out flat on the ground and then plant a sycamore seed or pip or whatever it is at each end and then wait a bit we should one day have a beautiful pair of sycamore trees just the right distance apart. You see, Angela, the whole trouble with these *natural* trees, considered from the hammock-slinging point of view, is that they are either too close together or too far apart. Now, by giving a little thought and time to——"

But Angela had gone.

* * * * *

When I count my blessings, count them one by one, I shall not include the hammock, which arrived three days later. Even as we went about the task of assembling it there was a sort of ominous foreboding at the back of my mind. The things from which it was to hang in default of trees—our estate is not as yet very well timbered—reminded me too vividly of the tripod affair over the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. The line

"Double, double, toil and trouble,"

kept running through my head somehow. I realise now that it was subconscious prophecy.

"There," said Angela, when I had knotted the last rope and driven in the last pin—"that is going to make all the difference to our summer."

I see now, of course, that Angela was prophesying too. We were both inspired.

Angela had no intention of allowing grass to grow under her hammock once it was in position. She arranged a pile of cheerful-looking cushions in the bows, picked up the Japanese parasol and climbed enthusiastically on board. I stood by ready to save the women and children first.

Perhaps she overdid the enthusiasm. Whatever the reason, there was a violent roll to starboard, a convulsive jerk, a faint scream and the hammock turned itself inside out and swung idle and empty under a pitiless sky.

"Was anybody looking?" said Angela.

"Fortunately only your husband," I said.

"How did it happen?"

"I expect you tried to mount from the wrong side. A hammock is probably like a horse; it gets restive if you try to get up on the starboard side. Try the port side whilst I hold its head."

Angela advanced gamely to the attack and repeated the performance the other way round. The school-girl complexion suffered most, owing to the loamy nature of the soil.

She picked herself up with a troubled expression.

"Why don't I stop in when once I am in?" she said.

"'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other,'" I quoted. "Or it may be just knack," I added kindly.

"Anyway, I 'm going to do it this time."

She did. It was touch-and-go for a minute or two, but she did.

"Now hand me the parasol—gently. And my book. And you 'd better stay to turn over the leaves—I daren't move. And if you could just push the red cushion a little higher up . . . ."

It was an anxious victory.

* * * * *

That hammock has been the curse of our summer. There is a fearful fascination about it. It has been so insistently impressed upon us by the bee-haunted gardeners that a hammock is an essential part of summer, that we can't keep away from it. Where it is concerned we are moral cowards.

It is a difficult and dangerous thing to get into, and all the while you are in it you are depressed by the thought that, if you don't fall out of it first, you will have to get out some time or other. Getting out of a hammock is one degree more difficult than getting in.

Even when you are in the infernal thing you are not happy. It isn't comfortable. It sags in the middle, and you dare not wriggle. Added to this you invariably drop your book or the matches or something. Then you reach down precariously with one hand, trying desperately to maintain the balance of the thing with the other. You never succeed, and you finish up on the ground. Then you pick up your book and climb nervously back again.

No, the hammock is a fallacy. It is one of those things which everybody pretends to enjoy and nobody does enjoy. They tell me that sailors sleep in hammocks in the Navy. I can believe it. That 's what made Jutland and Zeebrugge possible. A man who will sleep in a hammock will face anything.

But we have found a very jolly way out of our trouble. We got the notion at the Rodeo.

We are going to give a select garden-party, and there will be a handsome prize for anyone who can ride our bucking hammock for ten minutes.

The successful competitor wins the hammock.

L. du G.

From Smith minor's history-paper:—

"The Bishop of Rome became Pope by heresy, that is to say, when his father who was Pope died, then he was made Pope."



WHAT OF THE DAWN?

(With acknowledgments to M. ROSTAND'S "Chantecler.")

FRANCE. "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

M. POINCARÉ. "MY BRAVE BIRD! YOU HAVE JUSTIFIED ME. YOU HAVE MADE THE SUN RISE!"

[At a critical moment in the London Conference last week, M. POINCARÉ's private secretary flew over to London from Paris to put his chief's views on the situation before M. HERRIOT.]



Sympathetic Person. "NEVER MIND, SIR—A HOLIDAY'S SOON OVER."

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

III.—THE COW.

My particular debt of gratitude to you, O Cow, is connected with nothing so obvious as milk. Milk no doubt is a great boon, and I remember a glass of it on a cold autumnal morning at an inn at Evesham some years ago which I have always believed saved my life. For I had been walking through Worcestershire all night, and this was at 6 A.M. and the milk was hot. Apparently in that stronghold of market-gardeners hot milk in the early hours is a favourite and tried restorative. Well, but for you I should not have had it; nor should I have enjoyed it so much or have remembered it so long and so gratefully but for the rum that was in it.

For your industry in providing the world with milk, unstrengthened by alien ingredients if not always unweakened, you have probably been sufficiently thanked. Two of the most famous tributes to you are in verse, one by the Sisters TAYLOR early in the nineteenth century:—

"Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh and sweet and white;"

and the other by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, at the end of it:—

"The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple-tart."

Into that side of your activity I will not enter further. Nor shall I embroider on the time-worn theme of the Roast Beef of Old England, except to say that I wish it did not so often come from cold storage; nor do more than refer to my recent discovery that porcelain needs for its perfection, no less than fine clay, a powder made from your pulverised bones. That is to say that but for you our mantelpieces might be devoid of ornaments.

It would be interesting to probe the mysteries that surprisingly surround you—you, who, one would have thought, were destined only to an obvious and straightforward career. That remarkable saltatory effort which is celebrated in nursery rhyme—how did you come to achieve that? And what could the provocation be that urged anyone so sedate to jump over the moon? Knowing what we now do of your attitude to Daylight Saving we might expect you to have aggressive designs on the sun; but the poor inoffensive moon, why jump over her? And why so suddenly take on attributes that belong more properly to the springbok, the antelope, the kangaroo? We shall probably never know. Nor shall we know, although we might be able to hazard a guess, what tune your venerable ancestress died of.

But enough of conjecture; let me come to the point and say why I am inflicting this epistle upon you. It is because I want with all the emphasis that I can command to sound your praises as a travelling companion, the friend of the voyager. If I have had any pleasure in enriching my eyes it is due not a little to your kindly aid. I don't say that, but for you, I should never have seen as much of England, Scotland and Ireland as I have, Italy and France, Germany and Spain, Belgium and Austria, Greece and India, Japan and America—I don't go so far as to say that it was you who sent me on any of my travels; but I do with gratitude say this, that I should have been on those wanderings far less comfortable if it had not been for the society of two or three excellent cowhide bags.

IV.—THE DUCK.

Ducky, there is one blot on your

fair fame and one only. You have supplied the cricket-field with a word of dread. Why your egg, rather than any other, should have been chosen to typify by its shape the most ignominious numeral in the multiplication table I have no notion. A duck's egg is not more like a nought than the egg of the hen or the goose or the turkey, and indeed it is far less round than that of the pigeon and the owl. But it was upon your egg that fate fastened; it was you who were set apart to humiliate those who fail to score.

For the rest, you are the friend of man; in life you stand on your head in the water with the most enchanting insouciance, and when the day arrives your gift of blending melodiously with sage and onions is beyond praise. Peas be with you! E. V. L.

HOLIDAY BURGLARS:

How to smooth the Way for them.

Publicity has recently been given to a few hints offered by an insurance assessor to householders about to go away on their holidays. He points out that "it is foolish to lock valuables in the drawers or cupboards of sideboards or bureaux, as the thief simply ruins the furniture by breaking his way through."

It is a fact that the average burglar is apt to be nervous and irritable, chiefly owing to the conditions under which he works. If these were improved we should hear fewer complaints of wanton damage. We append a number of suggestions which, if acted upon, will undoubtedly make for better relations between burglars and burgled.

The silver should be neatly wrapped up in brown-paper parcels of convenient size and laid on the dining-room table. It is not necessary to provide a suit-case, as the visitor or visitors are sure to bring their own. (N.B.—Don't add to the weight of the packages by including plated goods.)

A bottle of whisky and a tin of biscuits should be left out on the sideboard, and perhaps—but this is optional—a tin of salmon and another of pineapple chunks. Leaning against the whisky-bottle there should be a card, on which the householder has written one or two requests which, if carefully worded, may receive sympathetic attention. As, for instance, "The drawing-room and stair-carpets are nearly new. Would it be troubling you too much to wipe your feet on the mat? Thank you." Or, "The best cigars are in the top drawer of the bureau (unlocked). I do hope you won't mind my asking you to make use of the ash-trays." Or, "If you should be listening-in, please earth the aerial and switch off the battery before you go; that is unless you are taking the set with you."

It is a good plan to place a roll of lint and a pot of antiseptic ointment conveniently near the scullery window in case of any little accident with broken glass.

Having taken these precautions you may give your maids a holiday and go off to the seaside, knowing that, once he has effected an entry, any thief who may come will find nothing to exacerbate and everything to placate and soothe him, and that there is therefore a sporting chance that your house will be left in a fair condition by the very man who, less tactfully treated, might have torn down the lace-curtains to wipe his boots and poured Worcester-sauce into the baby-grand.



Prim Maiden Lady (in quiet town). "WHY DO YOU WISH TO LEAVE? ARE YOU NOT COMFORTABLE HERE?"

General. "WELL, IT 'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU; YOU 'VE SOLD YOUR WILD OATS, AS THE SAYIN' IS; BUT I 'VE STILL GOT THE WORLD BEFORE ME AND THERE AIN'T ENOUGH OF IT 'ERE."

Our Helpful Press.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"Walter Lees was born in Yorkshire. He played for Surrey on a birth qualification."
Evening Paper.

"I have therefore been—Oh, I know that 's a split infinitive. But I like split infinitives."
Provincial Paper.

Daring creature!

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXIV.—THE FINAL EPISODE.

IT is Saturday afternoon, and the year is 1769. . . . GEORGE THE THIRD is going to send Captain COOK to the Pacific. I have bought my third programme. Altogether they make quite a long book. There are notices in the Stadium which say

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO APPRECIATE THE PAGEANT PROPERLY WITHOUT BUYING A PROGRAMME.

The notices are posted on the unpainted side of the BRANGWYN trees, one of which is almost in front of me. If it had been exactly in front of me of course I should not have been able to appreciate the Pageant at all without buying a programme. As it is I can dodge my head about. However, there is a good deal in the programme, whether you are behind a tree or not, which does not appear in the Pageant. Where, for instance, are GEORGE THE THIRD'S merino sheep?

"*I wish to see*," he says to Dr. JOSEPH BANKS (in the programme), "*if they can be used in our countries overseas. Who knows what the future may have in store for our race in that new land which may be added by this expedition?*"

Three merino sheep (says the programme) are then brought in, and the KING examines them in a professional way. Where are they? Give me my money back. They might at least have put three of the stuffed merino sheep in the Palace of Industry on to a trolley and pulled them in.* They could have used the cream-coloured ponies which have just brought in the little PRINCE OF WALES and his sister. (Very loud applause both from the innumerable Georgian ladies and gentlemen in wigs, and from the audience too.) Is that Dr. JOHNSON over there? Curtseying in a quagmire must be horrible.

NEW ZEALAND IS DISCOVERED.

Dr. JOSEPH BANKS has introduced Captain COOK to the KING. Something has gone wrong with Captain COOK'S hat: it seems to have stuck to his wig—awkward moment at a royal audience in 1769. The orchestra strikes up again and the KING'S procession passes.

Poem by Mr. ALFRED NOYES:—

"Ocean severs, ocean binds us,
Every whisper of the foam
Breaking on our shores reminds us
That an island was our home."



GEORGE III. EXAMINES THE SHEEP "IN A PROFESSIONAL WAY."

Supers in green turn England into New Zealand. That is to say, they bring several collapsible Maori huts into the arena and a number of tall bushes with great purple blossoms on them. Maoris appear. Lots of Maoris. They have sighted Captain COOK. They yell. He comes ashore with Dr. BANKS. Dr. BANKS and the gentlemen of the Royal Society go up and examine the tall bushes with the purple flowers. They are startled by the flora of this new land. Bless your heart, I have examined them myself, Dr. BANKS. They are only made of painted cloth. He doesn't seem to have spotted that. Poor old Royal Society!

The Maori warriors dance a *Haka*. This is one of the most inspiriting scenes in the Pageant. They shout and stamp and beat their stomachs and bow. Captain COOK has made a speech and set up the Union Jack. After that he retires. The flag has been taken down. One of the Maoris has folded it up very neatly and handed it back to one of the pioneers. "We can do you four yards of this, Modom, at one-eleven-three." Exit Captain COOK. But the white men have decided to return.

There is going to be war with the Maoris now. We have got on to 1864. Funny that the Maori chief doesn't seem to have aged in the least since 1769. The supers have set up a Pah. A Pah is a Maori stockade. Nothing rouses a Maori like attacking his Pah. All the bushes with the purple flowers are inside the Pah. General CAMERON and the British troops will never be able to get to the sea or St. Paul's Cathedral again unless they break through it. But St. Paul's Cathedral has been pulled a little way back behind some of the mountains. There are illimitable distances of these blue mountains, except in some places where the wind has torn them, and in those places the vista flaps.

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Myself. I infer from this that you wish to draw one.

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South Africa brought it;
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Now comes the grand finale. Everybody marches round. Music crashes—bells ring out. . . . I hear that the Pageant-master is very keen on finales and does not think that there were quite enough of them. . . . Never mind, the Pageant has been jolly good in places. . . . But the music and the singing were always being carried away by the wind. . . . They say that RUDYARD KIPLING wanted to have a thirty-thousand-pound bridge across the Stadium. . . That would have made

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXIV.—THE FINAL EPISODE.

IT is Saturday afternoon, and the year is 1769. . . . GEORGE THE THIRD is going to send Captain COOK to the Pacific. I have bought my third programme. Altogether they make quite a long book. There are notices in the Stadium which say

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO APPRECIATE THE PAGEANT PROPERLY WITHOUT BUYING A PROGRAMME.

The notices are posted on the unpainted side of the BRANGWYN trees, one of which is almost in front of me. If it had been exactly in front of me of course I should not have been able to appreciate the Pageant at all without buying a programme. As it is I can dodge my head about. However, there is a good deal in the programme, whether you are behind a tree or not, which does not appear in the Pageant. Where, for instance, are GEORGE THE THIRD'S merino sheep?

"*I wish to see*," he says to Dr. JOSEPH BANKS (in the programme), "*if they can be used in our countries overseas. Who knows what the future may have in store for our race in that new land which may be added by this expedition?*"

Three merino sheep (says the programme) are then brought in, and the KING examines them in a professional way. Where are they? Give me my money back. They might at least have put three of the stuffed merino sheep in the Palace of Industry on to a trolley and pulled them in.* They could have used the cream-coloured ponies which have just brought in the little PRINCE OF WALES and his sister. (Very loud applause both from the innumerable Georgian ladies and gentlemen in wigs, and from the audience too.) Is that Dr. JOHNSON over there? Curtseying in a quagmire must be horrible.

NEW ZEALAND IS DISCOVERED.

Dr. JOSEPH BANKS has introduced Captain COOK to the KING. Something has gone wrong with Captain COOK'S hat: it seems to have stuck to his wig—awkward moment at a royal audience in 1769. The orchestra strikes up again and the KING'S procession passes. Poem by Mr. ALFRED NOYES:—

"Ocean severs, ocean binds us,
Every whisper of the foam
Breaking on our shores reminds us
That an island was our home."



GEORGE III. EXAMINES THE SHEEP "IN A PROFESSIONAL WAY."

Supers in green turn England into New Zealand. That is to say, they bring several collapsible Maori huts into the arena and a number of tall bushes with great purple blossoms on them. Maoris appear. Lots of Maoris. They have sighted Captain COOK. They yell. He comes ashore with Dr. BANKS. Dr. BANKS and the gentlemen of the Royal Society go up and examine the tall bushes with the purple flowers. They are startled by the flora of this new land. Bless your heart, I have examined them myself, Dr. BANKS. They are only made of painted cloth. He doesn't seem to have spotted that. Poor old Royal Society!

The Maori warriors dance a *Haka*. This is one of the most inspiriting scenes in the Pageant. They shout and stamp and beat their stomachs and bow. Captain COOK has made a speech and set up the Union Jack. After that he retires. The flag has been taken down. One of the Maoris has folded it up very neatly and handed it back to one of the pioneers. "We can do you four yards of this, Modom, at one-eleven-three." Exit Captain COOK. But the white men have decided to return.

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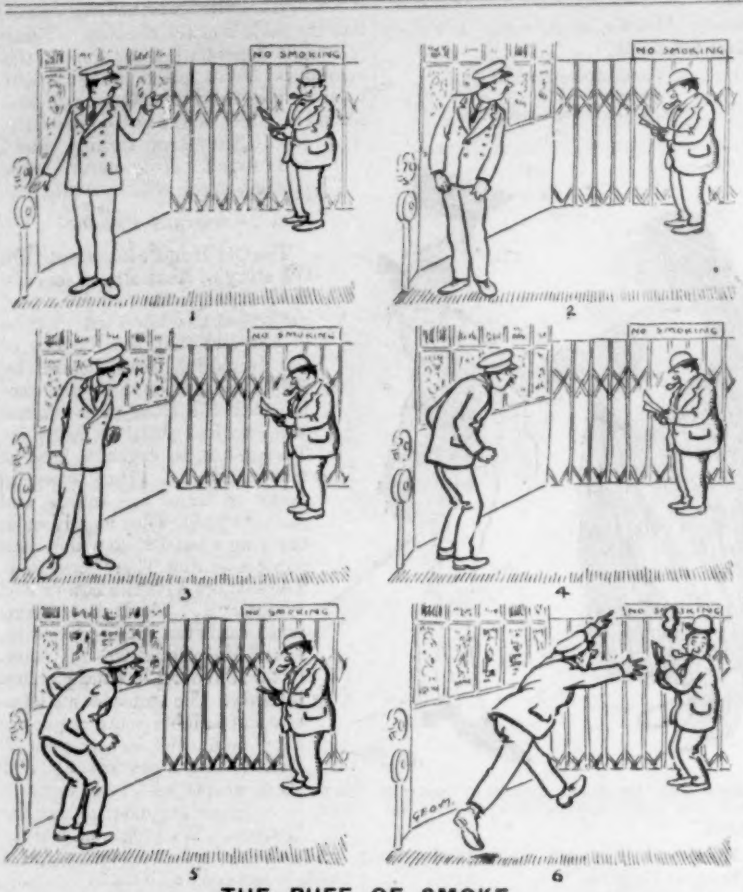
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THE PUFF OF SMOKE.

it more homey. . . . More homey for London: but what about Newfoundland and the Maoris? . . . Whatever did they do with the llamas? . . . Of course the ticket and seating arrangements are abominable . . . The proper way to stage an Imperial Pageant would be to flood the Stadium, fill it with ships and use the mountains at the end as a landing place for pioneers. Well, it was flooded a good deal of the time, wasn't it? Yes. Pity the poor performers. Legions of the Undaunted Damp.

Hurrah for them all, anyhow! Biggest thing of the kind ever done. Like the Wembley Exhibition . . .

And the British Empire, of course.

EVOE.

Our Cautious Journalists.

"It may, perhaps, be safe to say, without encroaching upon other grounds, that there is a new carpet on the Council Chamber."
Monthly Paper.

"Wanted, Cook-General and House-Parlour-maid, under 30; good wages: man rough."
Advt. in Morning Paper.

The wages ought to be extra good.

THE WISE MEN.

WHEN the benignant places
Maytime anew hath made,
Fraught with the sister Graces,
Water and Sun and Shade,
Thither go wise men, pitting
Wile against wary wile,
Waving a wand befitting,
Casting a spell with guile.

Name me the worthiest quarry
Testing your last resource—
Stag in a misty corrie?
Fox from a Midland gorse?
Nay, but to trick the talent,
Nay, but your skill to flout,
Give me the game, the gallant
Speckled and peaceful trout.

Stag (see his scared hinds scatter)
Sinks to the hill-side dead—
His not to choose in the matter
Of taking the rifle's lead;
Fox, when a-foot and running,
Bold in his cold self-trust,
Runs and, for all his cunning,
Only because he must.

Trout you must coax and cozen,
Study in shade and sun;
Show him, mayhap, a dozen
Flies ere he fancies one;
Cozen him all you know, for
Here is the reason true—
Fox and a stag *you* go for,
Trout he must go for *you*.

Stag, on the high ground, darkly
Roars he his rutting fill;
There where the tops stand starkly,
There where all time stays still;
There where the hill storm's pelting,
Prone in a world forgot,
Hail in your shirt-sleeves melting,
Thus you must take the shot.

Fox in December's weather,
Him you must ride to find,
Bumping on slippery leather,
Chill in a chilly wind;
Long he may seem a-seeking,
Bleak be the winter day,
Waiting a fox-hound's speaking,
Waiting a "Gone-away!"

But, when the springtime newly,
Tapping the window-pane,
Tells of the violet bluely
Blushing in copse and lane,
Sings to its sons and daughters
Sunshine and orchard's snow,
Then to the crystal waters
Forth do the wise men go.

Testing their gentle knowledge
Here do the wise men stay,
Men of St. ISAAK'S College
Up to the schools of May;
Here shall each working member,
Studious, skilled, devout,
Haunt unto high September,
Learning the truth of Trout;

Studying spells in season—
Nymph and the finished fly,
Learning the rhyme and reason,
Learning the how and why;
Learning it all they know, for
Here is the difference due:—
Feather and Fur *you* go for,
Fin it must go for *you*.

So, where the crystal passes
Down from the peaceful chalk,
Deep in the summer grasses
There shall the wise men walk,
Kneeling anon and pitting
Wile against watchful wile,
Waving the wand befitting,
Casting the spell with guile.

The Reward of Demerit.

From the rules of a Trade Unionist Horticultural Show:—

"All Exhibits must be grown by Exhibitor. If anyone is discovered showing produce not of his own growing, he will be totally disqualified in all Classes and his name published in the List of Prize Winners."



The Stout Lady. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. SMITH, AND AREN'T YOU GOING TO BATHE?"
The Other. "NO. I 'D LOVE TO, BUT I 'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T SUIT ME."
The Stout Lady. "AH, WELL, I 'M LIKE YOU—I DON'T FEEL AT MY BEST IN THE WATER."

THE BATH: ITS DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.

(By a Student of Balneology.)

NOTICES of the impending sale of Edgcote, near Banbury, have disclosed the painful fact that this beautiful mansion, built in 1750 under the inspiration of INIGO JONES, contained originally absolutely no provision of any sort for personal ablution. The bathrooms, like the garage, central heating, etc., are modern additions.

The attempt to draw a precise line of demarcation between the balnear and the pre-balnear age is beset by many difficulties. There are no evidences that the cave-man indulged in punctual daily bathing or washing, though it is probable that, after the manner of his Simian ancestors, he was not averse, when the temperature was high, from wallowing in pools and rivers. Among the ancient Greeks oil appears to have taken the place of soap. PINDAR'S famous eulogium of water cannot be regarded as an incentive to bathing. He was a Prohibitionist rather than an Ablutionist. On the other hand, DIOGENES literally lived in his tub, though whether that structure was of wood or metal has never been satisfactorily proved. The luxury and magnificence of the baths, whether public or private, of Imperial Rome have long excited the marvel of architects and the censure of moralists. In time the Romans themselves became conscious of the danger. Witness the epigram:—

"Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra;
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus."

But it was too late. In the noble words of an eighteenth-century poet,

"Intemperate addiction to the bath
Dragged mighty Rome upon the downward path
Until she fell, degraded and deboshed,
Before the onset of the great unwashed,
And savage Goths, who never used the tub,
Profaned the splendours of th' Imperial Hub."

Over the decline of balneology in the Dark Ages it were best to draw a veil. But it would be a grave error if patriotic pride impelled us to take exclusive credit for its revival on sound and hygienic lines. We owe the vapour or steam-bath to the Turk. The Japanese, for centuries before they came into contact with the West, were renowned as the greatest bath-lovers in either hemisphere. The cult of the cold bath, the fetish of the Victorian Englishman, is less than a hundred years old. And the recent sales of so many of our stately mansions have revealed the distressing fact that our forefathers habitually dispensed with bath-rooms altogether. *Chambers' Information for the People*, published in two massive volumes in the year 1875, devotes a section to "The Toilet," in which the matutinal ablutions prescribed are confined to the face.

We have certainly improved in the last fifty years, though we still compare unfavourably with America, where in many hotels every bedroom has a bath-room. Yet in our desire to approximate to this standard we must not forget the warning of Rome. Between the practice of the German prince, who declared that "he took a bath once a fortnight, whether he required it or not," and that of the modern Sybarite, who daily spends hours in the bath, it is well to maintain a judicious balance. And that reminds one in conclusion to point out that the extreme slipperiness of the enamel of modern baths is a source of danger to the conscientious ablutionist. The problem of providing a surface neither so smooth as to cause titubation and consequent contusions, nor yet so rough as to abrade the sensitive skin of the bather, has yet to be solved.

A Funeral Note.

"Piano by —— A.D. 1842, suitable for a coffin, £2."—*Advt. in South African Paper.*

CUSHBART.

Cordelia having reached that age when the first signs of hero-worship begin to appear, Isabella and I felt it our duty to supply her with a suitable hero. Perhaps I had vaguely hoped that I might fill this *rôle* myself, but I soon despaired of doing so. For, as no man can be a hero to his valet, so, conversely, I suppose, Cordelia could hardly make a hero of one who so frequently, indeed at every opportunity, enjoyed the intimacy of her evening bath. So it was that I came to search outside the home for some happy man round whom she could weave romance.

But in these days when an invisible *Leary* turns on all the street lamps of our town with one sweep of his hand over the switchboard of the power-station, it is no easy matter to find a substitute. In vain I searched the ranks of other public services. For a time she conceived a slight admiration for the rate-collector; but this, I felt, was going too far, and it would prove almost impossible to appear suitably enthusiastic at his visits. At last Cordelia found a hero for herself.

It is her custom to ride into the neighbouring city on a thundering red omnibus and there to have her hair trimmed, eight ounces of the stickiest sweets and an altogether bewildering experience of city life. And, as luck would have it, the wretched omnibus company, the vibrating passage of their juggernauts having already nearly robbed us of our reeling house, deprived me of a large slice of my daughter's affection. She became lost in admiration for the conductor.

He was immediately christened "Cushbart"; *The Oxford Dictionary* would concisely explain this as (colloqu: Cuthbert, E.). I must admit that Cushbart was nearly as good as *Leary*. His hours of duty caused him to pass the drawing-room window just after tea. To Cordelia, during the winter months, when the interior of the omnibus was brightly illuminated with electric lights, he must have appeared a demi-god mounted upon a fiery chariot. Gradually the acquaintance ripened, though at a distance, until upon one thrilling night Cushbart waved to her, and she, trembling with excitement, returned his salute. Thereafter, no sooner came the distant rumbling of wheels than Cordelia, crying "Cushbart!" leaped to her post and, wide-eyed, waved her salutation.

We all grew to like Cushbart. He was a very dashing figure with his shiny peaked cap, his coat with brass buttons and his ticket puncher, whose pleasantly tinkling bell had not been reduced by constant wear to that rasping scrape so disappointing in most London ticket punchers. Even I forgave him, and to Cordelia every evening brought a thrill and a hair-cut became rapture.

Then one morning Cordelia woke up to find she had developed measles. Fortunately they were of the less dangerous variety which in my youth were, in the innocence of those times, described as German, but now, I believe, are gradually becoming known as Mild English. Anyhow the first novelties they brought in their train amply made up for any trifling inconveniences they caused her. For instance, that overpowering desire to scratch had its compensation in the visits of an engaging doctor whose cot-side manner, except perhaps a too-persistent passion for seeing her tongue, left nothing to be desired. But, after all, it was *her* tongue, and it was fun pulling his leg and pretending that he was not to be allowed to see it. Indeed her affections began to stray towards this man with the twinkling spectacles whose visits were almost as regular as those of the omnibus. But at the critical moment there came from the outside world a token from her hero. A pot of towering hyacinths stood by her bed, and visitors, on inquiring who had given them to her, would be told—

"Cushbart did!"

The blushing maiden would then dive beneath the bedclothes.

The measles passed away, the doctor for the time being went out of her life and the hyacinths grew more and more noble. Her hair too had grown and, as soon as the weather permitted, a journey to the city was planned and Cushbart spoken of in whispers. But when the great day arrived it was a strange fellow who lifted her into the omnibus, and there slowly dawned upon her aching little heart that somehow or other Cushbart was no more. It is true that only the hand of the Company had removed him to another service, but to Cordelia it might as well have been the hand of death. For a time she was inconsolable.

Some few days afterwards, when the pangs of sorrow had grown less acute, I peeped into the nursery and there found Cordelia dancing with delight in front of a little altar she had raised upon her nursery chair. The predominant piece was the pot of hyacinths, and before it were strewn a little heap of old bus tickets; behind it stood the object of her veneration.

It was an early photograph of myself clad in a nautical uniform which I had assumed during the War, with a shiny peaked cap and a handsome sprinkling of brass buttons. I cannot say that it was an inspiring likeness nor had it the grandeur of a military portrait. It lacked a background of rearing horses and bursting shells, the vapid face being thrown into prominence by a dingy view of the usual studio scenery.

Be that as it may, it was a proud moment for me, as a father, to see myself an object of my child's admiration.

"And who is *that?*" I asked proudly and not a little self-consciously.

Cordelia stopped her ritualistic gambols and pointed a crooked little finger at her shrine. Her face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Cushbart!" she cried, "Cushbart!" and leaped once more about the room.

Humbled, I crept below.

* * * * *

On second thoughts, however, I am glad. At least, though she does not know it, Cordelia still regards the image of her father with veneration. It will be some time before she sees her mistake, and meanwhile, unless Cushbart returns, I shall bask in his reflected glory.



The Bowler. "NASTY SUSPICIOUS SORT O' BLOKE, AIN'T 'E, JARGE? BUT I 'LL DO 'IM DOWE; I WON'T BOWL NOTHIN' BUT FULL FITCHES."

Our Dwindling Mercantile Marine.

"ARRIVED, MONDAY, JUNE 23.

Mahia (7.45 a.m.), 8000 tons, Williams, from Opua."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"SAILED, MONDAY, JUNE 30.

Mahia (11.5 a.m.), 800 tons, Williams, *for* Bluff."—*Same Paper a week later.*



Visitor. "What kind of fish are these you 've caught?"
Fisherman. "Well, up in London restorongs they calls 'em halibut, turbot and whiting, but down 'ere we calls 'em dog-fish."

THE CULT OF HUMAN GAUDS.

[A fashion-writer in a daily paper reports having seen a woman in Piccadilly wearing a coat trimmed with human hair.]

Bond Street has not been slow to follow Piccadilly's lead, and to-day some of our most notable *élégantes* have embellished their hair-trimmed garments by quaint and delightful ornaments composed of human teeth. It has been found that these lend themselves admirably to the fashioning of bizarre and original bracelets, brooches, shoe-buckles, umbrella-handles, etc., while long strings of children's evenly-matched milk-teeth, stretching down to the low waist-line, give a very smart effect.

Teeth with gold fillings provide a highly decorative note. But perhaps the most striking example of the new mode that I have yet seen was a pendant composed of a solitary magnificent impacted third molar (wisdom tooth) of original character and formation, which was worn suspended from a fine gold chain. Its fortunate possessor was the wife of a fashionable dentist, who discovered it quite by chance in the mouth of a recent patient and, knowing his wife's passion for barbaric jewellery, wasted no time in securing it for her.

Another Impending Apology.

"Those who saw her performance already know what a charming personality she has, and off the stage she is just the same—no trace of affection."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Now is a good time to repaint the inside of conservatives."—*Gardening Paper.*

Externally, we infer, they never change their colours.

Notice in a Continental hotel:—

"Clients of the Restaurant are kindly requested to settle the head-waiter before leaving the Restaurant."

Very tempting!

A "RECOGNISED" AUTHOR.

STUDENTS of what are called the better-class magazines may recollect the name of Doverson—E. A. Doverson. They may remember him as the author of distinguished little stories, which first centred round simple English life, and then became fantastic, and then more fantastic and finally ceased altogether. The rare reader who takes note of an author's name may even have speculated as to the cause of this sudden disappearance of one who was just beginning to be known. Probably people thought he was dead.

Doverson isn't dead. But this is what happened.

Doverson lived—he doesn't now—in Hanbury Magna. Of Hanbury Magna I need only say that it is a market town of clerical associations on a branch railway—and that it lives up to its name. That should give you it.

Doverson had lived in Hanbury Magna for thirty-five years. He knew it thoroughly and he liked it. So in due course he wrote about it. He was one of those men who have to write about something.

His first story about Hanbury Magna—he called it Chislefield in print—appeared in *Glossop's Magazine*. Doverson was immensely proud of it. All Hanbury Magna read it. Everyone in Hanbury Magna reads *Glossop's Magazine* regularly; it is that kind of place. Doverson, who thought himself a second TROLLOPE, went out to receive congratulations.

In the library he met a friend—a Mrs. Bretherley. Mrs. Bretherley looked at him very archly and wagged her gloved finger.

"Simply sweet!" said she. "I simply loved it! But, dear Mr. Doverson, weren't you just a little, little bit unkind to the darling Vicar?"

"I never said anything about the Vicar," said Doverson crossly. If there was anyone he did *not* mean the *Rev. Septimus Dalliance* in *Glossop's Magazine* to resemble it was the Vicar of Hanbury Magna.

"Oh! Oh!" said Mrs. Bretherley, wagging her finger.

Outside Doverson met the Vicar himself.

"Capital, my dear Doverson, capital!" said the Vicar heartily. "A most admirable picture; but weren't you almost—er—cruelly faithful to our charming friend, Mrs.—ah—Bretherley? Mustn't be *too* truthful about the ladies, you know. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" said Doverson, seeing red. "Ha, ha!" His mind was full of his delightful *Mrs. Stanislaw* in the *Magazine*, who was meant to be like anyone on earth except Mrs. Bretherley, and he was too angry to say anything else.

Well, this went on. Doverson wrote three stories in *Glossop's*, and at the end of the third of them everyone in Hanbury Magna had recognised everybody else. The chemist had recognised the grocer, and the grocer had recognised the chemist; the girl in the post-office had recognised the girl in the library, and the verger had recognised the curate, and *vice versâ*, and so on.



Cyclist (just avoiding collision with car). "MIND WHERE YER GOIN', YOU AND YER FOUR-WHEELER!"

Doverson was furious. But he *had* to write, as I have said. So he tried stories about animals—Fosco the Fox, and Huh the Heron, and Wassili the Weasel, and so on. You know the kind of thing. But that was no good. Mrs. Bretherley told him that his "caricature" of Dr. Snapling as Brasch the Badger had made her laugh till she cried; and the girl in the library said that Huh the Heron was so *good* of the librarian she wondered he could possibly go on not seeing it.

Doverson's brain began to reel. So he wrote a story about the planet Phum, which revolves round Capella and is peopled by disembodied entities with no brains and composed solely of crimson gas. It was really very fantastic indeed. There was a sort of Emperor of Phum, called the great Zhab, who was all purple gas, instead of crimson—most eccentric stuff. "I've done them this time," thought Doverson.

The first person he met when he went out was a Town Councillor called Higgins, and Higgins stopped and shook him warmly by the hand.

"B' gosh, Mr. Doverson," said he, "you're *it*. I never read anything better. That Great Zhab of yours. The way it hits off the Mayor. A disembodied being with no brains, made up of purple gas—oh, lovely, lovely!"

Doverson fled.

But, as I have said, he was a man cursed with the necessity to write; so he had one more try. He gave up Wasili the Weasel and the Great Zhab and all the rest of them, and wrote a very tragic little story about a young man in the seventeenth century who lived in a garret and wrote poems. He was a morbid young man, with a fatuous conceit of himself and all sorts of idiotic kinks in his character. Doverson, though he couldn't help writing him, thought him a most detestable young ass. But anyway he bore no resemblance whatever to anyone in Hanbury Magna or its ten-mile radius. That much was certain.

But experience had made Doverson cautious. He invited his particular friend to dinner and made him read the manuscript. At the end he appealed to him, in mercy's name, if he saw a resemblance to anyone he knew to say so at once.

"Well, of course," said the friend, wriggling uncomfortably.

Doverson set his teeth. "Out with it!" he said.

"Well, old man," said the friend, "if you really don't mind my saying it—well, I mean, it's obvious. Of course the fellow's yourself."

It was the last straw. With a maniacal yell Doverson snatched up his portable typewriter and hurled it into the fire. The maid found it there next morning.

H. B.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

Of the Irish Boundary question:—

"In fact it is a kind of sword of Demosthenes hanging over the heads of both the North and the South."—*Provincial Paper.*

From a report of the Southport Chess Congress:—

"S—— did not handle the opening well, getting too many loose paws about the board."

A case in which many hands did not make light work.



First Angler. "WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT? HE CAN'T DO MORE THAN BREAK THE CAST."
Second Angler. "CAN'T HE? THE ONLY JOCK SCOTT I'VE GOT 'S ON IT, AND THEY 'RE NOT TAKING ANYTHING ELSE."

THE HOLIDAY BANDMASTER.

IF your arrival at the seaside coincides with that of the regimental band of the 99th Blareshires ("The Stuffs") you may observe the change that comes over the bandmaster.

At first the band has not shaken off the atmosphere of the parade-ground, where any transport of ecstasy would give rise to comment. The bandmaster's baton moves almost imperceptibly. If the trombones depart from strict alignment he frowns. There is nothing in his rigid demeanour to indicate that the "Marche Funèbre" and "My Little Goo-goo Goose" are not both the work of CHOPIN.

But, given reasonably fine weather, he unfolds like a flower. Not that he ever unbuttons his frock-coat or takes off his gloves; but a kindlier light comes into his eyes when the "Goo-goo" tune is being played and his baton makes a broader sweep in the "Marche." Sometimes he will look pensively through the glass of the bandstand at the distant sea, and something of the grandeur and the awfulness of the great deep will steal into the music. He smiles sadly and, if his frock-coat permits, sighs.

During the final days he wears his cap at an angle. Before he taps his music-stand he sweeps the inner ring of deck-chairs with merry eyes. His feet refuse to be stilled. Now well accustomed to the sight of the sea he feels half a sailor himself, and his bronzed face wears the breezy aspect common among rear-admirals. He grants full freedom to the piccolo and his gloved hand pats with approval the shoulder of the proud young fellow who plays the xylophone solos. He and the drummer exchange smiles of understanding and sympathy. He takes another glad look round the front row of chairs. When his men sing a rag-time chorus he permits himself to join in with a joyous hum.

On the last night he is bravely determined that no sadness shall mark the farewell, though in his heart heaven knows——! He has a smile even for the people standing in the background. On this night his cap actually touches his right ear-top. His baton movements are free, including volplanes, corkscrews, figures-of-eight and upward thrusts, all of which spur on his men to louder transports.

It is patent to the observant onlooker that only with difficulty does the bandmaster restrain himself from standing on a chair, unbuttoning his coat and damning the consequences when at length the climax comes, as come it must. The last chord is about to sound. The brave fellow's eyes fill—and, egad, he is not ashamed of it. The dear old regimental march takes on the nature of a rhapsody and strains his buttons as never before. Woe betide any disloyal civilian who refuses to uncover this night at the sound of the National Anthem!

And so across the silent summer sea the final notes die away. The motionless waters seem to sob and a chill creeps into the air. One last glance round those familiar chairs and, with head erect and eyes fixed unseeingly before him, he marches back to his hotel. You may be relied upon, I am sure, not to attempt to pry into the thoughts beneath that still jaunty cap. You will not join those who have the ill manners to follow him—unless, of course, you happen to be staying at the same hotel.

"One cannot pass through Kenilworth without thinking of 'Ivanhoe' . . . Indeed on catching first sight of the castle ruins among the trees one involuntarily raises one's hat to a beautiful romance."
Birmingham Paper.

We ourselves never get halfway through "Ivanhoe" without saluting "Kenilworth."



Small Girl. "DADDY, LOOK AT THIS BABY SHRIMP I'VE CAUGHT. (*Daddy grunts.*) OH, DADDY, *do* MAKE AN *interested* NOISE."

INN NAMES.

I've travelled this England from South to North,
From Lizard to Lowestoft Ness;
From the Tyneside's gloom I have fared me forth
To the country of *Jude* and *Tess*.
The Dales and the Broads and the Lakes I've seen;
To Derbyshire, Devon and Kent I've been.
'Tis a country rare and beyond compare;
'Tis the garden of earth—no less.

And I've supped my ale as I've fared my way
In many a quaint old inn:
By Bushey the "Merry Month of May,"
And the "Honest Lawyer" at Lynn.
From the "Jack o' Both Sides," through Reading town,
I have walked to the "World Turned Upside Down";
And my pence did fly at the Holt "Paul Pry,"
And in Sheffield at "T' Corner Pin."

At "Long Arm and Short Arm" my thirst I've laid
In Lemsford, near Great North Road;
With the "Tippling Philosopher" I've stayed
While the Severn has ebbed and flowed;
In Oxford Street at the "Hog in the Pound,"
And in Brentford oft at the "Barge Aground"
I have had my joy, and at "Ship Ahoy!"
In Gosport I've shipped my load.

There's the "Who'd a tho't it?" on Nine Mile Ride,
And Lancaster's old "Dry Scot";
There's the "Golden Rule" up in Ambleside,
And in Windsor there stands "Why Not?"
And now d'ye ken where these next ones be?
They be all real taverns and plain to see:
"Raffled Anchor," "Old Roan," "Blue Vinney," "Bladebone,"
"Sir Solomon," "Shan't," "Old Spot."

There's the "Tom in Bedlam," the "Hit or Miss,"
"Dark Lantern," "Our Mutual Friend,"
And the "March of Intellect"—knew ye this
Ere it met its unchancy end?—
The "Bug and Blanket," the "Blossom o' Hop,"
The "Live and let Live," "Ring o' Bells," "Pure Drop."
Didst ever take stock of the "Twelve o' Clock"
Or to "Generous Britain" wend?

What of "Bleeding Horse"? What of "Sinners Three,"
"Four Ashes" and "Heart and Hand"?
Hast seen where the "Ramskin," the "Orange Tree"
And the "London Apprentice" stand?
Or the "Doctor Syntax," "Ram Jam," "Bald Buck,"
"Sheer Hulk," "Mother Redcap" and "Dog and Duck"?
What! To *all* hast been? Then, O friend, I ween
Thou knowest thy native land.

Housing Problem: More Solutions.

"For Sale, Car, 4-seater, 1921; tax £11; in good running order; engine perfect; low consumption; tyres nearly new; can be easily converted into small Flat."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

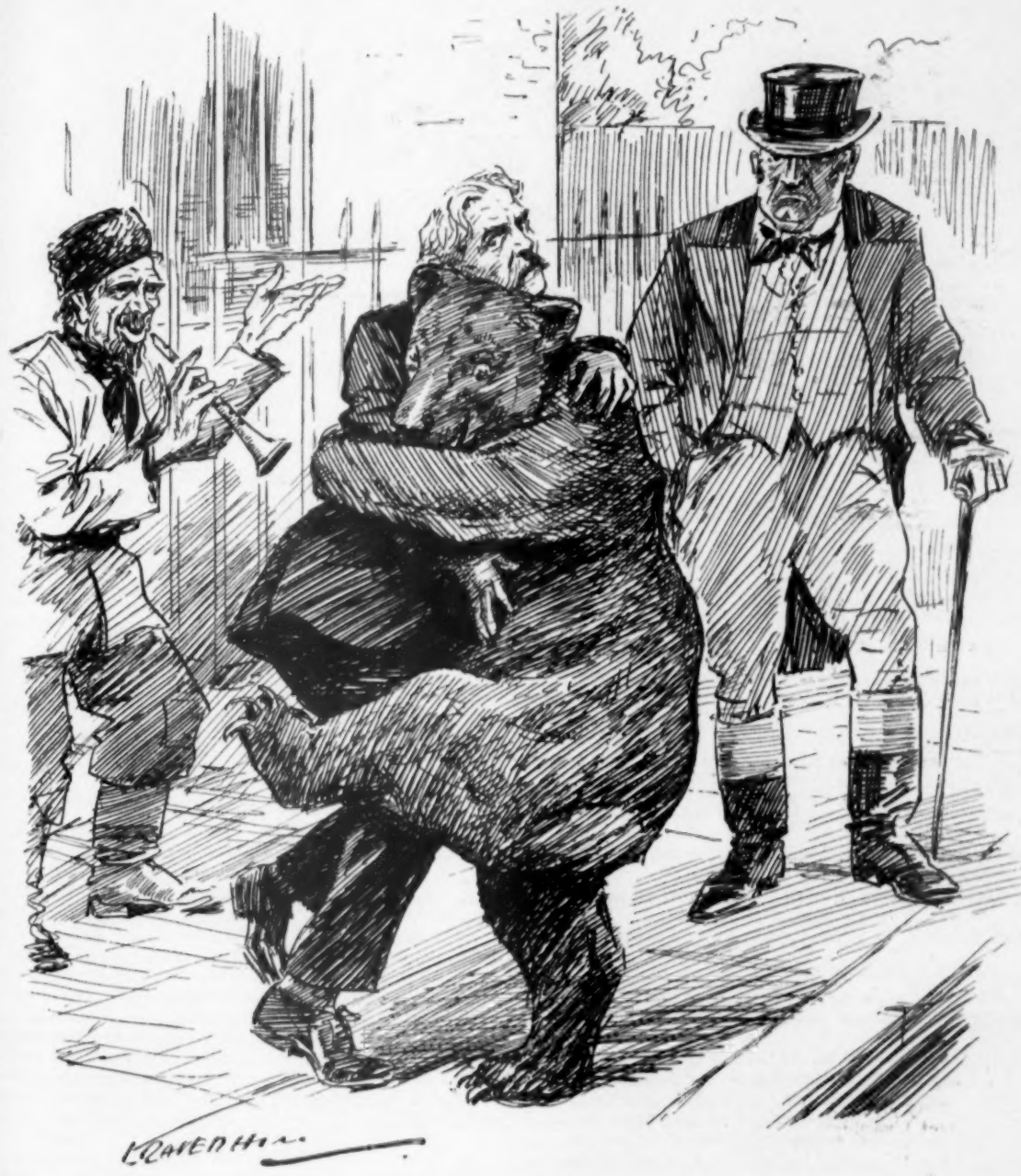
"He asked that the defendants be ordered to pay the costs, except in the case of ——, who was only the occupier, and not the owner of a hen-house."—*North-Country Paper.*

"ANGLO-SOVIET TREATY.

SIGNING CEREMONY.

An omission in the arrangements was that the office charwoman had not been informed that the ceremony would be in progress then. There was some consternation in the assembly when she entered the room with her pail and broom."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and the delegates probably thought that the good lady would anticipate the verdict of the British public by sweeping their precious Treaty into the waste-paper basket.



THE PRECIPITATION WALTZ.

THE BOLSHIE BEAR-LEADER (*to* MR. MACDONALD). "GOOD! YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR MIND; YOU DANCE TO MY TUNE, AND YOUR FRIEND HERE PAYS?"

JOHN BULL. "I WONDER."



Longshoreman. "I 'M SICK O' 'EARING ABOUT THE *CUTTY SARK*. YOU DON'T NEVER 'EAR NOTHIN' ABOUT THE LAST SAILIN'-SHIP *I* SERVED IN."

Visitor. "WAS SHE A VERY REMARKABLE SHIP, THEN?"

Longshoreman. "REMARKABLE AIN'T THE WORD. WHY, TO THIS BLOOMIN' DAY I 'VE A LUMP ON ME 'EAD WHERE THE MATE 'IT ME WITH A BELAYIN'-PIN."

SEASIDE.

FIRST the luggage cart—
Eleven trunks, four cases, a bath, a perambulator (and me)
on it for a start,
but not an ordinary cart nor an ordinary load
rumbling and grumbling down the steep side of Parkfield Road.
No, a cart that has the tang of the sea about it, and the grip
of the first strange mast against the skyline of the first ship,
and all the trunks (and me) wearing the magical shapes
of the old traveller's cargo of dreams—of peacocks and apes.
Then Manningham railway station, changing from a railway
to the moon's path across the sea, the still, the pale way,
and the train bewitched, like the traveller's cargo,
in the transient daylight disguise of boyhood's Argo,
and the heroes quietly watching the captain at the prow,
and all the oars striking together as he suddenly orders
"Now!"
Then lunch in the train!
Don't you wish that you could taste ambrosia again?
Whether it be hard-boiled eggs with salt in a paper packet,
or cold chicken with a drum-stick, and white young teeth
to crack it.
But you are not really eating cold chicken or eggs,
but the funny small tarry smell of barrels and kegs,
the thin heart-shaking masts, the unbelievable blue
huge ocean that will suddenly envelop you,
till you feel like a swaying jelly-fish (you did, if I knew you)
with the green light of the water positively pouring through
you;
you are eating the drive in the fly along the parade to the
lodging,
seven of you hunched together, and shouting, and dodging
one another's knees; you are eating the queer smell
of faded leather (after all these years I can feel the smell
come
like pot-pourri out of a jar), the landlady bidding you welcome,
the shiny blue bucket with a gold rim, quite a good one
to make up for the steel spade you wanted and they made
you have a wood one;
all these you eat, but most of all you are eating
(and do not know) the pause there 's no repeating,
when Time, that traps all gay and lovely things,
like a tall angel folds his full-shaped wings,
and whispers, with two fingers raised that brush
the small bright head, to his loud legions, "Hush!"

"George Duncan is leaving the Hanger Hill Club, Ealing, to take up an appointment with the new Wentworth Estate Club at Virginia Water, U.S.A."—*Scots Paper.*

The transference of our gold, our best workers and our best golfers to the U.S.A. is bad enough, but surely things have reached a pretty pass when our golf courses start going West as well.

DESERT DECEIT.

PORT SAID had been reached at last and that magnificent and appropriately named liner, *The Sphinx*, was celebrating the occasion by a dance. To-morrow the many friendships which are born of necessity when one is at sea would be broken and thrown away; but that night they were still intact.

In a secluded and shady corner Harold Carruthers and June Daring sat talking. Harold was dressed as a Roundhead, while June was in the garb of NELL GWYNNE. Everyone said what an excellent couple they made and waited the confirmation of certain rumours with impatience.

"I'm thrilled to the marrow at the thought of landing at last in Egypt," said June with a far-away look in her eyes. "I shall be expecting every minute to see some white-robed Sheik leap out at me from behind a Pyramid and carry me off to his desert home."

"No need to be nervous," said Harold. "I shall be there with you and see that you come to no harm."

June gave a little pout. Harold was always so matter-of-fact, and to-night she was feeling distinctly romantic.

"Have you never heard the call of the oasis?" she asked with a farther-away look in her eyes.

"My dear, an oasis is not an animal," said Harold. "It is the name given to those rare patches of vegetation which——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted June in exasperation; Harold was really quite impossible this evening.

"In my eyes," she announced, "Egypt is the land of Romance. I could sit and read books about it by the hour."

"I've just been reading a most interesting one," said Harold—"all about the Hyksos dynasty. It proves that it was the result of a Hittite conquest; most interesting. I must lend it to you."

"Oh, you're perfectly impossible!" said June. "Good-bye." She rose angrily to her feet.

"Why, June, what's the matter?" said Harold, puzzled. "Surely," he added, light dawning upon him, "you are not an adherent of the Semitic invasion hypothesis?"



"'OH, YOU 'RE PERFECTLY IMPOSSIBLE! GOOD-BYE.'"

But by this time June was on deck muttering angrily to the stars that Harold was a blockhead. Suddenly she started and seized the rail. A Sheik was standing upright on the deck, the light wind revealing every curve of his athletic frame as it blew against his spotless burnous. June watched him, fascinated. Then he began to move. Slowly he came towards her. June turned and ran blindly below. She heard his steps behind her in the narrow corridor. There was but one thing left to do. Without a moment's hesitation June slipped into a cabin, hoping the Sheik would pass by without realising where she had gone.

A second later his tall form was framed in the doorway. June turned to face him, eyes gleaming, head erect. The Sheik had evidently expected to see a cringing form, for he started back in obvious surprise.

"Well, I'm damned!" he exclaimed.

"How well you speak English," said June, stung to involuntary admiration.

"The result of a suburban education," he remarked. "I was at Cambridge."

"And why have you come here?"

"Well, now, what do you suggest?"

"Knowing well that the watch would be slack to-night, because of the dance," said June, "you have crept to the side of the boat with muffled oars. Am I right?"

"Absolutely," muttered the Sheik.

"Your object," continued June, "was to seize some careless dancer and carry her off to your desert home."

"By jingo!" gasped the Sheik, admiration for her womanly intuition manifest in his astonished face.

"Well, here I am; take me!"

June stood with arms outstretched and body tense.

The Sheik had obviously not expected this. He opened his mouth as though he wished to speak, and shut it again without saying anything.

"I know what it is," said June; "you are filled with the primitive instincts of the hunting male. You would prefer to track down with infinite cunning some unwilling victim, to seize her in your muscular arms and bear her struggling form to your home in the relentless desert. I admit my unsuitability in that respect, but then, on the



"'HERE I AM; TAKE ME!'"



"'WHAT SHALL WE DO, HIK-UP? DON'T LET THEM KILL US.'"

other hand, I am quite used to camels. I often used to ride them at the Zoo. Take me to your caravan now."

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the Sheik uneasily, "I hadn't thought of a caravan. I—er—had intended to lash my capture to my horse's tail and drag her through the burning sand, hoping in that way to tame her rebellious spirit. I could get a caravan ready by to-morrow, though. But perhaps you prefer the original plan?"

"I'll wait," said June hastily.

"Then I'll call for you at eight o'clock to-morrow evening," suggested the Sheik.

"You mustn't run any risk," said June. "I'll adopt some stratagem to slip away; pretend I want to go and buy picture-postcards. Where shall I meet you?"

"The Post Office?" suggested the Sheik.

June nodded. "Quick; you must go now," she said. "I hear footsteps."

"Half a minute," said the Sheik; and, stepping coolly forward, he picked up a pipe left lying about by the owner of the cabin, turned and seized a tin of tobacco, and with a swirl of his burnous was gone.

It was the following evening. As the Mahout's call to prayer from the countless domes and obelisks sounded faintly on the breeze, the caravan of Sheik Hik-up (for this June had found out was his name) started on its way.

* * * * *

June lay reclined on silken cushions. She was in Arab dress, with the lower half of her face covered by the back-heesh worn by all Eastern women. The swaying motion lulled her gently to sleep. Suddenly there was a jolt and a jar; the caravan had stopped. The curtain was drawn back and the Sheik's head appeared. "Perhaps he has come at last to seize me in his strong arms and, crushing me to his bosom, to plant hot scorching kisses of passion on my face," thought June with a little thrill of rapture. So far the Sheik's behaviour had been most disappointing.

Such however was not the Sheik's purpose.

"I've bad news, I'm afraid," he said gravely. "The front wheel of the caravan has just come off."

"Then it will have to be put on again," said June, quickly coming to a decision.

"That's impossible," said the Sheik dismally. "And the axle is sinking more deeply into the sand every minute. Look here; I'm fed up. I'm not a real Sheik."

"Not a real Sheik!" wailed June, tears of disappointment filling her eyes. "Oh, Hik-up, and I felt so sure you were when I saw you. You looked so like RUDOLPH VALENTINO."

"My fancy dress, I expect," said the pseudo-Sheik modestly.

"Then why did you chase me and follow me to the cabin?" asked June suspiciously.

"It was my cabin. I went to fetch my pipe. I never expected to find you there. And then, before I realised what I was doing, you had arranged that I should abduct you and carry you off in my caravan. I didn't know quite what to do. You see I had never abducted anyone before. I hired this caravan only this morning. I was just saying to myself that everything was coming off splendidly when there was a jolt and the wheel did."

"Oh, dear," said June, "I did so want to be carried off by a Sheik!" Suddenly she clutched the pseudo-Sheik's arm. A moving spot had appeared over a distant sand-hill.

"Real Arabs, and we can't get away," she wailed. "What shall we do, Hik-up, what shall we do? Don't let them kill us."

Hik-up focussed his field-glasses unperturbed.

"That's all right," he said. "It's my aunt. I told her to follow a little distance behind us to act as chaperon."

"Hik-up, you think of everything!" said June adoringly.

"I do," Hik-up modestly replied.

A Female Crichton.

"As Nursery Governess (30), teach all subjec s; also many others."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"Milk Business Wanted; advertiser giving up the sea."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

Turning his attention to fresh water now, we gather.

"Furnished apartment for rent to family or belchior, new building with garage and garden. All modern improvements and comforts under boreing management. Excellent cuisine."
Brazilian Paper.

But we doubt if that would make up to the "belchoir" for the "boreing management."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

I.—BUYING TICKETS.

THERE are a few things that require more than mere money to buy, and one of them is a ticket on an American railroad. This is the broad philosophic truth I have drawn from Will's and my specific experience.

Will suggested, sometime in the early part of last January I think it was, that the cold weather was ruining our health and that we had better go South for a while until things warmed up a bit.

"How soon can you be ready?" he asked. "Does to-morrow suit you?"

"Yes," I told him, "to-morrow is a good day. That will put us down there the day after in time to have a round of golf before dinner."

Will thought it would be a good idea to get our tickets the day before going, as the trains to the South might be crowded at that time of year, so we set out immediately.

"We'll go direct to the Penn. Station to get them," said Will; "I don't like Consolidated Ticket Offices. I like to see trunks and suitcases when I am buying a railroad ticket."

I thought this was a pleasant bit of sentimentalism and acquiesced again. We entered the rotunda of the Pennsylvania Station at approximately 11.17. (This figure is significant.)

The first fact which struck me was that New York was being evacuated; apparently the majority of the population had become disgusted with the place and were buying tickets to get away from it. The floor was black with refugees.

But they were orderly enough. In fact they were all in line, standing resignedly on one leg, as if they had been there since the week before and were staying on from force of habit.

"Now, as you may know," said Will, as though he were explaining the animals at a circus, "a man can't buy a Pullman ticket without showing a railroad ticket, and Pullman tickets are bought over here on the left and railroad tickets over there on the right." He waved. "But if you buy a railroad ticket first you may find that there aren't any more berths on the train, and you'll have to go back and try another railroad. This is the situation."

It sounded like a pretty nasty mess to me. "Perhaps we had better go down by boat," I suggested.

"We haven't time to keep experimenting with railroads if we intend to go to-morrow," Will went on, not noticing me. "My plan is briefly this: while I stand in line for the berths, you go and buy tickets on *all* of the railroads going South. As soon as you get them, run over to me and be ready to hand me whichever railroad there is a berth on. We can redeem the tickets we don't need later."

The daring of this plot took my breath away. "I never heard of anybody's doing——" I began.

"No, but it's the only way. Hurry now and get two round-trip tickets on the Southern, two on the Coast Line and two on the Seaboard; I'll be in the Pullman line waiting for you."

This was the most novel scheme for dodging the ticket deadlock I had ever heard of. The railroad companies had no defence against it whatever. I have since been told that their experts have been working on the matter for some time and expect to have a couple of new rules out this fall, but last winter they were absolutely helpless. It required a certain outlay of capital, but a man with money had them at his mercy.

"Not counting the war-tax," said I in a whisper, falling readily into the plan, "that will cost us about four-hundred-and-fifty-dollars."

"Very well," said Will; "go right ahead. I'll see you later."

I said "Good-bye" and went to the end of a line.

"This is the line for long-distance tickets, isn't it?" I asked the man who had formed the end before I relieved him.

"No speaka da English," he said. But the fourth man down spoke English and said that it was, so I settled myself on my waiting leg and waited.

By-and-by the citizen in front of me asked for a ticket to Canada and was sent over to try out the lines in the Grand Central Station a mile across town, and the agent, so to speak, was at my disposal.

"Two round-trip tickets to Augusta, Georgia, on the Southern, two on the Coast Line and two on the Seaboard," I said.

"What's the matter with the New York Central?" said the man, which witticism caused some merriment back in the depths of the cage.

But I wasn't offended; I was really delightfully surprised to find a ticket-seller not pursued by the black dogs. There is something melancholy about railroad tickets; they are so long and so green. It takes an iron-bound optimist to sell them without weeping. But this fellow—it may have been due to the success of his humour—seemed in the best of spirits as he clicked out about eight-and-a-half yards of grass-coloured holes, pushed what little was left of the paper through a stamping-machine and stuffed it all into an envelope. I replied in the same vein on the back of a cheque and left him in the hands of the next man.

I found that Will in the meantime had worked his way down until he was within an easy stone's throw of the Pullman ticket window. I gave him the envelope amid shouts of "End of the line!" and stood defiantly by.

"Guess that tricks them," said Will, immensely pleased; "you can't keep a good man in town."

This *mot* put him in even a better humour, and when, about the middle of the afternoon, he came up before the window he was almost facetious.

"Two lowers to Augusta, Georgia, on any train you've got," said he lightly. "We'll go down to-morrow."

"No, you won't," said the man promptly.

"What's that?" said Will.

"Sold out."

Will looked at me. "I suppose we'll have to take uppers then. Hate uppers." Then to the agent, who was getting restless and looking down the line, "We'll take two uppers then."

"Sold out," cried the agent, reaching under his desk where bank-tellers keep their guns.

"Well," said Will patiently, "we'll take two lowers for the day after to-morrow."

This exasperated the man exceedingly and seemed to fill him so full of annoyance that he couldn't articulate. In a minute he managed to say—

"Sold out."

"Two uppers?" said Will.

"When I say sold out——" began the agent.

"Have you got *any* berths *any*where to-morrow?" asked Will.

"Sell you a seat to West Philadelphia."

"Thank you. We thought we'd like to go somewhere in the South some time this winter."

"Want to put your names on the waiting list?" asked the man.

"What does that mean?"

"We'll accommodate you as soon as we can."

We put our names on the book, what we wanted (first choice, lower; second choice, upper), where we wished to go, first choice, second choice, third choice, and where we could be communicated with when the judges got round to us.

All this was last January sometime.

Ultimately we were notified that we had had the rare luck to have all our first choices granted, and that reservations were being held for us on a train leaving the first of the following week. Will and I discussed the matter and we decided that the weather would be a little warm in the South, the month being August.

U. S. A.

FELLOW-GUESTS.

SPEAKING GENERALLY, ONE'S FELLOW-GUESTS IN A HOTEL CAN USUALLY BE DIVIDED INTO TWO MAIN CLASSES—

Ingarse



(*a*) THOSE—



WHO LOOK AS IF—



THEY—



WERE—



SOMEBODY—



AND AREN'T—



AND (*b*) THOSE—



WHO DON'T LOOK AS IF—



THEY—



WERE—



ANYBODY—



AND AREN'T, EITHER.



Fond Parent (to friendly-disposed little son). "NOW, CYRIL, DON'T BE MEAN. GIVE THE LADY A NICE BIG BIT O' SEAWEED."

SPOTTING THE UNSHINGLED.

["Here in Paris we have a new variety of 'beaver.' This time it is when the long-haired woman appears that she is marked by the bright young people, the one first discovering her receiving ten points."—*Evening Paper.*

WHILE statesmen, confusedly quoting
From Pol. Econ.'s nebulous laws,
Investigate methods of floating
The kites recommended by DAWES;
While Orange and Green (for the last time?)
In Erin delimit their hate,
From Paris comes news of a pastime
Of "spotting" the shingleless pate.

Again they are out on the foray,
That horde of the Young and the Bright,
Who lately made beavers their quarry
And banished the beard from the light:
With a jubilant "Yoicks" or "Tantivy"
They harry their victims anew—
What motive persuades them to chivy
Respectable people like you?

Does jealousy lead them to harbour
Contempt for luxuriant hair?
Or are they financed by a barber
To chase the unshorn to his chair?
Is the scheme in the hands of a cutler
With scissors and blades to dispose?
Or is the plot thicker and subtler,
Connected with hats or with clothes?

Whatever the cause, I am weary
And long for the times when a male
Could sport (if he chose) the Dundreary,
And girls under bonnet and veil
Could twist up their plaits without danger
In any design that was apt,
And, schooled in respect for the stranger,
The flapper still harmlessly flapped.

"He took to professional football because his health would not allow him to complete his studies for Holy Orders."—*Daily Paper.*

Not "The Stickit Minister," by CROCKETT, but the crocked minister who couldn't stick it.

A propos of the GIBBONS-BLOOMFIELD "Fight":—

"The contestants finished their training with a spell of £work which proved to those privileged to £watch that each in h£is own way has reached perfection in physical fitness."
Yorkshire Paper.

The distinguishing feature of modern boxing is the way in which money creeps into it.

MISLEADING CASES.

II.—THE HIGHBROW.

Trott v. *Tulip.*

Before Mr. Justice WOOL.

THIS action for defamation was to-day brought a stage nearer to its conclusion with the closing speeches of counsel and his Lordship's summing-up to the jury. This was the twenty-seventh day of the hearing.

HIS LORDSHIP, addressing the jury, said: In the whole course of my professional career, which has included, necessarily, many warmly-contested claims for defamation of character in many different fields of society, I do not remember one which with such an appearance of simplicity has revealed upon examination such sharp and complicated differences, supported, may I say, by such stubborn animosities.

The facts are simple enough. The parties both belong to what is called the literary world, and in that world are sufficiently well known, Miss Clelia Trott as a writer and Mrs. Tulip as a critic of original works of fiction. You were invited by the plaintiff's counsel to consider upon a somewhat higher plane the activities of Miss Trott, which are

admittedly creative, than those of Mrs. Tulip, as being chiefly occupied in tearing to pieces the things which other men have made. But this distinction, however attractive to the lay mind, I must ask you to dismiss from your own. In Magna Carta and subsequent enactments our ancestors have been careful to secure to the most repellent of the King's subjects the common rights of free expression so long as it takes the harmless form of venomous and enraging words. How far this is just to those of our fellows who are unhappily unable to express themselves except by blows it is not for us to inquire. And how far that condition of suppressed fury which follows a verbal but unactionable assault is socially more desirable than the healthy breach of the peace which follows a blow is also not within the scope of this inquiry. I mention these matters only to confuse you and to display the superior alertness of my intelligence. It is enough for you that before the law, at any rate, a literary or dramatic critic is as good and useful a citizen as an original author, and is entitled to the same measure of justice, if he can get it.

The facts of this case are simple enough. The defendant, Mrs. Tulip, in reviewing a recent work of Miss Clelia Trott's, a book called *Midnight*, employed the following words: "It is no good, Miss Trott. All your murders and detectives, your vamps and mysteries, do not deceive us, charming though they are. The truth is, Miss Trott, *you are a bit of a highbrow.*"

Miss Clelia Trott, so far from being disarmed by the sprightly and almost complimentary manner of the review, has brought an action for defamation, complaining particularly of the word "highbrow," which is said to have prejudiced her professionally as a writer of sensational narratives for railway reading or, as they are sometimes called, it appears, "best-sellers."

The law of libel is exceedingly complicated and wholly unintelligible. . . .

[*His Lordship here gave a brief explanation of the law of libel, beginning with the Star Chamber.*]

Continuing, his Lordship said:—The question of malice is a question of fact for the jury to determine, and the jury alone. The evidence which we have heard and the demeanour of the defendant in the box leave no doubt in my own mind that the word complained of was prompted in fact by legal malice and spleen; but it will be for you to say. Far more difficult, in my opinion, is the question, "Is the word 'highbrow' defamatory or not?" and this question also, I am glad to say, it will be for you to answer, though you will be paid one guinea for the twenty-seven days of this trial, and I am paid five thousand pounds a year.



Uncle (excited by cinema villain's pursuit of heroine). "I SAY, ISN'T THIS THRILLING?" *Blasé Child.* "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT—HER WOMAN'S WIT WILL SAVE HER."

We have had in this case the advantage of the expert testimony of nineteen well-known writers and authors, fourteen literary critics, seven editors and two philologists. And the one thing that emerges from this mass of informed opinion is that the expression complained of must be the most remarkable word in common use to-day. For while each of these authorities came prepared with a full and impressive theory of the origin and significance of the word, no two of these explanations were in any respects the same. Moreover, at the first hint of opposition or disagreement, these ladies and gentlemen almost without exception betrayed a degree of passion and obstinacy so remarkable in persons devoted to the contemplative way of life, and so excessive, as to make the extraction of useful information by process of cross-examination impossible.

If therefore we were to place any reliance upon the expert evidence (which, fortunately, it is not the habit of these Courts to do) we should be forced to the conclusion that the word "highbrow," having a different meaning in the mouth of every authority, has in fact no meaning whatever, and you might well find that to employ such a term in connection with another person could not be

defamatory, as one man might say to another, "You are a Bimbo" or "You look like a Togg," without offence; for these expressions, though presumably hostile in intention, have no known significance, discourteous or otherwise.

But you, Members of the Jury, may not so easily escape from your responsibilities. Somehow or other you are to answer the questions which will be put to you in the affirmative or in the negative as the case may be. And for this purpose you will do well to ignore for the most part the nebulous testimony of the literary gentlemen who have stood in that box before you.

Now it is urged by the defence that the word "highbrow" was invented by an American journalist (who has not been called by either side) to express his natural surprise on his observing that there were persons about him more richly gifted than himself; that it means no more than one who is superior in intelligence to the average of his (or her) fellows, and is therefore, so far from being libellous, a complimentary expression as against the opposite term "lowbrow," which is said to signify a person having a low or shallow forehead and comparable in aspect and in mental development to an anthropoid ape. According to this theory the human race is roughly divided into two main species, the high-brow and the low-, and no person whose profession it is to provide printed reading for his fellow-men can complain with reason of being included in the former category. On the contrary (according to the defence) to say of an author that she is a highbrow is as much as to say that "she has more brains than a monkey, and indeed than many men," and is therefore, at any rate, a statement pleasantly intended.

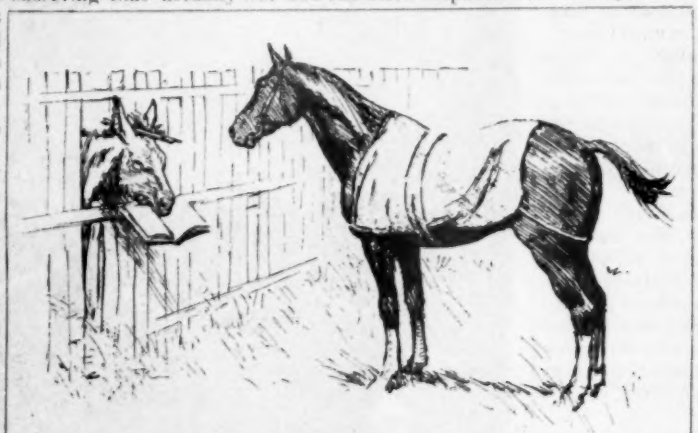
For the plaintiff, on the other hand, it is urged that, though this may well have been the origin of the term, it has acquired by common usage a definite, or, at any rate, a definitely offensive, significance. The witnesses who supported this view (so far as any witness may be said to have supported anything in particular) seemed to suggest that highbrow means not merely a person of superior intelligence but one who is offensively conscious or indeed boastful of his (or her) superiority. And they employed, with a warmth which I was not always able to restrain, various expressions of an ethical or moral character, such as "prig" and "Pharisee." One witness indeed went so far as to describe a highbrow as "an intellectual Pharisee," and you will remember, no doubt, the disorderly scene which followed.

According to this theory the divisions of the human race are not two, but three—the lowbrow, the high-lowbrow (or those of an intelligence and culture superior to the average), and the highbrow, who, though not necessarily more gifted than the second class, has in an intellectual sense the defects of character or outlook sufficiently suggested by the expressions "prig," "Pharisee" and "smug." The existence of such a class, it is contended, is a matter of popular tradition, however small it may actually be: and the mere suspicion of the highbrow taint is enough to alienate from public favour a writer with the peculiar appeal of the author of *Midnight* and *Two in Pyjamas*. One witness, Mr. Snood, who controls, I understand, a number of railway bookstalls, told us that he is in the habit of selecting the books to be displayed upon his stalls by a scrupulous examination of the "dust-covers" or paper-wrappers. And he went so far as to say that he can tell at a glance from the picture on a dust-cover whether the book which it conceals is healthy and suitable for the general public, or highbrow and not so.

In the face of this evidence——

The learned Judge had not concluded his summing-up when the court adjourned.

A. P. H.



WHAT OUR FAMOUS POLO PONIES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

The Ass. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU FAVOUR ME WITH YOUR AUTOGRAPH?"

"Hotel Linenkeeper, thoroughly experienced and cylinder, 10in. dia. x 2in. stroke, 150 revolutions."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We often wonder what has happened to our linen when it returns from the hotel-laundry. Now we know.

A CONTRACTED HOLIDAY.

WE decided to spend our family holiday at Puccaporth this year. The advertisement ran like this:—

"Comf. bd.-residence. Beaut. seaside vill. Mls. of snds. Ex. bathing. Quiet and sec. Nr. golf. Sitt. and 4 bed. Hmly.—App. Mrs. Pye, Puccaporth."

The "mls. of snds." were, of course, with the "ex. bathing," for Peter and John. The "quiet and sec." part appealed to Clara (after I had assured her that "sec." must mean secluded and not secular), and the fact that the place was "nr. golf" was to console me for the fact that it was not nr. London, and consequently rather expensive to get at. Not that I play much golf on a family holiday really—perhaps just a round in the morning, never more than an occasional nine holes in the evening, and nothing at all in the afternoon, with the possible exception of a few practice shots if I happen to be off my game. But only if I happen to be off it. Still, I admit that I like to have it nr.

Well, we went to Puccaporth. It took us a long time—almost all day. But, as we alighted from the charmingly rural coach which had brought us from the nearest railway-station, we agreed that it was worth while. Mrs. Pye had not exaggerated. In the setting sun Puccaporth looked like Paradise. The "mls. of snds." were the approved shade of gold. The place was certainly "quiet and," as far as we could see, "sec." I perceived that in this "beaut. seaside vill." we were to have one of the most restful holidays of our family career—with just that little bit of golf which, in fairness to myself, I ought to undertake in order to keep myself playing down to my handicap.

Mrs. Pye looked a dear, too—one of those women who strike you as "hmly" at the very first glance.

She provided us with a very excellent meal on our arrival, and after that I suggested to Clara that I might as well just stroll along and have a look at the course before dark.

Clara raised no objection, so Mrs. Pye was summoned.

"Mrs. Pye," I said, "I thought of just strolling along to have a look at the golf-course. Which way do I go?"

"A look at the *what*, Sir?" asked Mrs. Pye.

"At the golf-course, Mrs. Pye."

"At the *golf*-course, Sir?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes—golf-course. I don't mean to play this evening, you know. Only to have a look at it. Surely it 's not too far to go before dark?"

Mrs. Pye began to look from myself to Clara, then from Clara to myself in a manner which struck me at the time as being stupid rather than "hmly."

"But there isn't any golf at Puccaporth, Sir," she exclaimed. "Indeed I said that in my advertisement: 'Quiet and secluded. No golf.'"

"You said in your advertisement 'N—no golf'?" I stammered.

"That 's right," explained Mrs. Pye. "Funny you didn't notice it, Sir. You see, how I came to put it was like this. The lady I had with me last year said to me before she went away, 'Mrs. Pye,' she said, 'we 've had a *beautiful* time. So quiet and peaceful. And,' said she, 'no golf—no golf at Puccaporth. It 's made a different man of my husband, Mrs. Pye.' So," finished Mrs. Pye, "I thought it might be an extra attraction like if I put it in the advertisement. Town-folks are queer—begging your pardon, Sir. But it 's funny you didn't notice——"

I forget what it was I was going to say then if Clara had not seen fit to cut the interview short at this point.

"All right, Mrs. Pye. That will do. Thank you *so* much," she said sweetly.

I think on the whole that Mrs. Pye's statements can be credited, and I have forgiven her. But I feel that if ever I meet that compositor-fellow who set up the advertisement and converted "no" to "nr." I shall make him go h. and c. all over. Meantime I am spending my holiday bldg. snd. castles and playing hky. and bzq.

"PRIMUS INTER PARES
DON JUAN ITURRIBERRIGORRIGOICOEROTABERRICOECHEA."
Advt. in Argentine Paper.

Fancy trying to get a trunk call through to this gentleman!

From an article on sea-sickness:—

"It is said that deep, slow breathing is a great preventative, and sixteen or seventeen breaths should be taken a minute, as against the normal twenty. Take care to inspire as the vessel sinks and to expire as she rises."
Weekly Paper.

We have often felt like doing that, but up to the present have escaped.

From the report of an educational dispute:—

"Those who know state that the present staff are the most satisfactory teachers. The governors have to keep faith with them."
Welsh Paper.

But ought this sort of thing to be encouraged?



Bowler. "WOULD YOU MIND STANDING SIDEWAYS, OLD CHAP?"
Umpire. "I WILL—BUT IT 'S WORSE."

SMALL CLASSES.

Cowes is done and the big yachts gone
Off to the wet West Country races.
Now the little boats come to their own,
Creeping out from their mooring-places—
White-sailed dinghies and scudding "prams,"
Red-wings blown from the Island side,
Swinging in to the Lymington river,
Hurst and Beaulieu and up the river,
Up the river behind the tide.

Out from the shore comes the Yarmouth packet—
Up and down in the wash we dip—
Shouts aboard of her, stir and racket:—
"Room, make room, for the Island ship!"
Round we go with a clapping sail;
Solent beckons us, blue and wide;
Down and out by the road of the river,
Little ships in a little river;
Mind the marks where the rushes shiver!
Top of the holidays—top of the tide.

Scholars are Cheap To-day.

"Three girls gained State Scholarships in 1920 and 1921, which took them to —— College, and at 8*d.* per lb. are of excellent quality."
Local Paper.

"The last word in luxurious Motor Coaching. Sherlock Holmes himself could not detect the difference between the new Coaches, seated for 14, and the latest private family car seated for 6."—*Scots Paper.*

"A bit crowded, my dear Watson?"

"Bloomfield is on the canvas, prone and with eyes to the sky."—*Sunday Paper.*

It was clever of GIBBONS to defeat an opponent who had eyes in the back of his head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I ALWAYS thought Dijon was rather a pleasant old town. Blue skies and blue blouses, *cassis* in little bottles, mustard in little jars, *pain d'épice* put up in cracker-paper and (best of all) the old woman who sold "snails prepared and unprepared," and "oysters marine and Portugese." But Mr. A. E. W. MASON has changed all that; and now I shall never be able to get turned out at Dijon on my way to Modane without a shudder of repulsion. For Dijon is almost from first to last the scene of *The House of the Arrow* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), one of the most grisly and unforgettable detective stories I have ever come across. The local colour (all there is of it, for the tale is one gallop of episode) is very well done: that sinister house, the *Maison Grenelle*, at which *Jim Frobisher*, the maladroit English solicitor, arrives with *Mons. Hanaud*, the great French detective; those stately rooms, sealed by the local police, in one of which their invalid owner, *Mrs. Harlowe*, has died, it is supposed of poison; that mean back street where lives (and horribly dies) *Jean Cladel*, seller of forbidden drugs. All these are excellently drawn, and all are foreign ground to the two chief suspects—a fact which notably heightens the tension of their story. The dead woman's niece, *Betty Harlowe*, and her companion, *Ann Upcott*, both lonely and terror-stricken English girls, are the main factors in the problem, the former being accused from the outset, the latter to be implicated still more deeply before the wholly unexpected end. All along both girls are skilfully differentiated, and, if their common idol, *Frobisher*, is something of a lay-figure—well, we have all of us known imperfectly animated young solicitors, and *Frobisher* serves his turn well enough. But the great *Hanaud*, with his consummate *finesse* masked by ironic buffoonery, is a new and convincingly Gallic type of sleuth; and I do not consider I am lodging a merely personal appeal when I urge Mr. MASON to let me see some more of him.



"A POT O' STRAWBERRY JAM, PLEASE; AN' MUVVER SAYS THE LAST ONE WAS MADE OF STRAWBERRIES WHAT WAS GROWN ON GOOSEBERRY-BUSHES."

Five years are perhaps the shortest distance in time at the end of which the student can view the Great War in its right perspective. In his ingenious, bold and lucid work, *Plutarch Lied* (GRANT RICHARDS), M. JEAN DE PIERREFEU presents an analysis of the course of events which, in its illumination of the theories of war, can only be matched in this country by Rear-Admiral CONSETT'S *Triumph of Unarmed Forces*. What Admiral CONSETT does for sea warfare M. PIERREFEU does for the war on land. With a perfect composure he reveals the psychological origins of success and of failure. In his engaging preface M. PIERREFEU delicately explains that the propaganda in which the Allies indulged for the information of the neutral countries, which was necessarily misleading, deceived the Allied peoples themselves. *Plutarch*, in fact, lied generously. M. PIERREFEU, who edited the official *communiqué* issued by the French G.H.Q. for three years, felt it to be his duty to dissipate some illusions. With his criticism of the directors of the War on either side I am not competent to deal. It gives me the impression, however, of being scrupulously impartial. M. PIERREFEU addresses himself to the civilian, who, he insists, will undoubtedly be called to arms in the next conflict of nations, and who is therefore profoundly concerned to understand the elements of the new national warfare. These are set forth in the plainest terms. I am not surprised to learn that three-quarters of a million copies have been sold in France, and I hope that Mr. JEFFERY E. JEFFERY'S excellent translation will be as widely read in this country.

Kenya Mist (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) is a first novel, by the confession of its author, FLORENCE RIDDELL. It has already appeared as a serial under another name in a morning paper, and probably had a considerable success. I should not be surprised if it had a good sale in book form, for it makes easy and quite interesting reading of its kind, which is not unlike the work of another talented lady who has already done for Rhodesia what our author apparently intends to do for Kenya Colony. Local knowledge, a daring scorn of conventional morals and a certain originality in the choice of names are common to the two. So is a sort of playful humour, which sometimes becomes rather wearisome. *Michaela Dundas*, the heroine, is one of those young women who have lost faith in man, not altogether without reason; in the simple but moving language of the publisher she "yearns for motherhood, but is determined never to marry; she would have a child but not a husband." Only six months before the story opens she had shielded her shy cheeks in the misty loveliness of her bridal veil and gone forth to the little grey church resting under the shadow of a Surrey hill—only to find that he was not there to meet her. Pretty fair-haired *Glenison Ross* too, her cousin, married at twenty-one, had known misery, disillusion and even physical cruelty before she had come out to join *Michaela* on her six-hundred-acre farm. You might suppose that this pair would have put up something of a fight against matrimony, but the customary two-hundred-and-eighty pages are sufficient to see them both accepting the attentions of two gentlemen who have settled on the next farm. And in the meanwhile *Mike* (as we learn to call her) has "daringly realised her ideal," and no one seems to mind very much. The impression I derive from the book is that the spirit of modernity must have a strong hold on our youngest colony.



Visitor (to Writer's Wife). "GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT YOUR HUSBAND!"
Writer's Wife. "IT 'S ALL RIGHT—HE 'S THINKING OUT A NEW PLOT. DETECTIVE STORY BY THE LOOK OF IT."

Man in the past has built himself a variety of sailing craft, has sailed them, scrapped them and warmed his hands over the blue flames of their remains before the student has realised that the particular type has passed for ever. Occasionally we have safeguarded such specimens as may be seen moored in London river; but, shorn of their spars and roofed and chimneyed into domesticity, they present so sad a spectacle that one wonders whether a dignified cremation would not have been a more fitting end. Here, however, comes Mr. R. MORTON NANCE with a comely volume filled with reproductions of the models which he and his fellow-craftsmen have made to preserve for posterity the beautiful lines of the vessels of the past. You know how distressingly absent is the atmosphere of the sea from the cleanly steamship models one sees behind glass-cases in railway stations; but there seems to rise from many of the beautiful plates in *Sailing Ship Models* (HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH, LTD.) a faint odour of Stockholm tar, stimulating in us a desire to obtain at any price one of these craft, and, having swept the nursery floor clear of obstructions and having placed it on the green linoleum, to lie on our stomachs and pilot it through adventures and perils. But, judging from the craftsmanship displayed in these miniature vessels, they must be far beyond the pockets of most of us, so that Mr. MORTON NANCE's book comes as a boon. The author, in his very concise history of the art and purpose of ship-model making, expresses a wholesome horror of glass-cases, holding that the vessel that requires such protection can have little romance about it. But I would warn him that it would be a sad day for him if I, for one, fell upon his collection unawares. To finger the rigging and to manipulate the spars and shrouds is a temptation few could resist; yet, without the profound knowledge which Mr. MORTON NANCE possesses, most of us would soon reduce a proud three-decker to the semblance of an unsuccessful cat's-cradle.

Mr. DORNFORD YATES' *And Five Were Foolish* (WARD, LOCK) is a jolly little collection of modern fairy tales. The heroines of his ten stories are inordinately beautiful and have the loveliest slimmest ankles. Their squires are for the most part more than merely personable fellows; they are V.C.'s, Dukes in disguise, or penniless but deathly proud aristocrats. There 's heaps of money about. If the man has it not, then the wise or foolish virgin generally has. The best people eat the best food in the best restaurants. The endings are happy. Even the bitter little story of *Madeleine*, a saintly French *bourgeoise*, one of the foolish, and married to an unspeakable brute, ends in his renunciation of his cruelty at a supreme moment; the lady of high degree who marries her groom and repents the same day has the satisfaction of seeing him killed in a brawl; and even *Jo*, who ran away from her secret-service hero to a brilliant cruel cad, comes home to die in peace. This sounds all rather like the magazine formula; but Mr. YATES has a brisk pen that moves well above that rather exasperating average. His people have a pretty wit (rather like the author's, I imagine, and rather like each other's). On the whole certainly to be prescribed, one or two at a time, as a wholesome tonic against poor spirits.

To some of us who have lived in Cornwall for many years there comes a vivid sense not so much of misunder-



Visitor. "DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RATHER COLD AND DAMP FOR YOUR HUSBAND TO BE SITTING OUT IN THE GARDEN?"
Wife. "OH, IT 'LL NO HARM HIM. HE 'LL BE WATCHIN' THE SUNSET. HE ENJOYS A WEE BIT FREE ENTERTAINMENT."

standing her as of not understanding. We may love and admire the Duchy, but somehow or other she seems to be holding something back; she will not reveal herself entirely; she refuses the closest intimacy. Many novels have been written about Cornwall the scenes of which might as well have been laid in Balham or Birkenhead; they do not begin to touch the fringe of the secret of Cornwall's charm. And so it is a relief and a pleasure to read *Cornish Silhouettes* (LANE), for these tales and sketches are written by one who gets very near indeed to the secret. C. C. ROGERS (I do not know whether to say Mrs. or Miss) is at her best when she is writing of places and things. She is also good about the Cornish people and faithfully records their little peculiarities. Other writers have written, and written ably, of Cornish folk, but I doubt if any one has so nearly penetrated the Duchy's secret stronghold as Mrs. (or Miss) C. C. ROGERS does in her sketch "Wild Cornwall," and even she admits her failure. "That spirit of Cornwall, the spirit of wildness and beauty! I only know that it is not to be captured and yet it is everywhere. It is very close, yet inaccessible as the stars." Modesty is not the only virtue of this delightful writer.

I have a particular fondness for the kind of story, long or short, which seems to have been allowed to turn itself out at exactly what length it pleased, with no consideration for either editors or publishers. The three stories in Mrs. DELAND'S *New Friends in Old Chester* (MURRAY), although they are all something of a length, seem to belong to this pleasant tribe and kindly justify my fondness for it. I should have called "How *Could* She!" (the story of a girl who saved the man she loved from an unhappy marriage) the most delightful thing I have read for a long time, if I hadn't just read "An Old Chester Secret," in which a little washed-out spinster gives heart-room and home-room to an illegitimate boy. Again, having half-an-hour before, devoured "The Eliots' Katy," a story of an Irish emigrant mother and her child, I cannot say it about either of the other two, but must save it up for this one. These simple homely stories are full of human nature and the sort of humour that comes by the way. *Katy* at least is one of those creations of the imagination that really live and are likely to go on living.

"*Mr. Rowl*" (HEINEMANN) kept me agog from beginning to end. Mr. D. K. BROSTER sets out to relate the adventures and misadventures of a French prisoner of war in the England of the early years of the nineteenth century, and he succeeds in giving us a true and vivid picture of the period and in drawing a most engaging hero. *M. Raoul des Sablières* was the prisoner's name, but, as it proved far too difficult for English tongues to "get round," he was generally called *Mr. Rowl*. Fortunate in being loved by a charming and determined young lady, *Rowl* was most unfortunate, inasmuch as this love provoked one *Sir Francis Mulholland* to a jealousy that knew no bounds. *Sir Francis* made the falsest accusations against poor *Rowl*, and it was due to these lies that the latter was interned in the prison at Norman Cross. Subsequently escapes and captures follow hard on each other's heels, but the end of all these excitements was what I keenly desired for the prisoner and his lady-love. Had I to award asterisks of merit to novelists who have a story to tell and tell it well I should award Mr. BROSTER a brace or more.

"The child bridesmaids carried bouquets of shaded green peas."
West-Country Paper.

The ducks!

CHARIVARIA.

MANY Americans pay a pilgrimage to No. 10, Downing Street, in order to touch the knocker. A Russian delegation recently visited London in order to touch the Government.

* * *

The present summer is a triumph for the pessimist who is always expecting the worst. Now he 's got it.

* * *

In Regent Street recently a large water-main burst. In a few minutes the street resembled a cricket-pitch.

* * *

We trust that there is nothing sinister about the Government's endeavours to popularise flying. It sounds like an attempt to solve the housing problem once and for all.

* * *

Rouge of two thousand five hundred years ago has been discovered near Odessa. Were there never any good old times?

* * *

A remarkable case is reported from Chicago. It appears that Prohibition agents raided a residence there and did not find an illicit still in the cellar. The owner of the house is now regarded as an impostor.

* * *

An essayist appeals for more originality in the writing of letters. He has probably been receiving a number all beginning with the word "unless."

* * *

After special investigations by Dr. O. A. BOIJE, of Sweden, it has been discovered that most babies are born between six and nine o'clock in the morning. The others just please themselves.

* * *

A seaside resort has a jazz band which plays on a raft in the sea. It was hoped that this would be a success, but the people on the promenade can still hear it.

* * *

According to TOM GIBBONS, the American boxer, our English boxers don't fight enough. The trouble is that some American boxers stop them.

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY has decided that the installation of wireless in our prisons cannot be allowed. This pandering to the feelings of prisoners seems to be carried too far nowadays.

* * *

D'ANNUNZIO has constructed a theatre with forty seats priced at a thousand pounds each. This suggests a new thrill for our war rich. Fancy lingering over dinner and missing a hundred pounds' worth of play!

* * *

A man has just been admitted to a London hospital suffering from an inability to move his elbows away from his sides. It is thought that he has just returned from a caravan holiday.

* * *

Mr. H. J. RANDALL deplores the fact that great historical works don't appear nowadays. We agree. Our desk stands much more firmly with a thick volume under one leg than with two thin ones.

* * *

The largest porpoise in captivity is now to be seen at Brighton. The Thanet authorities are believed to be exerting every effort to secure a larger one.

* * *

Three four-year-olds have taken part in a children's angling competition at Deal. Our own feeling is that our little ones should rather be guided into ways of truth.

* * *

"Chess masters at grips," says a headline. There is far too much of this clinching for the good of the game.

* * *

A man has left Wigan to walk round the world. Who can blame him?

* * *

Two Swiss astronomers with a very powerful telescope believe they have discovered a sea on Mars. There is some talk of inviting them to try to find one at Southend.

* * *

The President of a South American State has just died a natural death. It is a source of satisfaction to his relatives that he outwitted his political opponents to the end.

* * *

There are 420,120 telephones in the London area. The things seem to thrive on criticism.

* * *

An inhabitant of Mazenay, France, has grown the largest mushroom ever known in the country. We understand that the doctor has forbidden him to talk much owing to arm-strain.

* * *

"If the Prime Minister hasn't the confidence of the nation, then who has?" asks a writer. Lots of people pin their faith to Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

* * *

In the opinion of a famous poet children can recite much better than they used to. The only fly in the ointment is that they will do it.

* * *

There is always the consolation that any change in the weather is bound to be an improvement.

* * *

Some consternation was caused the other day by a rather alarming report to the effect that farmers in Cheshire are optimistic about the harvest.

* * *

A contemporary mentions a suggestion that parrots should be let loose in our public parks. But surely we have enough orators in Hyde Park already.

* * *

A shortage of waitresses at riverside restaurants is ascribed to the unwillingness of the girls to wait on Sundays. Or on any other day, in many cases.



PAGEANT OF EMPIRE: THE LAST PHASE.

"THEY WALKED TOGETHER, ALICE WITH HER ARMS CLASPED LOVINGLY ROUND THE NECK OF THE SPRINGBOK."

"Through the Looking Glass" (Revised Edition).

Alice . . . . . MR. THOMAS.

THE SOCIALIST TRIUMPH.

THIS story belongs properly to Ernest. Calling on him the other evening, I found him with a pen in his hand and the Young Author's writing-pad before him.

"I am writing a very remarkable story," he said.

As this is the usual prelude to one of Ernest's flights of fancy, I remained calm.

"A prophetic story," he went on, "for it is certain to happen sooner or later. I will tell you the plot if you like," and, without waiting to know whether I liked or not, he did so.

"The hero of the story is Henry Barge. When the story opens Henry Barge is twenty-two years of age, and he owns a small draper's shop in the Fulham Road. Henry is a strong man. Not the conventional 'strong silent man' of fiction, you must understand. Indeed, impossible as it would have seemed to the novelists of an earlier decade, he is a strong and rather talkative man. Nor has he an iron jaw and a steely eye. These would have served him but ill in his business, for they would certainly have had a repellent effect upon seekers after drapery. No, Henry's manner is gentle and conciliatory, his appearance cherubic, his tongue loquacious. And yet he is strong, physically and intellectually, and ambitious. Soon to drapery he has added haberdashery. Then to haberdashery grocery, and to grocery butchery. By the time he is thirty he has the largest departmental store in London.

"By the time he is thirty-five he has absorbed all the other departmental stores. By the time he is forty he has absorbed all the smaller shops as well."

"An extraordinarily absorbent fellow, this Henry Barge," I said.

"Not extraordinary at all," said Ernest coolly. "England had been working up to Henry Barge for a long time, only no one realised it. So long ago as 1880 there was a 'Universal Provider.' Later came Lord Hulmerleave (or some such name), who guided many activities, including not only the ablutions of the masses but (though these with more qualified success) the destinies of some of the inhabitants of the outer islands. There was also the 'House of Unicorns,' which through sheer efficiency established a predominant position in the catering trade.

"Then at last came Henry Barge. He merely combined in one person all the characteristics which go to make the successful business man. He had a clear mind, courage, industry, vitality and an iron constitution. Also, as I have said, a conciliatory manner and a ready tongue. Other people had had these, of course, but never before a full dose of them all. But it was bound to come sooner or later. The odd part really was that it had not come sooner, not that it had come later.

"Henry was now well started on the upward path. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Being the only retailer, he soon became the only manufacturer. Control of the mines, the railways and the merchant shipping followed. It all came easy to him. His iron constitution held, and his flair for finding good lieutenants. Everything he controlled was so well-managed that if anything seemed ill-managed people began to complain and ask why Barge did not take it over.

"He very soon had the entire agriculture of the country, and the fishing. Everyone was happy, everything went smoothly. Then something happened which people had begun to think impossible. The iron constitution gave way. Henry Barge died.

"In all Henry Barge's career he was guilty, I suppose, of but one omission—he had never made a will. He was a bachelor and had no relations. His vast undertakings—the whole of the manufacturing and distributing of the country, the agriculture and the fisheries—reverted to the State. The Socialist ideal was thus arrived at automatically."

I considered this for a few minutes.

"It is certainly not so poor as most of your plots," I said encouragingly. "But let me hear the end. What happened when the State owned everything?"

"That is as may be," said Ernest. "As a fact I shall, I expect, make two endings. In the first ending all will go wonderfully well under the State, better even than in the days of Henry Barge, and I shall send the story to *The New Leader*. If they do not accept it I shall clap on the other ending, wherein everything goes wonderfully wrong under the State, and send it to *The Morning Post*."

"That," I cried in indignation, "is an utterly callous and depraved thing to do. I shall certainly not allow it. Rather than that the noble traditions of British journalism should be defiled I shall steal your idea and publish it myself."

Which I now do.

From a tax-collector's demand note:—

"Referring to my previous application for payment of the undermentioned instalment of Income Tax for the year 1923-24, I beg to request that the amount, now overdue, be paid or remitted to me WITHIN TEN DAYS FROM THIS DATE."

He is evidently making up for lost time, and in too much of a hurry to spell correctly.

VEGETABLE VARIATIONS

(On a Familiar Theme).

THE Grower and the Greengrocer
Were walking near the Strand;
The Grower was depressed to see
All business at a stand.
"If *This* were only swept away,"
He said, "it would be grand.

"If seven trades with seven strikes
Kept at it for a year,
Do you suppose," the Grower said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Greengrocer,
And grinned from ear to ear.

* * * * *

"O lorries, come and run for us,"
The Grower did beseech;
"We 'll see it through if only you
Will step into the breach
And take our loads along the roads
At fifty bob for each."

Then ten young lorries hurried up,
With ardent zeal inspired,
Their bonnets trim and neatly brushed,
All eager to be hired;
And hundreds followed in their track,
Well oiled and geared and tyred.

"The time has come," the Grower said,
"To talk of many things—
Of fruit and greens and peas and beans,
Of cabbages and 'rings,'
And how consumers may be fed
Without combines or 'kings.'"

"O lorries," said the Greengrocer,
"You 'll have a pleasant run,
And, even though the 'Garden' ends,
Your task is but begun,
And will not cease but will increase,
For you and we have won."

Our Mathematical Journalists.

"The bedstead of Og, King of Bashan, was nine cubits in length, which, after allowing a foot above his head and a foot below his feet, would give his height as over thirteen feet."
Local Paper.

We make it 11 ft. 6 in. Still that 's good enough.

"Wanted, prize-winning Cairn Dog or Bitch, must have no West Highland blood; must be willing to be sent on approval."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We are glad to note the consideration displayed for the feelings of these highly-bred animals.

"Speaking at the Convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy, Dr. —— asserted that the widespread indulgence in poisonous beverages was undermining the health of the younger generation, and causing an alarming increase in hay fever."
New Zealand Paper.

A warning not to be sneezed at.



THE THIN END OF THE VEG.

MARKET GARDENER AND GREENGROCER. "WE 'RE SORRY FOR YOUR TROUBLE, BUT EVERYBODY WILL THANK YOU FOR BRINGING US CLOSER TOGETHER."

[As soon as the strike of Covent Garden porters broke out, plans were arranged for the distribution of supplies direct from the growers to the retailers throughout the country.]



Undefeatable Picnicker. "EXCUSE ME—I WONDER IF I MAY HAVE A LITTLE WATER?"

HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

I.—THE VIKING BREED.

SANDSMOUTH BAY is one of those nice smooth bays—I mean it doesn't specialise in nasty choppy seas or huge Atlantic rollers or other marine disasters. "Glassy" is the right adjective for it; a kindly unexacting sort of bay. And so when Gilbey suggested a sail I agreed with alacrity.

"Just the two of us," said Gilbey. "No need to take a man. You know all about sailing a boat, I suppose?"

"Oh, rather," I said.

"So do I," said Gilbey. "Perfectly simple when you know the ropes."

"Quite. And the sails and things," I said carelessly.

It is a curious thing the effect that holidays and ozone have on one's mentality. I knew that Gilbey knew nothing about sailing-boats, and Gilbey knew that I knew it. At the same time Gilbey is perfectly aware that my career as a Viking had up to then been limited to an occasional punt at Maidenhead. But when one belongs to an island race of sea-dogs—I mean NELSON and FROBISHER and DRAKE and—er—NELSON, and people like that—one is surely permitted to believe that heredity and environment count for something.

"What sort of craft, Gilbey?" I said. "Do you prefer a lugger, schooner-rigged, or a cutter with a spinnaker and a couple of mizzens?"

Gilbey looked annoyed. But it was his own fault. He ought to have thought of it first.

"Oh, just a boat," he said snappily.

We walked down to the jetty and picked out a nice clean one ("I like 'em clipper built," said Gilbey), and the man in charge assured us that she was as seaworthy as the *Mauretania*.

"Is she a witch to sail?" I asked.

"I dessay," said the man dubiously, getting into her and doing a little tired baling with a cigarette tin.

"And what about luffing?" asked Gilbey with a knowing look.

"Bluffing?"

"I 'm doing nothing of the kind," said Gilbey with a cold stare. "It 's no use trying to deceive me. Will she luff all right?"

The man looked curiously from Gilbey to me and back again.

"Has either o' you gen'lemen ever sailed a boat afore?" he asked.

"Of course," said Gilbey indignantly. "When I was at Salonica we did practically nothing else."

All the hazardous things in Gilbey's career happened at Salonica.

"And I came back on the *Mayflower*," I said. "In ballast."

The man scratched his head.

"I dessay you 'll be all right," he said. "Can you swim?"

* * * * *

With the help of a good push from the ancient mariner and a little deft work with the oars on my part, we managed to get clear of the jetty. A tiny puff of wind took our craft a degree or two out of the perpendicular.

"She 's feeling it," I shouted. "I 'll take the helm, Gilbey. You get busy on the—er—fore peak. Look alive now!"

"Who are you talking to?" said Gilbey, staring.

"The crew," I said.

"Look here," said Gilbey—"who suggested——?"

But the blood of a hundred or so Viking ancestors was beginning to stir in my veins.

"Now don't let 's have any mutiny on the high seas," I said sternly.

Gilbey gasped.

"Look here," he said again—"who was it——?"

But just then another and stronger puff of wind tilted the good ship *Susan* a little further over, and Gilbey, who had stood up, sat down again suddenly.

"Yare the bowline!" I shouted.

"Yare it yourself," said Gilbey.

"I haven't got it."

"Neither have I," said Gilbey.

"Well, somebody must have it," I said reasonably, "otherwise how can we yare it."

"I don't believe it needs yaring at all," said Gilbey. "And what's more," he continued threateningly, "I don't believe you know what you're talking about."

"Don't speak to the man at the wheel," I said, frowning. "Surely you know *that*, Gilbey. What are you looking for?"

"A belaying-pin," said Gilbey with a mutinous look.

I felt in my hip-pocket: I had no revolver. I felt between my teeth: I hadn't even a cutlass.

"Get forrard, you scum!" I shouted, putting a bold face on it.

"Shan't," said the scum.

For a moment the *Susan* hung in the wind, the atmosphere of her decks tense, big with tragic possibilities. Then the little breeze died away.

I had another idea.

"You there," I shouted—this is a form of address used by the best skippers, as one not calculated to give the crew too good an opinion of itself—"jump aloft and see if you can see any land."

"What do you mean—land?" said Gilbey, staring.

"Surely you know what land is. That solid stuff with houses and golf-links and things on it."

As I spoke the wind freshened again and caught the *Susan* abaft or abeam or something. Gilbey sat down again, this time partly in the sea.

"Don't keep bobbing up and down, Gilbey," I said. "How do you expect me to steer?"

"Why don't you keep the boat on her course?" he retorted. "And it's all very well for you, lolling there like that."

"I'm not lolling," I said; "I'm conning."

"Look here——"

"There you go again, Gilbey. You must not tell the skipper to look here."

"Who says you're the skipper?"

"You'll find all the details at Lloyd's," I said kindly.

The wind suddenly increased to a hurricane—at least that was my impression—and the *Susan* began to lean over at an alarming angle.

"Lively now!" I shouted. "Reef the jib and put the storm gaskets on the capstan. Then you can come aft and heave the speedometer. I can't have you idling about the decks like that."

I couldn't see the crew—he was hidden by the sail—but I have no doubt that the marine disaster which followed was largely his fault. By skilfully manipulating the helm I brought the *Susan* round until she was on an even keel again. Gilbey was still not visible, but as the good ship steadied on her new tack my heart warmed towards the faithful fellow with whom I had shared so many of the dangers of the deep.

"Bo'sun," I called, "pipe all hands aft."

"What's the matter now?" said the bo'sun sulkily.

"Tot of rum," I said heartily.

But the bo'sun didn't move. "Where d' you think you're going?" he asked.

"Sealed orders," I said mysteriously.

"But you're going to hit the jetty in about ten seconds."

It was slightly less than that. There was a shout, a sudden jerk, a sound as of splintering wood and the skipper had brought the good ship *Susan* safely back to harbour.

* * * * *

The ancient mariner met us at the foot of the jetty steps.

"You 'av'n't been very far," he said, "but p'r'aps it was far enough. It 'll be a shillin' for the boat an' ten shillin's for the damage."

Gilbey was very silent as we walked away.



Jack (reading father's expert article on last Test match). "OH, I SAY, DAD—YOU SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED ME BEFORE YOU WROTE ALL THIS."



"WHAT KIND OF PERSON WAS IT WHO CALLED, MRS. HIGGS?"
"'E WERE A PERFICK GENTLEMAN, 'M. 'E ROSE 'IS 'AT AT ME."

"Well," I said brightly, "I've thoroughly enjoyed our sail. And any time you want me to take you out again and give you a few tips, you know, Gilbey, you've only to say so."

Gilbey stopped in his tracks and stared. "Look here——" he began.

But his heart was too full for speech and he turned and left me without another word.

As for me, I walked back to the hotel with a nautical roll and my hat over one eye, looking like BEATTY.

L. DU G.

How to Brighten Cricket.

From an article by Mr. JESSOP on the Test team for Australia:—

"Were it my good fortune to lead such a team, the batting order would read as follows: Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Sandham, Hearne, Woolley, Hendren, Tate, A. with a live bomb in his hand."

Who is this "A."? Like Mr. JESSOP himself he appears to be a hitter of the explosive type.

From a money-lender's advertisement:—

"Don't abandon your Summer Holidays because of a slender purpose. Use our money."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Or, as *Lady Macbeth* might say:—

"Infirm of purpose, give me your I.O.U."

THE DECISION.

THE fire had burned low, for the night was damp and stormy. Outside the wind soughed and moaned in the branches of the great elms, and all the sadness of the world was in the sound. In the great dim room it was unearthly silent; only now and then a burnt-out ember dropped dully into the grate.

The men sat on where they had grouped themselves for the special purpose in view. For some minutes no one had spoken. The tall grey-haired old Colonel, to whom the others had all looked for a lead, had shaken his head, and now it was to Geoffrey Carfax that every eye turned.

Before Geoffrey Carfax the cross roads that come in every man's life-journey had opened out, and he sat there in the throes of indecision. His thick black hair was in disarray above his flushed face, his right hand beat a nervous tattoo on the table before him. His cigar, long forgotten in the ash-tray, lay cold and dead beside him.

To those watching that tense, anxious, irresolute face, came no indication of what the decision would be.

The old Colonel deliberately selected a cigarette from a monogrammed case. The Doctor lowered the shade on the candle by his side and immediately returned his gaze to Geoffrey Carfax's face.

But to the keen-eyed family solicitor who sat on Geoffrey's left that look of uncertainty was curiously familiar. In his dusty booklined chambers in Southampton Row many a man wearing just that look had sat in the past thirty years; some, alas! had still worn it as they went away. He fell into the habit of a lifetime, adjusting and readjusting his pince-nez. And the clock on the marble chimney-piece ticked on, inexorable as Fate.

And then—at last—a change came. In Carfax's tired eyes a light grew, a light of recklessness, of devil-may-care. In a voice clear and calm enough now Geoffrey Carfax spoke.

"One diamond," he said.

It is our habit, like *Mrs. Battle* at whist, to take our Bridge seriously at the Dormy House.

"It is understood that France is willing to agree to the military excavation of the Ruhr in return for commercial compensation."
Provincial Paper.

We trust this does not mean that the French are going to dig themselves in again.



Tenant of Grouse Moor (to gamekeeper). "LOOK 'ERE—THIS SORT OF THING WON'T DO FOR ME. THERE AIN'T BIN 'ALF-A-DOZEN BIRDS HIT. I DON'T WANT ANY OF YER 'IGH-SPEED DRIVING—YOU SEND 'EM ALONG GENTLY, AT ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR."

OFFICIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

[In a recent edict issued in the Transvaal, lions are described as vermin.]

WHEN, culmination of a season's wooing,
My fondest hopes to Mary I outlined,
And she replied that there was nothing doing,
With more directness than was really kind;
Though other lovers, when their hearts were wrung, went
On big game expeditions overseas,
I somehow felt this immemorial unguent
Was never meant for me.

I felt, however sick my heart and sorry,
This course required a courage that I lack,
And deemed it not unlikely that the quarry
Might show a tendency to answer back;
That one who thus went seeking to deliver a
Heart from the woes that made all hope seem dead
Might find that uncompassionate carnivora
Were hunting him instead.

To one like me who am not deft to handle
The deadly armouries that sportsmen use
The lion seemed a game not worth the candle,
An anodyne it were not wise to choose;
Although my cardiac pangs remained unending,
I did not hanker for a closer view
Than that obtained in safety by attending
His lunch-time at the Zoo.

But now my hunting zeal is simply boundless;
To-morrow morning I shall make a start;
This latest edict makes the fear seem groundless
Of lions lunching off me *à la carte*.
Soon for the king of beasts I shall be sweeping
His jungle habitats with eager eye,
Trusting my good right arm, but always keeping
My (vermin) powder dry.

MISLEADING CASES.

II.—THE HIGHBROW (*continued*).

Trott v. *Tulip.*

(Before Mr. Justice WOOL).

THE hearing of this case, in which Miss Clelia Trott is claiming damages from Mrs. Tulip, the well-known critic, for the use of the word "highbrow" in a review of her book, *Midnight*, was continued to-day, when Mr. Justice Wool almost completed his address to the jury. This was the twenty-eighth day of the hearing.

HIS LORDSHIP, continuing, said: We have therefore these two opposing interpretations of the disputed word "highbrow"—first, that it is laudatory and signifies intelligence; and, second, that it is insulting and signifies intelligence *plus* arrogance (and, according to the witness FRANKAU, *plus* long hair as well; or, if we adopt the words of the witness Vines, *plus* long hair, anæmia and moral flabbiness).

Now, if there is any substance in the former contention, we should expect to find among the members of the literary craft an eagerness, or at least a readiness, to be named by this name, for, though few writers lay claim to moral excellence, they have all, I take it, a certain confidence in their own intelligences. On the contrary, however, though every author who gave evidence was able without hesitation to name at least one among his contemporaries as a highbrow, I observed a curious reluctance, even in those writers who professedly cater for the educated orders of society, to be themselves considered highbrows. In fact, we may here again detect a parallel in the field of morals, for all men are proud of their purity, but few will accept without demur the title of a Puritan.

It may be well to remind you of certain passages in the evidence which bear upon this part of the case. Take, for example, the witness FRANKAU:—

Counsel. What do you mean by a "successful" novelist, Mr. FRANKAU?

Witness. I mean twenty thousand.

Counsel. Twenty thousand novelists, Mr. FRANKAU?

Witness. A sale of twenty thousand.

Counsel. In your opinion is it possible for a highbrow to be successful in that sense?

Witness (*decidedly*). Quite impossible. He may be a successful highbrow, but a successful novelist—never.

Counsel. Why not?

Witness. There is no red blood in him. The people want red blood. Red corpuscles. He-men. You never saw a highbrow sitting a horse.

Counsel. Is that a fair test of literary merit?

Witness. It is the test of a Man.

Counsel. You are a person of high intelligence, Mr. FRANKAU?

Witness. One of the best.

Counsel. Then are you not a highbrow?

Witness. God forbid!

Counsel. Can you name any living highbrows?

Witness (*rapidly*). Mr. SHAW, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. BELLOC, Mr. SQUIRE, Mr. MURRY, Mr. GALSWORTHY, Mr. DRINKWATER, Mr. LAWRENCE, Mr. NOYES, Mr.——

Counsel. That will do for the present. Is Mr. H. G. WELLS a highbrow?

Witness. No. I can see WELLS sitting a horse.

Counsel. Can you not see Mr. SHAW or Mr. WALKLEY sitting a horse?

Witness (*laughing*). Absurd!

Counsel. In your opinion was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE a highbrow?

Witness. No; he made good.

This witness therefore makes two distinctions: (*a*) between the highbrow and the successful, and (*b*) between the highbrow and the author who can be visualised without merriment astride of a horse. How far this is helpful will be a question for the jury. He was followed by the witness SHAW, an extremely skittish old gentleman, who seemed to have no idea of the procedure, purpose or indeed the dignity of a Court of Law:

Counsel. In your opinion, Mr. SHAW, what is the nature of a highbrow?

Witness. Everybody is a highbrow. The question is nonsense. Only a civilisation which spends more on vaccination than it spends on the theatre, and is more excited by a battleship than by an elementary school, could have given birth to such a word. The filthiest peasant in Russia and the stupidest statesman in Whitehall are both highbrows, because each of them knows another man who is more foolish than himself, and that man knows it. The only person alive who is not a highbrow is the stupidest man in the world, and you will find him in Harley Street, Downing Street or——

Counsel. Stop a moment, Mr. SHAW.

Witness. Why should I stop a moment? You brought me here, presumably, to advertise myself, and advertise myself I will. There is only one division of the human race—the civilised, who appreciate my plays, and the barbarians, who don't.

Counsel. In your opinion is Mr. WALKLEY a highbrow?

Witness. WALKLEY is a barbarian.

With these words the witness left the court, and only his obvious inability to furnish useful information on any subject whatever prevented me from having him forcibly brought back.

We then had Mr. WALKLEY, whose evidence is, or should have been, interesting, for the reason that in Mr. FRANKAU's view he is a highbrow, and in Mr. SHAW's a barbarian, which we may take to mean a lowbrow. This witness was bi- and sometimes tri-lingual.

Counsel. Are you a highbrow, Mr. WALKLEY, or a barbarian?

Witness. I am content with any label which the younger generation are pleased to give me. *Il y en a beaucoup.*

Counsel. We understand that you do not like Mr. SHAW's plays. Is that because they are highbrow?

Witness. I did not know that Mr. SHAW had written any plays.

Counsel. In your opinion, then, what has he written?

Witness. He has written a great deal. *Parvum in multo.*

Counsel. Quite. But is he not a highbrow?

Witness. Physically, maybe. *Il a la tête assez grande.*

Counsel. Not intellectually?

Witness. You must not ask me about the intellect. It is a question of taste, the appreciation of beauty. Mr. SHAW has neither. *Ni l'un ni l'autre.*

Counsel. Pardon my insistence, Mr. WALKLEY, but what in your judgment constitutes a highbrow?

Witness. There are those who have taste, who appreciate style, beauty and form, JANE AUSTEN, PROUST and saucy French plays; there are those who do not. *Voilà tout!*

Counsel. The latter being lowbrows?

Witness. I should prefer not to call the young gentlemen names. I do not wish to meet them. That is all.

Counsel. Have you any objection to calling Mr. SHAW names?

Witness. None whatever. SHAW is an old maid.

If the jury have extracted any enlightenment from the evidence of these two eminent gentlemen they are more acute than I. But the young and obscure are not much more helpful. For we then had the astonishing testimony of the SITWELL family, who elected to give their evidence three at a time, for the reason, I take it, that they are a family of one idea. By arrangement between the parties this unusual course was permitted, and Mr. OSBERT SITWELL, Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL and Miss EDITH SITWELL, you will remember, entered the box together.

Counsel. You are the three SITWELLS?

The Witnesses. Not three SITWELLS



"My dear, *do* look at these old fashions. Did you ever see—such freaks?"

but one SITWELL. Milord, we have a protest to make.

The Court. What is the matter with you?

The Witnesses. We do not think that Mr. SHAW should be allowed to come here and advertise himself at his age.

The Court. Nobody must come here and advertise himself at any age.

The Witnesses. Let the New Poets have a chance.

The Court. Very well. You have made your protest. Now what have you to tell us about highbrows?

The Witnesses. All the Georgian poets are highbrows, in the sense that one speaks of "high" pheasant or "high" grouse — obsolescent, stale, decayed.

Counsel. Quite. But is not a high grouse more pleasant than another?

The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

Counsel. Who, would you say, is the principal living——

The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

Counsel. Would you mind telling the Court——

The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

Counsel. In your view, is Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING——

The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

Counsel. What is your estimate of——

The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

Counsel. What is your own contribution to the literature of——

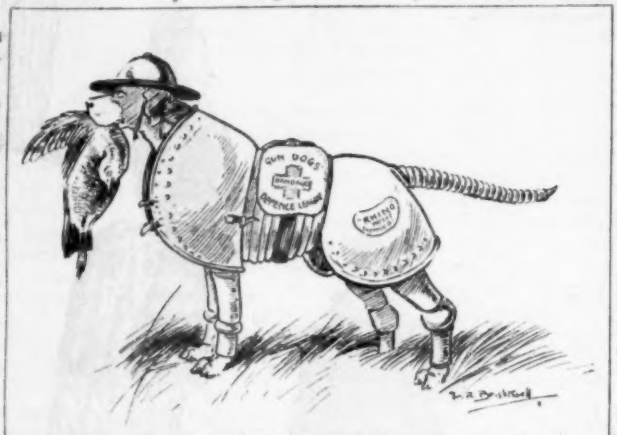
The Witnesses. We can't stand Mr. SQUIRE.

And so forth. The various obsessions of these authors, young and old, modern or out-of-date, however interesting in a medical sense, are singularly sterile for the purposes of this Court. But from this and other passages with which I will not weary you, we may safely conclude, I think, that the word highbrow, though devoid of any exact scientific significance, has even in literary circles the general force of an abusive term; and it may not ineptly be compared with a boomerang flung by a savage, of which the direction is often uncertain but the intention behind the throw is seldom in doubt; moreover, in the end it is as likely as not to do as much injury to the thrower as to the throwee.

This view is reinforced by the evidence (far more fruitful) which we have had from lay or non-literary quarters. The witness Vines, for example, a Major, was crystal clear. The genus highbrow, in his view, has many species, but all repulsive. Moreover (which is unusual) he has seen these monsters in the flesh. They are banded together, he assured us, in secret or semi-secret societies, which have no other purpose than the performance of indecent plays on the evening of the Lord's Day; they are distinguished in the males by long hair, Malacca canes and curls, and in the females by tortoise-shell glasses, Spanish shawls and shapeless Oriental garments; they have no contact with the life of the people, are incapable of cricket, unacquainted with golf, are wholly without patriotism or decent feeling and openly praise the so-called artistic works of unknown French and Italian painters whose moral character, it is to be feared, is too often as dubious as their own. This witness gave his evidence in a manly and straightforward way, and to my mind it is convincing. The picture which he drew of the observances of these creatures is so revolting that no lady or gentleman of right feeling could well submit to be named by their name without some effort to secure such protection as the law affords. And I am satisfied that on this point at least the plaintiff has made good her case.

The learned Judge had not concluded his address when the Court adjourned.

A. P. H.



SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR GUN-DOGS USED BY OUR NEW SPORTSMEN.

"Just opened. The most modern Residential Hotel. Disappearing beds, etc."
Advt. in Morning Paper.

No difficulty about early rising at this establishment.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Great Attraction. 'Between Friends.' The Great Fight. Bloomfield *v.* Gibbons. Six days."

A great improvement on the three rounds at the Stadium.

AT THE PLAY.

"STORM" (AMBASSADORS).

In 1761 or thereabouts the spinsters of Tinderley had a battle royal with the wives thereof. Nor history nor Mr. C. K. MUNRO relates what it was all about; but, as old *Mrs. Bolland* says, "Their husbands knew, no doubt."

Unfortunately, the author has been betrayed by his preoccupation with "pattern" in the modern manner into introducing a faint wraith of a futile feminine author engaged now for many years on the biography of a certain Captain Bulstrode, wistfully pursuing a bored Professor from lounge to terrace and terrace to hillside with details of her highly unnecessary task. I was as bored as the Professor with Captain Bulstrode and his biographer, who were neither relevant nor amusing. A mistake in both technique and tactics, I should say.

This modern battle between the spinsters, or at least one good-looking and extraordinarily unattractive spinster and the wives or mistresses, is being fought over again in this year of gracelessness in the lounge of a hydro. I take it on trust from Mr. MUNRO that people do foregather in the lounges of hydros, but it seems a dismal way of spending good time in a wonderful world.

Some blind and deaf ass has written, it seems, a book on Friendship and founded a Society for Improved Human Relations, one of whose chief tenets is that "a friend may say anything to a friend." *Miss Gayler* (Miss JEAN CADELL), the good-looking spinster, gets down to the work and creates more mischief to the minute than can ever have been achieved in the most portentous of hydros.

She persuades the amiable idiot, *Blount* (most engagingly presented by Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD, looking more like a BATEMAN cartoon than is at all likely), that he is misunderstood by his wife; and a preposterous tenor that he ought to leave his extraordinarily vivid and attractive spitfire of a mistress (Miss ELISSA LANDI) in the interests, not of morality, of course, but of friendship. Very properly, wife and mistress rout the too crude spinster after a protracted engagement, in which Mr. MUNRO makes pretty play with his quiet wit, ingenuity of situation and sense of the grotesque in character. If the parts were distinctly better than the whole, that, after all, is a blemish which is apt to strike



"'ERE Y'ARE—A 'ANDSOME GLASS CAKE-DISH. IF YER 'AVEN'T GOT A CAKE TO PUT ON IT, PUT BREAD-AN'-MARGARINE ON IT—IT'S IMPERIAL TO ME."

technically sophisticated and intrusive people like critics, rather than the ordinarily honest soul who is properly grateful when he is made to laugh or grin continuously. The playing was excellent. Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD'S command of the subtleties of facial expression was only equalled by the superbly appropriate cut of his grey flannel trousers. A most diverting business. Miss CADELL seemed a little too strident. I think her part would sound better in a lower key. Miss ELISSA LANDI—a name new to me—played the girl *Storm* with fire and conviction—a performance distinctly good in itself and full of further promise. I liked ARTHUR PUSEY'S tenor—while capable Miss LINDSAY GRAY was excellent as a dear old Scottish lady. We were amused, by the way, to see how unscrupulously the author decided what she was to hear and what she wasn't.

He must, of course, be prepared to be told that all his characters are lifted bodily out of *Mrs. Beam's* drawing-room and shoved into this hydro lounge. It is an obvious thing to say, but not, I think, conspicuously true. I didn't find these hydro folk very probable people, but they certainly didn't lack individuality. I am sorry that *Storm* the fighter had to decline to sentimental tears when she found that *Mr. Blount*, about to run away with her, by way of friendship *bien entendu*, had most carefully stuffed his pockets with the socks his wife had knitted for him. This was made the occasion of a litt'e sermon on wives which I am sure would never have come out of *Storm's* mouth.

However, a distinctly amusing evening. T.

"Meanwhile our unemployed steadily increase in size."—*Daily Paper.*

The "dole" is so fattening.



Captain (to small boy). "NOW THEN, PETER, GO IN AND KNOCK OFF THE RUNS."
Peter. "I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR, BUT IT'S HARD TO TAKE THIS HOLIDAY CRICKET SERIOUSLY."

TO SHEILA.

(A Labrador débutante.)

KING SOLOMON sang with the happiest knack;
His Belovèd, he told us, was comely but black;
And I, who can plagiarise patly and plumbly,
Declare, my good Sheila, you, too, black and comely.

But "belovèd"? you ask, like a daughter of Eve;
Young lady, my heart's never worn on my sleeve;
What cheek! and yourself little more than a pup too:
My love, Miss New-comer, is one to work up to.

And, just though you're shapely and shiny and swell,
Don't think that you've taken the place of old Nell,
Who sleeps near the door that she's lately forsaken;
No gun-case to thrill her, no whistle to waken.

But if you'll be prudent with rabbit and hare,
And if, when you're told to, you *do* "have a care,"
And if at an order you're prompt to obey it,
You may *hope*, I'll say that—yes, I'll certainly say it.

And if you can conquer original sin
And rarely or never, no never, "run in,"
And abjure talking rats with that young detrimental,
The terrier Riley, and if you are gentle

And winsome and *working*, we never can tell,
Though I ne'er could love any like rusty-coat Nell
(Who'll greet me, I'm sure, where the asphodel's shady),
Still, I *might* be consoled by a Labrador lady.

THE OILER.

I CAN'T think why nobody has ever thought of it before. He was a little man too, rather shabby, and with that kind of crushed look that rather shabby little men often wear; not a bit the sort of chap you'd have suspected of being bright enough to get such an idea into his head.

If you'd seen him in the Gardens, as I did, with about a dozen pretty nursemaids round him, you'd have been just as curious as I was to know what he was up to. When I could stand it no longer I strolled up to discover the secret of his attraction. He told me, and, as I can't think why nobody has ever thought of it before, I'm going to tell you exactly what he said, in his own words, like this:—

"Not at all, Sir. Only too pleased. I think I may say it's entirely my own idea, and I'm proud to be able to report that, though I've taken three shillings-and-fourpence this morning in pennies, Fridays are not my best days. Garden gates and—in ideal homes—doors are the most profitable, and Tuesdays and Thursdays are my days for those."

He pulled a small oilcan out of a pocket and continued:—

"I hope you're not one of those people, Sir, who think that, because a nursemaid pushes a pram that squeaks, she doesn't care. You'd be surprised at the number of really nice mistresses who never give a thought to an oilcan. But that's where I come in, as the saying is—penny a squeak, that's my charge."

He drew a small notebook from another pocket and coughed slightly.

"I have here," he went on, "some tabulated figures which would astonish you. This page, for instance, reveals the



Old Lady (up in London from country). "WHICH IS THE WAY TO THE RAILWAY STATION?"

almost incredible conditions in twenty-five private residences, assessed at a hundred pounds and over, within a radius of three miles from Peter Pan's statue."

He handed me the book and pointed to his table:—

I.	II.	III.	IV.
With oil and oilcans	With oil but without oilcans	With cans but without oil	Without oil or oilcans
3	4	5	13

"Can you wonder at the high level of the insanity rate among park-keepers when you add up the figures in columns II., III. and IV. and consider the amount of squeaking-pram-power indicated by the total?" he continued.

"Mind you, I get some toughish jobs sometimes, but I've never yet met the squeak I couldn't stop. No, my chief trouble is the active opposition of the National Federation of Oilcan-Makers' Associations, whose business is founded on squeaks, in a manner of sq—speaking.

"One of my most promising departments is the private commission section. Families waited on daily. Distance no object. Oiling done with secrecy and despatch. Only the day before yesterday I executed an order for a private gentleman in Bayswater to his complete satisfaction. Author, I think he was; he showed me some cigarette-pictures of railway-engines he 'd done the descriptions of on the back. Said his work was very trying on account of having to keep his sentences so short.

"Anyway, there was a milk-cart that passed his window every morning when he was working which squeaked so badly that his publishers had complained twice about bad language. I'm glad to say that I was able to trace this particular milk-cart to its place of origin, secrete myself within the building and eliminate the squeak entirely before dawn. My charge for this was seven-and-sixpence."

The little man paused—in expectation, it seemed to me, of some comment on my part.

"Some departments of literature," I remarked politely, "are obviously more remunerative than others. Only a peculiarly successful author would be able to afford seven-and-six even to exterminate a squeak."

But the oiler was not listening to me. He was gazing fixedly down the Broad Walk, and I swear I saw him cock his ears. He turned suddenly. "Excuse me, Sir; I can hear a job at Queen's Gate," he said, and was gone.

A LAVENDER DITTY.

WE've reaped our stock of lavender and spread it in the sun;
All the season's visitors have come to see the fun—
Emperors in purple and Admirals in red
(The floating sort of Admiral wears navy-blue instead);
Perhaps a Painted Lady and perhaps some Common Whites,
Simple folk, like you and me, who 've come to see the sights.
They visit us and flirt at us, and go their dancing way,
And leave the busy bees to work through all the summer day;
And, when we 've hidden the lavender 'twixt pillow-slip and sheet,
The bees have had the best of it—for you and me to eat.



ANOTHER HOT WEATHER CONVERSATION.

Little Girl (who has been offered a banana). "NO, I DON'T LIKE THEM, FANK GOODNESS."
Her Friend. "WHY 'FANK GOODNESS'?"
Little Girl. "'COS IF I DID I'D EAT THEM—AND I HATE THEM."

A HOLI-DAY-DREAM.

IT is hard to believe that this time next week I shall be back in the dear old office again. How time flies, to be sure! A fortnight ago, when I went in to say good-bye to the manager and he asked me whether I did not know quite well that he was busy, it seemed a long time to have to wait before my next forty-nine weeks of work would begin. Yet almost before I know where I am I find myself within measurable distance of that to which I have been so eagerly looking forward.

I wonder whether the place will have changed much. Will the commissionaire still be in his box in the vestibule making his selection of winners for the day? I don't mind betting that he will, and that the old fellow will hardly have altered at all. A tough old scout, if ever there was one.

And Blink—can he be there still? I hope so. The place would not seem the same without dear old Blink at his desk in the window, with his dear old head bending over his dear old papers and his dear old pen working away for as long as five minutes at a time without once stopping to take ink.

And Messit, the office-boy—that is to say, he was office-boy when I came away. I remember him well. I remember how he borrowed my raincoat one lunch-time back in July, and how angry I was when I discovered what he had done to it with his roll-and-butter. But all that is past, and I bear him no malice. I look forward to seeing Messit again, with his unruly locks at one end of him and his spats at the other.

The instant I arrive I shall look out for the calendar of the United Universal Assurance Association, Limited, over the fireplace. I do hope they have not moved it. Each year since '18 I have looked for it, with its gracious figure of Benevolence handing out grape-fruit, greengages and other life-preserving sustenance to Youth, represented by a curly-headed child absolutely unclad.

Imagine how contentedly I shall sink down on to the old chair, first spreading a newspaper to prevent the exposed springs from gnawing my trousers; and my eyes will be moist as I look once more upon the three inkpots: one labelled RED, the second labelled COPYING and the third labelled BLACK—the first two full of pins and the third full of pins and ink. I shall fill my lungs deeply with the aromatic atmosphere of the place and shall give a contented sigh of intense relief at the prospect of a respite for forty-nine weeks from the strain and stress and the great responsibility of the seaside; and I shall whisper, oh, so gently! so that only the tattered blotting-pad, perhaps, will hear, "Dear old office!" Then, seizing my pen, I shall plunge into its delights and lose myself, forgetting all corroding watering-place care in the merry whirl of its gaiety.

An Erudite Contemporary.

"Handel . . . I think is the greatest song-writer, not excepting Hubert."—*Provincial Paper.*

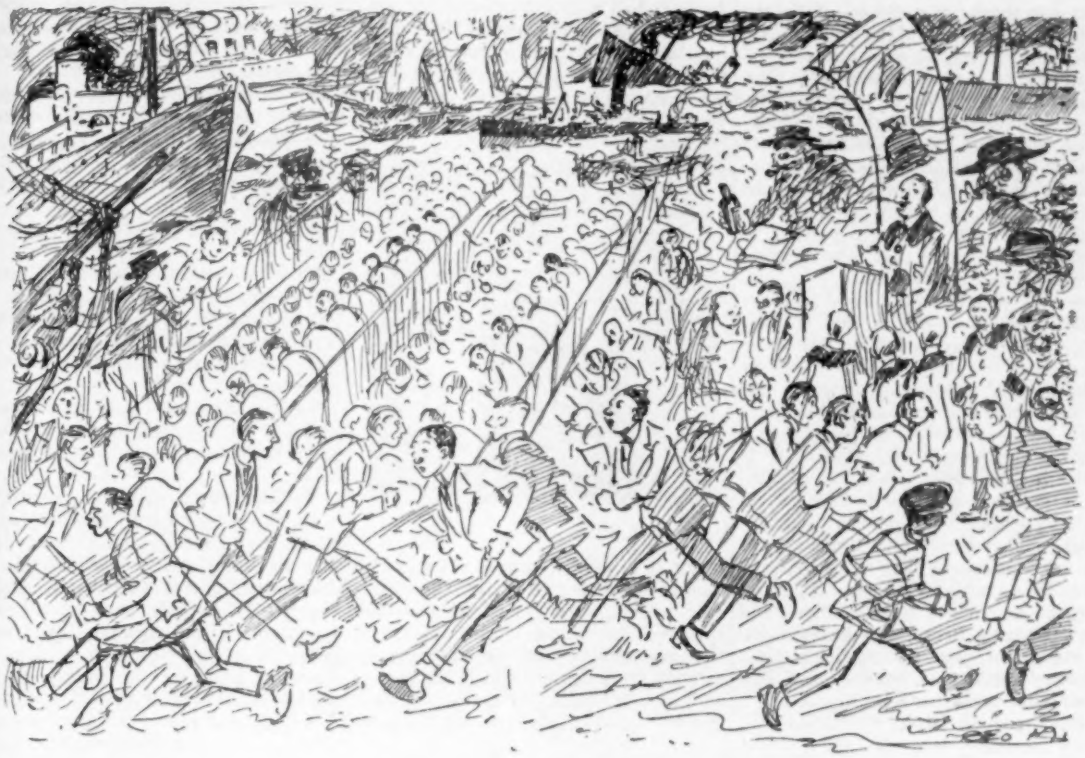
Who is this Hubert, anyhow?



A COMPLETE CHANGE.

[The forthcoming meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva will be attended (for the first time in its history) by the British and French Prime Ministers.]

LLOYD'S.



THESE are days when no institution seems to be safe. St. Paul's is said to be tottering, the City churches are threatened, Regent Street is in the rebuilders' hands, and now comes the news that Lloyd's is to leave the Royal Exchange, where it has been for a hundred-and-fifty years, new premises having been found for it in Leadenhall Street.

"This must be looked into," I said. "I have never been to Lloyd's; let us go before it is too late."

"To insure what?" was the reply.

"Why not our *Punch*-bowl," I said—"the noblest of vessels?"

If you would acquire rapidly an idea of perpetual motion you cannot do better than follow my example and go to Lloyd's too; but it is not the easiest thing to manage, because Lloyd's belongs to Lloyd's, and strangers are suspect. There are vigilant officers in red and black whose whole existence is spent in preventing the wrong people from getting there, and, although authorised, I was very nearly ejected myself for entering by the gate marked OUT instead of that marked IN. I don't know what is the darkest offence that you can commit at Lloyd's, but I am sure that mine stands very high on the list. Whatever rule you may break—and I am sure I saw cigarettes between lips after the "No Smoking" notice had been passed—you must not go in at the OUT gate or out at the IN; nor indeed could you, normally, so constant is the rush of men using both. My lapse was due to a lull, but even then I was in great danger of being heavily collided with and sunk without trace.

The suggestion of perpetual motion had begun at the Royal Exchange doorway, which is the one at the east end, in the neighbourhood of Mr. PEABODY in bronze. Here, passing the *Lutine* gun at the rate of sixty a minute, are the speeding emissaries, the go-betweens, with papers in their hands, all either dashing up the stairs, with a momentary pause to deposit an umbrella, or dashing down. As you ascend, the fever and the fret increase, until in the rooms themselves there is essential tumult, through which and above which sounds incessantly the voice of the Crier in the rostrum calling indistinguishable names.

Underwriters may be middle-aged (indeed I know one who must be getting on: we used to play cricket together in Kent, and if and when he hit the ball it was wise for the fieldsman to avoid it: "Blooming hard, blooming high and blooming seldom" was his batting motto)—underwriters may be middle-aged, brokers may be mature and Criers venerable, but the general impression conveyed by the room is one of youth and gaiety. The elders sit in their boxes; it is the young men who chiefly move about. And how they move! And how jolly they are! And (one thinks, seeing them so active here in the course of their daily toil) how much more mercurial even than this will be their movements this evening on the tennis courts to which, I am sure, all their feet will be tending directly their offices close—tennis courts in every suburb of this great city! For it is one of the curious things about Lloyd's that for all its mercantile frenzy you think of it as a sporting centre, and your thoughts are carried to green fields rather than to wine-dark seas.

As for the element on which these lively venturers subsist, you are not directly reminded of it. It is true that on the notice board—called the Chamber of Horrors—are cablegrams telling of wrecks and disaster; it is true that beside the clock there is a wind-gauge (a relic of the past, when Æolus still had power to baffle, to delay and even to destroy); it is true that the words

"Captains' Room" are legible over a distant door. But it is not of Neptune that you think; nor indeed overmuch of Mammon, in spite of the hectic hurry. You think, how much more amusing the insurance of cargoes seems to be than most forms of business. And not only cargoes, but every kind of risk. Cricketers who are to have Benefits insure against rain, prospective parents insure against twins, while all the prudent tenants of houses in the vicinity of the Monument have taken out policies to recompense them if that lofty column should fall and overwhelm.

But Lloyd's, like *Punch* and all other famous organisations, is not what it was. Could there be a more promising label than "Captains' Room"? What memories of the sea it conjures up! What tanned and weather-beaten faces with level eyes! If it really meant what it used to mean, I might, as I entered it, have seen, seated at a table, glass in hand, old friends of my own waiting to make their reports; and how pleasant that would be! But no, there are no captains to-day. To-day, captains are merely servants, and ships and cargoes are owned by combines; and the "Captains' Room" has declined into a restaurant, not for mariners with masters' certificates, but for those who gamble on their seamanship.

But in those Books of Fate where every captain's name is written, together with the record of his every voyage, fortunate or ill-starred, I found three of my friends, and was glad to see that not recently had any one of them met with calamity. In the big Casualty Book in the first room, however, I was not so lucky, for the last entry stated that the *Herbert* had just sunk off Egg Rock. So that is where he went for his holidays? We shall miss him. Alas, poor "A. P. H."! I knew him well.

When the Royal Exchange bells, which now play at intervals a selection from a large repertory of old airs (they were jingling "The Minstrel Boy" while I was there)—when, at no distant hour, they sound the knell of Lloyd's as a tenant, and all these jolly bustling people vacate their ancient home, I hope that the move to Leadenhall Street will be carried out with pomp and circumstance. I should like Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS to be called from his regretted retirement to produce it. It should be an impressive spectacle, with the *Lutine's* twelve-pounder firing blank rounds and the *Lutine's* bell emitting notes of joy; and the Chairman at the head of his twelve-hundred-and-fifty underwriters and his three hundred brokers and all the myriad camp-following athletic vivacious youths, with the officials in red and



WAITING FOR BAD NEWS.

black at intervals, and at the end the staff of the Captains' Room, the Ganymedes and the Hebes; while across the waters of the world at the same time the captains would be discharging salvoes in honour of the great event; and, nearer home, to mark the day, liberty would be given to all the prisoners in Leadenhall Market, so that the streets would be glad with the cries of released rabbits, guinea-pigs and even foxes, and the sky vocal with enfranchised birds.

E. V. L.



LLOYD'S AGENT TOWING HOME THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"Trained Nurse receives elderly patients in her comfortable home; tenderest care and a pension given."—*Advt. in Medical Paper.*

Other nursing-homes please copy.

A CUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON III.—THE BUSINESS STORY.

THE rules for writing a business story are few and simple. Let us glance over them.

(1) The hero is employed in a subordinate position, in which his remarkable capabilities have no opportunity of proving their worth.

(2) Those who run the business are utterly incompetent.

(3) The business is on the verge of ruin.

(4) The heroine, who is usually also employed in the business, suggests to the hero some way by which he can save things at the last moment.

(5) He follows her advice and saves the business.

(6) The directors fall on his neck, sack the manager and appoint the hero to the post at a thoroughly satisfactory salary.

(7) The hero marries the heroine.

In this way the hero gets his opportunity, the heroine gets the hero, the reader gets the satisfaction of saying "I told you so," and everybody is thoroughly happy. Everybody, that is, with the exception of the manager, who only gets the sack. For this reason the manager is made the villain of the piece, and the beginning of the story is largely occupied with showing him frustrating and generally obstructing the hero, for whom he has invariably conceived a violent and utterly unreasonable dislike. His subsequent fate therefore only enhances the pleasurable feelings of all concerned.

This is the ordinary type of business story, and it may be turned out on the mass production system by varying:—

(*a*) The names of the hero and heroine.

(*b*) The name of the business.

(*c*) The particular kind of mess into which it has got.

(*d*) The way in which it is rescued.

Occasionally however there may be employed a somewhat different pattern, which we will call B. In B the business is a flourishing one, and the heroine is the daughter of the owner; the hero, as in A, is in a small and insignificant position. The plot then turns upon the fact that the owner would never consent to the marriage of the hero with his daughter. Whereupon the hero, acting on inside information supplied

by the heroine, proceeds to bring off a tremendous *coup* which proves conclusively to the owner his fitness for being promoted to the combined post of manager and son-in-law.

It will be noted from the above that a love interest is considered essential for the business story, and the new hand may take this as a sound working rule. Crime, adventure and humour are held to be strong enough to stand upon their own merits; but business, like sport, must have the helping hand of romance.

There is only one more rule to be mentioned in connection with the business story. It must be written by someone who has not the least idea of business methods or procedure.

With all this in mind, then, let us draft out our business story as follows:—

Percival Gravestock, the manager of the United Bone-Backstud and Ocean-Going Tramways Manufacturing Company, Ltd., seemed to be plunged in thought as he sat at his desk and chewed morosely at a sample card of studs. With a sudden and angry gesture he pressed the bell at his side.

"Bring me a dozen sample cards of studs, Miss Dorne," he said curtly to the pretty fresh-faced girl who answered his ring. "And send Mr. Wigginhall in to me," he added with a scowl.

The girl withdrew, to reappear a moment later with the twelve cards, which she laid respectfully on the desk. Percival Gravestock waited till the door had closed behind her, then he fell voraciously upon the cards and crammed two of them into his mouth at once. He knew the insidious habit was growing upon him, yet he made no effort to check it.

A tall pleasant-looking young man with a pair of level grey eyes entered the room as the manager was devouring the last of the sample cards. "You sent for me, Sir?" he asked.

Gravestock's brow furrowed; for some reason he hated this cool efficient young man. "Yes. What is your job here?"

Albert Wigginhall flushed slightly. He had entered this business so full of hope and fire, yet in the last five years his position had not improved one jot. He felt cramped.

"My job, Sir?" he replied respectfully enough. "I am a bone-setter. I set the bones in position under the lathes in the stud factory."

"Ha! And are you satisfied here?"

"No, Sir," said young Wigginhall eagerly. "I am wasted in my present job. I was made for better things. I can feel it in my bones. My own bones. I want to prove my worth."

"Do you? Well, first go and get me a gross of sample cards and bring them here. Then we 'll see."



O'd Lady (au courant politically). "I 'M PAYING THIS THREE-POUNDS-FOUR-AND-SIX INTO THE SAVINGS BANK ON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IT MUST *NEVER* BE LENT TO THE RUSSIANS."

Albert Wigginhall hurried from the room, his face alight with joyful anticipation. So he was to have his chance at last!

Ten minutes later he returned.

"There are no studs left in the place, Sir," he said in a low voice.

"No studs?" repeated Gravestock uneasily. "What do you mean?"

Albert Wigginhall looked the other full in the eyes. "The men are saying, Sir," he began boldly, "that you——"

"Ah, Gravestock!"

A pleasant voice behind them caused both men to turn suddenly. Sir Banbury Cross, the managing director, had entered the room. He tapped a piece of paper he held in his hand.

"Good news, Gravestock. I have an order here from the Solomon Islands for fifty million gross of studs. Have them packed up in time for the next mail, will you?"

"I will give the necessary instructions, Sir," said Gravestock deferentially, springing to his feet. But before he left the room he flashed an eloquent look at Albert. The look said, "The old fool will never know whether this order is despatched or not. If you say a word to him I 'll break every bone in your body and have them made into studs. See?" It was a very eloquent look indeed.

Sir Banbury turned to Albert. "And who are you, young man?" he asked in his kindly way.

"I am only a poor bone-setter," re-

plied Albert proudly, "but I yearn for higher things. Also I am extremely capable and by far the best business man in the firm," he added with a modest smile.

"Well, well," returned Sir Banbury tolerantly. "You've been reading the magazines, I see. Ah, Gravestock!" he added as the manager returned. "Will that be all right?"

"Perfectly, Sir Banbury."

Albert stepped forward, his eyes flashing. "Do not believe him, Sir," he cried indignantly. "There is not a stud in the place. Mr. Gravestock has eaten them all!"

"Is this true, Gravestock?" asked Sir Banbury quietly.

Percival Gravestock hung his head. The game was up.

In spite of his sixty-seven years Sir Banbury's face had become suddenly the face of an old man. "You may go, Gravestock," was all he said. "You have been guilty of larceny, forgery and obtaining studs under false pretences, but we shall not prosecute. Go!"

In silence Percival Gravestock slunk from the room.

"This means ruin, Wigginhall," said Sir Banbury simply, and his face was drawn and grey.

"Does it?" said Albert equally simply.

"Yes," returned Sir Banbury still more simply.

Albert's brain whirled. Here was his opportunity. Could he grasp it? What to do? "That's a pity, Sir," he said carefully. "I'll go and think it over and let you have my conclusions in writing."

"Do, Wigginhall!" gasped Sir Banbury gratefully.

In the passage Albert bumped into Aurora Dorne. Hitherto he had never noticed her much. Suddenly he realised the truth. He loved this girl.

Aurora was smiling at him. "Will you come in here? I heard your conversation with Sir Banbury, and I have a plan to save the firm. Listen."

* * * * *

Once again Albert sought Sir Banbury. He found him pacing the floor in his private room, sunk in despair.

"Sir Banbury, this firm is called the United Bone-Backstud and Ocean-Going Tramways Manufacturing Co., Ltd., is it not?" he said abruptly. "Now have you ever thought of doing anything with the tramways part of it?"

"No, Wigginhall. As a matter of fact I just put that into the name because I thought it sounded well. I'm not much good at business, you know," he added humbly.

"Well, it has occurred to me," Albert went on untruthfully, "that a series of submarine trams linking up the various South-Coast towns would be a novel and profitable proposition. The existing plant could easily be adapted for their manufacture."

Sir Albert wrung the young man's hands. "You have saved the firm!" he exclaimed in tones of deepest gratitude. "I will have the change made at once. Will you accept the post of manager at a salary of twenty thousand pounds a year?"

"I will," said Albert naturally. "Can you advance me eighteen-and-sixpence of it at once? I want to buy something."

Twenty minutes later Albert stood before Aurora.

"They've made me manager at twenty thousand a year," he said simply. "Will you marry me?" And he drew from his pocket the ring he had just bought.

With a charming gesture Aurora surrendered herself to his arms. "Of course I will, silly," she smiled. "What do you think I've been reading the magazines all these years for?"

"Birkenhead's Chief Constable issued a warning to-day to speakers on the Haymarket on Saturday nights and also to their audiences. He declared that the violet personal abuse of speakers must stop."—*Liverpool Paper.*

But when "Blue" and "Red" meet what else could he expect?

"Mr. —— will to-day (weather permitting) write the words *Daily* —— in letters of smoke over Sheffield."—*Daily Paper.*

Later, no doubt, he will carry coals to Newcastle.



Little Neighbour (after watching the process of baby's bath). "HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD BABY, MRS. BROWN?"

Mrs. Brown. "SIX MONTHS, DEAR."

Little Neighbour (with an envious sigh after a glance at her battered doll). "MY! BUT HAVEN'T YOU KEPT IT NICE?"

SQUASHING THE MOTH.

THERE had been one of those mornings at the milliner's, if that is what you call a shop that sells hats, and dresses that are buttoned at the side instead of being slipped over the head, and scarves for making unsuitable things look suitable.

Speaking broadly, nothing had been bought. Certain things were patted on the back, as it were, and told that they would be thought over. Others were told that if only the colour equalled the shape, or the shape equalled the colour, they would be the far-to-seek.

Can I pretend that I do not enjoy such an excursion upon occasion? The eminently practical dominant female is a sudden delight when she prinks. See her purr and coo and flush before a mirror as she pulls on a hat or twists about a scarf, and one's brain is flooded with a memory of the ideal of femininity before marriage. So women can be like this, can they, in spite of having husbands and being modern and reading PROUST?

I am sorry, quite unnecessarily, for the shop-girl with her constant ejaculation of "Moddom!" It appears to me cruel that a tunic frock in "the sweetest stone" should be damned as looking "like a political delegate." And when the sauciest of tuck-in hats, decorated with what I am assured is called a "pliff," was dismissed with the decision that it was rather too "oi-ish," I could have sunk through the floor.

But the rosy attendant nodded as if with understanding, and a high priestess swept out from behind beige velvet curtains and explained, "I have been studying Moddom. The butterfly clothes do not suit her. The moth, Moddom—not the butterfly, but the moth."

Eulalie looked pleased. "It always goes out at night," she whispered to me.

"'Moth,'" said I severely, "is short for 'mother.'"

On the way home I said that I wanted to go into the post-office.

"All right. But if I don't follow you I shall never see you again."

I climbed some steps and Eulalie followed me. Inside she sprayed the place with the light of her eyes and said, "This post-office is just like a post-office."

I attracted the attention of a girl with a blotting-paper face and a fountain-penned ear.



"LISTEN, LIONEL. IS THAT THE NOTE OF THE CURLEW OR THE PEEWIT?"
"MY PIPE."

"I want to see some adhesive duty labels," began I.

"We don't keep them."

"They were introduced in May, 1840, and are sometimes called postage-stamps."

"What kind do you want?"

"All kinds. For some time I have been using the three-halfpenny brown, but they have become so common that I must make a change."

As if mesmerised, the black-haired seller of stamps opened a portfolio and muttered, "You could use a red and a green for the same money."

"Red and green," I answered hotly, "are an insult to a virgin envelope. Brown, I admit, is not; but the colour has become too common. I cannot wear—I mean my letters cannot wear—the same stamp of thing that everyone else's letters are wearing."

Eulalie pulled my sleeve. "Be good, old boy. Humour was invented to keep people out of the Civil Service."

I think the girl behind the counter heard her.

"How about a fiery tuppeny?" she suggested.

"Uncommon," I agreed; "but rather too oi-ish."

Eulalie walked to the door of the post-office.

"Then what do you want?" A certain petulance now.

"I am rather attracted," I admitted, "by those tuppeny-halfpennies. Such a delicate thrush-egg blue."

"How many do you want?"

"Well, to friends alone I write perhaps four letters a day. How about a week's supply? Seven times four times two-and-a-half is seventy, which is five shillings and tenpence. If I give you a halfpenny over six shillings I shall be able to write to one who is not a friend, shan't I?"

On the way home "Love-honour-and-obey" said, "Well, half-wit, what did you buy in the end?"

"Twelve browns for tradespeople, twenty-eight blues for friends, one blue for your mother, twelve sixpenny mauves for probable births, marriages and deaths, and a flame-coloured tuppeny to singe you when you've dressed like a moth—these have been ordered on approval."

THE LINGUIST.

[The fourth International Language Conference was held in Luxemburg in August. All the speeches and discussions were made in the new International language, Ido.]

WHEN asked to rise and let the cat in,
I say a word or two in Latin;
On seeing the 8·40 vanish
I let the porters hear some Spanish;
When Jane drops dishes, though that's
her do,
I speak her thoughts, and mine, in Urdu;
When off my hat goes in a hurricane,
I tell the wide world in Amurrican;
Once, when I tumbled off a camel,
The poor beast blushed to hear my
Tamil;
When faced with an unpleasant task,
I speak mouth-filling oaths in Basque,
Or, if the moment call for worse,
I splutter Gaelic, Welsh or Erse;
And now I'm busy learning Ido
To use when asked to take out Fido.

Our Shameless Contemporaries Again.

"Furnishing Drapery Department.—Salesman Wanted, used to medium-class trade. Must be used to loose lovers and curtains."
Daily Paper.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

II.—EATING ON THE TRAIN.

THE train roared and banged and tried to jump the track, and roared and banged and tried again. Will and I smoked for several hundred miles in silence. Then he said, "It 's about time to get in line for dinner, isn't it?"

"It 's three-fifteen," I said.

"Well," said Will, "it will be four o'clock by the time we 've made the pilgrimage from here to the dining-car. It opens at six. We 'd better go up now or we 'll miss out on dinner too." (Will's "too" referred to the luncheon incident, which consisted of standing in line for seventy-three minutes and having the dining-car closed before we got to the door.)

We went up. It was a long distance; the cars were about fifty yards long, and I counted twenty-four of them, though I think there were more than that. But the strategy of going up early was most successful; we became the fourth and fifth persons in the line and could see the inside of the dining-car clearly. The people ahead of us, according to one of them, were left-overs from luncheon. We sat down on the floor with them and leaned our backs against the side of the corridor, which was comfortably warm by reason of the presence of the kitchen-stove on the other side.

Dining-cars in America are, generally speaking, run on the same theory as absolute monarchies, except that the monarch on a dining-car has a cabinet of ministers to help him keep the populace in its place. He succeeds to his position by divine right and appoints his Cabinet to suit himself. He is pretty tired of the populace; in fact the only reason he puts up with them at all is that they are just as necessary to an absolute monarchy as the absolute monarch. If there were any way of getting rid of the populace and still preserving the monarchy, there isn't much doubt about his doing it. To him the populace is just so much mud.

The monarch on this car, I noticed when we were finally allowed to cross the frontier, was "Mr. Bivins," according to the seal over the door, and he much resembled spinach. He was very thin and weedy and his coat hung round him loosely like the jacket on a baked apple.

"We 're next," said Will, punching me as Mr. Bivins levelled his pencil at us and called us in.

We lurched down the aisle behind him and were assigned two seats at a table for four. Across from us were a woman wearing glasses on the end of a gold chain and a man who had tried to hide himself behind his napkin.

Mr. Bivins slapped a pad and a menu down in front of us, then put on top of it a pencil that nobody on earth in his right mind would have bothered to steal, and left us.

After a while a black Minister in the white apron of the Cabinet chanced to come our way. He didn't seem to like the idea of Mr. Bivins having put us at his table, but after a moment's hesitation decided that he wouldn't do anything about it just then, though I shouldn't be surprised if he resigned later.



Beggar. "GUV'NOR, I AIN'T 'AD A SQUARE MEAL FER A FORTNIGHT."

Seaside Exquisite. "GOOD LORD! ARE YOU STAYING AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE TOO?"

We shuffled the items on the card and, after a struggle, selected what I thought would look like a respectable dinner. I gave it to the Minister about a quarter of an hour later when he happened to be going by that way again. He stopped, leaned his tray against the leg of a table and held our selections critically up to the light. Then he started to read it aloud. We hadn't constructed it to be read aloud; it would, I thought, have looked fairly well on the table, but it wasn't designed to be read. If I had thought that he was going to tell the other people about it I should have gone at it differently.

But he read it and it obviously wasn't the kind of meal he would have ordered if he had been doing it, or even the kind he liked to see passengers ordering. The man behind the napkin suspended eating while the reading was in progress, and didn't seem to think much of it either.

When the Minister finished reading it he said, as though extremely bored with asking the question, "Don't you want no bread and butter?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Of course," said Will.

"Write it down," said the Minister, and he put the pad disgustedly back on the table and went up to tell Mr. Bivins about it.

We dipped the pencil in water and wrote a brief description of the articles under discussion. Will suggested that we should order salt and pepper and a little sugar, but after a short consultation we decided that we could do without them.

We got the order through to the *chef* this time. I expected to have it rejected and come back on us any minute; but it stayed, and we didn't hear anything more of it for about forty miles.

The man behind the napkin asked us if we were going to Hillsville. I don't know what there was in our appearance to make him feel that way.

"North Carolina?" asked Will, conversationally.

"Alabama!" cried the man, taking it as a personal affront.

The woman with the glasses came to Will's help. "There *is* a Hillsville, North Carolina."

"Never heard of it," said the man, and this ended the question of destinations.

Our order seemed to be giving the kitchen some difficulty. We looked out of the window until night came and drank two-thirds of a carafe of water, and still the dinner tarried.

It began to come in after a time, however, and we saw that the Minister and the man behind the napkin had been right about it; it wasn't much of a meal. The man behind the napkin watched it as it appeared and thought even less of it on the table than on paper. But there was nothing to do except go ahead with it.

Mr. Bivins dropped by during the salad and totalled up the extent of the loan we had made from the Government, turning the result face down on the table to show that he was in no hurry about collecting it. He did not turn it face down to save us embarrassment; there was nothing for us to be ashamed of in it. In fact it was the



TIPS FOR TYROS.

"HEDGE-HOPPING," THOUGH NOT ENCOURAGED AS A GENERAL PRACTICE FOR YOUNG FLYING OFFICERS, CAN SOMETIMES BE VERY EFFECTIVE DURING MANŒUVRES, IF THE PLACE SELECTED FOR STUDYING MAPS BY THE G.O.C. THE "ENEMY" AND HIS STAFF CAN BE ACCURATELY LOCATED.

biggest deal I had negotiated in a long time; the monarchy should have been able to run for a considerable period on that revenue.

As our acquaintanceship with the Minister grew he seemed to take to us more and more, until with the demi-tasse we were actually intimate. We didn't mean to overtip him, but as we left he pulled out our chairs, so it was clear that that was exactly what we had done.

Mr. Bivins watched us as we prepared to leave, and when we stood up he was already pointing his pencil at two other applicants waiting in the door. There was a commotion in the line due to everybody's moving forward two paces, but they didn't seem to derive much genuine satisfaction from it, for, as we squeezed our way down the corridor past them, they were quite antagonistic towards us for having kept them waiting so long, and not at all pleased with our getting out when we did.

"Well," I observed on the journey back to our Pullman, trying to take things cheerfully, "those chairs were about the best I remember using."

But the most cheerful thought that Will could put into words was, "Thank the Lord we don't have to eat again until morning." U. S. A.

Said a testy old gentleman, "Why
Should this fly in my eye try to die?
If bent on its doom
Why should it assume
There is room for its tomb in my eye?"

"When the brickworks were destroyed by fire early yesterday morning, the night watchman, who discovered the outbreak, escaped with his life, but lost his coat, hat and supper. The damage is estimated at between £10,000 and £12,000."—*Daily Paper.*

We should like to sup with this Lucullus.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THE THINGS?

CLERGYMEN, well used to "holy,"
Coo the name as gladióly.
Oxford dons whose brows are high
Sternly say glad-eye-o-lie.
Uncultured folk who crowd in buses
Coarsely call 'em glad-yo-lusses.
Suburban intellectuals try
To swank by saying glad-yer-lie;
And a week-end in gay Paree
Will turn it to glad-ee-o-lee.
Since there's no chance of full accord, let's
Chuck the Latin and say swordlets.

"The breakages in an average week [at the Wembley restaurants] are:—
76 dozen cups,
345 dozen saucers,
472 dozen plates,
774 dozen miscellaneous."
Provincial Paper.

We shall bear with our "tweeny" for a little longer.

HOME, JOHN.

John pulled up the car, sat back in his seat and swore—deeply and bitterly.

"If you had the faintest notion of the duties and privileges of a decent brother-in-law," he hissed, "instead of being a useless barnacle, sucking the blood from the breast that warms you, you'd get out and walk in front."

"John," I said, "your metaphors are——"

John's arm moved and I got out. We were fog-bound, five or six miles from home. We had crawled along narrow and winding country lanes for half-an-hour, climbing banks every few minutes and missing ditches by half-inches.

Now suddenly hedges, ditches and banks had all faded out, and we were adrift.

"I'll go and prospect," I said. "Don't move until I come back. If you hear me shout, hoot."

"I'll hoot all right," said John bitterly. "Go on, for Heaven's sake, and find something. It's half-past five now and we shan't be back in time for dinner. Hurry, shift, move, *allez*!"

"Very well," I said, "I'll go. If I never come back you may have my grey flannel trousers—unless Cecilia expresses a wish for them. In which case——"

"Get out, fool!" roared John.

"Farewell," I said. "Keep a good heart. If it comes to the worst, remember what JOSÉ COLLINS said in '21: 'Love will find a way!'"

I stepped out into the mist. The car and John disappeared. I was alone. I crept helplessly forward, prepared at any moment to step over the edge of the world. I stopped to listen. There wasn't a sound. I turned sharp left and crept on again. I fell into a bank, swore mildly, picked myself up and crawled along it. Quite suddenly I found myself looking into the lights of a car.

"Well, I'll be——" I began.

"Could I have a word with you first?" asked a voice, a charming voice, a clear girlish voice. Not John's—certainly not John's.

I moved forward and looked through the open window of a small coupé. I saw two bright eyes laughing over the top of a large fur rug.

"I refuse to apologise," I said; "you have no right to be here."

"I haven't the faintest desire to be, anyway. I've been here twenty minutes already, and if you'll tell me how to get away I'll disappear like a flash—at a steady two miles per hour, and you can go on using bad language to your heart's content."

"I certainly shall if you do anything so unsociable," I said. "Are you—er—lost?" I added.

"Oh, no. I just came out here to sit in the fog for a while. I adore fog. Especially this dark cold clammy kind."

"I am sorry," I murmured. "May I ask, then, whence come you and whither goest thou?"

"Now we're getting on. As to the first, I come from over the mountains blue—from Settingford, in fact—and I haven't the faintest notion whither I goest. I'm *trying* to go to Little Paxted. Also my name is Norval, and—yes—we have *no* sheep."

"Little Paxted," I repeated. A beautiful thought began to take shape in my mind. I thought of John for a moment and smiled. Then—"You'll be astonished to hear that I myself in Paxted dwell," I said.

"And now you're all at sea. It's like 'We are Seven.'"

"I can't get on," I said, "if you keep interrupting. I was going to say that I am the one person for miles who can help you. If you have come from Settingford on the road to Little Paxted then this *is* Five Arms."

"Well, I'm awfully pleased to know that anyway. But why the emphasis? Don't you know where you are yourself?"

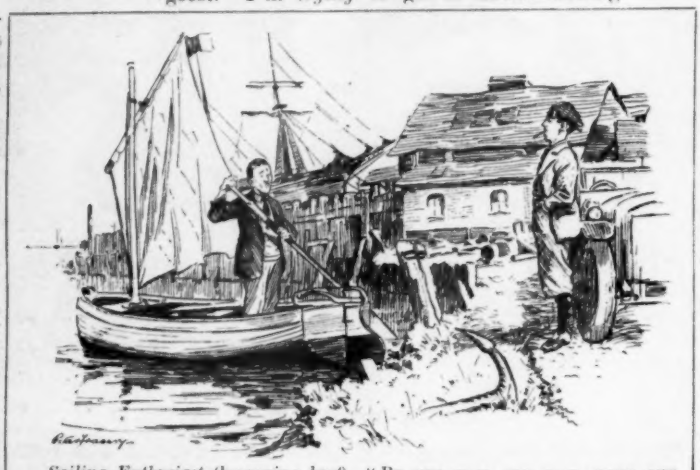
"I wouldn't exactly say that," I said cautiously. "I was as near as nothing absolutely sure, but now I *know*. If I may I will show the whole road from here to Paxted, so far as fog will allow. Don't thank me, please. May I come inside?"

"Do, please," she said, smiling. "Will you drive? I hate admitting it, but fog really frightens me."

"In that case," I said and took the wheel. I started the engine and we moved off.

"Now," I explained as I changed into second gear, "we will keep close to the left side of the lane. When it bears sharp to the left we are at Five Arms crossing. We must cross the first lane and then keep to our left. Will you watch carefully?"

We crept forward slowly into the fog, until suddenly the hedge on the left faded out. Slowly forward for a few yards and we had crossed the turning.



Sailing Enthusiast (*borrowing boat*). "BY THE WAY, OLD MAN, DOES SHE LEAK AT ALL?"
Motoring Friend. "OH, A TRIFLE—'BOUT HALF-A-GALLON TO THE MILE."

"Now," I said, "we are all right. We keep to the left, up the hill and on to Little Paxted. It will be clearer on the high ground too."

My companion sighed comfortably.

Suddenly from the murk came a staccato burst of hoots—violent, explosive.

"Listen! Away to the right. He *does* sound frightened."

"I don't think he's frightened," I said, "only angry."

"Lost in the fog. Oughtn't we to go and help?"

I considered a moment.

"I don't think so," I decided slowly. "We shouldn't find him for one thing. We should lose ourselves trying to, for another. No, we'll leave him alone."

"Well, you must decide," she said uncertainly; "but it seems rather unkind."

I noisily strangled an intense desire to burst into a song of joy. We started to climb the hill and at once the fog lessened.

Another faint burst of hooting rose from below.

"He'll be late for dinner," I said happily, and we climbed over the top of the hill into bright clear moonlight.

"Little Paxted in ten minutes," I said and trod on the accelerator.

* * * * *

Dinner was over.

"I've already told you, Cecilia," I said, "Miss Cartwright was stranded at Five Arms. We found we were both making for Little Paxted so we came

along together. Then, of course, we discovered we were both coming here, so we introduced ourselves to each other and came. That 's all."

"I know," said Cecilia, toying with a grape; "it 's most interesting and charming. But what I can't discover is why you weren't with John."

"I 've already told you," I repeated. "I left him to come on later and started to walk. Then I found Miss Cartwright stranded——"

"I know," interrupted Cecilia; "but *where* did you leave John? *Was* he staying at the Club-house? What time *is* he coming home? That 's what I can't discover."

"Oh, as to that," I said, "'*Quien sabe?*' as we said in the Peninsular War. Nobody ever knows what John 's going to do."

There was the sound of a car approaching and Cecilia jumped up.

"Here he comes!" she said and rushed from the room.

"How rude!" I said. "I do apologise for my sister, Miss Cartwright."

Miss Cartwright looked at me steadily. "Do you know what I 've been thinking?" she asked.

"No," I said uneasily.

"That car we heard," she began—and then we heard John's voice: "I can't imagine what 's happened to him. He just faded out of sight and never came back."

I pushed back my chair and stood up. "If you 're ready," I said, "we might withdraw."

Miss Cartwright looked sternly at me for a moment and then laughed. "You ought to be severely punished," she said.

The conversation from the hall stopped suddenly and then John exploded. "What!" he roared. "The dog! The hound! Where is he? Let me find him. I'll——"

Miss Cartwright and I looked at each other.

"Shall we join the ladies?" I said, and we moved rapidly from the room.

"Mr. —— expressed the view that it was most desirable that a trustee should be in the saddle at the earliest possible moment in order that whatever crumbs in the way of assets there might be might be secured for the hungry birds who were waiting for them."
Daily Paper.

We should like to see this feat reproduced at the next Horse Show.

"President Bernardes of Brazil is keeping a lunch ready day and night prepared to flee should the occasion warrant."
Canadian Paper.

The PRESIDENT is evidently a firm believer in the good old maxim: "He who eats and runs away will live to eat another day."



Musician. "I 'M AFRAID YOU 'VE MADE A MISTAKE. I AM CERTAINLY A DOCTOR—BUT A DOCTOR OF MUSIC."

Old Lady. "OH, YES, I KNOW, SIR. THAT 'S WHY I CAME TO YOU. I 'VE GOT SUCH A TERRIBLE SINGING IN MY EARS."

THE TEST OF BEAUTY.

[Speaking of a celebrated stage beauty who has been staying at a seaside resort a correspondent of an evening paper states that "she looks lovely even in the water," adding that this is a sure test.]

WHEN peerless Aphrodite
Was prompted to attain
Her seat among the mighty,
She rose from out the main;
For woman's wit had taught her
That, if she stood confessed
A "picture" in the water,
She 'd pass the hardest test.

Forthwith the wondering Graces
Expressed their homage pat—
"We none of us have faces
So exquisite as that."
The Seasons swelled the chorus
Soon heard on every hand,
Ecstatic and sonorous,
And welcomed her to land.

To dry her hair and coil it
She wrought with magic skill,
And when she 'd done her toilet
They led her up the hill
Where Zeus, who on the q. t.
Had marked her off the shore,
Decreed her Queen of Beauty
Henceforth and evermore.

So runs at least the story
Of one fair lady told,
How she achieved great glory
In the glad days of old;
And still we nurse the notion
That, though she stands aloof,
To conquer in the ocean
Is Beauty's surest proof.

Southwold for Super-Golf.

"SOUTHWOLD.—Silver Challenge Cup: R. S. Last (18), 144 for 36 rounds. Scratch gold medal: E. J. Wh te, 81 for 36 holes."
Daily Paper.



Novice (who has been given a cast of three flies). "I SAY—NOTHING ON THE END FLY: IS THAT ALL RIGHT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No one can make so daintily much of the disparities between the French and English temperaments as ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (Mrs. BASIL DE SELINCOURT); and in *The Little French Girl* (CONSTABLE) she handles that provocative theme with a Janus-faced sympathy which makes every aspect of it fascinating. *Alix*, only daughter of a beautiful French *divorcée*, is sent to Sussex to learn English, her hostess being *Mrs. Bradley*, a kindly upper-middle-class matron, whose dead son *Owen* owed his sole hours of happiness in France to the hospitality of *Alix's* mother. Unfortunately the hospitality was of a much more intimate nature than the ingenuous *Bradleys*, *Owen's* broken-hearted *fiancée*, "*Toppie*," or the innocent *Alix* herself could possibly have surmised; and it does not take long for the poor little visitor to find her wits taxed to the utmost to cover, she scarcely knows why, traces of three spells of leave (spent by *Owen* in her mother's company) of the existence of which his family are strangely ignorant. *Alix's* fairly expert line of defence is pierced by *Owen's* brother *Giles;* and *Giles*, who has always loved "*Toppie*," is tempted to shatter the memory of *Owen* and secure the reversion of *Owen's fiancée*. English notions of loyalty, however, keep him silent. And French notions of loyalty send *Alix* post-haste home to the mother whose one idea is to secure her establishment in England. The most attractive chapters of a very attractive book are those in which *Giles*, having escorted *Alix* back to Normandy, brings his intuitive or case-made laws of conduct to bear against the invincible logic of his hostess's past and present lovers. The subsequent pages are not quite up to the inventive level of these ironic passages; and personally I wonder whether Oxford, with *Giles* as a donnish husband, "the ideas and the atoms to watch and the Bach choir to sing in," would really content so typical a daughter of France as *Alix*. But I am sure Mrs. DE SELINCOURT knows both *Alix* and Oxford better than I do, and, if she can envisage them blended, the thing can be done.

Mr. E. O. HOPPÉ has been making a little tour in Rumania, and the result of his expedition is a handsomely produced volume, which he has called *In Gipsy Camp and Royal Palace* (METHUEN), and adorned with a number of excellent illustrations and a commendatory preface by the QUEEN OF RUMANIA. You might judge from the title that Mr. HOPPÉ is not too proud to adopt the customary journalistic *cliché* when it suits his purpose to do so. In fact he fairly revels in all those dear old phrases and quaint uses of words (such as "phenomenal" and "eventuate") which form part of our heritage from a free and popular Press. No one could call his work literature, but the book has a certain charm, due partly perhaps to the author's simple pleasure in narrating his exploits and partly to his photographs. Many of these are really delightful, including the royal portrait, which serves as frontispiece, and several studies of mediæval cities, royal castles and wild landscapes in Transylvania and elsewhere. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that devoted to the Balta, a vast tract in the Dobrudja where some two million acres are inundated by the Danube for four or five months in every year. The Rumanian Ministry of Fisheries has control over affairs in the lower reaches of the Danube, and extorts Mr. HOPPÉ's profound admiration. Great things, he imagines, could be

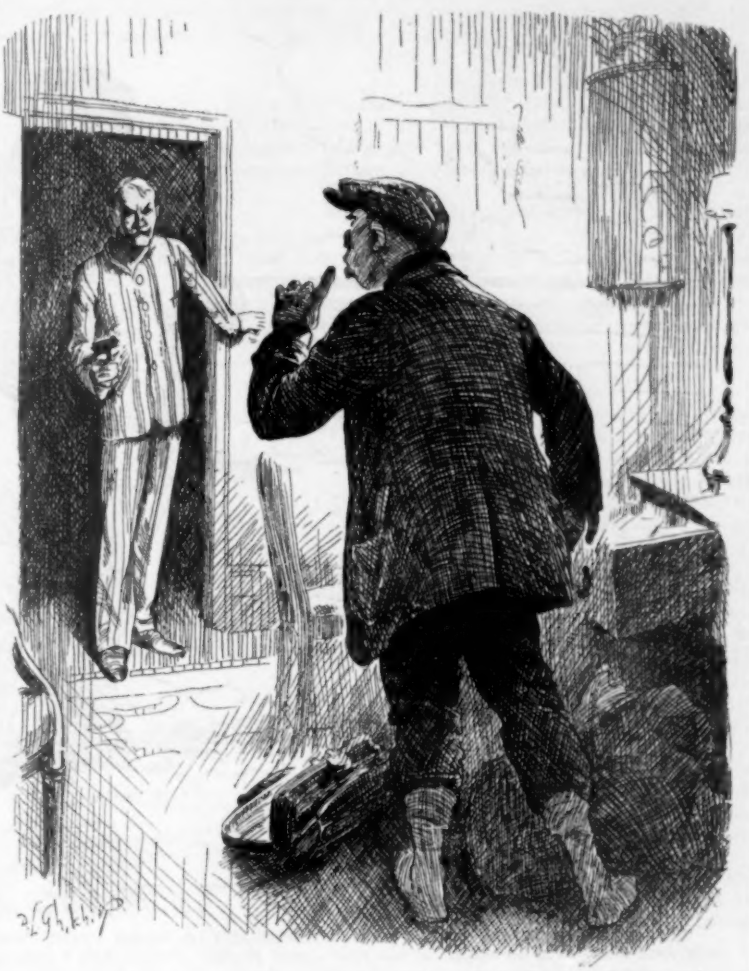
done in England by a big reafforestation scheme and by State control of the fisheries. Which is as it may be. In his final chapter he maintains with eloquence that the only way to see a country is to traverse a lot of it on foot, encountering wayfarers and talking freely with them, resting at little inns or, better still, little cottages, so that one may come face to face with the people as they live. On paper, in short, he is a prophet of the Open Road. Perhaps it was hardly his own fault that he seems so often to have been sleeping in palaces or travelling luxuriously with lordly officials in launches or motor-cars.

I've always viewed with vague dismay
  All Central European States
Since Peace let loose that vast array
  Of crownless realmless potentates;
I knew that some diminished head
  Must itch once more to feel the light
That beats upon a throne. I've read
  The Three of Clubs, and I was right.

But my misgivings, let me add,
  Were lulled as soon as they began,
By reason of that hefty lad,
  The British Secret-Service man.
A sleuth-hound of the bulldog breed,
  That matchless blend of brawn and brain,
Would, if need were, I knew, succeed
  In saving Europe. Right again.

But what I didn't know was this,
  That when the S.S. man cut in,
His lady-love, a charming miss,
  Would risk her life to save his skin;
She does, though, and you cannot fail
  To love her cheeriness and grit
(VALENTINE WILLIAMS tells the tale;
  HODDER AND STOUGHTON publish it).

A note to *Five in Family* (LANE), by E. H. ANSTRUTHER (Mrs. J. C. SQUIRE) told me that the full story of one of the characters was to be found in a novel called *The Husband*, by the same author, and the early history of a whole family of them in another called *The Farm Servant*. Now I happen to have read neither of them, and I think Mrs. SQUIRE can only blame herself in the circumstances for the doubtful anticipations with which I began her book. I should like to be able to say that they were entirely unjustified, but the reader who shares my ignorance will find, I fear, that the simple events of *Frank Harding's* house-building and young *Tom Harding's* love affair and his fight with *Uncle Willie Murrell* are told with an air of importance which, to the uninitiated, they hardly seem to justify. At the very end the family doctor gives the local chief of police a short account of the *Harding* family history—a *résumé*, I imagine, of *The Farm Servant*—which explains everything, but is so hurried that it scarcely, in my case at least, aroused the sympathy that was obviously expected of me. I feel that Mrs. SQUIRE is capable of writing a novel to which I could give unstinted praise; as it is, in spite of certain faults at which I have hinted, her book has a note of high distinction and will be difficult to forget.



Disturbed Intruder. "SH! NOT A WORD, GUV'NOR. I BELONGS TO THE LEAGUE O' BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE, AN' THIS IS ONE OF OUR 'UNTS FER MISSIN' CLUES."

In *Before the Mast—and After* (FISHER UNWIN) Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN gives us an account of his life from the time when, in 1859, as a small boy he ran away to sea. His literary style is not conspicuously distinguished, but he writes clearly and straightforwardly, and as a record of the merchant service his book possesses a very definite value. "No phase," he says truthfully, "of the world's history of commerce has been so wonderful as the transition of the ocean-carrying trade from sail to steam." His earlier years were spent in sailing-ships, and they were hard years, in which the conditions were always rigorous and too often absolutely cruel. Nevertheless his heart belongs to the days before steam revolutionised the shipping world. Of this period he has many good stories to tell, many terrific battles against wind and sea to describe, and to those (if any) who are left unmoved by the romance of the merchant service Sir WALTER'S book should still commend itself as showing, from the story of his own life, how courage, industry and determination may lead from small beginnings to the kind of success which is really worth winning.

I have often meditated on the awkward position of the



"NO, MY LAD, DON'T YOU GO FOR TO BE A PIRATE—IT'S TOO ROUGH A LIFE. WHY, I'D BE TWICE THE MAN I AM IF I 'ADN'T BEEN FOOL ENOUGH TO GO SAILIN' UNDER THE 'JOLLY ROGER' WHEN I WAS A NIPPER LIKE YOU."

novelist with one book to dedicate and a great many people in competition for the honour. The tales in Mrs. DIVER'S new volume of short stories, *Siege Perilous* (MURRAY), are dedicated to ten different friends, which strikes me as the happiest combination of courtesy and economy. If I had been among the fortunate ten I should have liked best to have the two stories "Lakshmi" and "Gods of the East," now dedicated to the author's father, as my portion, or, failing them, "Escape." These happen to be the three stories which look on life from the Indian point of view, and somehow I find them more moving and more richly coloured than those in which European characters take first place. The longest story in the book, "Siege Perilous," which gives it its title, is, as Mrs. DIVER frankly points out, the embryo of her latest very successful novel. It was worth printing all the same, but is not so good as the longer version. As a matter of fact I find that I always prefer her longer work—I hope she will regard that as complimentary—but that is not to say that these stories are not a very readable collection.

In a long experience of books published for the purpose of aiding a good cause I have never met one more deserving of attention than *Rosemary* (SAMPSON LOW), a collection made by Mr. F. DE BURGH and Mr. WALTER STONEMAN of contributions by several of the most distinguished literary men of the day. They have given of their best, and this for a reason easy to understand, for the profits arising from the sales of the book are to be devoted to the funds of the "Not Forgotten" Association. In case any of you are unacquainted with this association, let me tell you that its one and only object is to lighten and brighten the lives of those heroic men who have been left maimed and mutilated by the War. Of these there are still in the London area alone about four thousand, and in the British Isles about twenty thousand. To Miss MARTA CUNNINGHAM the Association owes its birth, and, if you will spend three half-crowns, you will not only provide yourself with a genuinely delightful entertainment but you will also assist a cause that it would be impertinent to praise. The volume contains twenty-one excellent camera portraits of those who have contributed to it.

From the PRIME MINISTER'S speech at the close of the London Conference :—

"We all negotiated, discussed, put ourselves in each other's shoes . . . There is another great class of dangers which we have to face. I refer to the Economic Problems which are bound to arise as soon as the Central European Powers find their feet."—*Daily Paper.*

Mislaid, no doubt, through the ultra-civility of exchanging foot-gear instead of merely removing the hat.

CHARIVARIA.

MORE rain is on its way from the North, says a meteorological report. Fancy there being more!

* * *

One swallow does not make a summer, we are told. In that case it is as well for those birds that we don't know which swallow it was that didn't this year.

* * *

It is stated that during the week-end before last 145,000 provincial visitors arrived in London. We mistrust these round figures and suspect that a Yorkshireman or two bound for the Oval escaped notice.

* * *

Mr. ADAMSON announces the Government's intention to develop to the utmost the economic resources of Scotland. Hitherto we have been under the impression that the chief economic resource of Scotland was England.

* * *

A serious shortage of hop-pickers in East Sussex is announced. We don't suppose this worries the brewers.

* * *

The Bengal Government is now without Ministers. They should cheer up. We have a Government with them.

* * *

PARKER, the Gloucestershire bowler, did the hat trick twice at Bristol last week. Perhaps he thought the spectators didn't see him do it the first time.

* * *

The scientists have failed to establish communication with Mars. It had not occurred to us before that that planet was on the telephone.

* * *

Writing on forthcoming fashions a Parisian writer says that the waist-line will be at the waist this season. Those fashion experts do get some revolutionary ideas at times.

* * *

Amateur gardeners at Guiseley who planted asters in the spring were surprised to find the plants bearing tomatoes. This is considered a very fair achievement for amateur gardeners.

* * *

We all have our little pet fancies. It appears that RAISULI, the famous Moorish rebel, now dies on Wednesdays.

* * *

Eighty-one policemen were bitten by dogs last year. The ideal constable would be one without fear or flavour.

"Mr. Frankau filmed," announces a headline. We should like to see a retarded-action picture of a day in his strenuous life.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that, following the Rodeo and the lawn-tennis exhibition, the Spanish-Moroccan War has been engaged to appear at the Coliseum.

* * *

A new kind of glass has been invented which will not break if a steel ball be dropped on it from a height of eight feet. We feel sure, however, that most domestic servants would not bother to try this.



Irascible Gentleman (whose barometer has been rising for days). "HERE, GET OUT IN THE RAIN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF."

* * *

The sleeves of old raincoats can be used to carry sponges, etc., when travelling, says a weekly paper. This summer, however, the sleeves of old raincoats generally contain the arms of their owners.

* * *

A good horse to follow in these days is the one that 's pulling a cartload of vegetables.

* * *

Snails have thousands of teeth. You can understand now why they 're so reluctant to hurry. They 're always going to their dentists.

* * *

Many best-sellers are on the bookstalls at the moment, according to the publishers' announcements. We've read some and we 've been sold.

* * *

An American professor says that no serviceable tooth should be pulled until after a consultation between the dentist and the doctor. And, we may add, the patient's bankers.

* * *

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, in "The Song of the Defeated," writes, "The door has been opened in the lonely chamber. The call has sounded. And the heart of the darkness throbs." How like a poet to leave out the part about putting the pennies in the slot!

* * *

It is reported that Greenwich Hospital is to be converted into a naval museum. Perhaps they 'll have a complete collection of the pens with which the Battle of Jutland was finally won.

* * *

A boy in Wales recently killed a stork, but we haven't heard that Dr. MARIE STOPES has yet written to congratulate him about it.

* * *

At a mass meeting in Canada the platform gave way and deposited the speakers on the floor. It is hoped that the Canadians will be sporting enough to give us the secret.

* * *

CARPENTIER is retiring from the ring. His right hand has been battered so much he can't write without difficulty.

* * *

A new strong room built in London has walls three feet thick, composed of reinforced concrete and lined with steel slabs. We would gladly assist to move our neighbour's gramophone into it.

* * *

The police have warned the public that there are a number of counterfeit shillings in circulation. Since this announcement several Scotsmen have been laid up suffering with lead poisoning.

* * *

Dr. SOFUS LARSEN of Copenhagen maintains that America was discovered by JOHAN SCOLUS. We are afraid the confession comes too late for anything to be done about it.

* * *

A Buda-Pest man threw his mother-in-law into the Danube. We understand that many mothers-in-law are learning to swim.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

At Folleville-sur-Mer.

PASSING through London to get some frocks and other pretties before coming on here, I ran across quite a number of people. Pixie Dashmore and Curly Standish were lunching at the next table to mine at the Recherché one day. She said she was "just passing through." *He* said he was "just passing through." Quite several more *de nous autres* that I met at the Recherché, the Nonpareil, the theatre or in the street, said they were "just passing through." Dear little phrase! It ought to be registered or copyrighted or something. Verily, verily, I say unto you, my beloved friends and enemies, don't count on London being empty. Others are counting on that too.

Pixie told me of a little happening at Cowes while she was there. They were playing catch on one of the yachts. Sir Cashley Creasus was one of the men (Lady Manœuvrer hasn't yet given up hopes of him as a son-in-law) and April Manœuvrer was one of the girls running away, and she fell overboard. Pixie's version is that Lady M. *pushed* her overboard, and then ran screaming to Sir Cashley: "My April! My darling! Save her! Save her!" I don't know whether he *would* have jumped in—Pixie thinks if he *had* saved her Lady Manœuvrer's card would have turned up a trump, because a man who saves a girl's life has a quite *particular* feeling for her afterwards—but one of the crew was a bit too previous for Lady M.'s plans, dived in and had April out in a jiffy; and Madame la Mère used some quite forcible language and asked him what he *meant* by interfering.

I had a small shock on finding Midshire House full to the brim with tourists from the provinces, the Dominions, and the U.S.A., the Duke and Anne acting as host and hostess and "Guides to the Metropolis." Poor dear things! Their shoulders must be quite sore with being put to so many horrid wheels. They 've a big motor-charry for taking their tourists about. Midshire is chauffeur and Anne explanatory guide. She says provincials and Dominion people aren't much trouble, and are generally satisfied with her explanations, but the citizens of God's own country are a stiffer proposition. For instance, when they took their tourists to the Tower, and Anne had given them a brief account of it, an old provincial asked, "What part of the Tower was FAIR ROSAMOND kept in, Ma'am?" It was a bit of a jolt for Anne, but she remained calm and said, "I suppose she was kept in the keep." The old provincial was quite satisfied, and so was everyone else except one of those fearful citizens, who cut in with: "FAIR ROSIE wasn't kept in the Tower of London at all. She was hidden in the old Palace of Woodstock, on the site where Blenheim now stands, and it was there QUEEN NELLY found her and did her famous dagger-and-bowl act; and I only wish some of our boys had been around to get scare-lines and sob-stuff for the greatest Press on earth!" Anne tried to freeze him out by saying coldly: "I believe *I* am the explanatory guide of this party;" but the terrible creature merely drawled, "That 's so, Mrs. Duke, and, as far as a pleasing voice and toney ways go, you deliver the goods every time, but you ain't got the facts, lady."

Folleville is full to the brim, and, for the small portion of the day when people are dressed, the very latest modes are worn and also the newest figure, three waists. We 've a waist under the arms, a waist on the hips, and a waist just above the knees, with an inch or so of frock below it. The effect is simply sweet! One looks like a big bon-bon. Most of the time, however, the *costume-de-bain* is worn, which, after all, makes even the most chic of other toilettes look almost prim and Victorian. All the usuals are here and some *un*usuals. Among the latter is that nineteenth-century aunt of the Arkwrights (*his* aunt, not hers) who was so out of the picture at their Brainy Breakfasts, and who once remarked, when the Breakfast Relish (as Marian called the greatest celebrity present) was a famous explorer and had been telling us of his amazing discovery of something even older than TUTANK and much deeper down, "I think when things have been so carefully buried and for such a long time they ought to be left alone."

She 's even more out of the picture here. Yesterday, when some of us were having tea on the terrace of the Somptueux, Delia Easthampton (still faithful to the doll craze) had her big doll, in a bathing-dress exactly like her own, on the next chair. The nineteenth-century aunt, who was at our table looking 'mensely shocked but apparently enjoying her tea, said, after gazing at Delia's doll (she hadn't her spectacles on), "I see you bring up your little daughter in the good old-fashioned way—'Little girls should be seen and not heard.'"

"Oh," said Delia, "she can be heard all right;" and she wound the thing up—it was one of the new gramophone-dolls—and in a strident masculine voice it gave one of Dan Leary's most *risqué* stories. The nineteenth-century aunt fled from the table, leaving us laughing *à gorge déployée*, and dear delightful Comte Xavier de Papillon said: "*Mais, par exemple, que va-t-elle faire dans cette galère, cette dame prude et de la vieille roche?*" "Oh, she comes here to be shocked," answered Delia; "people who *can* be shocked *like* to be shocked. Only wish *I* could be! As a new sensation it would be worth having." And we all agreed with her.

The jewelled patch over one eye has become a little rage here, and it certainly has a 'normously *rusé* look. As an excuse, too, for cutting bromides and impossibles, the one-eyed mode is quite useful. Maison Dernier Cri sent their famous mannequin, Lolotte, here to show the last gasp in bathing-costumes—a few beads. We liked the dress well enough, but the creature herself is so horribly graceful and beautiful (with the too *obvious* beauty of girls of her class) that we didn't think it quite fair to have her as an object of the seashore, so we dropped a hint to the Dernier Cri and Lolotte was recalled.

Chatterton Soames describes Folleville as "a place where they gamble all night and gambol all day—where play is high in the Casino, but higher still in the surf!" And surf-romps are certainly jolly rags. Leap-frog has had a big vogue, but since Pixie Dashmore came she has set us all turning cart-wheels. Pixie herself is easily first at cartwheels, but at surf leap-frog Delia Easthampton was quite a wonder. The number of backs she could take almost without drawing breath! And what a pretty happening came of it. One day, when Delia had flown over a long line of backs, the Saxonbury boys, Piers St. Adrian, Comte Xavier, Chatty Soames, and ever so many more, she saw a man just coming in from a swim, so, thinking she 'd like one more, she called to him: "Be a sport, old chump, and give us a back." He gave her one, and when they faced each other afterwards they both simply roared, for it was Easthampton himself! The last time they 'd met was in the Law Courts in the Spring. The end of it was that, as the *decree nisi* isn't made absolute yet, they 've agreed to patch things up and live happy ever after. We all think it rather a sweet sequel to surf leap-frog.

Another Impending Apology.

From a list of entertainments:—

"John Gasworthy's comedy, 'Windows.' Delicate comedy by the great author of 'The Skin Game.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

"SMALL-BORE RIFLE SHOOTING.
'THE TIMES' CHALLENGE CUP."
Headlines in "The Times."

A truly admirable sport. But why not include the big ones?



BACK TO REALITIES.

Mr. MacDonald to Mr. Clynes. "I'M SORRY, BUT YOU MUST CUT OUT THAT PERSIAN STUFF. LABOUR NEEDS YOU."

[Owing, it is supposed, to the trouble on the Irish Boundary and other domestic difficulties, Mr. J. H. Thomas is hurrying back from South Africa, and Mr. Clynes has cancelled his proposed visit to Persia.]



Serious Humorous Illustrator. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WOULD YOU MIND NOT DRYING YOURSELF TILL I GET MY SKETCH-BOOK. YOU 'RE EXACTLY WHAT I WANT FOR A FUNNY DRAWING."

POSITIVITY.

O CHILDREN of this stark and strenuous age,
Who set small store by ordinary preaching,
I pray you hearken to the genial sage
Whose precious and illuminative teaching
In the last leader of *The Times*, most days,
Exhibits in beneficent conjunction
The maximum of those engaging traits,
Uplift and also unction.

Of late he took his text from Mr. SHAW—
In keeping with the fashionable habit
Of holding in deep reverence and awe
The man who proves that SHAKESPEARE was a rabbit—
And, starting from a scene in which Saint JOAN
Wrings from her foes the virtual approbation,
"She is so positive," has overthrown
The creed of mere negation.

Great wits, we learn, invariably jump
Per ardua ad astra into glory,
While timid self-protective souls who plump
For "safety first" will never live in story;
They know too well how many beans make five,
They may possess extremely sound and clear heads,
But they are lacking in initial drive,
Blunt poles are they, not spear-heads.

If you would soar with eagles, *à la* DELL,
You must not through misgiving moult one feather;
If among bards you wish to bear the bell
Keep Pegasus upon an easy tether;
And if in politics you seek to shine
Details disdain—they blur the aim that 's single,
And dissipate the energies divine
Of pertinacious PRINGLE.

Confronted by the two alternatives
The man who triumphs will defy depression
And take his stand upon the ground that gives
The freest scope for positive aggression;
And yet, to guard against the "nasty jar,"
It may be well at times to put the drag on;
Wherefore, my son, be sure to hitch your star
To some well-weighted waggon.

The ultimate upshot of this wondrous screed
I own to me is rather an enigma;
For, though it bans negation's sterile creed,
It holds that honest doubt is free from stigma,
And bids us wear beneath the purple robe
Of confidence the pilgrim's shirt of camlet,
Doubling the *rôles* of JEHU and of JOB,
NAPOLEON and *Hamlet*.

"Playing on the —— Park golf-links one evening this week Captain —— did the third hole in one and the second in 76, which is only one more than the record of 75 made by the professional."
Provincial Paper.

This is evidently a course, as the golf-architects say, "of infinite possibilities."

HONI SOIT.

WHEN a small boy detaches himself from his associates and darts towards you in the Northern Athens, you may be sure that he is about to ask you one of two questions. It is either "Please for the right time" (sometimes, less politely, "What 's the right time, Mister?") or "Hae ye ony cigareh· pho·es?" Not cigarette-cards, mark you, or even cairds, but pho·es. I am not sure if I have got hold of the right phonetic hieroglyphic, but after the "eh" and the "pho" you close down something away back in your throat before proceeding with the next syllable.

This morning a bare-legged urchin in a park came at me at full speed, followed by four others of lesser size, and I determined to give them a piece of my mind. Before the leader could open his mouth I addressed him severely as follows:—

"I know quite well what you are about to ask me, my dear children, so listen to me. I have no cigareh· pho·es. I have never seen a cigareh· pho·ey. Possibly I buy the wrong brand of cigareh·. Until a few moments ago I possessed a cigarette-card, number 47 of the 'Examples of Modern Coiffure' series, but I gave it to a boy beside the fountain. As for the right time, I wish to examine first, in a few sentences, the exact meaning of that term. The *right* time. What *is* the right time? I remember—(Come along, little girls; you are just in time)—I remember once, in a little town not far from here, asking a native of the place, a friend of mine, what the time was. He asked which time I required, and added that he could give me the town time, the station time, the school time, the post-office time, Greenwich time, or his own time. He might have added solar time, for which, of course, only a simple calculation is required. Move along a little there, and let these little boys come into the circle. Being, as we are here, about three degrees west of Greenwich, you simply add twelve minutes, or subtract, I forget which. Railway time, I understand, is two minutes behind Greenwich time, and Post-Office time one minute. My own time is *hors de combat*. But which of these is the right time, or what you mean by the right time, I am unable to tell. In any case there are two public clocks within sight, and here comes a policeman. It 's all right, constable, just a little lesson on time. Now before we break up I should like to say that I think it is very wrong of you children to harass grown-up people with your two stock questions. I see some of you have been shamefacedly looking at the ground while I have been speaking, but out of curiosity I should like to ask you, my young Sir, which did you want, the right time or cigareh· pho·es?"

The youth, embarrassed and tongue-tied for a moment, pointed to my right foot, where, on looking down, I saw a streak of bright blue sock-suspender trailing gracefully behind, and then he spluttered, "P-please, Mister, Ah was juist gaun tae tell ye that yer gairter 's burst."



SCENE—*Hotel Corridor*

Jovial One. "ANYTHING WRONG, SIR?"

The Other. "YES; BACKED A LOSER TO-DAY AND LOST FIVE HUNDRED TO MY BOOKIE."

Jovial One. "WHY NOT GO BACK TO BED COMFORTABLY AND LET THE BOOKMAKER DO THE WALKING UP AND DOWN?"

Dick Whittington Up-to-date.

"PARIS.—Senor Unze, the Argentine millionaire racehorse owner, was attacked yesterday at Deauville by bandits who bade him at the point of their revolvers hand them his loose money, jewels, and watch. Not content with their haul, they relieved the millionaire of his hat and cat."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Mr. —— (U.S.A.) spoke next. His was also an extremely humorous address, full of amusing anticdotes."—*West Indian Paper.*

Would that all humorous orators were so ready with correctives.

HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

II.—THE DIPPING SYSTEM.

WHEN you go to Sandsmouth you bathe. You may not really care for it. You may not like walking in a chilly bathing costume, up to your ankles in cold water, half-way to France—possibly without knowing a word of the language—but you do it. It is the thing.

"Come along, Gilbey," I said on our second morning at Sandsmouth; "what about that dip?"

Gilbey was deep in a deck-chair and a daily paper.

"Which dip?" he said, looking up unwillingly.

"Why, our dip. My dip. Your dip."

"I haven't got a dip," he said and turned to the paper again.

"Gilbey," I said sternly, "public opinion—a very awful thing to come up against, mind you—demands that you dip."

"*Dip?*" said Gilbey, looking up again.

"Yes, dip. The word has gone forth, 'Gilbey must dip.'"

"Where?"

"There." And I pointed dramatically to the thin grey distant line of the ocean.

Gilbey took one look at it and withdrew shudderingly behind his paper.

"I should smile," he said.

"I doubt it, Gilbey," I answered. "A fugitive grin perhaps or a fleeting gnash of the teeth as that numb feeling creeps up your spine, but scarcely a smile."

"I mean," said Gilbey brutally, "I'm not coming."

"Ah, there," I said with genial breeziness, "you underrate your own strength of character. Never shall it be said that a Gilbey flinched in the hour of trial."

"But look here," said Gilbey, putting down his paper and sitting as upright as is possible in a low-hung deck-chair—"I don't want to dip. I don't *need* a dip. And I prefer water warm, out of a tap."

"The morning dip——" I began soothingly.

"And why do you call it by that ridiculous name? I'm not a sheep. Why can't you say 'bathe'?"

"I don't know. Everybody calls it a dip. The dipping system——"

"The what?"

"The dipping system——" I continued patiently.

"Now, look here——" said Gilbey.

"Gilbey," I said, "I love your conversation; but you will say 'Look here' such a lot. And it never seems really worth while when I do look."

"What do you want?"

"Well, the idea is that you should come and have a dip—have a bathe."

Gilbey pulled himself from his chair and looked slowly round the grim grey horizon. There was no ray of hope anywhere.

"I hope my unhappy widow and my poor fatherless little ones will forgive you," he said.

"Oh, I hope so," I replied brightly. "Come along."

* * * * *

We stood together, two forlorn figures, in the midst of a vast expanse of sand too wet to be beach and not wet enough to be ocean.

"Where does the sea begin?" asked Gilbey irritably.

"Why?"

"Because I want to know when I'm really bathing. I'm only going to stay in for five minutes and I want to know when to start counting."

I pointed towards some little black dots far out to sea.

"You may not believe it, Gilbey," I said, "but those people are really bathing."

Gilbey took one long incredulous look.

"Then let 'em," he said. And he turned his face towards England again.

I sprang after him and laid a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"Gilbey," I said, "play the man. Do you realise that there are a hundred persons on that beach with field-glasses focussed on you at this very moment?"

Gilbey blushed all over.

"Look here," he said feebly.

"That's just what they are doing," I said, and I urged him seaward.

About half-a-mile further on I was suddenly seized with a suspicion which practically amounted to a certainty. My toes were submerged at almost every step.

"Gilbey," I cried, "I believe we're bathing. This is the sea—England's glory and all that."

Gilbey bent down and tasted it suspiciously.

"No, I think not," he said. "Tastes more like hotel soup."

"The sea can't be very much further," I said. The shore certainly looked a long way away, but we were still more or less within territorial waters.

"Now then, Gilbey," I said when the water had reached to our waists, "dip."

"What?"

"I said 'dip.'"

"What, here?"

"After all, it's what you've come for."

"Oh, I couldn't," said Gilbey.

Just then he trod on a jelly-fish or a mermaid or something, and a glad little shout went up from the watchers on the distant beach. A hundred pairs of field-glasses were wiped vigorously and a hundred pairs of eager eyes searched the grim grey expanse of ocean where Gilbey had disappeared. There was no sign, no flotsam or jetsam or anything like that, and a sort of hiccough came faintly over the water as a hundred watchers caught a hundred breaths.

Then, slowly, majestically, to the accompaniment of a whispered cheer from the shore, the form of Gilbey rose from the shallow deep.

"I've dipped," he said. "Topping!"

* * * * *

As we strode triumphantly shoreward Gilbey suddenly stopped, looking out to sea.

"I say," he said, "what's happened to those other fellows we saw as we came out?"

I followed the direction of his gaze. The little black dots had disappeared.

"I expect they were from the other side," I said. "They went back to Deauville when we weren't looking."

L. DU G.

TOADSTOOLS.

WHEN thistledown begins to fly,
When roses pale and pass,
When bluebells bluer than the sky
Are shimmering in the grass,
When August like a wanded witch
Waves up the harvest gold,
There comes a night when fairies pitch
Their tents by wood and wold.

Their pegs are of the clover seed,
Their ropes by spiders spun,
They raise their tiny walls at need
To take the wind and sun;
And there by fires you never see
They fry their fairy ham,
And boil their pots of pixie tea
And gobble elfin jam.

You may not hear the merry shouts
That wake the woodland rides,
Yet here's a tent of laughing Scouts,
And yonder are the Guides;
While further off the Boys' Brigade
Peeps out, with pointed ears,
And camped along that grassy glade
Are fairy Fusiliers.

So cross the fields with dainty tread
And walk the woods with care,
Lest where the slender ropes are spread
You break them unaware;
For common folk and earls and tramps
And emperors and hinds
Should know that there are fairy camps
As well as other kinds.

"A Little Learning."

"With due respect to the reputed author of Shakespeare's plays, a little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing."—*Liverpool Paper.*

But did anyone ever accuse POPE of writing SHAKESPEARE'S plays?



THE MAN WHO REVOKED AT THE PORTLAND CLUB.



A HOT-WEATHER CONVERSATION.

Bore. "OF COURSE THIS IS NOTHING MUCH. IN INDIA I 'VE KNOWN THE TEMPERATURE OVER A HUNDRED DEGREES AT MIDNIGHT."
Victim (doing her best). "REALLY? HOW DREADFUL! NOW WOULD THAT BE IN THE SHADE?"

PARLOUR TRICKS.

["In Ealing some of the residents have converted their spare sitting-rooms into garages for their cars, while houses now being erected are of the double-fronted type, with a garage on one side of the central hall."—*London Evening Paper.*]

In uncivilised spots known to me and to you
I don't think the motor-car quite gets its due;
They hide it away in a builder-built garage,
Cut off by a kind of conventional barrage
From family life, its refining felicity,
And all the delights of sustained domesticity.

I call it most unsympathetic and hard
To leave it outside like a dog in the yard;
Oh, notice the nicer, more delicate feeling
Displayed by the natives of elegant Ealing,
Who hold that their pets should have floor space and pawing room
In what was once labelled the lounge or the drawing-room.

Why not? In too many apartments is seen
The proud aspidistra all floppy and green,
While other misguided ones clutter their parlours
With somnolent pussies or puppy-dog snarlers:
If people thus pamper their cats or their greenery,
Why rule out a well-behaved piece of machinery?

So let us rejoice at this news that there are
Some owners who know how to value a car;
Whatever may happen where views are more narrow—
At Surbiton, say, or the highlands of Harrow—
At Ealing the motor, all bright and enamel-ly,
"Lives in" and is treated as one of the family.

THE FIRE FIEND.

From the Monster Insurance Company, Limited, to Mr. Lauchlan McSwither.

Argyle Street, Glasgow.
14th August, 1924.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to our representative's call upon you yesterday, we now enclose cheque value £1 10s. in full settlement of your claim under policy number 704963948, as agreed by you.

Kindly sign and return the accompanying form of receipt.

Yours faithfully, JOHN SMITH,
Fire Manager.

From Mr. Lauchlan McSwither to the Monster Insurance Company, Limited.

Auchterbrose.
Friday.

SIR,—Please send another cheque for £3 in money as cheques are no use, the one that was to hand this morning being on mantlepiece and with draught of door opening was blew into fire and was burnt up before steps could be took to save it. This is £1 10s. for loss of property as agreed under threats and £1 10s. for loss of cheque.

Your obedient Servant, LAUCHLAN MCSWITHER.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"It is believed that the Home Office has decided to prohibit charitable prize draws of all descriptions throughout the country."
Evening Paper.

"There is no intention on the part of the Home Office to conduct an organised campaign against charitable prize draws of all descriptions in this country."—*Same Paper, same day.*

"THE PLUCKING OF THE ROSES."

IT was our Pageant Day, and Edward had been cast for the part of a noble in a scene entitled "The Plucking of the Roses." It was not a big part. Edward had only one line to speak, but he had silken hose to wear, a velvet doublet with brief continuations, and a dear little velvet cap stuck sideways on his head. Moreover he had a real dagger in his waistband. Quite a lot can be done with a part like that if only you know how to "ruffle" properly.

Edward practised ruffling throughout the summer. He would go into the drawing-room before breakfast and ruffle all the way down the room in front of the long pier-glass. Mind you, that in his City clothes. So much for the determination of his spirit. When his mother complained that his ruffling interfered with the maids' work, Edward betook himself to the best spare bedroom and practised in front of the wardrobe.

Our pageant was held in the Manor grounds. The scene of "The Plucking of the Roses" they staged on the broad grass terrace, in the middle of which stood side by side two standard rose-trees in green tubs. Loosely attached to the branches of both trees were artificial roses: white on the one tree, red on the other. The rufflers—there were about a dozen of them besides Edward—had each to conclude his ruffling by plucking a rose, white or red at his discretion.

Ours is a neighbourhood rich not only in historical associations but in its modern notabilities. It would need the pen of a professional Society reporter to do justice to the brilliance of the audience that assembled to see Edward do his ruffling and hear him speak his line.

And they were well rewarded. Edward ruffled as he never had before, not even in front of the pier-glass in his mother's drawing-room. The scene lasted about ten minutes; and all the actors in it ruffled the whole time. Some of them faltered in their ruffling and seemed conscious of wearing unaccustomed clothes. But Edward ruffled throughout as one to the manner born.

The time came for the plucking of the roses. First one young blood and then another swaggered or sidled, according to his temperament, across the stage to the rose-trees and plucked a rose. "I pluck a white rose!" declared the first, *mezzo-forte*; "I pluck a red rose!" shrieked the second, *fortissimo*; "And I pluck a wh-wh-wh-white rose," stuttered the third, who was rather nervous. At last only Edward remained with undeclared allegiance to York or Lancaster.

Right across the stage he ruffled. Every eye was upon him, and he made the most of his moment. When he reached the rose-bushes he paused with outstretched hand and faced the audience.

"And I," he said—his chest heaved and his voice rang out clear and bell-like—"I pluck a WHITE rose!" As he spoke he snatched a blossom from the tree and held it triumphantly above his head. There was a gasp from the audience; then the earth shook with tumultuous applause. "Encore, encore, encore!" The enthusiasm was quite sensational. Cabinet Ministers cheered like schoolboys. Even peers of the realm smiled.

Edward seemed a little surprised at his own success. First he blushed, then he started to bow. Something, however, in the note of the applause must have attracted his attention, for he suddenly checked his bow and glanced instead at the emblem in his hand. Then the ruffle went out of him instantaneously and his whole body crumpled.

"I mean," said Edward—his voice trailed off into a melancholy apologetic whisper—"I mean a *red* one."



Hostess (offering last piece of bread-and-butter). "HERE YOU ARE, BOBBY—A HANDSOME WIFE AND FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR!"

Cautious Boy. "DOES THAT MEAN NET, OR WOULD INCOME-TAX HAVE TO BE DEDUCTED?"

Another Impending Apology.

"The chairman remarked that it was his inestimable privilege to know and love Sir Thomas ——'s revered father and the gracious lady his mother. To many of them their memory was flagrant, and must ever remain so."—*Scots Paper.*

"The suspension of the Moon is really good. It permits a certain amount of swaying."
Motoring Paper.

This phenomenon is usually observed on a wet night.

WIRELESS AT NIGHT.

TALL as a village spire
A slender fir-tree set upon the hill
Carries the news—or CHOPIN—at your will
Along the fine-drawn wire.

Aerial and telephone,
Batteries, valves (so little for so much),
And half of Europe answers to your touch,
Whispers to you alone.

The dogs of Paris bark
For us; and from our easy-chairs in Spring
We hear the nightingales of England sing
Out of their distant dark.

Perhaps our badger goes
Grunting between the trees and moony sky,
Where the owls call and softly flurry by.
I know the yellow rose

Nods on the wall; but here
Harmonies sound and rush of violins;
Or it's a play by MOLIÈRE that begins
And speaks into my ear.

Drenched in their drowsy calm,
Outside the flowers in moon-dipped garden-walks
(Tall shining flowers that sway upon their stalks)
Are scented like sweet balm.

Within a voice comes through:
"*Bon soir, Mesdames, Messieurs,*" I hear it say,
"*L'audition de ce soir est terminée.*"
Monsieur, good-night to you.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

III.—SLEEPING ON THE TRAIN.

THE train we were on was very crowded. It was not only crowded with travellers, but with suitcases and satchels, and handbags and coats and hats and golfbags and mandolins and guitars. Rather than be a burden, Will and I rode on the car platform and took turns sitting on the little box which the porter leaves there to be used as an extra step when the train stops. Or, to be more exact, we took turns standing up; first I would stand up for a while and rest, then Will. I never realised before how strenuous sitting down may be. By night I was on the verge of a collapse. When we got back from dinner about 8.45 the car was much less crowded; but I was in no physical condition to appreciate anything but sleep.

Up to this point I had taken very little notice of the porter. He had taken very little notice of me. He received me as if I were a poor relation (I am, of course, but not of his); he was sorry I had come and couldn't help showing it.

But he disappeared soon after we started and went below and rode on the trucks. (I didn't actually catch him doing it, but I don't see where else he could have gone.) When night came he appeared again and began making up the berths. He was doing this wearily when we got back from dinner.

I tried to conceal from him the fact that I was completely exhausted from the day's work and exceedingly anxious for him to prepare my modest couch early. But he guessed it somehow, and decided he would let me be about last. I spoke to him once, about midnight, and asked him how he thought the chances stood for his getting round to my berth some time before morning. "I hope to detrain about nine A.M.," I told him, "and I'd naturally——"

But he couldn't make no promises; he was doing the best he could and he couldn't be bothered with doing no better.

Fate however was against him, and about an hour later he got there. After some thirty minutes more he heaved a tremendous sigh and went below again.

Five minutes later I dodged the problem of shoes (the problem consists in whether shoes shall be left downstairs and the ascent made in one's stockinged feet or whether they shall be worn aloft and surreptitiously dropped down afterwards) by taking them to bed with me, let my head sink into the smothering depths of the pillows and tried unsuccessfully to decide whether the continued roar I heard was Niagara Falls or merely thunder.

I was in this indefinite state of mind when I heard a door slam and saw a fuzzy green light come swinging down the aisle. I turned over and was half-asleep again when I heard Will's voice shout loudly for the porter.

This was an extraordinary thing even for Will to do. It offended me very much. I stuck my heavy head out between the curtains and frowned into a green and empty gully. But I could not keep my eyelids apart and sank back into the pillows, asleep.

I dreamed that I lay on the edge of a cliff, my head resting in soft mud, and that some unseen person beyond the brink was silently but persistently endeavouring to pull me over. I awoke in great alarm to find somebody trying to draw my mattress from under me.

This was my most treasured possession and I was in no mood to give it up without a struggle. I kicked. Then I heard the porter mumble something.

"What?" I cried.

"Hot-box on de car."

I was so stopped up with rage at the audacity of the man's awakening me in the dead of night to tell me the car had a hot-box that I could not speak. I kicked again at the curtains and prepared to go to sleep. He tried to pull out the mattress once more.

"All out en git in de *nex'* car."

"All out!"

I knew it was a joke, but the very idea of making a joke of such a serious matter drove me nearly frantic. I kicked at him again and he passed on.

Through a sort of auditory fog I heard him say to Lower 7—

"All out en git in de nex' car. Hot-box on dis hyer."

The thought that it might not be a joke confronted me in its horrible simplicity. As an accompaniment to the porter's hideous slogan, I heard a steady stream of blasphemy and now and then a steely thud as somebody forgot how low the tops of the coffins were. I could think of nothing to do but ring for the porter.

After a dignified intermission he appeared.

"What place is this?" I asked him.

"Flo'ence, South Ca'lina."

This meant nothing to me, so I asked the time.

"Oh, 'long about three-thirty."

This was the most soporific information I think I have ever heard. It was almost impossible to keep my eyes open now. But after a pause I asked him what was going to happen to the car. I didn't see any adequate reason why I shouldn't remain where I was if they were going to take it off the main tracks.

"All out en git in de nex' car. Hot-box on dis hyer."

"Know all that. What want to know is suppose *don't* get out."

He thought this over for a moment and replied,

"*All* out en git in de nex' car."

Then suddenly a new plan struck me; if I threw a few of my outer clothes round me and hurried to the next car I should very likely be able to get a lower berth. The sooner I got out of this car the sooner I should be asleep in the next. Pulling my trousers over my pyjamas, drawing on my coat and modestly turning up the collar, I stuffed everything I could find into the suitcase and tried to shut it. After several ineffectual attempts I dragged its ponderous and leaking form towards the door. I met the porter.

"Bring other suit-case and golf-bag up to first lower," said I.

As I crossed the coupling to the forward car I saw a man with a lantern.

"This is the car, isn't it?" I asked him.



"THIS 'ERE WIRELESS, JARGE, WILL BRING ABOUT THE END O' THE WORLD QUICKER THAN ANYTHING. IT WON'T BE IN MY TIME, IT WON'T BE IN YOURS, BUT YOU SEE."

"That 's her," said the man, and he laughed. I thought at the moment that he was laughing at my appearance, which I realized must have had its ludicrous side, but then I understood!

I stumbled, drunk with sleep, past a suspicious-looking door, round a semi-circle, and then calmly opened my suit-case and took out my hair-brushes.

Before me I saw, not the shimmering beautiful valley of a sleeper, but the stiff prickly chairs of an ancient observation car!

At my feet the figure of a man was stretched out on the floor as limp as a pillow. I bent over him. It was Will.

"Will," said I.

"Please go away," said Will.

And I went—up to the far end and sat down on the floor.

When we reached "destination on margin of ticket" (which we really did) I felt as though I had been tied to the rear end of the train and dragged South over the cross-ties. But the pain in my mind hurt me most. It was the awful thought of the trip back.

U. S. A.

"All very well to say, 'Prevent illness!' But how is it to be done? Take the common cold."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

First catch your cold, in fact.

"Respectable young Woman requires Cleaning; public or private."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

The latter is much more suitable.

From a house-agent's description:—

"Stabling for 3, coach-house and 9 lovin grooms."

Only lacking 9 lovin' brides.

"The lecture series is accompanied by several museum demonstrations on elephants, on fossils, on Eskimo implements, on mistletoe and on sculptures."—*Provincial Paper.*

We can imagine the demonstration on "mistletoe."

MARS.

ON the night of August 22nd the planet Mars was nearer to the earth than it has been for one hundred years. That is to say, the planet Mars was only 34,200,000 miles away, as opposed to the customary 34,600,000 miles.



Chart I.

MARS SEEN THROUGH THE NAKED EYE.

Many people therefore concluded that they would see more of Mars on August 22nd, 1924, than anybody saw of it in 1909, when Mars was 34,586,000 miles away. It has long been a source of surprise that, although the canals of Mars have been accurately observed and sketched, so far no locks have been detected; for the existence of a canal, in a hilly country, presupposes locks; and the apparent absence of any locks has given rise to the hypothesis that Mars is perfectly flat. It is known, however, that there are, in fact, at least three or four considerable eminences on the planet. It is hoped that this intriguing dilemma may find some solution in the numerous reports of scientific ob-

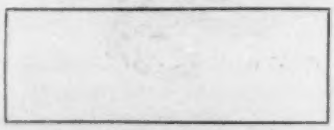


Chart II.

FIRST VIEW OF MARS THROUGH POWER-GLASSES.

servers who have been giving it their special attention.

Other workers have climbed up to the top of high Swiss mountains, stood on tip-toe and flashed lanterns at Mars. Professor Mole, again, who is working in the Canary Islands, has asked for a complete cessation of conversation between 1.50 A.M. and 1.52 on the morning of September 8th, when he proposes to blow three loud whistles and swear in Hindustani. Professor Mole says that it is useless to flash lanterns at Mars in the night-time, when we can see it, because at that time the sun is shining on Mars and the sentient beings (if any) on Mars are not able to see us. He also suggests that since our earthly watchers only watch Mars during our night and the Martian watchers can only watch us during our day, there is a danger that the two sets of watchers may never meet. There is no reason, however, why the sentient beings (if any) should not hear three loud whistles at any time, and draw their own conclusions.

Meanwhile a number of unofficial observers have been observing Mars, and I am one of them. My observations have had results of an extraordinary character, and the following is the report (absolutely veracious) which I propose to send to the Royal Astronomical Society:—

On the night of August 22nd, 1924, I returned home about 11 P.M., perfectly sober.

Mars was then low in the south-eastern sky, about 35° above the horizon, or, say, two yards above the bathroom window.

I took my high-power field-glasses up



Chart III.

SECOND VIEW OF MARS THROUGH POWER-GLASSES.

to the bathroom, turned on my bath and observed Mars with the naked eye.

To the naked eye Mars then appeared to be exceedingly bright, disagreeably red and quite absurdly large. The conclusion I formed was that Mars was not a planet at all, but some sort of hanky-panky put up by the Labour Party. A kind of sharp-pointed promontory or excrescence was observed at the lower end (*see Chart I.*).

I then took the field-glasses and observed Mars through both lenses.

The first thing I noticed was that Mars had disappeared (*Chart II.*).



Chart IV.

THE WINDY TRIANGLE.

I readjusted the lenses and looked again.

I now observed that the planet had split up and become two planets; both of them, however, much smaller than the original body. I concluded therefore that a third, and possibly a fourth, section had become detached from the main body and was (or were) at large in space.

(*The Society will remember that I then telephoned to the Secretary and notified him of what I had seen.*) (*Chart III.*)

On receipt of your Secretary's assurance that my observations were, so far,



Chart V.

uncorroborated by any member of the Society, I readjusted the lenses and examined the planet again.

I remembered then that I am one of those unfortunates who have to shut one eye in order to see anything satisfactorily through a power-glass designed for two. (It is my private belief that the entire human race is in this respect constructed as I am.)

I shut one eye and turned the little wheel.

What I saw then was very disturbing. There could be no mistake; I saw it clearly. I saw a brightly-lighted triangle, to which was attached some kind of seaweed or fungus, which seemed to me *to be blowing in the wind!*



Chart VI.

ROUGH SKETCH OF SENTIENT BEING OBSERVED ON MARS.

The possibility that there was a wind on the planet Mars had never previously occurred to me. I judged that the wind was blowing south-west, or, allowing for the distance between the two planets, north-east.

(*The Society will remember that I then telephoned to the Secretary to inquire if he was aware of the presence of a north-easterly wind-current on the planet Mars. He answered, shortly, in the negative.*) (*Chart IV.*)

I next turned off the bath-water, for the bath was overflowing.

Resuming my instrument, I found that there was an adjustable revolving eye-piece, of which up till now I had made no use whatever. I levelled the glasses at the planet Mars and rapidly rotated the eye-piece, carefully closing the eye not in use.

What I saw was extraordinary. The planet Mars assumed in quick succession



IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"OH, HAROLD, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? GEE! TO THINK THAT KID MAY BE A LORD OR A DUKE OR A BELTED EARL WHEN HE GROWS UP!"

the shapes of a star-fish, a whelk, an incandescent gas-mantle (on fire), a mouldering apple, and a small triangular jelly-fish. This goes far to prove that there is life on the planet. When however I had the planet finally focussed (so far as I could judge) it had the general appearance suggested in Chart V.

In addition to the bizarre shape which the planet had taken I now observed that it was covered with innumerable small specks and spots, some of which were bright green. It struck me that if I examined the planet for a little longer I should probably see canals.

This thought had scarcely passed through my head when the planet (as shown in Chart V.) began to revolve. It revolved clock-wise, or with the sun, and from time to time emitted a brilliant flash of orange light, and in each case, some few seconds after these flashes, I fancied I could hear a dull report. Whether these phenomena might be taken to indicate that the inhabitants of Mars were systematically blowing up the canals was a question, I decided, which could only be left to conjecture. Meanwhile the specks or spots already reported upon were now clearly distinguishable as sentient beings, most of whom had the general features of the terrestrial water-rat. The presence of these pests in overwhelming numbers would account, of course, for the deliberate destruction of the canals. Many of them, I noticed, had small malevolent eyes of an unusual purple colour, and their tails were singularly hairy and long, with curious tassels at the end. (*Chart VI.*)

When I had made these observations I laid down my field-glasses and entered my bath.

From my bath, through the open window, I continued to observe the planet Mars with the naked eye. I remarked with some satisfaction that it had resumed to a large extent its original appearance, and any slight differences were easily accounted for by the blowing up of the canals, the division of the planet into four parts, and the other phenomena which it had been my good fortune to see. Curiously enough, however, it was now two sizes larger, extremely bright and really quite nice.

I formed the conclusion that I was sober with the naked eye and drunk through the field-glasses. A. P. H.

FURTHER TESTIMONIALS

(From a Patient at Sea).

["It doesn't seem to matter where a bone-setting operation takes place. A while ago Sir Herbert Barker was going to the West of England, and in the train he put a slipped cartilage right for a man who had come all the way from Sydney."—*From a recent issue of "The Daily Graphic."*]

I REALLY thought the waves would sink us,
And oh! the pain in my small incus.
I feared I 'd never get to Cromer,
For I had wrecked my fragile vomer,
And twisted up my pterygoid,
And sat upon my sesamoid.
With pain I sank upon my knees
And wrung my fevered phalanges.
By chance Sir HERBERT did appear;
He said, "Your cuboid 's out of gear."
Then whilst the boat rocked in the storm
He put to rights my pisiform,
And healed my sore astragalus
Without the slightest pain or fuss.
When finished I was hale and hearty;
Reset, you see, *in omni parte.*

"The only bright evenings are those spent at the Danse-De-Duxe."—*Provincial Paper.*
Very appropriate name, this weather.



Bluejacket. "THE GENERAL IDEA IS THAT SAILORS ARE ALL ROUGH AN' TOUGH BLOKES. BUT PUT ME IN A GARDEN WHERE THERE'S ROSES, AN' I'M JUST LIKE A BIT O' CONDENSED MILK."

H.M.S. WHITEHALL.

(A destroyer of this name has just been commissioned.)

This tale is true, I know it is, I had it in the Mall
From a most veracious sailor who I'm sure could never lie.
It describes the glorious fight of H.M.T.B.D. *Whitehall*
When she sank (with all aboard her) in the coming by-and-bye.

She was officered completely by a Civil Service crew;
An assistant-secretary was her captain—do you see?
From No. 1 deck first-class clerks sent chits to No. 2,
And, instead of stokers down below, were typists making tea.

She 'd hardly been commissioned when the country went to war,
And, although she was the last at fighting stations to arrive,
She flew the Red (Tape) Ensign aft, a top-hat on the fore,
And joined in all the battles from 9.45 to 5.

An enemy air-squadron came a-droning through the sky;
They dropped a bomb on *Whitehall*, whom they just contrived to miss.
She was told to open fire on them, but only made reply:
"Please quote your ref'rence number and authority for this."

She sailed serenely forward, unperturbed amid the rout,
But beyond this placid progress had done nothing else at all,
When the admiral commanding sent an urgent message out:
"Now listen, all destroyers—and especially *Whitehall*.

"An enemy light cruiser 's been and gone and set afloat
A lot of mines in front of you, so turn towards the shore."
The good ship *Whitehall's* flags ran up: "Your message, Sir, we note;
'Twill have our best attention," and she sailed on as before.

There came a burst of T.N.T.; she was a total wreck;
But the gallant secretary (who had qualified in Morse)
Spelled out a final message as he soared above the deck:
"Your mine of even date received; will answer in due course."

Another "Terminological Inexactitude."

"Labour might go to the country with a 'Down with the Lords' cry, and strive to return with a mandate to strip the Lepper House of all its powers."—*Provincial Paper.*

If this were a correct description of the Second Chamber we should all be in favour of its abolition.

From an Italian guide-lecturer's prospectus:—

"Prof. ——, by his expletive talks on Rome given in the evening at hotels, etc., has set up a good example which should be followed by all those who would care to give some mental pleasure to visitors in general."

And particularly to students of "language."

From the report of a judicial summing-up:—

"Apart from the argument based upon 'standard' hours it was not possible to point to anything intrinsically unreasonable or economically unsound in the 44 hours' day."—*Australian Paper.*

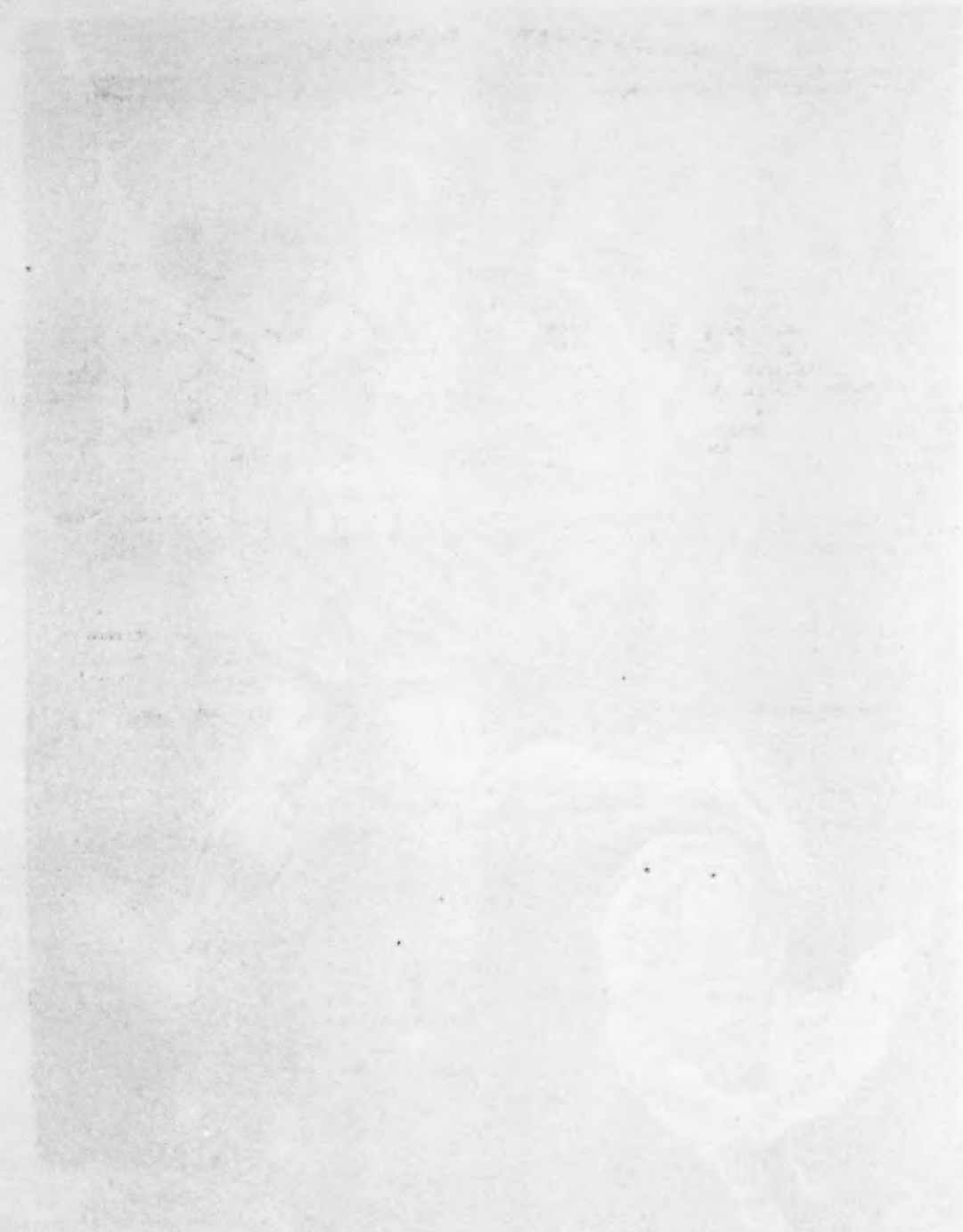
We fancy the local Labour Party will have something to say about this.

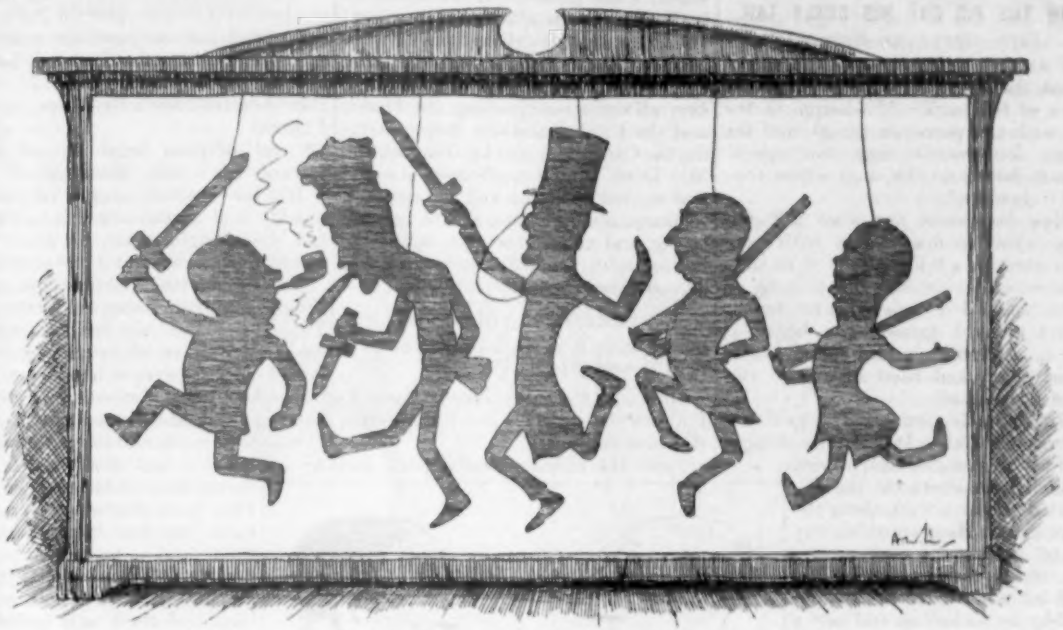


WASHED OUT.

THE EARTH. "HULLO, MARS! OFF AGAIN ALREADY?"

MARS. "YES; I'M PEEVED. I USED TO FANCY MYSELF AS THE RED PLANET, BUT AFTER A CLOSE VIEW OF *YOU* I CAN SCARCELY CALL MYSELF PINK."





"A MAGIC SHADOW-SHOW."

Members of the Conservative Party, known as the "Shadow Cabinet," are about to start an intensive campaign in the big industrial centres. Mr. BALDWIN, Lord BIRKENHEAD, Mr. A. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir R. HORNE and Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS.

TO OUR GALLANT POLO TEAM.

(In America.)

We shall be with you noon by noon
  When flags are flying from every roof,
When the torn ground rings to the rousing tune
  Of the clicking ball and the racing hoof.
Skilled are the foes ye shall meet and fight,
  On many a field they have won renown,
But this is our game by an age-old right,
  And where are the men shall ride us down?

Swift to the front with hand and heel!
  Lean and lash at it! Charge and swing!
Drive and follow, and check and wheel,
  Till cheers from the rocking "bleachers" ring!
Ride for England, and let them know
  That we carry a pride that is ill to tame,
That stout hearts still in the Islands grow
  And bridle-hands for the centaurs' game!

W. H. O.

The Martian Language.

"NEW YORK.—Two radio operators at Newark, New Jersey, declare that they heard a weird succession of sounds on a wave-length of 2,500 metres which might have been from Mars. The sounds started abruptly, stopped suddenly, and then resumed. They were like a bass note on a piano.
anoLTishrdlu aoinshrdlu altled dawadel."—*Daily Paper.*

"People often ask newspaper men why they advertise Socialists and Communists so freely, and oblige sensible men to read their wild speeches. There are several answers to that question, including the reason why newspapers publish the lubrications of so many M.P.'s of the 'sensible' persuasion."—*Scots Paper.*

In order, surely, to throw oil on the waters troubled by the lucubrations of the "wild men."

LATEST NEWS FROM INDIA

(Gathered from replies by native aspirants to clerkships in various offices in Simla).

THE Duke of CONNAUGHT bears a close relation to the Royal Family.

* * *

The Duke of CONNAUGHT came to India for a walk.

* * *

The Duke of CONNAUGHT was Prime Minister before RAMSAY MACDONALD. Now he is Member of Assembly.

* * *

The Duke of CONNAUGHT is Duke of a place in Wales by name of Connaught. He came to India in the year 1922. There was a great celebration among Delhi peoples. He is also the PRINCE OF WALES and eldest son of KING GEORGE THE FIFTH.

* * *

The Mayor of Calcutta is Lord LUTTON.

* * *

If you do anything after death it is called a post-mortem.

* * *

If a man dies without relations his corporal is carried to the hospital and cut through. Secondly, if he dies of poisoning, the doctor tears his stomic.

The Latest Planet.

"Mars is the only planet which has ever appealed with any force to the average man. One never hears Sirius mentioned on an omnibus."—*Evening Paper.*

"The Hon. Mr. C. —— will preside at the annual dinner of the Ceylon Poultry Club on August 7 at the G. O. H., when about 75 are expected to sit."—*Ceylon Paper.*

Barring the President, a "hen-party," we presume.

HOW THE PIG GOT HIS CURLY TAIL.

(After RUDYARD KIPLING.*)*

I HAVEN'T told you yet, O Best Beloved, about the Pig who lived on the bank of the muddy Mississippi in the sty with the porcelain trough and the brass door-knocker near the squish-squash bush and the shop where they sell "chokliks."

Now you know just what a Pig is like. You've drawn one with your eyes shut, in a "Pig-Book," I'm sure. *I* have; only mine was like nothing on earth when I'd finished him, for he didn't join. I daresay you began at his snout, and gave him *such* a curly-whirly tail, and then lost your way back to his head.

But in the Beginning of Things his tail didn't curl at all. It was quite straight and ended in a stiff sharp bristle.

Well, one afternoon the Pig started off for a walk along the river bank. He grunted his way along, poking his nose among the reeds, looking for truffles and trifles of that sort. And by-and-by he looked up and saw a perfectly gorgeous rainbow not very far in front, with both ends resting on the ground.

Now he was a very learned Pig—some of them are, you know. You see them at circuses, and they can spell words like "ecstasy" and "agreeable," and they know when "i" comes before "e," and difficult things like that. And he remembered that if you can get to the end of the rainbow you are sure to find something very nice. And this one looked so very close that he started off towards it at a trot.

He hadn't gone very far before he came to a signpost pointing two ways, and one arm said, "To this end," and the other said, "To that end." He was a bit puzzled which way to take, but he decided that the right one had better be left, and so he galloped off to the left; and as it turned out he was right. And before very long he reached the place where the rainbow sank down into the marshy ground.

You can't think how *be-eutiful* it looked, all sheeny-shiny, among bushes hung with oranges and lemons, with Dragon-flies darting about, carrying little rainbows on their wings.

Well, he *was* delighted; and he stamped round to see if anything was buried there, and soon he hit upon something hard. He didn't know what it was, and he couldn't get it up. So he asked one of the Dragon-flies if he'd be so kind as to fly and tell the Caterpillar. The Dragon-fly did, though he wasn't a bit 'cited about it himself, for he lived at the rainbow's end, you see; and the really-truly 'citing things always happen to the people over the road, don't they? And in less than no time they all came racing along, the Daddy and the Cricket and the Robin, carrying the Caterpillar, and the Peacock and Mrs. Duck. And they all crowded round and started to stamp and to ramp and to jump and to thump and to tug and to lug, and at last they got up a large bottle, tightly corked. And what ever do you think the label said? This:—

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Then the wise old Caterpillar remarked, "Insert your caudal appendage into the cork, Old Eversharp, and pull;" and they stuck the sharp bristle on the end of the Pig's tail into the cork, and he pulled hard, but the cork remained fast.

The Pig thought deeply for a while, and then he did a most pig-culiar thing. He began to run round and round the bottle as fast as he could, till his tail got twisted all corkscrewy and he felt most 'ceedingly giddy. Well, Dear Darling, of course they all wondered what he meant by this. The Caterpillar cried, "O my Pachydermatous Friend, elucidate, I prithee, the true inwardness of these inscrutable gyrations!" And the Pig panted, "Wasn't that a scrumpshus idea of mine? I think we shall get it out this way."

Then they all held on to the bottle, one behind the other, and the Pig pulled and pulled, and out came the cork with a plop, and over went the whole tug-of-war on to their backs, and . . . . . (We 'd better have a fresh line for this, I think) . . . . . all the lollipops began to roll down towards the muddy Mississippi!

But the Peacock jumped up ever so quickly and spread out his *be-eutiful* tail and caught them as they were rolling down. Wasn't it clever of him?

So they carried the lollipops home (except some which they left for the kind Dragon-fly), and they had *such* a feast. And they were so sticky and 'cited that it was ever and ever so long before they remembered that the cork was still on the Pig's tail and started to pull it off. It was hard work, and they quite forgot to uncurl his tail first, which was thoughtless of them, wasn't it? They tried afterwards to get the twist out, but it was too late then; and so to this very identical day, O Precious Playmate, all the Pigs that ever have been have had their tails curled like corkscrews; and very proud they are of them.



SOME FACES SEEM MADE FOR A STRAW— OTHERS DON'T.

Halcyon Days.

"A few days ago a live kingfisher was found in Lord Rosebery's bedroom at Durdans, Epsom, Surrey."
The Times.

Some people have all the luck—a peerage, a fortune, a brilliant pen, a golden voice, the Premiership, the Derby; and now this.

From an article on "Choosing a Boy's First School":—

"The careful parent should inspect the actual desks in which the older pupils spend hundreds of hours each year. Sometimes these are too small for rapidly-growing bodies, the shoulders get cramped and bad breathing habits are formed."—*Daily Paper.*

In our view, no pupil should be allowed to spend hundreds of hours in a desk however spacious.

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"Oooo, Daddy, will it be burned all up?"

"No, I hope not. Mr. Perkins is going to try to save it."

"Is that why he 's wearing that hat?"

"Yes; firemen always——"

"I know—like top-hats at funerals and weddings. Go on, Daddy. How will he save the house?"

"He and those other men who are running up wearing the same kind of helmet—that 's what the brass hats are called—will jump on to the fire-engine and dash away to——"

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"Inside that house. You 'll see them bring it out in a minute," I replied.

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MODES AND MATERIALS.

(By a Student of Millinery.)

WOMAN'S unconquerable soul is nowhere more conspicuously shown than in her refusal to be daunted by adverse climatic conditions. The gloomier the weather the more pronounced is her addiction to striking tints in her attire, and as autumn advances colours will become brighter and bolder. Fortunately the new materials now in vogue lend themselves most happily to this heroic resolve. The extraordinary popularity of Crash continues, and during the past month many varieties have been seen under new and alluring titles, such as Crimcrash, Rallycrash, Crashdrap, Neo-crashette. They are all light and warm, practical as well as smart, suitable for all purposes, from the most fashionable week-end parties to mothers' meetings, and the steadily increasing demand is a most reassuring symptom o' prosperity, as the cost of all Crash fabrics has advanced enormously, and increases with each new delivery.

Another strange and beautiful new material is Pangofflinette, from which delightful overchecks and semi-fustanellas have been made for the North and holiday purposes. The Pangofflinette semi-fustanella in rust-red and yellow, with clumbungus brogues, is already a welcome feature on the moors and the golf-links. Real Pangofflin, owing to the virtual extinction of the rare breed of flying fox from whose whiskers the fabric was woven, is no longer available, but the calamity—for it is nothing else—has been largely mitigated by the introduction of the substitute, at a price little, if at all, lower than that which used to be charged for the original.

For big coats of many kinds there are now boldly-designed Kiwi tweeds in large Goliard checks and tartans, amongst which the Gallimaufry tartan with clishmaclaver lining and cairngorm effects is much in request at gymkhanas, tamashas and other exotic and aristocratic jamborees. Skinamalink, koumiss, bataclan and botibol will also be used for millinery, coat linings and other purposes for which their rare and refreshing texture renders them peculiarly suitable. But they have to be employed with caution, as their tendency—especially in the case of koumiss—to crease and stain make them more appropriate for special and ceremonial occasions than for haphazard use.

One cannot conclude this brief review of autumn fashions without noting that, alongside of the cult of brightness and even brilliancy in colour, signs are not wanting of an increasing insistence on austerity and rigidity of outline and form. A writer in *The Times* comments on the "severity" of type noticeable in sports hats. Also that the early mode's of long coats are "far more severe and less voluminous than they have been." It would seem that in Mode as in Morals *res severa est verum gaudium*.



Neighbour. "YES, BUT 'TAIN'T A GOOD PHOTO OF YER 'USBAND. SEEMS T' ME 'E'D TAKE BETTER IN A GROUP, AN' THEN 'E MIGHT BE OVERLOOKED."

But an even more momentous and memorable pronouncement yet remains.

"The flat back persists, and this is only possible to a tubular silhouette, and, though for indoors a certain amount of front drapery will be seen, for street wear there is a distinct preference for an absence of all fussiness in front, and a general flatness only to be attained by rigorous self-denial."

That such self-denial is meeting with general encouragement may be gathered from the programme of a recent athletic meeting in a country village, at which a prominent item was a "Mothers' Flat Race."

Something in a Name.

"Three sisters were married at the same time at Kissingland, Lowestoft."—*Provincial Paper.*

ORPHANS OF THE STORM.

WET heather. Wet sheep that waited till we were close and bolted with a jolt into the greying that smote the moors to smoke.

We had come upon the lonely moorland cottage. We had knocked repeatedly on a wet door; and when George removed his cap to faces that peered through little rain-plashed panes, the dog came round with open jaws and we were soon out of sight of everything but the patch of sodden brown that accompanied us through moisture.

Night fell.

So did we—often.

But at last, scrambling from a ditch, our sticks tapped road, and soon all of us, the road, the night, the rain, and George and I, went steeply down together to a corner where was the word "REFRESHMENTS," and light sprang like the eyes of cats.

A candle in a passage and an old lady's story of her life. At the death of her husband at ninety a sneeze from George shook the house. So leading us up she drew dry garments from an old oak chest and laid them lovingly out.

"This," she said, "was made in 1872 for a burying," which, believe her, didn't come to a head till a twelve-month later. "This other is the suit we was wedded in, that poor man and me, and still holds, you may say, together, though we have fallen, so to speak, apart."

And then she left us to put them on.

Weddings and funerals are solemn things, but how could we dispense with these trousers, which, though I rolled them up, bagged about my ankles and seemed surprised to find me there at all? Then the coat had swallow-tails, and when I put it on and they lay on the floor behind me George could only be considered idiotic. He has a tendency that way.

As for George himself, his waistcoat had a flapped collar, and loomed across at itself to inquire what had become of him, while beneath its apron-like front bulged the enormous folds that hid his knees. Sleeves that had long ago forgotten his hands hung towards the floor.

What this dear lady's incredibly spacious husband would have thought we did not know. It couldn't in any way be compared with what we thought. Then laughter seized and lost us in its



THE DARKEST RECOLLECTION OF A DEPLORABLE SEASON.

A STUDY OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO RAN US OUT.

fierce intensities as the rain had done. The more George bellowed at me the more ridiculous he looked. We infected each other and our mirth had complications and relapses like a fell disease.

We had another outburst on the little stairs on our way to the room marked "REFRESHMENTS." George was behaving like an elephant that had shrunk, and my swallow-tails discreetly following a few steps behind seemed to complete some awful picture of a gigantic crow the Fates had smudged.

It occurred to us the good woman might not appreciate our appearing thus in her revered husband's clothes, shouting in hideous glee, and immediate need for its suppression made our laughter more immoderate still. Leaning against the passage wall we tearfully commanded each other to stop. Apoplectic and grimacing we turned the handle and went in. There in the brightly-lit refreshment room our laughter swooned away. It was full of people.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The planet [Mars] will also be in opposition to the sun, which means that it is above the horizon at night, and, therefore, of course, far more plainly visible than it would be at noonday."—*Daily Paper.*

THE TILT.

["Is Great Britain tilting and becoming higher in the North and lower in the South? Recent readings of land levels above sea levels indicate that since the last readings about fifty years ago the North of Scotland has been lifted . . . and that the South of England has sunk. . ."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHILE KIRKWOOD pursues legislation
For giving the Destiny Stone
Its primitive Scotch habitation
At "Embro," Dumbarton or Scone,
While builders with trowel and mortar
Put Hadrian's Wall in repair,
A go-ahead Daily's reporter
Has started this villainous scare.

As southward the Scotchman has drifted,
North Britain, a load off her mind,
Her surface has steadily lifted—
The South *pari passu* declined.
And, shortly, the end where the weight is
Must sink in the sea with the tilt;
So Saxons must pack their Penates
And make for the land of the kilt.

The Southron, no longer ascendant,
"Predominant partner" no more,
Must wander, abased and dependent,
On stern Caledonia's shore;
Content if the Scots, as a quittance
For previous favours they 've had,
Allow him enough of a pittance
To purchase some oats and a plaid.

'Twixt this and the ravenous billow
There 's only one possible course:
Let JACOB recover his pillow;
Let Scotchmen return to their source.
We 're brothers—which brother is ESAU?—
We 're sorry to part with our friends,
But it 's vital to balance the see-saw.
And keep up our opposite ends.

The Solomon Touch.

"Her talk on 'How to manage a small village school' was followed by a demonstration. Sixteen children whose ages ranged from 5 to 14 were divided into three parts."
Diocesan Magazine.

That, no doubt, made them much more manageable.

There was a young student named Gregory
Whose ignorance brought him to beggary;
He referred in debates
To "the tub of SOCRATES,"
But "considered the tale an allegory."



Culprit. "BEFORE YOU BEGIN, DADDY, I WISH TO SAY THAT I FEEL THIS IS GOING TO HURT *ME* MORE THAN YOU."

HOWEGOTHER.

(BY ANYFELLOW.)

[A concentrated attack is being made by one of the daily papers on the Southern Railway, on which it is alleged that inconceivable times are being taken over ordinary journeys.]

On a platform on a station
On the south-east coast of England,
Bronzed and handsome was our hero,
And our heroine was slender;
She was slender and her blue eyes
Glinted softly 'neath dark lashes.
Then our hero, thus observing,
Slily tipped the guard a shilling,
Tipped the guard a nice bright shilling,
And was locked within the carriage.
Proud and cold he found the maiden,
And she would not read his papers,
Handed back his picture-papers,
Calmly scorned his six-bob novel.
Time went on and still they sat there.
She refused his proffered luncheon,
Wouldn't eat his chicken sandwich.
Time went on, and on, and on-er,
Till she smiled upon his thermos,
Wearily she slid towards it;
Then he put his arm around her,
Put his strong arm well around her;
And this time she didn't scorn him.
On the lips he gently kissed her.
"We have known each other æons;
Years and years we've spent together...
Now I see the lights of London;
Only fancy, lights of London . . .
Heaven bless the Southern Railway!"

Another Impending Apology.

"Under the conductorship of Mr. H. ——, and contrary to expectations, the —— Silver Prize Band gave a capital programme of music on Sunday evening."—*Local Paper.*

"There was great anxiety to secure accommodation on the *Berengaria* once it was known that the Prince would be a passenger. . Oil magnets, prominent lawyers, racehorse owners, actresses, and advertising men are among the passengers."—*Evening Paper.*

The magnets would, of course, be attracted.

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

V.—THE RABBIT.

DEAR BUNNY,—I was saying something the other day in a missive to the pig that the nursery had few friends to compare with his children. The reference was in particular to the adventures of the five little pigs symbolised by the five infantile toes. But of course, when we think of real comforters of the young, you have the pig, large or small, left far behind; because not only are you also a hero of legend and rhyme, but in soft and fluffy counterfeit presentment you provide actual intimate comforting companionship such as no bristles could possibly supply. India-rubber pigs may create momentary excitement by being blown up and shrinking away with an anguished cry; but your hold on a child can last for years.

I wonder if you know to what extent the harassed mother and nurse have to thank you for your services as a comforter and sedative? You may be aware of your general ability to soothe, but I doubt if you have heard of your latest benefaction. Let me tell you that there are now houses where what once were fretful and wakeful children have been transformed into "perfect angels," and all by you, or rather by your image. But with a difference. The ordinary toy rabbit that is hugged at night is merely stuffed. These new and absolutely efficacious consolers consist of your outer integument only, inside which a hot-water bottle can be fitted. The hot-water bottle was the stroke of genius! With this warm friend in their arms children not only sleep without tears, but actually clamour for the hour of bed-time to be put forward. This is a great triumph, and you should be proud indeed.

As a legendary hero your place in the hearts of English children has latterly been strengthened by the genius of Miss BEATRIX POTTER, whose pen and pencil have transformed you into a nursery deity. I don't know to what extent you are a reader: it may be that you never burrow into a book, not even into those written by the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. Let me then tell you that under the name of *Mr. Peter Rabbit* you have spread delight in millions of homes. Your adventures are related in a series of little volumes which have created what might be called a new domestic mythology, wherein, although other animals cut no small figure, you are the chief—the Jupiter, the Jove, the Zeus. Ducks and mice, squirrels and frogs hold the young breathless with admiration and even awe, but it is *Mr. Peter Rabbit* whose image is most distinctly and most



THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION.

NEW SPORTSMAN WITH SCIENTIFIC LEANINGS, AFTER EXPERIMENTING SOMEWHAT UNSATISFACTORILY WITH THE ORDINARY WEAPONS, FINDS THAT THE BARRAGE PUT UP BY A NICE PORTABLE "DEATH RAY" APPARATUS IS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE, AS WELL AS OBVIATING ALL THE TROUBLE OF SHOOTING-PARTIES, ETC.

deeply graven on their hearts. In another word, you.

It is because of this popularity, this dominance, that I have such great hopes of the appeal for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, that most admirable charity, which has just been issued in your name. This also you have probably never heard of. Well, the Invalid Children's Aid Association exists to provide sick, infirm and crippled poor children with nourishment, medicine, crutches and country air, and Miss POTTER has written and illustrated a little pamphlet in the name of *Peter Rabbit*, asking all his friends, as a personal favour, to fill a number of empty spaces with penny (or more expensive) stamps, together with a half-crown one to be cajoled from father, all for the benefit of this excellent and necessary fund. Again, I say, you ought to be proud. Anyone, I may add, who writes to the Secretary of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, at 11, Piccadilly, can get copies of this most entertaining appeal for distribution. You yourself needn't trouble to do so; you have done enough.

To revert for a moment to your place in literature. As *Mr. Peter Rabbit* you are a homely creature, filled with the ordinary concerns of life, with a wife, children, family cares, and also an excellent, if rather fanciful, tailor. But in an American epic known as *Uncle Remus* you are a tactician, a MACCHIAVELLI. It is given to few creatures, and least of all to what we call the dumb animals, to have so delighted two hemispheres. You rival *Mr. Pickwick* himself.

This being the case, let me assure you of the sadness we all experience when, as we take our country walks in the gloaming, we hear the popping of the guns. It is true that restaurants must be able to include chicken cutlets in the menu; but still . . . Poor dear Bunny, I have often speculated on your feelings with regard to the action of Providence in giving you that white scut. A good rabbit would naturally question no divine decree, and yet you must be aware in your secret heart that, but for that signal gleaming in the dusk, many of your relations would still be alive; yes, and kicking. Can it be that your friendliness to man is such that you would rather he had something to aim at in the evening than that you should attain comparative immortality? I (not being an Australian) can believe anything good of so alluring a creature as yourself. Besides, it is not as if, like France, you were ever faced by the peril of race suicide.

E. V. L.

Our Untrammelled Poets!

"Blue the sky and blue the river,
Grey the sky and grey beneath,
O'er thy murmuring stream, for ever
Bear me on thy stream of Lethe."
Local Paper.

What delightful possibilities are revealed by this simple device! Let us continue:—

THE WIRELESS LOVER TO HIS LASS.

Unperturbed by "atmospherics,"
I to thee allegiance own,
As Grecians in the age of PERICLES
Bowed the knee to PERSEPHONE.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a speech by Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.:—

"The General Election is getting nearer and nearer every day."—*Scots Paper.*

"WANTED.—Superior woman; clean, thorough, reliable, total abstainer; no one need apply who repeats, invents, or listens to ugly stories about anyone."—*Suburban Paper.*

A chance for a deaf-mute.

THE WAY TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

FROM first to last I wasn't with the man for more than ten minutes. Yet in that brief space we agreed, differed, smiled, frowned, admired each other's intelligence and looked each upon the other as the dullest man in San Sebastian.

To blame him for failing to understand me immediately would be ungenerous. My imperfect knowledge and pronunciation of the Spanish tongue, combined with a tendency on my part to lapse into other European languages, unquestionably militated against prompt success. But the man's persistency, his overweening optimism and his utter inability to recognise defeat, ended by transforming the gratitude I felt into something closely akin to dislike, if not sheer loathing.

I had been looking for the bull-ring where the fight was to take place that afternoon, and, selecting a native of intelligent mien, had approached him in the matter.

"*Toro?*" said I, stepping directly across the man's path and smiling ingratiatingly into his face.

He glanced up sharply and frowned.

Looking dispassionately back on the incident I have to admit that I was making heavy demands on the man's intelligence. What I intended to convey, of course, was this: "Are you, as a native of this town, able and willing to direct me by the nearest route to the bull-ring, where the performance is to take place this afternoon?"

Now, to be strictly fair in such matters, one should take a parallel case and consider it from the other fellow's standpoint. Supposing, for example, that an apparently sane foreigner were to bound into your path and ejaculate the word "Ball," would you instantly reply that the entrance to the ground where the Cup Final was to be played that afternoon might be found down the third turning on the left, opposite the whelk-stall? I think not. At any rate, recognising the difficulty and wishing to be strictly fair, I tried again.

"Bull-fight?" I resumed chattily. "*Cirque?*—Circus?—Torodrome?—*Où est-il, Señor?*"

The man hesitated for a moment, then threw his cigarette away and took me up cautiously. His Spanish, when he began, was surprisingly fluent. It left me dazed and stunned, until presently, whistling on a high quavering note, he passed one hand rapidly to and fro across his mouth, shrugged his shoulders and waited.

Not being perfectly clear as to his meaning, I smiled encouragement and went to it again a little more boldly.

"*Toro?—Toreador? Carmen?*" I babbled, at the same time peering inquiringly into the four points of the compass. "The fight?—Scrap?—Arena?—Contest?—Combat?—Binge?"

Mildly interested by this time, the man peered about with me, apparently fearful of losing any of the episodes he imagined me to be describing. Then suddenly, with a bright smile of comprehension, he drew me out of the track of passers-by and moved over to the balustrade of the bridge on which we were standing. "How absolutely crass of me!" he seemed to be saying. "Why didn't it strike me before? I take you now, old man, perfectly. Just watch this;" and with the forefinger of his right hand he wrote, or drew, something on the dusty balustrade. Above this, at the height of about six inches, he described several rapid circles with his hand, then rapped out a few staccato sentences and pointed at my stomach.

Now I am not sufficiently corpulent to be sensitive about it; the least considerate amongst my friends, indeed, seldom venture beyond referring to my figure as being "comfortable," so that the action of my benefactor puzzled and annoyed me.

"Tell me," I said with some asperity, "what exactly do you mean?"

To which he replied by repeating his movements so earnestly and with such attention to detail that I acquitted him of any intention to wound. There must be some other solution. Could it be that for some obscure reason of his own he desired the aid of a watch? I was unable to think of anything else. Besides, there could be no harm in trying. Accordingly producing my watch and dangling it before his eyes, I waited patiently for him to develop his scheme of action.

If the man had had any sense he would have gone away at this juncture. But his blood was up. One of the bull-fighting breed, he plainly meant to see it through—a Spanish *Mr. Britling.*

For a while he stared, an expression of sullen anguish hovering about his eyes. Then his brow cleared. He smiled happily. He even warmed towards me as to a brother man with whom he was beginning to see eye to eye. And before I could stop him he had dragged me across the road and was trying to push me into a watchmaker's shop.

I am not of a stubborn disposition. Neither was I unappreciative of all the man had done for me. But I made it abundantly clear that I had no intention of entering the shop. We didn't exactly quarrel over the point. It was merely that the man showed himself slighted by my uncompromising attitude. Nor did he brighten up again until we were back at the balustrade and I had drawn a bull-ring for him. It wasn't a good drawing; my finger wasn't pointed enough. But the man looked so appreciative that, before submitting the finished work for his consideration, I sketched in a small bull.

It was unquestionably at this point that our ideas were most wildly out of register. To any Spaniard of quick intelligence the drawing, lacking though it was in detail, *must* have suggested a bull in a ring. Not so with my man. On the contrary, no sooner had he consulted my sketch than he stepped back and proceeded to give an excellent imitation of a mouse sitting up and nibbling cheese. What is more, he wanted me to cross the road with him again, presumably with the view of buying a mousetrap.

By this time, however, the sweeter side of my nature was going hopelessly to pieces under the strain. I wanted to be alone again—to gaze down into the peaceful river and rest my brain. So I asked the man to run away and hang himself.

Whether, as appears improbable, my meaning was clear in its entirety I shall never know. This only is certain: that no sooner had I finished speaking than, nodding briskly two or three times as if by way of expressing perfect comprehension, the man motioned me to remain exactly where I was while he hurried away to perform yet another service for me.

My heart beat wildly. It was now or never.

I saw him step into the road. I watched him thread his perilous way amongst the traffic, glancing back from time to time as if to assure himself that I stood fast. Then he gained the opposite pavement and ran up to a policeman.

And in a flash I was down a side-street, scooting for dear life.

Fashion Note.

"Both for men's and women's wear great combinations are being formed in the wool textile industry of Germany."—*Daily Paper.*

"Admiralty Road and Sea Road were declared to be very badly drained. Referring to the former, Mr. Partington said, 'Perhaps you think that it is where water ought to be.'"
Local Paper.

Mrs. Partington (and broom) would quickly have put it in its place.

From the account of a fire at a Scottish picture-house:—

"It was noted with some amusement that the only people who asked for their money back were some English visitors."
Local Paper.

Affected by the *genius loci*, no doubt.



TRY TO REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE NOT ALWAYS HAVING TEA—



IN THE GARDEN.



Photographer (taking passport photograph). "SMILE, PLEASE."
Bad Sailor. "WHAT FOR? I SHAN'T BE SMILING WHEN I LEAVE THE BOAT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A VERY prettily mitigated version of the old tale of May and December is that told by Miss WILLA CATHER in *A Lost Lady* (HEINEMANN). Perhaps to be strictly accurate one should read "June and November" for the two more widely sundered months, seeing that *Mrs. Forrester*, the admired châtelaine of one of the oldest houses between Omaha and Denver, is in the prime of her beauty when her story opens; and her pioneer husband, though twenty-five years her senior, is still a notable builder of railroads and a gallant and courtly gentleman. However, it is the tragic wane of *Captain* and *Mrs. Forrester's* happiness that mainly occupies Miss CATHER'S delicate and reflective pen, and the element of age is in this respect a vital one. An accident disables the railroad builder, and a series of bad harvests in the neighbourhood of his little estate impoverish this and the town it dominates. Subtly, and by slight suggestions conveyed to the reader through the eyes of *Neil Herbert*, the youngest and most reverential of *Mrs. Forrester's* worshippers, you realize that drink and a coarsegrained lover are playing their corrosive parts in that still gracious and hospitable lady's life. And perhaps the most discerning picture, in a book vivid with discernment, is that of the disillusioned boy bewailing the *æsthetic* loss of his idol's crowning loveliness—her loyalty to her husband. Finally a quixotic rectitude with regard to the debts of a bank of which he is director completes the Captain's financial downfall, and a stroke his physical decay. His wife nurses him devotedly, but her old consolations continue; and it is not until his death that she rises into a St. Martin's summer of renewed felicity and honour. For this concession—a very acceptable and, I feel, a likely one—I am more than grateful to her clever creator. Miss CATHER'S book is a brief one, but it could hardly be bettered. I wish some of the more prolix and slipshod of our English novelists would imitate this growing American reliance on mere quality.

The A.B.C. of Fly Fishing
Is reading without pain,
Expounding "wet" and "dry" fishing
For all; (from Messrs. DRANE);
A lady with a pleasant wit,
LEN CHALONER, has written it.

Save JULIANA BERNERS of
The Boke that never fails,
My favourite discerners of
The streams are merely males;
So on our author's gentle brow
I 'd lay a bay-leaf here and now.

Mistress of our pacific cult,
When fin the fly would flout
She guides if casts are difficult,
Decides when we 're in doubt;
A lady come of COTTON'S kith;
A lady to go fishing with.

Nothing could be better suited to the holiday mood than

the refreshing *Plush: a Romance of the House of Lords* (FISHER UNWIN). *Joshua Plush*, a successful grocer and exactly like his name, reached his goal at last in being made a peer, but died soon afterwards. Because of a quarrel, long before, with his only son, he died without knowing of the existence of a grandson, a fishmonger's assistant—insignificant, uneducated, arrogant, weak, yet something of a dreamer and altogether human and interesting. So cleverly does Lord GORELL describe the troubles of *Albert Henry Cronje Plush* that even while I laughed (and the story is full of the most amusing episodes) I experienced a pang sometimes of acute sympathy with that unfortunate youth, so manifestly a fish out of water in the House of Lords—a just retribution, perhaps, when one considers his profession. From his brief excursion into Parliament, *Albert* gained a delightful and kindly adviser in *Lord Rickwood*; but he found the rules and conventions of the Upper Chamber very difficult to understand. "'Ere, 'oo are you a-shovin' of?" he demanded of his surprised neighbours on the first Government bench, where he had unwittingly seated himself; and when (after several little mistakes like this) he tried to listen to the debate he soon grew heartily sick of the word "Czechoslovakia." Directly he made the unwelcome discovery that the title brought with it none of his grandfather's money, he found that most of his friends were of the fair-weather variety, one of the few exceptions being the placid and unaffected *Anne Orneblow*, whose trustful happiness with him was like the "little masthead gleam of a ship in port." Apart from its effect upon *Albert*, Lord GORELL permits himself some gentle satire upon the procedure of the House which he adorns.



THE MOTOR AGE.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW LORD AND LADY OF THE MANOR THE DELIGHTED INHABITANTS INSISTED ON TAKING THE WHEELS FROM THE MOTOR AND DRAGGING THEM TO THE MANOR-HOUSE.

There is no doubt whatever that the novel is suffering from its lack of technical restriction, and my main quarrel with *The Roadside Fire* (PARSONS) is that, like many a worse book and a few better ones, it has felt the weight of too much liberty. Miss MADELINE LINFORD has a solicitous style, coupled with a good memory for memorable things; and both are exercised on the sufficiently arresting theme of six months' relief work in post-war Poland. There is a pleasant heroine, *Audrey Deane*, and an unpleasant hero, *Stephen Norris*—the former a novice, the latter a comparatively old hand on the "Help for Poland" mission. But there is very little sign of a plot, and I am old-fashioned enough still to believe that a plot, or at least an apology for one, is fundamentally necessary to a novel. However I like Miss LINFORD'S "episode," as she disarmingly calls it, best when she sticks to her travel-jottings and does not try to atone for the stench of her famine-ridden peasantry by "the faint cyclamen smell" of her hero's hairwash. So it does not become me to carp at her book's lack of machinery. Its characterisation is unusually competent, and the little group of English workers in the miserable town of Hiskow are all drawn with conviction and care. *Delia Marvin*, the neurotic, with her wholly imaginary lover, killed on the Somme one day and at Gallipoli the next; *Charlotte Moss*, the housekeeper, whose innate domesticity, thwarted in England, finds congenial scope in mothering the mission; *Stephen*, who is furthering his career by writing a book on Poland and uses the relief work as a palette for local colour; the "intellectual" *Nicholsons*, two young married university workers of an even more odious brand of egotism than *Stephen's*—all are vivid and convincing portraits. So vivid and convincing are they that I think I have an inkling of Miss LINFORD'S charitable motive in giving her memories of Poland and its English paladins the more or less conventional status of a novel.

It is perhaps a little early to think of Christmas presents, so I will content myself with saying that no birthday of a young nephew or niece will be complete without *The Wonders of Salvage* (LANE). Mr. DAVID MASTERS is in supreme control of his subject, and ordinary sensational fiction grows pale before the facts he relates. Referring to the mishap which befell the American submarine S.5, he says: "It is doubtful if any popular novelist, with all his imagination and powers of invention, ever thought out a more remarkable situation than that in which these American sailors found themselves." These American sailors were saved from a terrible death by "a telephone ringing in the open sea, where no telephone could possibly be expected, and a boy playing with his wireless set." This is only one of the miraculous incidents that Mr. MASTERS tells us. Equally astounding and even more stirring, because of the heroism of Commander GODFREY HERBERT, D.S.O., and Commander F. H. M. GOODHART, D.S.O., is the story of K.13. The temptation to quote is strong, but it must be resisted, because quotations cannot give a just impression of the scope of this delightful volume. It is in the main a tribute to the courage of those dauntless divers who perform their wonders in the deep and to the genius of men who have mastered the science of salvage until nothing seems to be impossible. The illustrations from photographs are as excellent and informing as the text. Mr. MASTERS will kindly accept my unqualified compliments.

We come across books now and then which win praise from the indolent reviewer through their sheer unreadableness. There may be something in it all, says the harassed man, but it would cost a nervous breakdown to search until he discovered it. A suspicion that this might be my own fate passed through my mind from time to time as I struggled painfully through *The Windlestraw* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and had I been a less conscientious fellow it is probable that I should have selected a few useful adjectives from the publisher's appreciation on the inside of the wrapper, called attention to the simple charm of the cover design and passed on to some more congenial task. For Mr. MILLS WHITHAM does not believe apparently in making things too easy for his reader. For the most part he refuses the adventitious aid of paragraphs in his narrative; there are actually two or three chapters in this book that are solid print from start to finish, without a single indentation



Small but ardent Butterfly-hunter. "PLEASE, DID YOU EVER CATCH A PURPLE EMPEROR?"

to break up the page. Then again his rustics (this is a novel of the West Country) talk, when they once begin, at inordinate length and in a dialect worse than anything we had to contend with in the old days of S. R. CROCKETT and the Kailyarders. Their names too! Some of them still haunt my dreams—*Jordan Puddiphatt* and *Hezekiah Daw*, *Abraham Witheridge* and *Harriet-Anne* and *Appleina Huxtable*. These are only a few of them; every page some fresh minor character comes along with an equally cacophonous label. It is the sign-manual of a certain kind of rustic fiction. I am willing to admit that there may be a trace of vital force in this book, but the author has made it as difficult of discovery as he can.

From the moment when I opened *The Wishing Well* (MELROSE) I began to wonder if it could possibly be that in Mr. SAMUEL GORDON we have as it were a re-incarnation of Miss DAISY ASHFORD in masculine form and with a sterner and even more prolific pen. Here there is not the youthful tenuity of plot which delighted us in *The Young Visiters*. Indeed the plot of *The Wishing Well* is so complicated as to defy recapitulation; but the little lovely touches which draw a howl of involuntary laughter from the reader's lips are there. Some of the characters are far from nice, but I liked the beautiful *Vanessa*, who "was certainly not as greatly beloved of the gods as she was of men, and so there was no reason why she should act up to the proverb and die young." She lived at "The Towers," and at dinner there was "much jovial pledging" between her and a visitor. Her husband, *Hillary*, who lost his memory in foreign parts, came back in a beard and glasses which formed a complete disguise; and there is a solicitor who steals photographs from private houses to oblige his clients. But my favourite is *Jacques*, the young Frenchman educated at Harrow, who says to his pretty cousin, "I shall have to go very careful with you." Of him the author remarks complacently, "His English, as may already have been observed, was without a flaw and absolutely true to idiom."

The Third Round (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is "the new *Bull-Dog Drummond* book," and I imagine that SAPPER has thousands of readers who hope that he will not end the battle of wits between *Drummond* and *Carl Peterson* until a dozen or more rounds have been fought. I am too great an admirer of the SAPPER of some years ago to enrol my name among that multitude, but in fairness I have to say that for ingenuity and sensation the third round of the contest is a wonderful performance. Nevertheless, as this fight is prolonged, I become more and more irritated by the fact that each of these violent opponents displays such persistent reluctance to finish off the other and have done with him. In this round *Carl* has his chance to extinguish *Drummond* and lets it go; then the tables are turned and *Drummond* is equally careless. And so they live to fight another day; and I am left with the melancholy reflection that not until *Carl* is dead and buried will SAPPER do the work which his earlier books gave me the right to expect from him.

"Splendid Pedigree Airedale . . . used to poultry."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We're afraid we couldn't keep her in the style to which she has been accustomed.

"As the dream-voices die away let us close the file and thank God and Them that we can celebrate our Diamond Jubilee in peace, and look forward with out readers to prosperity."
Scots Paper (Jubilee Number).

But, without readers, isn't that rather a forlorn hope?

CHARIVARIA.

To keep in good health we are advised to eat a dozen oysters each day. This is the sort of statement that gets on the nerves of the average oyster.

* * *

A boy has been fined ten shillings for carrying an air-gun without a licence. Undoubtedly this was done to impress the League of Nations with our serious intention to discourage armaments.

* * *

Now that the football season has started it is suggested that no other news should be allowed to happen and thus spoil the monotony of the Saturday evening newspapers.

* * *

"Tramp your feet hard," we read, is the call of the Captain of the All Blacks. This leads us to suspect that we often travel with All Blacks on the Underground.

* * *

One of the All Blacks team is said to be in appearance the double of a well-known English Rugby international. The danger is that, in the excitement of a match on a muddy ground, neither of them may be able to distinguish himself from the other.

* * *

Poison-gas detachments of the Red Army are combating a plague of field-mice near the Polish frontier. This fresh anti-Bolshevist menace, however, is not regarded as sufficiently serious for TROTSKY to take the field in person.

* * *

No fewer than forty-seven rooms have been uncovered at the site of the Roman excavations at Folkestone. And Mr. WHEATLEY still retains his modest demeanour.

* * *

With reference to the proposal to build some houses upon the same model as those of the Roman villas discovered at Folkestone, we understand that a builder told the architect that he need not trouble about the hyper-cost as he would see that that was all right.

* * *

The effect of wireless on the atmosphere is suggested as the cause of the wretched weather we have been having. We accept this with the same reserve as we do the more popular theory that the Labour Government is to blame.

* * *

If, after all, there is to be no Wembley Exhibition next year, might it not be arranged to have a summer instead?

* * *

"The sport of wrestling is practically dead in England," observes a writer. Except, of course, the annual scratch-as-scratch-can events at the winter sales.

* * *

"The early morning cup of tea is beneficial," says a doctor. We hear that a Society butterfly has decided to go to bed occasionally and give the idea a trial.

* * *

A resident of a Kentish village is reported to have the full possession of his faculties, to take a keen interest in current affairs and to read without the aid of glasses. Amazing to relate, he is not a centenarian.



THE NEWLY-RICH SHOOT.

Rabbit. "HOW ARE THE GUNS ROUND YOUR WAY?"
Pheasant. "OH, PRACTICALLY HARMLESS."
Rabbit. "THEN HOW DID YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE?"
Pheasant. "STANDING TOO CLOSE TO A LUNCHEON PARTY. STOPPED A CHAMPAGNE CORK."

A Welsh mountain is reported to be moving steadily. We expect that by the time this appears in print Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will have utilised the incident to provide a metaphor about Liberalism.

* * *

There are demands for an English MUSSOLINI. We understand that Mr. BEVIN has promised to give the matter his most careful consideration.

* * *

The World Dance Congress is to meet on October 3rd. The main item on the agenda, we fancy, is to discover a new name for the same old dance.

* * *

The KHALIFAT-UL-MASSIH has expressed the opinion that we are like our buildings—more useful than ornamental. We have no evidence, however, that he himself is an oil-painting.

* * *

The synopsis of the first Act is to be printed on some theatre programmes for the benefit of late arrivals. The early comers also will be able to look up the parts they've been forced to miss while their toes were being trodden upon.

* * *

Professor OTTO NERTZ of Berlin, who is training with the West Ham United Football Club, can speak eight languages. He should be just the man to say a few words to the referee.

* * *

A girl who had swallowed two pennies has undergone an operation in a London hospital for their removal. We don't blame her. Twopence is twopence nowadays.

* * *

An expert thinks that the Spanish-Morocco war will die out for want of money. There is some talk of holding a whist-drive in aid of it.

* * *

In his final message as President of Mexico, General OBREGON denounced Great Britain. There is some talk of inviting him to stand for a Clydeside constituency.

* * *

The power of speech was recently restored by taking a patient up two miles above sea-level in an aeroplane. This no doubt explains the report that several long-suffering husbands are arranging to take their wives for a tour in a submarine.

* * *

Lord HARRIS recently, at the age of seventy-four, hit two fours and broke a bat. He was probably playing the game of which the cricket that we saw lately is a melancholy derivative.

* * *

The captain of a large English steamer reports that whilst taking a sharp turn round a small island his ship struck a huge whale. The fish, we understand, still stoutly maintains that the captain did not ring his bell when turning the corner.

* * *

It is complained that some of the London theatres are very draughty and cold. The idea, we understand, is to induce playgoers to strike their hands together for warmth and so produce applause.

* * *

The report that passenger train No. 272 has disappeared between two stations in America leaves us cold. We lost the two-thirty to Bournemouth ourselves one day last week.

A SAUNTERER IN SIENA.

SIENA at last! Now to find the Grand Hôtel Cavour bus. . . . Doesn't seem to be one here—no matter, get an open carriage. Up steep incline to city. I shall love Siena! Full of quaint charm. Also people—extraordinary number for so small a place. When I've seen my room at the Cavour I shall have a wash and some *café au lait*, and just saunter about these narrow up-and-down streets till it's time for *table d'hôte*. . . . We have just been ordered back by a grey-green soldier with carbine. . . . Turned back again by another soldier. Is it a Socialist rising? If so—but the crowd looks peaceable enough.

Driver intimates that this is as near to the Cavour as he can get. Carries my suit-case after me to hotel entrance. Received by a pale and polite page. "Have I written for a room?" Well, no, as a matter of fact . . . In that case the page regrets it is impossible. Hotel full up, *completo*, because of the *Palio*. Gather, not very clearly, that the *Palio* is an annual Sienese festival—procession, in historical costume, through the streets, followed by a horse-race. It is to begin at six o'clock.

Great luck arriving on the very day. But first thing to do is to find another hotel. Going along narrow crowded streets. Not "sauntering." Can't saunter when burdened by heavy suit-case. The crowd saunter. *I* barge into them with suit-case and say "Skoozy." . . . Have tried three more hotels. Every one "*completo*." Feel very hot and tired. . . . Thank heaven, I've got rid of that confounded suit-case, though; left it in the hall at the last hotel I tried. . . . They couldn't take me in, but they had to take the suit-case. Surely there must be *one* hotel that . . . . See arrow pointing to "Grande Albergo Centrale." I'll try that. Albergo Centrale full up too, but manageress sympathetic. Puts the *portiere* at my disposal. He takes me to a motherly person who lives in a tower in a courtyard and undertakes to find me a room for the night.

Have been led down winding alleys, through courts and up dark stairs, till I am received at door by elderly landlady, toothless but full of vivacity. Assuredly I can have a room. Have seen it. Accommodation a trifle primitive perhaps, and terms rather more than I should have paid at the Cavour, but what of that?

I am no longer homeless. Now I can see this *Palio* affair with an easy mind.

Back in crowded streets. Lots of time to choose best place for seeing the show when it comes . . . Can't do better than this. On top of steps of a sort of *loggia*; can see perfectly over people's heads. Also well out of way of horse-race. They can't race through alleys like this without *some* accident . . .

Sienese crowd not over-intelligent—none of them follows my example. They keep pushing on aimlessly. Later on they'll be sorry. *I* know when I'm well off. Shall stay where I am . . .

Must have been here quite half-an-hour, but no procession yet . . . They're coming! Can hear drums and trumpets. Nearer and nearer. Now there are sounds like maroons and bells. But if they're coming this way it's odd there should be so few people about! . . .

Why, of course, it isn't *this* street—it's the one parallel to it. Well, I've simply to turn down this alley and . . . No—no signs of any *Palio* here! . . . But I have a kind of *flair* in these matters that never betrays me. After a little more wondering—too excited to saunter—my infallible instinct has led me down a steep slope, under an archway, to the back of a stand, and I find myself in the middle of the *Palio* after all!

They don't go through the streets, it seems, but round an immense square surrounded by buildings. Piazza black with people. Slip through the scaffolding under stand and join crowd. Couldn't have managed it more neatly. Nothing happening yet. Surely the *Palio* is rather behind time? Must find out when it's expected to begin.

Have found out. It seems that the Historical Procession finished a quarter of an hour ago and the Horse-race round the Piazza is just over.

Rather a blow, but it can't be helped now. If I'm ever asked I can always say, "Why, curiously enough, I happened to be in Siena just in time for the *Palio*." No one will press me for a description, for fear of getting it. Not that in my particular case they need be alarmed.

Best thing to do now is to saunter back to the Cavour and get some food. . . . Singular, but, although I flatter myself I've quite an exceptional sense of locality, I seem to have lost my bearings completely! No hotels of any sort about here. Fortunately I come upon an empty cab. Tell driver to take me to the Cavour—*he'll* know where to find it if I don't. He says he can't—he's "*occupato*." Well, I must do without him, that's all. . . . I have. My sense of locality hadn't misled me after all—I'd merely to turn a corner and there was the Cavour facing me!

I have dined. Now I've only to find the hotel where I left my suit-case. Let me see; it was either the "Continental" or the "Croce Bianca" or the "Garibaldi" or the "Grand Albergo della Posta." My memory is quite clear as to the names. Must go to each in turn till I find my suit-case; then I can tell them to have it sent to my address. Luckily I took the precaution of getting my hostess to write it down for me. Where did I put the paper? . . . Surely I can't have been such a—— No, it's all right; here it is. Take it under a lamp and make it out. . . . I can make out "*Paolina*," "No. 2, *Via*" and "*Piazza*"—the rest is absolutely illegible. No one will ever take a suit-case to an address like that! I'm as far off a night's shelter as when I arrived! It's raining hard, too. Seems hardly worth while getting my suit-case if I'm only to saunter about Siena all night with it. Somehow, Siena is less full of quaint charm than I thought.

F. A.

TOPPER.

To be greeted every morning by four dirty little paws,
To have to snatch expiring fowls and fantails from his jaws,
To find in every motor-car a devastating scare,
To be without a single dress that's clean enough to wear,
To rub him dry three times a day from swim and mud and rain,
To have to sacrifice the cat or choke him with his chain,
To get the warmest welcome many hundred times a day—
That's what it means to somebody when Topper comes to stay.

To wear a decent dress that isn't muddied all about,
To hear a motor passing by and not get up and shout,
To see a chicken cross the road without an anxious start,
To watch the kitten drink her milk with even-beating heart,
To have no more to walk for miles at twice the usual pace,
To see no more a wagging tail and friendly saucy face,
To pass the empty stable with a little stab of pain—
That's what it means to somebody now Topper's gone again.

Our Pampered Pets.

"Wanted, reflex camera for pedigree bulldog puppy."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

"Gandhi, arriving in a motor-car dressed in a loin-cloth. . . ."
Daily Paper.

But, of course, it had its bonnet on as well.



AS ONE SPORTSMAN TO ANOTHER.

SOUTH-AFRICAN CRICKETER TO NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALLER. "I HOPE THE SUMMER WON'T BE TOO HOT FOR YOU. WE'VE HAD A WONDERFUL WINTER."



Kitty (seeing her first rainbow). "IS IT REAL, MUMMY, OR MERELY A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT?"

HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

III.—TOILERS OF THE DEEP.

Gilbey prefers to do his deep-sea fishing from the jetty. He says he always feels more kindly disposed towards the fish if they come to him. And Sandsmouth is, of course, notorious for its deep-sea fishing. Nothing pleases Gilbey more than to stand at the end of the jetty and watch the Sandsmouth fleet of trawlers put to sea, and then to light his pipe, throw his line over the edge, tie the other end to the handrail and join the intrepid fishermen in their hazardous toil. At such times he feels that he and they are brothers.

Now I have no objection to Gilbey's spending his time in any way he chooses, even in fishing from the jetty. But he expects me to join him. He is the sort of fellow who can't or won't practise his vices quietly by himself.

There was a fishy look in Gilbey's eye as we took our seats for breakfast on our third morning at Sandsmouth, and I feared the worst. The concentration of gaze with which he regarded his haddock *à la* Sunnyside (I quote the hotel *menu*) confirmed my suspicions. It was obviously a time for diplomatic intervention.

"What about a few holes of golf, old man?" I said tentatively as Gilbey played his haddock skilfully across his plate and back again.

"Fishing," said Gilbey. He is like that; always so painfully direct and to the point. Diplomacy is wasted on him.

I glanced out of the window at a grey sky and a slate-coloured sea.

"Scarcely the sort of morning," I said.

"Beautiful," said Gilbey with his mouth full. "They 're biting like anything." And he suited the action to the word.

I looked nervously at his haddock, but it was pretty passive. Perhaps being chivied about by Gilbey had tired it. It *looked* tired; practically worn to a skeleton.

"In that case, Gilbey," I said, "I don't think I 'd better come. I 'm very subject to bites. The gnats always get at me dreadfully, and——"

"Rats," said Gilbey.

What can one do with a conversationalist like that? Obviously nothing. I sighed and took a little more marmalade; life was very bitter.

* * * * *

The jetty when we got there was as cheerful as a wet jetty usually is when a cold east wind is sweeping along it. Little bits of the sea kept jumping up unexpectedly from the uninviting-looking ocean alongside and making it wetter. A pessimistically patched fisherman who was leaning over the cold iron railings staring dismally at nothing and apparently contemplating suicide did nothing to increase the glad jollity of the scene.

I splashed my way bravely to the edge and looked down at the sea.

"I believe you 're right, Gilbey," I said. "Any fish with a spark of gratitude ought to welcome the helping hook which gets him out of that. I should. Come, let us begin our work of mercy."

"Don't talk," said Gilbey. "The fish don't like it." And he started to play about with the bait.

There are several ways of putting a worm on to a hook, and I shouldn't think the worm cares much for any of them. But if I were a worm Gilbey's

way would appeal to me least. However, he managed it at last, and plopped his line over the edge. It sank slowly, until only the little coloured float was left bobbing on the water.

Then there was a pause whilst Gilbey filled and lighted his pipe and tied himself more securely into his muffler. The east wind got easter and easter, and that look of utter hopelessness mingled with vague yearning which is so characteristic of jetty fishermen began to steal over Gilbey's face. I could feel the same sort of look stealing over mine as I thought of the comfort of the hotel smoke-room.

"Dash it, Gilbey," I said, "I 'm awfully sorry, but I shall have to slip back to the hotel."

"What for?" asked Gilbey, staring. "Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Enthusiastically," I said. "But I 've —er—forgotten my trident."

"Trident! What do you mean?"

"You know. That three-pronged thing. The Neptune touch. I must have it if I am going to be any real help to you. My fishing style is awfully cramped without it. I expect it 's in my golf-bag or somewhere. I 'm almost certain I remembered to pack it. I 'll just slip back and——"

"Look here," said Gilbey—"if you 're not enjoying it you 've only to——"

"I 'm loving it, Gilbey, but——"

Just at that moment something seemed to happen to the line, and I seized it with a glad shout.

"Haul, Gilbey, haul!" I cried. "It 's a bite!"

Gilbey sprang to my side. There was a short sharp struggle and the line broke.

"Confound it!" said Gilbey. "Now you 've lost him. The biggest fish I ever hooked by the feel of him. Sixty pounds if he were an ounce. And I 'd practically caught him. I *had* caught him, and then you went and——"

A bearded face rose slowly above the edge of the jetty.

"Neptune," I gasped, pointing. "We 've hooked Neptune."

"Look 'ere," said Neptune.

"Gilbey," I cried, "it isn't Neptune. It 's your brother. His conversation proves it."

"Look 'ere," said the face again—"wot do you mean by 'ookin' my boat?"

Gilbey strode wrathfully up to the face. I thought he was going to kick it, but he refrained. It was a wonderful piece of self-control.

"Look here," he said, Greek meeting Greek as it were—"what do *you* mean by pinching my hook?"

At this point the faithful historian usually becomes a discreet one and draws a veil over the rest of the incident. I follow his example, thankful for it. It was a painful scene, but the face accepted a shilling, which it bit, and Gilbey turned muttering to the task of splicing another hook to his line.

After I had tried all the penny-in-the-slot machines, tested my grip, ascertained my weight and got my penny back fourteen times from a fool of a horse-racing machine which didn't know enough to keep it when it had got it, I returned to Gilbey. He was still sitting with the immobility of a sheep in cold storage and registering, I should imagine, about the same temperature.

"How 's the sport?" I asked.

"Splendid," said Gilbey, his teeth chattering on the stem of his pipe.

"Caught anything?"

"Very nearly."

"Stick to it, old man," I said, laying my hand kindly on his shoulder. "I saw a frightfully hungry-looking fish nosing about as I came along just now. I 'll go and send it round to your side." And I left him.

When I returned, having in the interim listened to a couple of turns in the adjacent pier pavilion, discussed with a complete stranger the obvious advantages of football over cricket as a summer game for the English climate, and helped a bad weather prophet to fish a straw-hat out of the water with a boat-hook, sport, according to Gilbey, was still splendid.

"Gilbey," I said, "I hate to disturb you at an exciting moment like this, but do you think the fish will mind if you knock off for luncheon?"

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think they would. I rather fancy they 've knocked off themselves."

L. DU G.



Voice from other side of wall. "PLEASE, SIR, WOULD YOU MIND KICKING MY BALL OVER?"

THERE WAS A STREAM IN NORROWAY.

I.—CONVERSATION.

"*MIN lille datter*," observes the phrase-book in its maudlin way—"*min lille datter loeser pent*"—My little daughter reads nicely. Well, I daresay she does. But that isn't Norwegian. Norway is not interested in the triumphs of little daughters. Norway is rocky, hard. Norway consists of rapid water and chunks of stone. Especially of rapid water.

"*Ingen fiske*"—no fish; "*anden flue*"—another fly; "*han skal ikke*"—he will not. That is Norwegian. How little these phrase-books know!

The stream is still there, I suppose. The water still flows down creamy and deafening over the shallows, oily and green over the great dark pools. The banks—but Norwegian rivers do not really have banks. On each side of them lie a number of monoliths which have broken off the mountains. These are interspersed with precipices, pinnacles, scaurs, crags, ravines and caves.

Some of the boulders in the bed of a Norwegian stream are about the size of the National Gallery, and some are actually a little smaller; but they are all slippery. They that go down to the bed of a Norwegian stream to fish in it reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man; and their conversation is topical and brief.

"Give me the two-handed engine," I might have cried poetically to the gillie, "and let me stand ready to smite once and smite no more." But I never did cry that. I hadn't the time and I didn't know the Norwegian for it. I climbed upon my appointed rock, and he handed me the rod, and I said "*Tak*." When I had finished my little balancing act I let him have it again, and he said "*Tak*" to me. For "*Tak*" in Norway means the opposite of what it means in Scotland. It means "Thank you."

It was the great word, in fact, this *Tak*, between the gillie and me. When we had exhausted all that idle chatter which I mentioned about fishes and flies, we used to fall back upon *Tak*, and I at least attempted to throw into that beautiful word every subtle variation of which it is capable—pathos, determination, recklessness, despair—as I lurched from boulder to boulder. To him, of course, the boulders were like a ball-room floor. He ran them as the salmon run streams—some streams.

Well, he is still there, I suppose, along with the birch-trees and precipices and the yellow Norwegian ponies with arched necks and little bells and zebra-like markings on their forelegs, who grazed beside the stream wherever there was a place to graze. And the hotel is still there; and Anna, who never ceased to serve meals all day long and smile. And a pair of shoes that I left behind. Oh, yes, and the mosquitoes. There is some of the old Viking blood in the Norwegian mosquitoes. Some of the old Viking blood and some of mine. You can see the traces still, but they are disappearing rapidly. There is no word for mosquitoes in my Norwegian phrase-book, so I always used an English one. More than one, to be precise.



FANCY FISHING IN NORWAY.

I started reading the phrase-book, I remember, in the train to Newcastle. I was full of high hopes then, though anxious. I was anxious about my luggage and clothes. I hadn't a salmon-rod in a long dark coffin, as most of these people had, because I was to use one of Richardson's rods. Richardson was my host. Richardson is the kind of man who has two or more of everything to spare. I shall speak later about Richardson's fishing gear. I had a trout-rod with me, and tried my best to conceal it in the rack. People might have supposed that I was going to fish for salmon with it. It had the appearance in that company of a child's toy. A very stout man was sitting opposite me, with large bulbous eyes. I felt certain all through the journey that he had spotted my trout-rod. I knew him instinctively for a past master in the awful machinery of salmon-fishing.

"What is this fellow doing," I could almost hear him think, "carrying a trout-rod to Newcastle?"

I wished that I had brought at least one salmon-fly to wear in my hat. I opened my phrase-book warily, trying to hold it as if it were a novel by Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE, and smiling every now and then, though I was really working hard at the pronunciation. Suggestion for the publishers of phrase-books: Have a spare wrapper folded up inside them with the coloured picture of a beautiful girl upon it.

Just before we reached Newcastle the very stout man leaned across and tapped me on the knee.

"Are you going to Norway?" he asked.

"I am," I murmured, stricken with terror and glancing up at the rack.

"Ah!" he said, "it's a very fine country, Norway. I'm in the timber trade myself."

I remember that first reading of my phrase-book for another reason now that I have come home from Norway. It is because I never opened it there. Looking at it again, I can only wonder why. Perhaps the chief reason was that I seldom had it conveniently near me during the crises which called most loudly for its use—when, for instance, I shipped four or five gallons of water in my waders; when I was replacing the clothes on the Norwegian idea of a bed, or when I was trying to stop the steam pressure in the *Dampskib* bath. The Norwegians call a steamer a *Dampskib* in their rough jesting way, and the baths in the Bergen boats, which are pumped out of the grey North Sea, are heated (I suppose from the boiler) by means of rubber tubes. If you cannot find the tap which turns the *Damp* off you either have to shout for the stewardess in the middle of your bath or else die of *Damp*. If I had had

my phrase-book with me I might have composed a death-bath speech in Norwegian prose. As it was I shouted for the stewardess. Cries of agony are much the same in all the Teutonic tongues.

And in minor crises, too, the book might have been helpful if it had not silted to the bottom of my bag and stayed there. For instance, I lost my hat. I left it on a fjord steamer. The author of my phrase-book evidently lost his hat too. Perhaps he had salmon-flies in it.

En staaljen hat, he says—A stolen hat.

Den stjaalne hat—The stolen hat.

One can nearly see his eyes flash as he darts from the general to the particular. And a few pages later the thing comes back like a refrain.

Denne hat es min—This hat is mine.

Han tog sin hat—He took his hat.

Hun tog sin hat—She took her hat.

And once again—

Skal jeg tage den gamle hat eller den nye?—Shall I take the old hat or the new one?

Which is followed by the sentence—

Den fattiges eneste tröst—The poor man's only consolation: a curious thing to say about a hat, even in a Prohibitionist country. So that one is relieved to hear at last—

Den nye hat blev funden—The new hat was found.

When I lost my hat I asked another Englishman the Norwegian for hat, because I wanted to tell the *portier* of the hotel about it. He said he didn't know.

"But couldn't you," he said, "try pantomime? Couldn't you point to the top of your head and wave your hands about, to indicate that something was gone?"

"But if I did that," I objected, "mightn't he imagine——"

However in the end I followed his advice. The *portier* replied in excellent English that the steamer would return to the hotel twice again during the day, and that he would bring me my hat himself. But of course, if I had remembered to dig out my phrase-book, I could have given the *portier* a subtler insight into an Englishman's soul.

There are other sentences in my phrase-book, however, which I do not think would have helped me in any *contretemps* that occurred to me in Norway.

Den indbildske unge mand talte bare om sig selv—The conceited young man only spoke about himself.

I should never have needed that.

And on the next page, *Den lille fugl fölte örnens klo*—The little bird felt the eagle's claw.

This is followed by *Hun trak sin haand tilbage*—She withdrew her hand.

All very well no doubt for an IBSEN play or for the whirl of Christiania society, but not for the hardy salmon-fisher with work to do:—

Ingen fiske—anden flue—han skal ikke, and, last but not least, "*Tak*." Believe me, that is all he needs to know.

EVOE.



"THE PLUMBER SAYS THAT HE'S TOO BUSY TO COME JUST NOW, MUM; BUT SINCE IT'S AN EXTRA SPECIAL JOB HE'S SENT ME."

"BUT WE HAVEN'T ASKED FOR THE PLUMBER."

"OH! THEN IT MUST HA' BEEN THE PEOPLE AS WAS 'ERE AFORE YOU."

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"VERY BEST' GARDEN HOSE ORDER NOW BEFORE THE DROUGHT OVERTAKES YOU."

Daily Paper.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

IX.—THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

A LOCAL earthquake might prevent
Our Invitation Tournament,
But nothing less could mar or thwart
This famous day of flannelled sport.
Like children gathered to a treat
Our kindly friends and neighbours meet,
Prepared and eager, one and all,
To biff the bounding tennis-ball.

The brisk and smiling A.O.C.
Dispenses hospitality,
While Squadron Leaders dash about
Engaged in sorting partners out,
Or soundly rating truant pairs
Who dally in secluded chairs.

It not infrequently transpires
That lady champions of shires,
Who hit with vigour, skill and verve
Enough to shake the strongest nerve,
Are introduced to duds like me,
Whose partners they are doomed to be.
But such good-humoured fun prevails
That no one's temper ever fails;
They laugh and treat it as a joke
Each time we miss a simple stroke,
And neither mutter, fret nor frown
However much we let them down;
For, though we render poor support
In active combat on the court,
They trust that we will not forget,
As soon as it is "game and set,"
To cheer their drooping spirits up
With large supplies of claret-cup.

The officers and A.O.C.
Provide a most attractive tea.
It really would be hard to beat
This fine array of things to eat.
From gay confections rich with spices
We pass to huge vanilla ices,
While monster strawberries with cream
Surpass the gourmand's wildest dream.
In short, it is our firm intent
To make the Tennis Tournament
A widely popular success
And worthy of an Air Force Mess;
And since we clearly recognise
That few can hope to win a prize,
We deem it quite the wisest plan
To gratify the inner man.

DENMARK.

I LEFT Warnermünde and Germany with a sense of little ease,
because of the trees in Germany, because of the wounded trees
that muttered together sullenly in a dark conspiring crowd,
and when the wind went among them sullenly cried aloud—
But the small fir-tree of Denmark was a verse (I knew) that had strayed
a little apart from the others out of a serenade,
where the slim pink stems were only a note, and the easy stir
of the wind in the needles only the dark musicianer—
and out of the carriage window I suddenly saw (I swear!)
how over the lower branches of my fir-tree there leaped a hare.

I had crossed over to Denmark with the most exalted plans
of writing a Danish epic—why did you slip in, HANS,
with your hare and your little fir-tree and your dead-red sand, and then
with all the loves of my childhood and my dreams, HANS ANDERSEN?
It was an epic poet that carelessly offered ten mark
to a discontented porter as he stepped on the shores of Denmark.
—why did you take him and change him (confess the whole business and own up!)
into the ghost of his boyhood, who had meant to be far more than grown up?
Ah well! I surrendered at random, and made no attempt to be too coy
to be caught, and be held, and be dazzled by the old enchanter, Luk-oie.
O little fir-tree of Denmark, I passed you by, but I guessed
what star of an unborn Christmas waited against your breast;
somewhere the glass balls are waiting, and the unlit candles glisten
somewhere, and somewhere the children unborn are singing—oh, listen!—
and though, when your Christmas is over, you must lie despoiled in the garden,
yet there is nothing to rail at, fir-tree, nothing to pardon,
For while you lie there (it is written), playing his little drum
down through the pipe of the wash-house, the gallant tin soldier will come—
Yes, and the darning-needle will boast to the old street-lamp
that she alone is a lady, but the soldier an idle scamp.
All this as the train swept onwards I dreamed, I saw, I heard,
till out of the deep of the forest, as the night came down, a bird,
an unseen bird, in the forest sang, like the light of a star,
clear through the stems of the fir-trees, where not wigs or branches are,
of the great lord in the castle, who only answered "P."
(which, as you know, means nothing) to folk like you and me;
of the little kitchen-maiden, who, though she had scrubbed the floor,
was a better judge of music than a Chinese Emperor.
He sang, as he has been singing this thousand years, again
the tale of the fir, and the water, and the quiet heart of the Dane,
the fir, and the glass-cool water, and the night-sun-haunted sky,
and how we come with the morning and how with the night we die.

I have seen great Kronborg standing in the red king's robes he wore
when HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, was a prince at Helsingfors;
I have seen Fredensborg whiter than the pale white hand of a queen,
and—a water-lily floating—Frederichsborg I have seen.
And yet these castles are shadows, lovely they were and are,
but all their man-made beauty fades by the light of the star,
that struck through the stems of the fir-trees—the evening star, the pale
cool-throated star, that rises with the Danish nightingale.

PISCATORIAL GEOMETRY.

["For Angling may be said to be so much like the Mathematicks that it can never be fully learnt."—*The Compleat Angler.*]

DEFINITIONS.

A Line is that which, projected from a given point, traces out a complex path in any unknown direction whatsoever.

An Angler is the figure enveloped by a given line.

A Catch is an imaginary body whose dimensions are traced by the arms of an angler in his revelations about a major excess.

A Lie is that which describes the magnitude of a catch. It has length and point, but no substance.

A Bait is a small body which moves so that its distance from a given catch is constant.

A Tangle is a complex figure formed by three or more lines with their entangled anglers falling upon one another from different points.

The Vortex of a Tangle is the point of interjection of an entangled angler.

Equi-lingular Tangle. If the points of interjection of any two anglers of a tangle are equal in magnanimity the tangle is said to be Equi-lingular.

Acute Tangle. If the anglers of a tangle are less than polite anglers the tangle is said to be Acute.

POSTULATES.

It is assumed that:—

(1) An infinite number of lies can be produced from any given pair of anglers.

(2) At any Piscatorial Centre a catch may be described of any radius, length or magnitude whatsoever.

AXIOMS.

(1) All similar catches described by any pair of anglers are double one another.

(2) All anglers which double the same thing are equal to one another.

THEOREM.

If in a tangle the point of imprecation of any angler, entangled between one line and the bait, is equal in altitude to the point of imprecation of the adjacent angler, then the tangle must be an acute tangle.

For, if not, suppose it obtuse.

Then the adjacent anglers must be complimentary. Which is absurd.

Commercial Candour.

"Pork Butcher Wanted for a Wiltshire Bacon Factory in Somerset."
Local Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

From a football report:—

"Morris was at outside right and Miller at inside left, with the illustrious Sam ——, who did not play for several months last back end, again in gaol."—*Evening Paper.*



MARY.

MARY, she 's in Eglinton, up a little stair,
You can find her any morning as she 's gravely weaving there.
Watch her hands move in and out among the reds and blues;
Colour is her lover and the only one who woos.
Look then at the purple, the green and golden thread
Waiting at her elbow, waiting to be wed!

Mary, she 's in Eglinton, and as long as she is there
Or in the world, though not for me, my burden I can bear;
Her thoughts are lovely like the threads that twine about her loom,
And surely reach the earth and me down from that tiny room.
But O you gallant purple and brave and tender blue,
And O you handsome green and gold, what chance have I with you?

Mary, she 's in Eglinton up a wooden stair,
A easy little thing to climb, but ah! I may not dare
To kiss her when I reach the top, and cannot often go,
But linger in the busy street because I love her so.
Her hair is like the light that shines on Linton's far-off sands,
But, Colour, you're her lover and she holds you in her hands!

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

VI.—THE DOG.

IF I have some difficulty in addressing you it is because you are so various. When I write a letter to a horse or a pig, it is simple: I can say, "Dear Horse," "Dear Pig." True, there are different kinds of horse, heavy and light, Suffolk punches and the sons of Polymelus, but, speaking generally, a horse is a horse. "Look at that horse," we say, even if it is a polo pony. Similarly, there are different kinds of pigs, from those sweet Auburns, loveliest porkers of the plain, the Red Tamworths, to the Blacks and the Whites and the Speckled Berkshires; but none the less, when we see a pig, no matter what its breed, we say, "Look at that pig."

But with you it is different. Only when your parents have been carelessly assorted do we say, "Look at that dog;" on all other occasions we say, "Look at that Sealyham," "Look at that Cairn," "Look at that Bloodhound," and this being so, I cannot begin, "Dear Dog." Indeed, I wonder very much what kind of dog is meant when we say dog alone. Which of all of your numerous varieties is the essential primitive dog, or has that one been improved utterly away? Which of you accompanied a lady into the Ark?

I might, of course, have begun by addressing you as "Dear Tray," but that name, which appears once to have been almost the only one that a dog ever had, is now obsolete. I doubt if any dogs are called Tray now; and my dictionary tells me nothing about the word "tray" that can in any way link it up with you. Why you were called Tray we may now never know. The derivation is from the Old English "tryg," and to my ear "tryg" is a better name for a dog than our modern sophistication of it. One can say "Tryg!" sharply and with a certain decision, and that is good when you don't behave yourself. Tryg shall be the name of my next canine friend.

If I had ever been dragged from the waves by a Newfoundland, I should probably address this letter to "My dear Rescuer"; but no. And, by the way, who ever sees a Newfoundland now, or hears the word, except in connection with Amalgamated paper? And who, out of *Peter Pan*, ever sees a St. Bernard?—by whom equally I might have been saved from the perils of snow and ice, but never was. Didn't Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have a St. Bernard given him when he was in office? But I have seen no photographs of the two together for a long, long while. Every dog, says a proverb, has his day; and apparently too many of you have had yours, especially the larger ones. The dogs that seem to be in highest esteem at the present moment are small, and of these the Cairn is by no means least popular. It may be that in the near future there will be as many stuffed Cairns in the Natural History Museum in the Cromwell Road as there now are Pekes. Do I shock you when I refer to the array of defunct champions in the cases there, with their glass eyes terribly like life? There is but one specimen of each variety of you normally, but the gallant little gentlemen and ladies from Pekin are in profusion, all bearing famous names.

You—I mean you as the representative of dogdom in general—must be greatly surprised by the rises and falls in popularity which the different varieties of you experience. I can remember when Dalmatians, or plum-pudding dogs, ran behind the horses and between the wheels of carriages. Where are the Dalmatians now? Have they all returned to Dalmatia? I can remember when one saw retrievers on all sides. I never see a retriever now. Can they all have been sacrificed to make astrachan coats? And pointers and setters—where are they? You can always see them at the Gare du Nord in Paris on Sunday mornings in the shooting season at the heels of sportsmen, but never in London. There once was a time, not so many years ago, when the fox-terrier was the darling of all men. KING EDWARD VII. idolised one, Sir HENRY IRVING adored another. But how seldom one sees a fox-terrier to-day! There was a sound enough reason why dachshunds should vanish from our midst somewhere in the second half of 1914, but why should pugs also suddenly have ceased to be? I can remember when pugs accompanied women of wealth on their drives abroad, and snapped and wheezed in every drawing-room. Where are they now? I know not. Surely our fickleness must both amuse you and perplex, or do you accept and pardon all?

That French cynicism, "The more I see of men the more I like dogs," must give you enormous satisfaction, and I wish we could collect your views as to ourselves. The more you see of dogs, do you the more like men? It would not surprise me, such is your devotion. We may not be able to be heroes to our valets, but even the worst of us can be heroes to our dogs. Perhaps that is your finest attribute: that by your fidelity you increase our self-esteem.

E. V. L.



First Novice (*on second round of punishing course*). "HOW MANY BALLS HAVE YOU GOT LEFT?"

Second Novice. "THREE."

First Novice. "WELL, I'VE ONLY FOUR, SO WE'D BETTER MAKE IT NINE HOLES."

"1,000 couples, from 20s, on rail, Gretna."
Scots Paper.

Is the local blacksmith disposing of his surplus stock?

"Vacancy in Girls' School, near London, limited numbers, owing to the Duke of B.'s niece finishing after 3½ years. Exceptional advantages. Moderate."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

On so august a subject comment is impossible.

"Susan Warner (1819-1877), an American novelist, better known by her pet name of 'Elizabeth Wetherell.'"—— *Cyclopædia.*

But would not "Susie" have sounded more endearing?

"Mr. T. Vijayaraquhavcacharya mentioned that India was trying to produce a long-staple cotton of the kind which Lancashire, he thought, would appreciate."
Manchester Paper.

He should be an authority on length.

"The bridegroom, who was given away by her father, was attired in ivory charmeuse, trimmed with pearls and wore a wreath and veil."—*Local Paper.*

A more tactful father-in-law would have respected the bridegroom's disguise.



The Girl. "ROTTEN LUCK IT 'S RAINING FOR THE TENNIS-PARTY."
The Boy. "YES, STALE CAKES FOR TEA FOR A FORTNIGHT."

DIRGE OF THE VITAMINES.

LAMENT, ye birds; uplift your solemn voices,
Smear on your plumage ashes, dust and mud;
Desist from pecking at your various choices
Of flavoured berry and of juicy bud;
In mourning concert droop each feathered head;
The Vitamines are dead.

Ten years ago, or twelve, it reached our knowledge,
Being reported in *The Morning Dope*,
That some preceptor of a Science College
Had seen strange doings through his microscope;
That night, between the even and the morn,
The Vitamines were born.

Eye hath not seen nor yet hath nose detected
The actual fume and substance of the elves
Who all their lives lived quiet and respected,
Keeping their joys and sorrows to themselves;
While we rough folk, from platter or from cup,
Guzzled or ate them up.

The papers said the sovereign way to get us
Rude health and freedom from arterial stress
Was freely to consume cress, endive, lettuce,
And other *veg.* that wore a virid dress;
For these contained, like fruit and dairy lines,
The valued Vitamines.

And thereupon we gorged on kale and cabbage,
The sprout of Brussels and the bean of France
In numbers large enough to stagger BABBAGE,
To give our arteries a sporting chance
Of combating a problematic ill
And keep them supple still.

All this we did in Vitamines' high honour,
And now they are not; Science tells us so.
In vain we left our Salmis Rosa Bonheur
To seek the cresses where the waters flow;
Now man becomes again, as once of yore,
A ravening carnivore.

Lament, ye birds; accept sclerotic warnings
Issued by aching knee-joints now and then;
Resolve henceforth to lead laborious mornings
Pursuing insects rich in nitrogen.
This is the food which gives the system tone . . .
So leave my fruit alone!

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

"It is . . . true that women make a most significant contribution to motherhood."—*Provincial Magazine.*

From a paragraph on sea-sickness:—

"As a palliative it is best to select a portion of the ship . . . near the centre . . . taking no food nor drink . . . until the engine stops."
Weekly Paper.

We don't recommend this to those voyaging to Australia.

A CUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON IV.—THE TENSE STORY.

THE type of story which we are now to consider is concerned with the drama of situation, not the drama of incident. That is to say, it is not the story of breathless excitement involving escapes from burning aeroplanes and the like, but the somewhat quieter though no less thrilling drama of the home. This kind of story never contains a feminine character and the scene of it is laid in some place sacred to men only—the club, a bachelor's flat or some similar place. It is therefore invariably written by a woman.

The form of the tense story is unusually well defined and the rules which govern its manufacture are quite rigid. In the first place it should be told as a story within a story. Why this should be so I cannot imagine, but it always is; and in short-story writing it does not do to break away from precedent.

First of all, then, we are introduced to a little group of men who are engaged in conversation, usually after dinner in the evening, and we are allowed to become thoroughly interested in them. As soon as this has been effected they are switched suddenly away from us and we realise that they have nothing whatever to do with the main story, which is to be narrated by one of their number. Whereupon we have to go through the business of transferring our interest to an entirely new set of characters.

The opening is never varied. Plunge the reader straight into the middle of the somewhat scrappy conversation that is taking place among your group of men, and don't tell him what it concerns or anything about it. This will tickle his natural curiosity like anything.

"Wouldn't suit you then, Carstairs, would it?" laughed Bellamy deeply, kicking a lump of coal into a blaze with his great foot.

"Not so sure about that," little Carstairs drawled, smoothing his sleek hair with a white hand in a typically characteristic gesture. "Never know till you 've tried—what?"

By this time, you see, although we have not the least idea what the conversation is about, we have already formed, almost without knowing it, quite a definite conception of both Bellamy and Carstairs. This is called the Art of Suggestion, and is very vital indeed in this kind of story. It is also of not the least importance whatever; but that is by the way.

The subject of their talk must not be held up too long, however; otherwise the reader, instead of being pleasantly curious, is apt to become irritated; and readers should never be knowingly irritated.

A tall well-groomed man with an open-air look about him chuckled slightly. "Can't quite see our Carstairs in that sort of situation, I must say," he observed. "Especially not with an irate husband very much in the foreground like that."

"And why not, McAlister?" demanded Carstairs indignantly. "I think I 'm capable of holding up my end in most circumstances, even the kind we 've been talking about."

The man addressed as McAlister shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I 'm quite sure that *I* shouldn't like it," he remarked drily. "No, the game isn't worth the candle. By the way, Bellamy, I think I could do with another glass of this excellent whisky of yours."

By now it is time for us to drop these subsidiary people and bring on our protagonist. You know who he is, of course. The Man Who has been Silent all this Time. I wonder sometimes what would happen if this man had not really got a story to tell after all. But that is unthinkable.

"With regard to what we were talking about just now, I had a curious experience once."

The three heads turned towards the speaker, a dark sallow-cheeked man, with a reserved expression and brooding eyes that looked as if they had seen many things. A doer of deeds, you would have set him down, not a spinner of words. Hitherto he had sat among them quiet and silent, and now that he spoke at last it was with a half-diffident air, as if he were hardly accustomed to share with others his experiences of life and was not quite sure of their reception.

Well, the others encourage him, and after a little decent hesitation he is persuaded to give the company his story. And now at last we get down to the real business. All that has happened up to this point has been simply introductory, designed solely to create in the mind of the reader a proper——? Quite right. Yes, atmosphere.

"It was at the house of a man named Zerubbabel. That is not his real name, you understand; but some of you chaps may know him, and it wouldn't be fair to say who he is. There were six of us there, I remember. Young Freddie Pananglican . . ."

And he goes on to enumerate the guests and sketch their characters with an aptness of phrase remarkable in so taciturn a person. When he has finished he repeats carefully that these are not their real names. It is a point of honour in the tense story that nobody should ever be called by his right name. It all helps to create—exactly—atmosphere.

As for the tale with which the Man Who has Not Spoken all this time is to regale the company, the hardened magazine reader will have guessed it already. For—and this is what makes the tense story so delightfully easy to write—*it is always the same!*

It appears under different titles, of course, and with the circumstances slightly altered; but the general idea doesn't vary. It is the story—I forget who invented it—of the Wine (or the Pill or the Sausage Roll) that was Not Poisoned.

Let us plough through it once more.

The Hitherto Silent Man has by now explained that the party had been gathered at Zerubbabel's house under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Nobody knows why they have been summoned, and the host is gloomy and prepossessed. They have had dinner and are now in the library. Mrs. Zerubbabel has not appeared at all. All this takes some working up and should not be hurried, the predominant thing at which to aim being of course the creation of—— Precisely.

Well, in due course the butler arrives. He has seven glasses of wine (or pills or sausage-rolls) upon a tray, and these he hands round—to the host first and then to the guests. The glasses are drained (or the pills or sausage-rolls swallowed) and the host grows more and more gloomy. Conversation becomes constrained, and everybody feels sure that something extraordinary is going to happen.

Of course all this is not stated in so many words. That would never do. In this kind of story anything in the way of a definite statement is to be avoided like the plague. Hints may be dropped and important facts introduced in a casual off-hand way, but never allow a positive statement of any kind to escape from your pen. This system of hints, by the way, will be found to be quite invaluable for the creation of——

Then at last the host bursts his bombshell.

Zerubbabel held up his hand, and we knew instinctively that the moment for which we had all been waiting was come at last. The desultory talk ceased like magic.

For a moment he looked at us in silence. Then—

"I have gathered you here to-night," he said gravely, "as one at least of you



PILLION DE LUXE.

may have guessed, for a purpose. One of you has committed a damnable offence against the laws of friendship, an unpardonable offence, an offence that must be punished as it deserves." He paused for a moment as if seeking words. "One of you present here this evening has dared to wink at my wife in the dark!"

We caught our breaths. This terrible accusation had come upon us like a veritable bolt from the blue. We glanced at each other furtively, surreptitiously. Who could the miscreant be? Somebody—Freddie Pananglican, I think it was—tittered nervously.

"I did not know who the hound was," Zerubbabel continued evenly, "nor was my wife willing to enlighten me. But one clue I had. Though his identity was still unknown to me, there was one thing by which he could be recognised. And I knew he was one of you six." He paused again. "Now I know which one."

"But look here, Zerubbabel," I put in, "you can't——"

He silenced me with a look. "You remember that Noakes brought in seven glasses of wine just now? One of those glasses was poisoned! I made a sign to him, and he gave the poisoned glass to the man I pointed out to him." He drew his watch from his pocket. "In three minutes now that poison will act, and the wretch will have atoned for his foul crime." He looked once round the circle then turned his back on us.

For two minutes nobody moved. Then suddenly from the right of our circle came a choking sound. Anderman, swaying on his feet, was clutching desperately at his throat. The next instant he pitched forward on the floor and lay very still.

Like lightning, Zerubbabel was bending over him, while we watched with drawn faces. After what seemed an eternity he rose slowly to his feet and dusted the knees of his trousers.

"Better send for a doctor, someone," he said quietly. "Anderman is dead."

Oh, well, you know the rest, of course. There is a fearful to-do at the idea of Zerubbabel's having poisoned Anderman, until at last the culprit blandly and maddeningly says, "Poisoned him? I don't understand you." Then there is more to-do while the exasperating Zerubbabel refuses to understand why anyone should think he had poisoned Anderman, before he condescends finally to explain that he hadn't got a clue at all, and that it was all bluff, and that—— Oh, but why go on?

"The man died of sheer funk!" said Zerubbabel gravely.

Yes, it is a certain winner, this story. It has been winning now for I dare not say how long.

"Special attention is drawn to Mr. ——'s advertisement of the sale of 34 pairs trousers, assorted sizes, to be sold in his auction rooms on Saturday at 11 o'clock. Ladies should not miss this golden opportunity, as the stuff is really good."—*South African Paper.*

We had no idea the emancipation of women had made such strides in the Sub-Continent.



He. "IF THE STONES HURT HER AS MUCH AS ALL THAT, WHY DOESN'T SHE WEAR SHOES?"
She. "BECAUSE THEN SHE COULDN'T TAKE SO LONG WALKING DOWN THE BEACH."

THE LAST CRUSADE.

[JACKIE COOGAN, America's nine-year-old film star, sailed for Europe in the *Leviathan* last Saturday with his parents, a secretary, a nurse, a valet and a "movie" operator, and a million-dollar cargo of foodstuffs and clothing for the orphans of the Near East. According to *The New York Herald*, on reaching Paris he is going to have a "real night at Montmartre, with an iced bottle of the Butte's best beverage," will be allowed to climb to the top of the Eiffel Tower, a privilege forbidden to all other juveniles, and will have interviews with President DOUMERGUE and M. CLEMENCEAU.]

He is coming, he is coming, he is coming!
  The sultan of the "strong but silent stage,"
And the ether is continuously humming
  With the praises of the idol of the age.
A *Leviathan* has borne him o'er the ocean,
  At a cost I simply hesitate to guess;
And a wave of quite ecstatical emotion
  Is sweeping through the Syndicated Press.

He 's attended by a retinue whose "exes"
  Will be lavishly provided from his purse,
Including his assistants of both sexes,
  A secretarial magnate and a nurse;
A valet—an accomplished titivator
  And an expert in the choice of under-vests—
And of course there is a movie operator,
  And his parents, who are coming as his guests.

The programme and the plans of the invader—
  The like of which have never yet been seen—
Proclaim him as a blend of Child Crusader,
  Child-Crœsus and Colossus of the screen,
With his million-dollar cargo for the feeding
  Of the helpless orphan victims of the Turk,
And his costly recreations when he 's needing
  Rest and respite from his philanthropic work.

I know it 's most invidious and audacious
  At any form of charity to carp,
But, at the risk of being thought ungracious,
  I cannot tune the reverential harp;
For it seems to me no cause for jubilation
  That a child, because a millionaire at nine,
Should be welcomed with extravagant laudation
  And treated as a figure half divine.

Compensation.

"August weather has not been too kind to outdoor events: the great Pageant at Wembley has been marred. Fortune, however, smiled on the garden parties on the Vicarage Lawn."—*Parish Magazine.*

"The Dog it was that Died."

"He then smacked her across the face and made his nose bleed."
Provincial Paper.

"Small General wanted with oven attached."—*Local Paper.*

A sort of pocket Kitchener, we presume.

From an article on lawn-tennis:—

"You may not volley the ball before it passes the net, but, should a ball bounce and be dropping back over the net, you may lean across and strike it, providing you do not touch it with your racket or clothes."
Local Paper.

In this predicament the possessor of a long and resilient nose is at a great advantage.



STRIKE-MAKER OR STRIKE-BREAKER?

JOHN BULL. "WHAT'S THAT FOR?"
LABOUR. "TO CONTROL MY HOUSE AND PROTECT YOU."
JOHN BULL. "I SEE. (*Aside*) I HOPE IT WON'T BE THE OTHER WAY ROUND."



CLUB NOTES.

"CRESCENT UNITED WERE UNFORTUNATE IN LOSING TO PARADISE ALLEY OWING TO THE UNAVOIDABLE ABSENCE OF THEIR CUSTODIAN AT A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE GAME."

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

A YARN OF DAN'S.

"DON'T you take no sail off 'er," the Ol' Man said . . .
Wind an' sea rampagin' fit to wake the dead . . .

Thrashin' through the Forties in the sleet an' hail,
Runnin' down the Eastin' under all plain sail!

"She 's loggin' seventeen, an' she 's liftin' to it grand,
So I 'm goin' down below for a stretch off the land.

"An' if it 's getting worse, Mister, come an' call me—
But—don't you take no sail off 'er," said the Ol' Man, said 'e.

* * * * * * *

Them was the times, sonnies, them was the men,
Them was the ships as we 'll never see again.

Ah, but it was somethin' then to be alive,
Thrashin' under royals south o' Forty-five!

When it was—"Don't you take no sail off 'er," the Ol' Man 'd say,
Beard an' whiskers starin' stiff wi' frozen spray.

"She 's loggin' seventeen an' she 's liftin' to it grand,
An' I mean to keep 'er goin' under all she 'll stand.

"An' if it 's getting worse, Mister, come an' call me,
But—don't you take no sail off 'er," said the Ol' Man, said 'e.

C. F. S.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

THE hour of trial was at hand. Standing there, his arms folded, a grim smile on his lips, he watched the waves lashing themselves into fury far below him. Soon, so soon, it would all be over and he would be wallowing in their cold embrace. He thought for a moment of his past life and dimly he wondered why he had come to do this thing. Was it worth it? Yes, a thousand times yes! How could he ever face the world if he drew back now?

The supreme moment had come. Dressed only in a thin blue suit, through which the chill wind pierced him to the marrow, he stepped resolutely forth. Hardly had he taken two paces when his foot trod empty air. Waving his arms wildly in a last desperate endeavour to save himself, he plunged downwards head foremost.

Only the moaning of the wind and the dull reverberation of the sea.

* * * * * * * *

There was a great silence as the Mayor of Ramstairs picked up his megaphone. "Walking the greasy pole," he shouted. "First: Mr. T. Smith."

"The dates of the Parish Fête are July 23, 24, and 25, 19251 and must not be forgotten. The Secretary is still waiting for the names of representatives on the General Committee. If the fête is going to be the biggest attraction in Ireland, there is no time for delay."
Irish Parish Magazine.

The date, we understand, has been chosen to coincide with the settlement of the Boundary Question.

OUR BEES.

THE Orderly Officer first noticed them during his morning round of the camp. The swarm had arrived the afternoon before, according to the Orderly Sergeant, who reported that "at or about 3 P.M. he 'ad noticed a sort of a buzzin' noise." They were now ensconced in the eaves of one of the men's barrack huts.

The Orderly Officer, having inspected them from a safe distance, reported the find to the Company Commander, who ordered the Sergeant-Major to look into the matter, who told the Orderly Sergeant to see to it, who detailed the Orderly Corporal to do it, who told one of the sanitary men to "stop 'is lip and get on with it." This is what we call in the army "the usual channels."

Under the supervision of the Orderly Corporal the attack was commenced, and the sanitary man came to grips with the enemy at the top of a ladder. He ripped several boards off the side and roof of the hut, beat wildly about with his hands, used a lot of bad language and retired hurt. The Corporal, seeing that if he were not careful he would have to take action himself, called the battle off for an hour to seek advice. The bees swarmed on imperturbably, evidently determined to take up their winter quarters in the eaves.

The next attack was launched in late afternoon under command of the Orderly Sergeant, who had been reading up a book on the subject. His efforts at smoking them out with brown-paper were much hampered by ribald suggestions from the crowd that his own pipe would be more effective, for he smoked a notoriously strong shag, which rumour said was not tobacco at all but rather a mixture of copra and dried seaweed. Half-an-hour's work showed a layer of ash over the surrounding country, two bees dead from exhaustion and the premature arrival of the fire brigade.

Night fell, leaving the swarm in possession, and next morning, to celebrate their victory they stung Private Johnson. He reported sick with a badly-swollen face, and was excused duty for the day. Now a route march had been arranged that morning, and when, half an hour later, fifteen more privates paraded sick with faces of varying sizes, a vague suspicion entered the Company Commander's mind—a suspicion which was confirmed when a messenger from No 23 Hut was intercepted, asking for the loan of one of No. 21 Hut's bees.

The Company Commander at once took renewed action, this time with fire extinguishers. The only results were two broken windows, four dead bees, and one man excessively and uncomfortably wet about the middle owing to forgetting from which end of the extinguisher the liquid emerged. The forces were called off, and the Company Commander, remembering that the pen is mightier than the swarm, wrote a long report to the Adjutant. The bees, still undeterred, set to work to gather what honey they could from the two dandelions near the cookhouse drain and the Company nasturtium at the end of No. 21 Hut.

The Adjutant said the whole matter was a nice point, and went deeply into King's Regulations. At the end of half an hour he had unearthed the fact that live stock must not be kept in barracks without the sanction of the G.O.C., and was searching "Animal Management" for hints on Bee-mastership. No result forthcoming, he telephoned to the Division Officer R.E., but the D.O.R.E. refused to have anything to do with the matter, regretting that, while he would repair the hut concerned, he must debit the cost to the unit, as he could not be responsible for depredations committed by unauthorised regimental pets. So the Adjutant next tackled the Barrack Officer, pointing out that, since the bees were not an authorised barrack-room fixture, they should be removed forthwith. The Barrack Officer replied that he would do this if the Adjutant would tell him how many bees there were, furnishing a complete roll of names, age and sex, to enable him to bring them on his books. The Adjutant, baffled, referred the matter to Brigade H.Q., and there the question halted for a while.

In the meantime the bees continued to thrive and the Company was further disorganised. Private Jones, who lived in No. 21 Hut, up at orderly-room for having a dirty rifle, submitted as an excuse that the stuff in it was honey, and that it was not his fault. Private Smith, charged with being unshaven on early parade, stated that a bee stung him in the night and that, though he had allowed his usual time for shaving, he had not taken into account the suddenly increased area of his face.

Brigade meanwhile was referring the matter to Division, Division to Command, and Command back again. An immense file headed "Bees" slowly grew in the office, containing various suggestions, such as (*a*) that the bees should be handed over to the Supply Officer with the view of providing honey in the daily ration; (*b*) that a concentrated attack should be made by the R.A.F. and all the bees brought down in flames; (*c*) that a Vocational Training Centre should be formed round No. 21 Hut with the object of fitting men for civil life by training them in bee-keeping.

The correspondence was at its height when the N.C.O. in charge of No. 21 Hut reported that the bees had gone. It turned out later that the youngest bugler, who knew something about bees, having equipped himself with a gas mask and hedging gloves, had surreptitiously extracted the queen bee from the swarm and sold her to a local farmer for fifteen shillings.



Wife (in stage whisper). "WILL YOU PLEASE COME DOWN, HECTOR? THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS APPLYING FOR THE POSITION OF PARLOUR-MAID WISHES TO SEE YOU BEFORE SHE DECIDES."

A Die-Hard.

"ROMAN REMAINS AT FOLKESTONE."
Daily Paper.

In spite of our summer weather?



THE HOBBY OF MR. BINKS, THE HOUSE-AGENT, IS SKETCHING FROM NATURE. IT IS CURIOUS TO NOTE HOW HIS BUSINESS INFLUENCES IT.

THE LONDONER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

[There are many guides to London, but unfortunately many of them are written for those Londoners from Cape Town, Medicine Hat and Pushgo, Pa., who seem to spend all their time changing at Baker Street and getting into the wrong train at Charing Cross. However, the L.C.C. have now decided to issue a series of booklets with the idea of educating the Londoner on London. As soon as I heard this I submitted the one below; but the ungrateful wretches refused it, no doubt out of jealousy.]

LONDON was founded — or rather found—in the year 1924 by Lord ASHFIELD and *The Daily Mail*, and is the healthiest pleasure-resort in the world, because any Londoner who can afford it, feeling dissolution at hand, immediately goes to some other place, which gets blamed for his demise in the statistics. It contains more Scots than New Caledonia, more criminals than Maidstone gaol, more dogs than Barking Creek, more Chippendale furniture than CHIPPENDALE ever dreamt of, a few Londoners, and it also contains Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, but only just.

Londoners of course are interested in Art, and some of the finest pictures and sculptures are to be found by them in Paris, Florence and Buenos Aires. It is rumoured that there is a gallery or so in London, but, being a Londoner myself, I can't vouch for the truth of this.

We now come to music. Brussels possesses a very fine military band, while a first-class orchestra is provided for Londoners at Bournemouth; and good bands are to be enjoyed, providing one takes ear-plugs, at places like Paignmouth. Opera flourishes, from a metropolitan point of view, in Vienna, and Londoners may often be seen amongst the audience when a good show is put on in the provinces. Now and again a good band is to be heard within ten miles of Charing Cross when some Londoner persuades a foreigner to bring one over; but it soon deteriorates.

Cricket is a favourite sport of Londoners, and there are several good grounds, notably at Lord's and the Oval, where one can often see a notice displayed stating that the match will be commenced when the rain leaves off. Otherwise Londoners usually satisfy their craving for the game by reading about the matches played at Southampton and Birmingham, and so forth.

Londoners are very proud of their parks and open spaces, and they often travel underneath them in the Tubes while on their way to catch trains to Devonshire, the Black Forest and the Norwegian fjords.

Its hotels are, like CÆSAR'S wife, too good to be true. Starting from Westminster Bridge, the Londoner keeps straight on until he comes to the "Old Yacht" at Brighton, where a good lunch may be had. Or, on the other hand, it may not; but there is always the "Café de Bonne Bouche" at Boulogne.

Of museums we have the British, which contains Egyptian, Greek and Roman relics, and is a favourite resort of Germans, Americans and people from Manchester. Anyway, the Louvre is within easy reach, and the early-English barrows to be found in Farringdon Street are very popular with London lovers of the antique.

Londoners have made such a habit of visiting places like the Manchester Repertory Theatre that it comes as a surprise to a Londoner to find that there are dozens of theatres in his own city that are not yet turned into picture-palaces. Most of the plays here have been imported from abroad, or else tried on the provinces first, so there seems to be no adequate reason why he should not patronise them.

London has many literary associations, and many famous authors save up until they can afford to live out of it.

London proper—as distinguished from places like Golder's Green, which

are nevertheless not referred to as London improper—has many beautiful railway stations, from which frequent trains run to take Londoners away. And the docks should not be missed. In fact few Londoners would miss them if by chance any ship forgot to pull up its anchor and steamed away taking the docks with it. They provide an ideal way for a Londoner to enjoy the metropolis, forming perhaps the best way out of it. The most difficult place to reach from the docks is London itself.

(*Note.*—The compiler of the above guide, realising that to err is human, admits that it contains many inaccuracies, wherefore he will be grateful to those correspondents who refrain from writing to the Editor about it.)

AN ENTREATY.

Now reddens the apple;
Now Ceres' broad lap 'll
Be full, for a fortnight, with all her good things;
And round the church steeple
The pied swallow people
They crowd in a cloud as they try their blue wings;
Then sitting,
Ere flitting,
Bright shoulder to shoulder,
They cheep as they peep o'er our valley of sheaves,
And hedgerows, fulfilled of September, a smoulder
Of berries and leaves.

Like maids out of chapel
Sedately, a dapple
Of colour, from cubbing goes homeward the pack,
Past cottage doors filling
With onlookers, willing
To shirk any work just to see them jog back;
For Summer
(Short-comer!)
No bays on her forehead
Is sped; and here 's Autumn; I 'd beg of her grace—
"Dear lady, console us—yes, Summer 's been *horrid*—
And love us a space."

"Here Mr. —— shone; for his technical frills, without being ostentatious, covered practically the gamut of these more difficult vehicles of expression."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

And it is not easy for frills to do that without being ostentatious.

From the story of a defaulter:—

"In order to ensure perfect secrecy as to his movements, this wily individual took the precaution of removing the ladder in which his aged farm hand slept."

Channel Islands Paper.

Personally, we never sleep in a ladder; we so dislike being rung up.

LONDON'S LABEL.

THE following letters are a small but not unrepresentative selection from the formidable budget with which Mr. Punch has been bombarded in the last fortnight by the tribe of mottophils and mottophobes:—

LONDON PRIDE.

I hope that when an appropriate motto for London is ultimately chosen it will not be too apologetic or self-depreciatory. It is all very well to propitiate Nemesis, but the habit of belittling our achievements can easily be carried to excess. I venture therefore to send you the following lines which came into my head as I was taking my bath this morning, and seem to me not wholly unworthy of the occasion:—



IF WEMBLEY WERE TO BE EXTENDED.

Let Scotia boast in Edinbro' a match for the Acropolis,
Let Ireland vaunt in Dublin a resurgent Healyopolis;
But London, where WILL SHAKESPEARE wrote, and JOHNSON drank his tea,
And MILTON made his Paradise, is good enough for me.

Piccadilly. JOHN COCAYNE.

THE REAL NEED.

A motto for London simply shirks the real issue. What London really wants is a new name in keeping with the spirit of the time and the irresistible march of proletarian progress. "London" has long become an unmeaning link with an ignominious past. I feel sure that I am voicing the sentiments of all right-thinking British men and women in suggesting that we should replace it by the noble and euphonious title of Lansburygrad.

Poplar. BORIS BOBOLINSKY.

A HAPPY OMEN.

I should like to call attention to the interesting fact in connection with the subject of this correspondence that it coincides with the prominence of the eminent Swiss publicist and former President of Switzerland, M. MOTTA, in the meetings of the League of Nations at Geneva. If London can find a motto, the balance of genders will be maintained and the equilibrium of Europe re-established.

Saffron Hill. PAULO DOTTI.

THE CURSE OF THE CLASSICS.

May I add my voice to those who have already protested against the absurd fetish-worship of a dead language in the choice of a motto for our city? It seems to me a convincing proof of the sinister influence of those decadent institutions, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, so courageously assailed by Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P. Scotland as usual has shown us the way in "Peebles for Pleasure." What is wrong with "London for Uplift?"

Glasgow. HECTOR MCLURKIN.

ALAS! POOR DRYDEN.

It seems to me that the need is one which cannot adequately be met by a motto. London is too large for a phrase or an epigram. I venture to suggest the following original lines as suitable for the purpose:—

Three cities in three different countries born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
The first in classic beauty took the prize,
The next in grandeur, and the last in size.
Yet by a strange anomaly of fate
We see the little triumph o'er the great.
Athene's Owl, Rome's Eagles, all are gone,
But London's WREN victoriously lives on.

I may add that, on submitting this effort to a literary friend, he pronounced it to be the most egregious effusion he had ever read.

Boar's Hill. SAMUEL BODGER.

THE CRY OF THE SUBURBS.

London ought to have a motto; but in this age of decentralization the claims of the suburbs and outlying districts ought not to be overlooked. I would therefore suggest the following: "All trains lead to Ealing" (on the analogy of "All roads lead to Rome"); "There 's nothing rotten in the state of Denmark Hill"; "Black but comely are Bow and Bromley"; and "If your health requires recruiting, come and live at lovely Tooting."

ANDREW WORPLE.

Balham.

Another Freak Hero.

From a recent novel:—

"His lips drooped over his flashing eyes."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Soon this Act comes into force. It has been, no doubt, carefully planned, considered and revised. So let everyone make the best of the Act, and in the words of Sir James Barrie: '*Greet the unseen with a cheer!*'"

Ulster Paper.

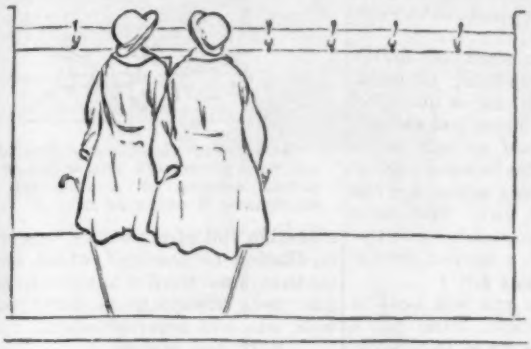
We ourselves invariably quote from Mr. BROWNING'S *What Every Woman Knows*, for apparently every man doesn't.

"A hundred yards more and I had forgotten it was raining. A tossed sky and a shining road and the dark towers, to which, like Childe Harold, I came, were all I saw."

London Paper.

We don't recollect *Childe Harold's* visit to these towers.

SNOBBERY IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.



"WONDER WHAT SORT OF A CROWD WE 'LL HAVE HERE THIS EVENING—



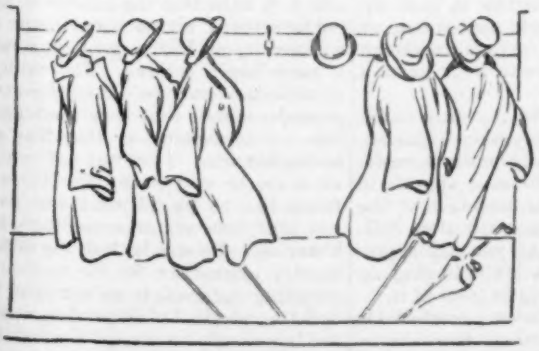
"GREAT ALBERT MEMORIAL! . . . THERE 'S ONE OF THOSE DEAR OLD VELVET COLLARS!



"UGH! AND A YELLOW MACKINTOSH!!



"H'M, AND SOMETHING FROM CHELSEA, I 'M VERY MUCH AFRAID!!!



"AND A PERSON APPARENTLY PRACTICALLY STARK NAKED!!!!



"AND, MERCIFUL HEAVENS—A PELT!!!!!"

FROM THE LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE CAT TO ITS KITTEN.

[It was recently reported that banks and business houses make allowances in the salary list for the upkeep of the cats which destroy mice in the offices.]

MY DEAR FELICIA,—Let me warn you against the lure of the films. Remem-



"MY DEAR FELICIA."

ber we cannot all be stars, even though we are as ingenious as Felix himself. Moreover, it is a hard life, and you would be subject to all sorts of temptations. I need say no more.

To succeed in the City you need Push. First select the office carefully, bearing in mind the question of its proximity to a restaurant and the self-satisfaction registered by the other cats employed there. Then walk boldly in and wash yourself on the mat.

Many well-dressed men will stop to stroke you, and will call you "Poor pussy." Do not undeceive them, but, on the other hand, resent any undue familiarity. These are mere financial men, who deal with money. They are not allowed to handle cat's-meat. It is the province of the porter to engage the feline staff, and it is to him you should appeal. Gaze up at him



"GAZE UP AT HIM TRUSTINGLY."

trustingly. This goes a long way. Better still, if you can manage to borrow a dead mouse from anywhere, take it with you, and you will be installed on the salary list inside two licks.

Apart from the salary, which, although not excessive, is regular, you must keep an eye on your perquisites. Broadly speaking, the male humans are the most generous in this respect. They react, as a general rule, to a hail-fellow-how-goes-it attitude. If the subject of your operations is one of those who sit at a lower desk than the others, he will expect you to amuse him. Play with his pens and sit on his papers, taking care, of course, to avoid upsetting his ink. This tastes vile when you have to wash it off.

With women you must act differently. They prefer sob-stuff. Sit down in front of them and look as mournful as though you'd swallowed a clockwork mouse. This is good enough for a saucer of milk from the Director's tea at any time. Very young women are not worth doing business with. They seem to live entirely on chocolates and lipsticks. Never touch a lipstick, even if it is offered to you as a gift.

In course of time you will need to think about promotion. After all, a clerical life entails a lot of hard work, and the cat who allows herself to be exploited by this capitalist system

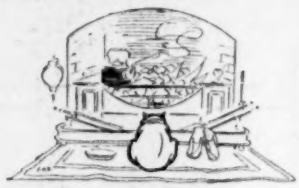


"THEY PREFER SOB-STUFF."

runs the risk of being insulted by Bolshevists. Remember, efficiency is not everything. Many a cat who shudders at the sight of a mouse has risen to the job of private cat to a porter, simply by reason of her own personal charm. Believe me, the knowledge of the psychological moment to jump on to a lap and the ability to gaze up at a heavy-footed, bald-headed man as adoringly as though he were a milkman are of as much value to a cat as to a chorus-girl.

But on the whole, my dear child, although it sounds very early-Victorian, there is most to be said for the domestic career. Self-determination appeals to those felines who are members of the Cats' Freedom League, but after half-a-dozen large families you will appreciate the sound of a kettle singing on a fire and a hearthrug in front of it.

Choose for preference a comfortable middle-class home, where there are no young children to hold you up by the tail. Here it is the cook who needs cultivating, and she can often ease your work by installing some of the latest labour-saving machinery, such as a mouse-trap. The food, although plain, is plentiful, and you will often have the opportunity for ten minutes alone with



"AFTER HALF-A-DOZEN LARGE FAMILIES YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE SOUND OF A KETTLE SINGING ON A FIRE AND A HEARTHRUG IN FRONT OF IT."

a dustbin full of adventure, or a quiet meditation on the roof, which brings me to my final word of advice: Be careful. Seek always to be like Cæsar's wife, who was never found out.

With best wishes,

Your affectionate mother,

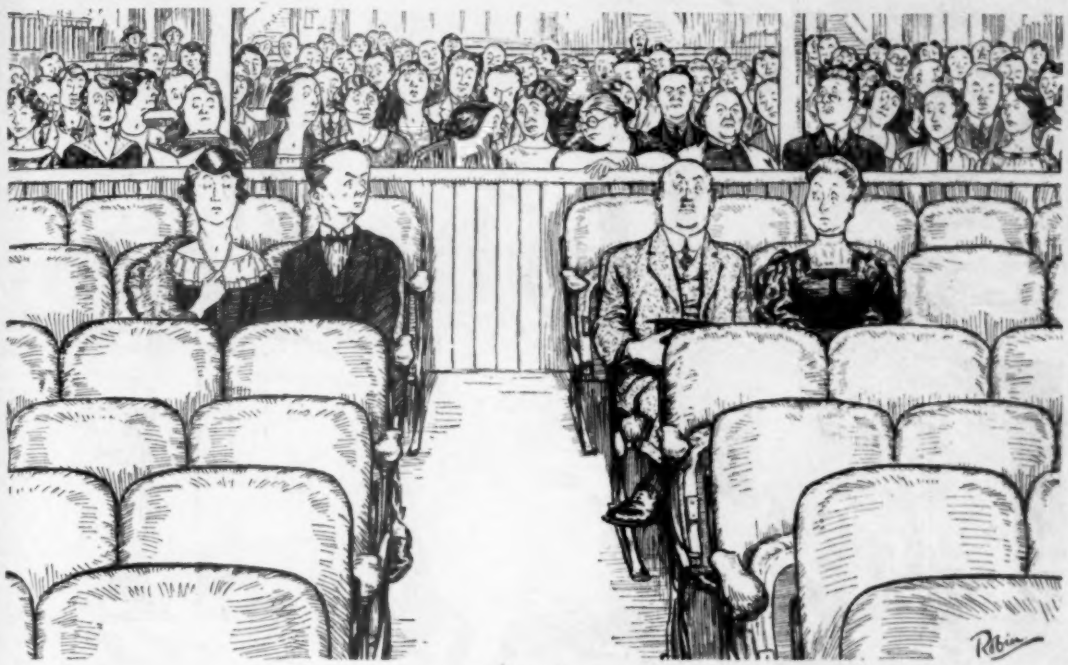
TABITHA.

THE LOST BOOKS OF LIVY.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—For many hundreds of years one-hundred-and-seven of the hundred-and-forty-two Books of LIVY have been mercifully lost. It is now reported that a Doctor DI MARTINO FUSCO has discovered the missing books. If this be true he can hardly be prevented from reading them himself, but, on behalf of the Amalgamated Society of Schoolboys, Past, Present and Future, I write to protest, with all the vigour at my command, that at any rate he should keep the things secret.

Of all the Classical authors who made life hideous to me for the eight best years of my youth there are none whom I recall with such abhorrence as the intolerable LIVY. It is said that Pope GREGORY I. burned all the copies of LIVY that he could lay his hands upon; and it is hard that the labours of this public-spirited divine should now be nullified by an Italian gentleman with a name like a cocktail. The writings of historians may be defended on two grounds—either that they are inaccurate but interesting, or that they are boring but true. LIVY was not only, as we knew in my youth, the Prince of Bores, but, as we did not know (*for it was kept from us*), an exceedingly bad historian. He was in fact the first of Sunday journalists, for his method of recording facts was to collect upon his desk the "stories" of all previous writers and laboriously "write up" the first that caught his eye; and which of the stories was correct was not a matter which concerned him much. Moreover, he was



RIVAL "PAPER."

quite capable, if the fancy took him, of writing up the first half of one account and the second half of another (and contradictory) narrative, or of reproducing both in full as if they were stories of two different events. You, Sir, will no doubt remember the passage in Book II., 17 *seq.*, in which are described no fewer than four campaigns against the Volsci (a tribe of whom I have always thought with a singular mixture of detestation and indifference). These four campaigns are in fact but four variations of the story of *one* campaign, all cribbed by the insufferable LIVY from four different writers. Needless to say, however, when you and I were at school all this was hidden from us. The campaign (and that an infinitely tedious campaign, as, if I recollect aright, the doings of the Volsci, and indeed the Allobroges, invariably were) the campaign might only have happened once, but *we were made to translate it four times.* In short, Sir, if you can imagine an account of the Trade Union Congress compiled in alternate sections from descriptions by Mr. LOVAT FRASER and Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, and written up by Mr. H. G. WELLS, you have some idea of the value of LIVY as a recorder of historical facts.

And this, Sir, this is the man who is to be hurled in a hundred-and-seven fresh instalments at our defenceless boys. One hundred-and-seven volumes of the Volsci and the Allobroges; of persons marching seven stades and then camping for the winter; of persons arriving at the confluence of three rivers and turning to the left (the names of the rivers obscure and their very number inaccurate); of Jingo speeches and odious moral reflections! It is said that, however baseless his statements of fact, the man had style. But, Sir, we have already enough good Latin prose with which to torture our young till the end of time. And if indeed it is essential that they be crammed with erroneous accounts of past military campaigns in the Latin tongue, then let some of our more imaginative contemporary war-correspondents be translated into Latin in the style of LIVY; for any hack of a Professor can do this. And if the Great War was boring, it had, by comparison with the campaigns against the Volsci, some moments that were almost dramatic.

And, Sir, consider the position of you and me, Classical scholars, when the new generation grows up, a generation which has read the hundred-and-thirty seventh Book of LIVY, while we have not. How shall we hold up our heads again? Consider too the horrid herds of scholars, schoolmasters, commentators and Latin Grammar Professors who even now are waiting hungrily to plunge their talons in the Lost Books, to edit and amend them and translate them and mess them about, to argue over them and write sniffy articles about them, to alter all the histories and muddle all the dates, to waste enormous quantities of good clean paper and time and money, and make more frantic than before our gallant British boys. And all for a number of books which will give us false information on a subject about which we know quite as much as is good for us, and were habitually burned by a Pope whenever he saw them.

Sir, this scandal must not be.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

A. P. H.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"TO-DAY'S WEATHER



The Moon."

Daily Paper.

But for the title, we should have thought it was the sun.

Our Long-Suffering Musicians.

"There was a very fair attendance at St. ——'s Church on Tuesday evening last when Mr. —— gave a very delightful organ recital, but not nearly so good as the occasion deserved or the object required."—*West Indian Paper.*

"The series of international chamber concerts . . . has so far thriven on the unfortunate illness which kept Mr. —— away."

Provincial Paper.



Visitor. "WHY DID YOU HANG THE LOOKING-GLASS ABOVE THE TROUGH?"
Pig-owner. "WELL, SORRA THE BITE SHE'D EAT FOR LONESOMENESS; BUT SINCE I WAS FIXIN' THE BIT O' GLASS FORNINST HER, SHE SEES THE OTHER WAAN AITIN', AN' DIVIL A DROP SHE'D LAVE."

PUMPKINS.

THREE pumpkins are growing
Along by the wall;
Perhaps one is going
To go to a ball;
Perhaps of the three that so solemnly wait
There's one that will follow the road through the gate,
With thirty white horses,
Six liveried footmen,
And one scarlet coachman
Attending in state.

And inside a-dreaming
Cinderella will sit,
Her moony dress gleaming
With stars over it,
The diamonds sparkling like dew on her shawl,
Her eyes big and shining with joy of it all,
To think Cinderella,
Who sat in the ashes,
So sad and so lonely,
Should go to the ball.

Although I've been hiding
And spying till late,
No coach has gone riding
Through my little gate;
Perhaps I'm too old or perhaps I'm too wise
For fairies to scatter their dust in my eyes;
I only see pumpkins,
Three big yellow pumpkins,
All swollen and ready
To make into pies!

SOME BUS.

"MOTORISTS," said Mallaby, as we trudged the last half-mile along the dusty moorland way that leads to the Brass Cow at Slattersgill, "seem to have taken it for granted that Providence or some other power has conceded to them a monopoly of roads, inn-parlours and conversation."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "It seems to me that we have claimed a yard or two of the road to-day."

"On the extreme edge, for the most part," he grumbled.

"Anyhow," I said, "we shall soon be at the Brass Cow, in whose cool and comfortable parlour we expect to be served with brimming beakers of nut-brown ale, and——"

"Yes," said Mallaby, "and be bored to hysteria by tall yarns of incredible miles per gallon and an assortment of intimate, not to say indelicate, details concerning the internals of various cars. I'm fed-up with all this technical tosh. The simple pedestrian never gets a look in."

In due course we reached the Brass Cow. On the roadway in front there was the usual collection of cars of different sizes and makes.

As we entered the narrow passage leading to the parlour, Mallaby whispered an instruction to "say as little as possible." He proposed to do most of the talking.

A long tramp over the hills had rendered liquid refreshment the first consideration, and it was only after several sighs of thankfulness that Mallaby began to speak. He adopted a confidential yet extremely audible tone.

"Well, as I told you," he said, "I sold that old bus. You remember that it had a bimble-clutch on the axle-

swivel. Somehow or other I never felt confidence in it. Of course I didn't know then what I know now or I would never have entertained the thing. The new eccentric, twin-sleeve snatch crank is a much better idea. I insisted upon that in the new car I'm getting. But I *can't* get delivery. Demand enormous. Waiting list like a London Directory."

Several of the motorists in the room were talking about the prowess of their engines or the distances they had covered, but I noticed that the pitch of their voices became considerably lower and two men who sat in one of the window-seats made no effort to disguise their interest in what Mallaby was saying.

I saw possibilities in the game and decided to take a hand.

"Rather a pity, wasn't it," I ventured, "that you were off with the old bus before you were certain of getting on with the new?"

"Oh, but I was thoroughly tired of it," he answered. "You see it was given to buck-cluttering on an open throttle, and that was more than I could stand."

"And your new car?"

"Oh, a swisher—an absolute thoroughbred. There is no doubt, and, mind you, I am speaking as an engineer, that the new spirally-wound swivver-clonk will entirely revolutionise motoring."

"Never heard of it," I said.

"No? It's a Swiss invention, I'm told. They found something of the sort essential there. Running up and down the Alps, you know. Frightful strain on a car."

By this time everyone else had ceased talking and general attention was focussed on Mallaby.

"But, of course," he continued, apparently not observing that he was the centre of attraction, "the feature which appealed to me most in the new car is the gimp-brocket on the petrol-feed—a recent invention. You save no end by—— But come along; I'll tell you all about it as we jog along the road."

Passing out, I noticed that a little man who had been sitting apart from the others was furtively consulting what looked like a "Glossary of Terms used in Motoring."

"The habit of eating and drinking at frequent intervals pervades all classes of society."
Daily Paper.

We too have noticed this.

"Up to and including Saturday last £12,090,155 people had passed through the turnstiles at Wembley."—*Birmingham Paper.*

But they weren't worth all that, of course, by the time they got out.



Nurse (announcing arrival of son and heir). "IT'S A BOY, SIR."
Engrossed Professor. "ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS; I'M BUSY."

A PLEA FOR PRETTY POST-OFFICES.

[A deputation of the Union of Postal Workers has asked the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to provide more attractive post-offices.]

I WROTE to my sweet—
She was daintily fair,
Her eyes they were meet
With the stars to compare,
And the sunlight was trapped in the maze of her hair.

I wrote to my love,
And I tried to express
The truth that's above
Human language, unless
With the help of a sigh and a bashful caress.

It is true that I wrote,
But the words that I said
In that poor little note
She has never yet read,
For the note never went, and for years has been dead.

So she smiled upon Brown
With the impudent face,
After turning me down—
Ah! sad is my case,
But how could I post in so ugly a place?

"Wanted, a few good Stone Wallers."
Yorkshire Paper.

For next year's cricket season?

"FOR SALE.—Pedigree Great Danes, good watch dogs. Snap on application."
Advt. in South African Paper.

Then we shan't apply.



"IT'S NO USE, CYRIL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS CAMERA. I CAN ONLY SEE YOUR FEET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is certainly a something about these novelists who take the Turf for their own particular province. Here is Mr. EDWARD WOODWARD, with *The Pigeon Wins* (FISHER UNWIN), in the dear old manner of Major HAWLEY SMART, who was wont to enchant us all in the days of old. A whole army of crooks on the one side, blue-jowled, heavy-eyed, smoking large fat cigars, and perhaps themselves not in the best of condition; and on the other a gallant array of honest sportsmen, invariably engaged to the most charming girls, perhaps a little too much inclined to put their last shirt on a good thing, but all with spare, muscular figures that will come in useful when their own particular villain is ripe for condign punishment. In fact, the choice array of scoundrels in *The Pigeon Wins* are almost invariably unfortunate. The "Poulterers," as they humorously call themselves, seem to select their subjects without due care. In their first three efforts they run up against a young American and two ex-Army cavalry officers, and break down badly each time. In fact, they hardly get a show at all until the last of their intended victims appears on the stage. *Paul Crawley* is a young bank clerk who has been left a fortune and a useful string of racehorses by a relative of whom he has hardly heard. He loves horses, but knows nothing whatever about them. Surely the Poulterers may be allowed to make a little out of *Paul*! But no. Ignorant as he is of horse-flesh he too has a lean muscular figure, has played football and boxed for the United Banks, and is in love with the charming daughter of his trainer. *Paul* is the last straw; he breaks up the gang finally. No wonder that, standing on the deck of an outward-bound steamer, *Mr. Francis Lyniker* and his two partners are left lamenting that England is "no place for self-respecting crooks."

A South Sea Bubble (CASSELL) is a vigorous, absurd and genial story of treasure-hunting—"a Swiss Family Robinson business shaken up with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson" being the considered verdict of one of its chief hunters. The auspices under which the cruise of the *Mascot* is undertaken, and the manner in which its twentieth-century gentlemen (and lady) adventurers are recruited, reflect, I think, great credit on Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE'S ingenuity. *Vernon Winslowe*, D.S.O., D.S.C., after a distinguished Naval career during the War, comes into a small fortune and is swiftly assisted to lose it by a circle of West-End spongers. Like a second *Timon*, *Winslowe* resolves to get even with a perfidious world; and having in his possession a genuine old log-book and map, the property of a buccaneering ancestor, he adds the magic words "X marks cache" to a cryptic topographical note in the margin of the latter and advertises for a syndicate of eight—"Age and sex no disqualification. Small capital and deposit essential"—to share the risks and rewards of the search. Unluckily for *Winslowe's* convictions as to the depravity of mankind, the risks appear to have a greater appeal than the rewards, for, having selected his eight victims haphazard from among a shoal of applicants, he is shocked to find that with only one is the motive of gain uppermost. He tries to back out and fails, chiefly owing to the adventurous persistence of a strange old man—a kind of *Cheeryble* without his twin—who intrudes into the affair after the stipulated eight are chosen and insists on lending his yacht for the voyage. What *Mr. Isinglass* means by stiffening up a plot whose flimsiness he plainly discovers, I will leave you to find out. The story of his beneficence and its happy result is always lively reading; and if only Mr. PERTWEE had chastened his English up to the level of the standard translation of *Swiss Family Robinson* (I would not stick out for STEVENSON) I think it would have been assured of more than a holiday popularity.

Once, we know, a poet wakened his wife to tell her, "Darling, I have thought of such a lovely new word!" "And I of such an ugly old one!" responded his wrathful lady. In *The Custom of the Manor* (MILLS AND BOON) Mr. JOHN TREVENA gives us lots of words, lovely or ugly as you prefer, which are presumably old, since his plot dates from HENRY VIII. Many of these expressions are, however, new to me and a trifle troublesome. "Vuzz cooks meat better than vagges," for instance, is a statement which I can neither confirm nor deny. Nevertheless I have read a long and rather involved tale of the West Countree without much difficulty. It begins with a youth of "parentage unguessed" called *Felix*. Early in our acquaintance he is asked if he rides, and his reply, in the negative, certainly seems felicitous to-day. *Felix* has been placed in the care of a tribe of troglodytes, the *Gubbings*, of whom I should like to have known more. He is chosen to play *Adonis* in the Beltane festivities—but did these celebrations go on so long into the Christian era? He becomes the unwitting murderer of *Nicholas Land*, owner of the manor of Spanley and father of the heroine, *Margaret Land*. *Margaret* thought—and so did I—that he was also the father of *Felix*, a misconception which led her into certain innocent indiscretions, as a consequence of which she is threatened with a Lady GODIVA ride on a certain ram (brought into the story, it would seem, *ad hoc*), in accordance with a custom of the manor, from which she obtains a last-minute reprieve. *Felix's* real parentage had me guessing more than once, and it is not divulged till towards the end of the book. Wild rams shall not drag the secret from me.

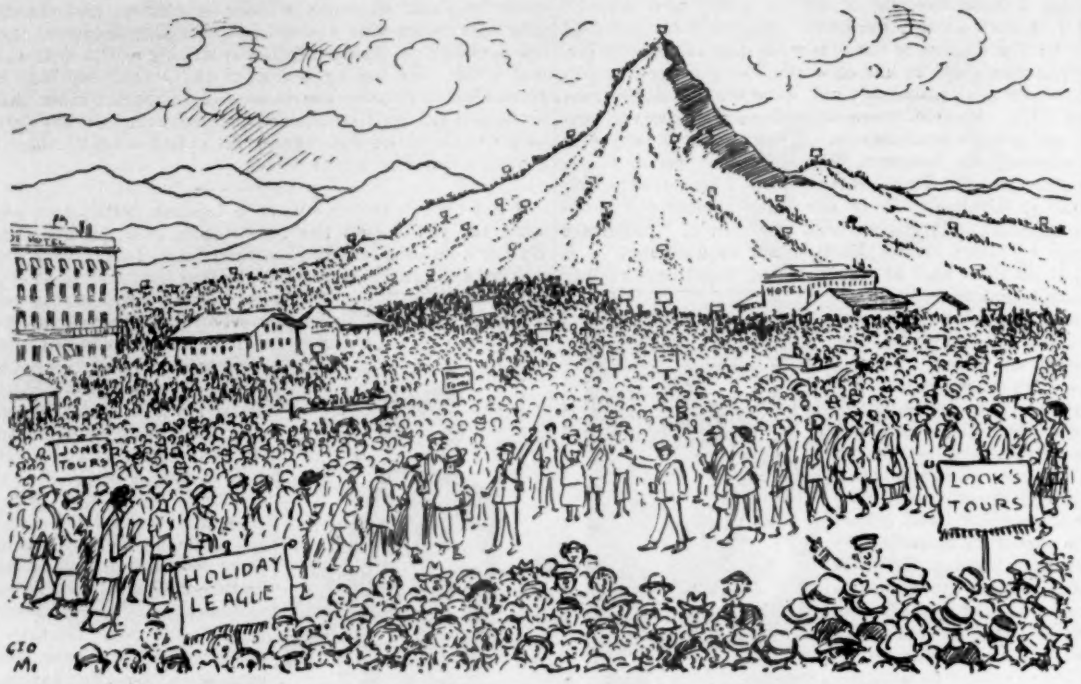


Departing Cook (after a week's stay). "SHOULD ANY LETTERS COME FOR ME, P'RAPS YOU'LL KINDLY SEND 'EM ON."
Lady (sarcastically). "CERTAINLY—IF THERE'S ANY ROOM ON THE ENVELOPE FOR ANY MORE ADDRESSES."

Apart from one or two disagreeable incidents and some attempt at characterisation, Mr. PATRICK MILLER'S story, *The Natural Man* (GRANT RICHARDS)—a prize-winning first novel—is neither more nor less than an account of battle details as seen by an officer of the R.F.A. He seems to have tried to live up to the title as suggesting a serious study in primitive instincts brought into evidence during the War, but on the whole the unpleasant chapters rather give the impression that they are introduced through some mental confusion between crudity and virility, and the character-sketches appear to have been introduced with the idea of imparting to the book an air of fiction. Yet in spite of the volume's obvious defects there can be no doubt about its one positive virtue—the writer's successful handling of his guns. The narrative proceeds in what might be called a high-explosive manner, with very short detonating sentences and unexpected pauses, sudden liftings of the range and full-stops bursting like shrapnel—all very suitable to the subject, even though liable to become just a little disconcerting to the reader and even a trifle ludicrous where not happily applied. But quite often the writer, though he does manage to convey the impression that a battery must consume about as much whisky as cordite, undoubtedly gets right home with a direct hit, an accomplishment that has proved remarkably difficult in writing of the War as it was lived. My feeling is that, if the author can only be persuaded to develop the virtues of his style rather than its defects (which I suspect him of preferring), he may give us books about the War—and there is still room for them—that will really be worth while.

I am always grateful when a heroine destined to part with her virtue gets the catastrophe over quickly; and *Barbara*, leading lady of *Vagabond Love* (LANE), is in this respect a record-breaker. Twenty-four hours on an atoll in the Pacific with another sole survivor of a wrecked yacht is enough for a thoroughly comprehensive "return to the primitive," as Miss JESSIE CHAMPION puts it. And though next day an English ship bears off the reluctant lovers (the atoll dramatically blowing up in their wake), the consequences of their brief isolation are sufficient to manufacture three hundred pages of pre-matrimonial *Sturm und Drang*. *Gordon*, the male castaway, has a wife and *Barbara* a father—in fact it was the shortcomings of these two intimate relations whose discussion drew the young couple together on the yacht. On their arrival at Sydney *Barbara* is heroically firm in sending *Gordon* back home to his vulgar and unfaithful *Freda*. But, realising that she and her child will have but a poor reception at her father's hands, she sails by a later boat, goes straight to an artist friend in Chelsea and hence to the country cottage of the artist's mother, where *Gordon's* son is born. The rest of the book deals with *Barbara's* efforts to keep herself and her child, most of her employers proving too libertine for her present liking or too straitlaced to overlook her past. Finally, however, she is reconciled to her father and turns down a chance of ridding *Gordon* of his wife, only to be rewarded by inheriting the estate of the first-named and the husband of the last. I believe I should have enjoyed *Barbara's* adventures better if they had not been quite so heavily seasoned with moral reflections. But these, I gathered, were inserted to temper the heady tendency of the passions described; and this being the case I am the last person in the world to wish them docked of a comma.

The Secret of Bogey House (METHUEN) has been carefully guarded by Mr. HERBERT ADAMS. We know at once that the proprietor of *Bogey House* and his friends were villains, but you will have to wait some time before you will find out the shape and size of their villainies. Mr. ADAMS is most liberal in providing exciting incidents; let me draw your attention to some samples. A murder, of which the nice



JUDGING BY THE CROWDS ON THE DEPARTURE PLATFORMS OF CERTAIN LONDON STATIONS, SWITZERLAND MUST LOOK LIKE THIS.

young man of the story is suspected by as stupid a police inspector as even a novelist has ever created; a motor-car chase, in which the young man was fired at by one of the villains; a secret passage from the house to the sea, which our youth discovered when his life was in rather more danger than usual. You may say that these samples are not in the least extraordinary, but in one respect, at any rate, there is a considerable difference between this tale and others of the same type. Its price is three-and-six instead of seven-and-six. So for less than half the customary cost you can enjoy a generous crop of sensations.

The four tales which are contained in Mr. EDWARD C. BOOTH'S volume, *Miss Parkworth and Three Short Stories* (FISHER UNWIN), are certainly quite out of the run of ordinary English fiction. The publisher kindly suggests that those of us who are "tired of the busy hustling life of to-day" will find them "pleasant by-paths" in which to seek refreshment; but this is the very last thing I should have said about them. The first, and longest, story deals at some length and in detail with an old maid's vicarious interest in maternity. The hero of the second is a drunken caretaker who hangs himself. The third tells of a good little washer-woman who is killed by the idiot son for whom she slaves; and the fourth describes the undesired restoration to speech and hearing of a gentleman who was prospering in the profession of deaf-and-dumb beggar. The last is the only one which by the widest stretch of imagination could be called pleasant, but they could all be called clever, well written and uncommon, by the most veracious reviewer. In spite of their *macabre* endings I like "The Caretaker" and the story of the washerwoman best. Though the "pleasant" qualities of these "by-paths" escaped me, I can quite believe that they will be gratefully appreciated by our playwrights who cater for Grand Guignol.

In *Smoke of the '45* the publishers (HUTCHINSON) announce that "we feel right through the throb of the whole cow country." Whether that statement allures or appals you is not for me to guess, but in case you feel an inclination to read the adventures of a Nevada cow-puncher I will risk the assertion that Mr. HARRY SINCLAIR DRAGO is the man for your money. The tale opens with a clever and cold-blooded murder, and from that moment *Johnny Dice* sets to work to see to it that the criminal is discovered and punished. I will not bewilder you with the see-saw of fortune that followed *Johnny's* efforts as a detective. It is enough to say that he is an engaging figure and that Mr. DRAGO keeps him in full and thrilling employment. Also that you are right in assuming that there is a love-story.

IN A WHITE SHEET.

Mr. Punch has been reprimanded by several of his readers for permitting one of his young men to take out a poetic licence for mispronouncing an honoured Scottish name. In order to emphasise their protest two of the critics drop into rhyme themselves, one in the following terms:—

O Punch! a writer in your pages
Has drawn from me a (temporary) moan,
Because my sense of fitness he outrages
By rhyming "Scone" with "stone."

Let not the writer think I'm bluffin',
But let him take it from me as a boon:—
"Scone" rhymes with "John" whene'er it means
a muffin;
When otherwise, with "moon."

CHARIVARIA.

AN explanation of the strange light seen in the sky last week has come to hand. It was the sun.

* * *

Many sea-angling competitions have been spoiled by the weather this year. In fact we understand that most of the fish caught appeared to be at a loss to understand why they were pulled out of the sea into the wet.

* * *

Speaking at Criccieth, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that he often used the Welsh language at the Versailles Peace Conference. That explains everything.

* * *

A Kent farmer says that in spite of the rain the crop outlook is quite good. Perhaps he 's not very well.

* * *

With reference to the Wembley Tattoo an old lady writes to us saying that she is certain that many people who have submitted to this barbarous process of skin-disfigurement will be sorry when they find it is indelible.

* * *

In France recently a British heavy-weight was beaten in the sixth round. Our boxers seem to do much better abroad.

* * *

According to Dr. HENRY DONALDSON the male of the species is twelve per cent. more brainy than the female. He needs to be.

* * *

A Black Maria containing twelve prisoners broke down in Liverpool the other day. The prisoners complained that it made them late for the police-court, and if it happened again it would get them a bad name.

* * *

Because a large number of water-melons had been stolen the Chicago police arrested all the boys they could find who had clean ears. If this news-message had not come from America we should not have believed it.

* * *

It took a week recently to wash the four faces of Big Ben with soap-and-water. There must be numbers of little boys who are glad they are not clocks.

* * *

Dr. CHARLES W. GORDON says that there is no more terrible man on earth than the Scot convinced that he is being deprived of his rights. Perhaps this explains why a slot machine was found torn to pieces in Glasgow recently.

"I don't believe in mechanical honesty," says Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE. We have encountered automatic cigarette machines like that ourselves.

* * *

A man who threw an empty bottle at a referee during a League match in the Midlands recently was loudly hissed by the rest of the spectators. In our opinion, however, it is hardly fair to expect an excited individual to hit his objective every time.

* * *

Mr. A. POMPA has drawn attention to the great value of ice-cream as a food for children. This theory has long been tacitly supported by Smith Minor.



Mabel (reminiscently). "SUCH A NICE FELLER HE WAS! I 'VE KEPT EVERY ONE OF THE STONES HE PUT DOWN MY BACK."

A contemporary has been giving advice to its readers on how to blanch celery. Our method is to jump out from behind a tree and give it a fright.

* * *

A well-known writer states that he has been offered a large sum to lecture in America. Yes, but from which side of the Atlantic did the offer come?

* * *

In a new play a real meal of soup, fish and champagne is consumed on the stage. With all this passion for realism, perhaps some day they 'll give us a real play.

* * *

An aerial bus service between London and Paris is being discussed. It is doubtful, however, if the buses will stop when hailed by Channel swimmers who decide to ride the rest of the way.

In Germany a man made a meal of what he thought to be a huge mushroom. He was highly respected in the neighbourhood.

* * *

A man has left instructions in his will that his tombstone is to be thoroughly washed with soap-and-water once a year. In the hope, of course, that it may catch the eye of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

* * *

The burglar who broke into an Income Tax collector's office not long ago is to be congratulated upon knowing the only place where he was likely to find money in this country.

* * *

A forthcoming book is to be published at the price of thirty guineas. What a thrill for the wealthy City magnate to hurl it at the office cat!

* * *

A man in court the other day said that Lancashire beer was stronger than London beer. It is not known if London beer is stronger than anything.

* * *

It is said that the diamond and the sapphire are the two hardest stones; but have you ever bitten one that has been mixed with the currants in a cake?

* * *

A film actress is to adopt her husband's name. It seems hardly worth while for such a short time.

* * *

"A wasp 's a useless, lazy and harmful insect," declares a weekly journal. We shall look for a stinging reply from the insect next week.

* * *

Travellers on the trains of a French railway are to be warned of the next stop by means of a loud speaker. We hesitate to believe the story that passengers on a South Coast railway in England will be warned by letter when they are nearing their station.

* * *

Policemen's feet were described at Leeds police court as a prospective danger to motorists. Our advice to the motorist is that while it may take longer it is always best to drive round a constable's feet.

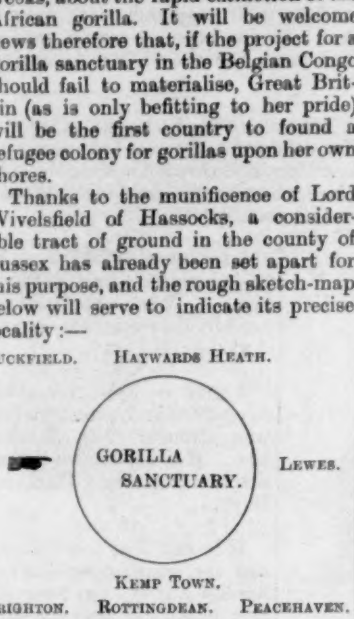
* * *

"More people are killed by motor-cars than by aeroplanes," announces a contemporary. It is only fair to add, of course, that the former have had many more years of practice.

THE GREAT GORILLA SANCTUARY.

THERE is no thinking ape-lover who has not for a long time been deeply disturbed by the revelations in *The Times*, stretching over a period of many weeks, about the rapid extinction of the African gorilla. It will be welcome news therefore that, if the project for a gorilla sanctuary in the Belgian Congo should fail to materialise, Great Britain (as is only befitting to her pride) will be the first country to found a refugee colony for gorillas upon her own shores.

Thanks to the munificence of Lord Wivelsfield of Hassocks, a considerable tract of ground in the county of Sussex has already been set apart for this purpose, and the rough sketch-map below will serve to indicate its precise locality:—



On this wild and sunny tract of downland and weald our exiled simian brothers will be enabled to find a happy home far from the persecution of big-game hunters with no thought but the making of a record "bag."

The process of detaching the gorillas from their native soil by means of peaceful persuasion and of transporting them overseas will no doubt take time, but, given care and tact, it should not be difficult of accomplishment, for the intelligence and ready intuition of this the most noble and the nearest to man of all the known species of apes has been remarked by every naturalist and observer.

The process of acclimatisation may take longer, but Lord Wivelsfield has already made a great step forward by commencing the afforestation of the selected area with baobabs, butter-trees, bananas, mimosas, rubber, eucalyptus and other varieties of flora native to the African continent, so that our dumb friends may find so far as is possible familiar surroundings when they arrive.

It may be objected that the conditions of an English summer, if not of an English winter, are likely to prove too severe for the immigrants; but this difficulty has been foreseen. It will be overcome by the provision of simple yet dignified suits of woollen clothing dyed in the primary colours for our visitors' use, and already a vast army of voluntary workers has been enlisted under a promise that they will knit these garments in their spare time; nor is it impossible that with suitable training the apes themselves may learn in course of time to supply for themselves these and any other comforts necessitated by our colder climate.

So far as they have been at present canvassed, the opinions of all our most prominent men are in favour of the scheme.

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon learning that gorillas are not affiliated to any international association of communists and would remain in any case on the south side of the Thames, has expressed his approval.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY has replied to an interviewer, "In a case of this kind I am bound to be on the side of the apes."

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, alluding to the subject in his great speech at Geneva, observed, "The days of warfare between mankind and the larger mammals have gone by. Let us hope that the new proposal will inaugurate an era of gorilla peace."

Much interest is being taken locally in the preparation of the new sanctuary, and there is even some talk of a rival undertaking in the shape of a large orang-outangery in Kent.

LOMBARD STREET.

74, Mimosa Avenue,
Little Comford, Wilts.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see from my morning paper that as a considerable amount fell due for payment, money was in strong demand in Lombard Street—wherever *that* may be.

Please believe that I do not wish to claim undue importance for my own *really beautiful* district—I am not a *Jingo* (I think that is the word)—but it does seem to me just a *little unkind* that one portion of the country should be thus singled out for sympathetic reference in the public Press when other equally or possibly *more* important localities are, as my nephew would say, in the same box.

I have seen this street mentioned on many occasions before, and have become, as have others, just a *little* resentful at the frequent appeals made on its behalf, when here in Mimosa Avenue, Lulling Grove, Sleepy-Hollow Lane and even in High Street itself similar conditions apply *with just as much force*.

Only yesterday, at the sewing meeting, Miss Titmus, a very old resident, was modestly explaining to me the demands made on her resources by certain *rapacious* (I am sorry, but there is no other word) tradespeople, and I myself have had a similar experience. Moreover, the really *offensive* communications I have received from a person in this locality who poses as a friend of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN have caused me many moments of *extreme* anxiety. But for Mr. Simpkins at the Bank, I really do not know what I should have done on more than one occasion, and now even he has hinted that the resources at his disposal are not as great as they used to be. It seems incredible that the *Bank* should be affected, doesn't it? and I think the Press should be informed of this.

The *person* I have mentioned has actually *threatened* me, even after I have explained to him as clearly as possible that the moment was just a little *inconvenient*, and this means that certain tradespeople who supply my small household *essentials* have had to carry their little bills forward till next month. This, I am sure, has inconvenienced them, since—so they tell me—they find money in equally strong demand.

Please forgive me, dear Mr. Punch, if I have laid too much *stress* on my own personal affairs, but the position, I assure you, is typical of *many* here, and it has struck me that, were the Press informed of this, they might perhaps consider the claims of districts other than Lombard Street. With this in view, I have approached you, and, knowing how generous is the response to any *genuine* case of hardship, I venture to suggest that in future more consideration be shown for other parts of the country that are suffering from the financial difficulties of to-day. Till things get better, and *dear* Mr. BALDWIN is again Prime Minister, I would ask that other streets (and of course roads and avenues) where the *pinch* is being felt should be taken in *strict rotation*, and public appeals made on their behalf. Lombard Street, no doubt a charming spot, has *surely* enjoyed more than its full share of such generosity.

Believe me, Yours very hopefully,
AMELIA DELICIA SHORT.

P.S.—If I have written just a little *harshly* about Mr. SNOWDEN's friend I do not mind in the least. Some things *need to be said*, and there are many complaints about him.

P.P.S.—Please explain to the Editors that it would be wise to put Mimosa Avenue, Little Comford, Wilts, as I understand there is another Mimosa Avenue somewhere else, though where I cannot just remember. Thank you.



JUSTIFIED AT LAST.

GENERAL NO-SUN-YET-SEEN. "I MAY HAVE SPOILED THE SUMMER AND RUINED THE HARVEST; BUT AT ANY RATE I'VE STOPPED A BATTLE."

[According to a Reuter telegram, the civil war in China was held up last week by heavy rain.]



Molly (on the last Sunday morning of the seaside holiday). "MUMMY DEAR, *MUST* WE GO TO CHURCH, OR SHALL WE MAKE THE MOST OF IT?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SPORT OF KINGS" (SAVOY).

IT looks as if "IAN HAY," whose *Tilly of Bloomsbury* was such a deserved success, had trained another winner. When I presented myself at the box-office on the second night (an occasion when "paper" is usually much in evidence) I was informed that so great had been the demand for seats that only a box was available. I might therefore have been inclined to look askance at the play, critically as well as physically, but I am bound to admit that I spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and quite agreed with the obvious verdict of a house that from stalls to gallery rippled (and not seldom exploded) with laughter throughout the performance.

My only quarrel with the author is that he calls his play "a domestic comedy," whereas it is really a jolly good specimen of the old-fashioned rollicking farce.

In real life one may doubt whether *Amos Purdie, M.P.* (Mr. HOLMAN CLARK), a war-profiteer, would have bought a country-house abutting on a racecourse; for *Purdie* is in the direct literary line from *Pecksniff* and *Chadband*, and affects to hold alcohol, tobacco and gambling in equal detestation. Nor, I fancy, would *Algernon Sprigge* (Mr. BASIL FOSTER) and *Sir Reginald Toothill, Bart.* (Mr. FRANK DENTON), typical young plungers, desiring to attend the race-course in question, have decided even in the muzzy atmosphere of a "Champagne Only" bar to answer *Purdie's* advertisement for paying guests, instead of putting up at the local hotel.

Fortunately for the audience, however, they do; and what is more, *Algie* bets *Toots* that before the week is out he will have induced his strait-laced host to have a wager himself. *Purdie's* weak spot is his meanness. A demand for super-tax (such as recently caused Mr. MILNE to write to *The Times*) drives him to fury and proves his undoing. With almost incredible rapidity he falls to *Algie's* suggestion that a little flutter on the Turf might provide the money to meet it. At first he wins, but subsequent transactions are disastrous. His guilty secret is discovered by his hypocritical butler, *Bates* (Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT), an ex-bookmaker's clerk, who under threat of exposure induces him to join him in making a book on the adjoining racecourse, an enterprise which ends in his being dragged through a horsepond by an infuriated crowd.

The author was fortunate in the moment of his production, the first day of the St. Leger week; fortunate too in attracting an audience which justified his thesis that everyone likes to "have a little bit on," and took up all his sporting jokes with prompt applause; most fortunate in his interpreters.

"It is the riding that did it," as the late Mr. PALMER observed on a famous occasion. One is so much accustomed to meet Mr. HOLMAN CLARK as the benevolent old gentleman, who makes things easy for everyone, that it was a shock to find him cast as *Purdie*, a detestable mixture of hypocrite and bully, who tyrannises over his wife and child-

ren, starves his household and makes everybody miserable. But by his admirable art and a pair of side-whiskers Mr. CLARK succeeds in making *Purdie* a real character and his extraordinary adventures not merely ridiculous but credible. A multitude of deft touches go to the accomplishment of this *tour de force*.

Good support is given by Mr. BASIL FOSTER as *Algernon*. In the earlier scenes he was perhaps a little inclined to overact—the essence of farce is that it should be played seriously—but he improved as he went on, and as the pseudo-policeman who rescues *Purdie* from the horse-pond he was admirable. Mr. FRANK DENTON played the "silly ass" part of *Reginald* in exactly the right key. Miss MARY JERROLD as the meek *Mrs. Purdie* had too little to do, but did that little (particularly a conversation through the telephone) with her usual charming efficiency. Mr. ROBIN IRVINE and Miss ENA GROSSMITH as *Purdie's* children, and Miss ROSALINE COURTNEIDGE as his secretary, were quite in the picture; Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT gave a lifelike study of the rascally butler, and Mr. GRIFFITH HUMPHREYS (in a momentary appearance as *Panama Pete*, the bookmaker whom *Purdie* has impersonated) made one want to see more of him. But if, as I anticipate, *The Sport of Kings* keeps the Savoy filled until the Lincoln Handicap, the author will chiefly have to thank Mr. CLARK. W. A. L.

"THE EDITOR REGRETS"—AMERICAN STYLE.

RECENTLY I sent a striking article to an American Review. As usual the Editor "regretted," but he did it in a way that almost restored my waning faith in editorial nature.

To begin with he sent it back in a registered envelope. Thus he got in a subtle compliment to its value at the very outset, and the enclosed "regrets" did not belie the promise of their exterior. The article wasn't "unsuitable"—one gathered that no more suitable article had ever reached the editorial desk—nor did lack of space crowd it out—the impression was rather that all else must have given place to this one *magnum opus*—but apparently circumstances over which the Editor had no control forced its reluctant return.

The keynote of the communication was saddened warmth. "My dear Sir," wrote the Editor, "I have read with much interest your article and believe that I duly appreciate its excellences." Note the modesty of this beginning. He is not absolutely confident of his ability to estimate at their true worth the merits of my article. Other editors, though totally incapable of appreciating my work, have never expressed a doubt of their ability to do so.

Then came the pill—the rejection—but oh! how carefully sugared. "I fear, however, that the episode, though so interesting, is not one of so large a magnitude in the eyes of the American reader that I should feel justified in asking for the privilege of printing the article." Isn't that just the last word in flattering rejection? He dares not ask for the privilege of printing it, but he contrives to give the impression that only the hopelessly circumscribed horizons of an ignorant American public hold him back.

Being an editor he cannot escape the "regrets." They come in the final sentence; but even the old enemy is clad in so new and kindly a guise as to be almost unrecognisable. "I therefore return it to you herewith with regrets and with thanks for the pleasure I have had in its perusal." One can almost see him drop a tear on the manuscript as he reluctantly tucks it away in its registered envelope.

For the first time in a long and bitter experience I was almost (but not quite) constrained to believe that the Editor really did regret.



IS STAG-HUNTING CRUEL?

OUR HUNTING CORRESPONDENT, AFTER AN UNBIASSED INVESTIGATION, IS STRONGLY OF OPINION THAT IT IS.

"Wanted Man, able to milk and drive Ford lorry."—*Local Paper.*

So Mr. FORD'S mechanical cow has materialised, after all.

DOTTINGS AT DONCASTER

DONCASTER—I shan't like Doncaster . . . I have only been to Doncaster once in my life, and that was during the Great War. I wanted to get out at Grantham, but I fell asleep in the train. Trains were such restful places in those days. This has given me a bad impression of Doncaster.

I could almost fall asleep in the train now, but that is because I had to get up so early. I am annoyed with the Illustrator because he seems so bright and cheerful. I tell him that St. Leger ought to be pronounced "Sillinger." He says, "That wouldn't alter the price of Polyphontes, would it?" A foolish reply. I find that if you go on repeating "Sillinger" over to yourself it sounds exactly like a kind of wine. Perhaps one might get an omen out of that. . . .

Oh, but I forgot, I have an omen. In fact a talisman. I show it to the Illustrator. It is a salmon-fly—a large salmon-fly, on which I caught a four-pound salmon-trout. The curious point about it is that the hook is broken below the barb. I did that by touching a rock with the back cast; but somehow or other the fish never found out and was landed. I explain all this to the Illustrator, who seems sceptical. I point out furthermore that all the horses for the St. Leger have colds on the chest and are coughing violently, and that the fly is a Silver Doctor. If you have any talent for superstition, how could you do better than that?

The Illustrator says he is going to back Zodiac. I am sorry for him. All the same I wish I had not brought an umbrella. I believe it is going to be fine. The Illustrator has a rough frieze coat, which somehow looks to me much more sporting than mine, and an ash-plant. This seems to me to give the Doncaster note. Perhaps if I had put on a shepherd's-plaid tie. . . .

Everybody at Doncaster station seems very anxious that we should go to the Sillinger. Five touts offer to get us a taxicab (there is an empty one standing just in front of us), and three push us inside and fasten the door. The whole of my life is clouded by people who fasten the doors of taxi-cabs, because I either have no time to tip them and feel mean, or else over-tip them and feel a fool. Easy win to-day for folly.

Several Yorkshire men who have not shaved for at least two days and are wearing caps and mufflers instead of collars press into the thirty-five-shilling enclosure—keen shrewd-looking men. They have probably taken a vow not to shave until the favourite wins. I arrange with the Illustrator that if we lose each other we are to meet opposite the tent marked CHAMPAGNE ONLY. The Illustrator immediately disappears. He is probably looking for types. . . .

I shall see the first race run before I do any betting. Apparently it is going to be a relay race of policemen. Oh, no; they have cleared off now. . . . Jockeys riding down to the starting-post assume the attitude of a fourth-form boy about to receive punishment. They drift down the green river. The crowd on the other bank, so to speak, look like a mass of great grey pebbles on a beach. New omen for Salmon Trout. On this bank the remarkable thing is the variety of gents' clothing. Everything from plus-fours and back again. I see now that I ought not to have brought an umbrella; I ought to have brought a shooting-stick. Not many people use their shooting-sticks, but they somehow give you a feeling of the moors. After all, the race-course is called "The Town Moor." . . . There are several clerical wide-awakes, one or two grey bowlers and one low-brimmed silk topper. Nearly everybody shaved. Glad I am in the majority.

The first race has been won—by Lord LASCELLES. The jockeys are weighing-in. A small man runs up and cannons into me, nearly throwing me against a very tall man. The little man sweeps off his hat and says to the tall man, "Thank you very much, my lord."

I observe that the tall man is Lord LASCELLES. Well, I am glad that he won, myself, though I had nothing on. Six hundred guineas, I suppose, for the nursery money-box. . . . He has gone to talk to Lord LONSDALE, that Northern favourite, who has hastily lit a cigar as if he were afraid of being snap-shotted without one. Lord LONSDALE is examining the winner, L'Aiglon, to see if he has the right number of legs or whether there was any cocaine in his cough-lozenges. A blue flag is waved. I really must go and do something about Salmon Trout. . . .

The bookmakers behind the bars are rather like wild animals roaring. They have deep jowls. They want to be fed. One of them is a falsetto. I don't like him. Whom shall I give my little bun—I mean banknote—to? I decide on a gentleman from Leeds, because I want to support local talent. He has a cough between roars, but I expect he caught that from Sansovino. I say quietly, "What will you do me Salmon Trout?" Just at the moment I think this rather a good phrase. Afterwards it strikes me as somewhat silly. The



TOP WEIGHTS.

"NINE STUN! WHAT'S NINE STUN? YOU TAKE IT FROM ME—*NOTHING!*"



A NORTHERN FAVOURITE.

verb "do" seems to have three accusatives.

He says "Seven to one" and gives me a pink card almost in a twinkling of an eye. As I move away I hear him shouting, "Eight to one Salmon Trout." This sounds as if he hadn't very much confidence in my judgment. Or else as if he had. I look for the Illustrator at CHAMPAGNE ONLY in vain, and go back to the Paddock. Strain my neck trying to see the horses. Surprised that so few of them are sneezing . . . A tall lady looking at the parade is asked by her companion, "Well, what do you fancy?" She answers (crushingly), "Anything I haven't seen." Heavens! what a lot she must know about horse-flesh to say that. I, on the other hand, fancy several horses, though some of them seem rather small. I fancy, for instance, Winalot. It takes me a long time to see Salmon Trout. I find he is brown. The other two races were won by chestnuts. No outward traces of lung trouble or catarrh. I should like to hear him neigh ninety-nine.

Hullo! here is the Illustrator again. He persists in his fidelity to Zodiac, but has not seen the animal. I tell him that Zodiac is on the small side and has a nasty hacking cough, but may turn the corner with careful nursing. . . .

Standing on tip-toe, I can see the course nicely. Curious how solemnly the bell rings—like the bell of a little country church. Should like to point this out to one of the clergymen. What ages the horses take to appear! I can just see them now all in a mass. They continue to be in a mass. People are shouting "Polyphontes wins"—but not as if they were on oath. I see now that two of them are in front. Not Salmon Trout, though. One is Polyphontes; nobody knows what the other is—or cares. Bother Polyphontes! This is exceedingly dull. . . . Quite suddenly and simply a horse is ridden out past the two leaders—rather like a motor-car passing trams. Green and chocolate—how very peculiar! Salmon Trout has won. . . . I feel quite apologetic, rather as if it were my fault. Well, well, it can't be helped. I must go and talk to Leeds about this. . . .

Rather to my chagrin Leeds does not greet me like an old friend. He says, "Pay on names." Then he says, "Pay places first." Nobody seems to have backed Salmon Trout for a place. We wait. I feel rather like a criminal. After some time Leeds looks at my pink card and turns to his clerk. "Don't see it," says the clerk. I try to appear calm. "Wait a moment," says Leeds. "Let's see what was it? Sansovino?" inquires the clerk. I know what it is now. It is my umbrella. They think a man with an umbrella on a fine day at Doncaster isn't likely to know the difference between one horse and another. I repeat my bet as firmly as I can. Leeds looks at the book again. "Why there it is staring you in the face, you fool," he says to the clerk. "Now then," he goes on, turning back to me, "what is it you want?" "Seven to one Salmon Trout," I say. Out of an ancient overcoat pocket he proceeds to take out some of the greasiest and most crumpled bank-notes I have ever seen, counting them loudly as he dabs them into my hand: "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven." There now, there, stand back; there's a lot of others wants their money besides you." I stand back, feeling guiltier than ever. At the same moment I realise that it ought to have been not seven but eight. But in front of Leeds is now standing a clergyman (even a Yorkshire clergyman?) taking crushed notes with the utmost complacency and *sangfroid*. Leeds doesn't try on any little games with him. I hesitate and decide to be "done." I have a wild desire to tap the clergyman on the shoulder and say something jocular—something about "loaves and salmon-trout," or "harvest thanksgiving"—but hesitate again and don't.

I rejoin the Illustrator and we start for the train. He is chastened about Zodiac, but inclined to mock me a little about Leeds. I point out that Doncaster is a pretty old-world town with many points of interest and charm . . .

EVOE.



Bookie. "THERE YOU ARE! FORTY PUN' TO FIVE SALMON TROUT!—AN' *YOU A PARSON TOO!*"

PERPLEXITY.

HE was a good judge. At least, all his friends were continually saying so. Yet he knitted his brows, and his strong, clean-shaven face bore a look of indecision.

"You see," he said slowly, "in this case I really do not know what course to adopt. If I let you go, without proper safeguards, I know very well you will be a danger to the community, and especially to young people. There are places I know at which it is claimed you may be reclaimed and made fit for further service, but in your case I confess I have no hope, in spite of all the sharpness and brilliancy you once possessed, of your being anything more than an undesirable fraud. You have been in many scrapes. To plead that you are one among many is no defence.

"I say I do not know what to do with you. You say you did good work. True, but you have lost your keenness. All the evidence has proved you are dull as well as dangerous. . . . I will decide what to do with you tomorrow. For," he added, "what the dickens *does* become of old safety-razor blades, anyway?"

The New Geometry.

"The two Premiers (MacDonald and Herriot) are marching on parallel roads which, as they lengthen, will more and more diverge."—*Jersey Paper.*

"Tackler wanted for Mexico."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Forward, Mr. CUMMINS!

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From an account of the St. Leger:

"Sansovino, the Derby winner, was eighth. Lord Derby's Sansovino, the Derby winner, was not in the first four."—*Evening Paper.*

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN ON THE LINKS.
Despite the showery weather, the ex-Premier played a good game, his drives and approaches being those of an old and practised hand, while with his niblick he rarely allowed an awkward tee to get the better of him."
Channel Islands Paper.

This sounds like a bad lie.

A FISHERMAN'S DIARY.

FIRST EVENING.

We 've forty sorts of salmon-fly and six-and-thirty casts
(The season 's short, they tell us, but it 's hectic while it lasts);
We 've reels and gaffs and landing-nets and traces by the score
To fish the lovely waters of the Loch of Ballymore.

We 've booked a brace of gillies and we 've hired a special boat
(She isn't much to look at, but they seem to think she 'll float);
And of Devons, Spoons and Phantoms we have brought a goodly store,
To tempt the lusty salmon in the Loch of Ballymore.

EIGHTH EVENING.

We 've cast our forty sorts of fly in fifty different ways,
We 've trolled our minnows round and round for days and days and days;
But we haven't touched a salmon, so we 've ceased from waging war
On the monsters that (they say) infest the Loch of Ballymore.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

But we 'd got the latest tackle for the sea- or salmon-trout
(The man who sold it said, "With that you 're *bound* to pull 'em out");
So our Palmers and our Butchers and our Cardinals we bore
In triumph to the margin of the Loch of Ballymore.

There came a thrilling moment when we thought we 'd had a rise
(It was Georgie who was churning up the water with his flies);
But not a single sea-trout did we set our eyes on, nor
(It follows) did we catch one on the Loch of Ballymore.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

In the absence of the sea-trout we were forced to stalk the brown;
For a week we fished from sunrise till the sun (and boat) went down;
We didn't even get one as we swam towards the shore
(Not surprising, for there *are* none in the Loch of Ballymore!)

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

Our holiday is over; we were just about to start,
When, "Can we go," said Christopher, "with anger in the heart?
Let 's render good for evil!" And with one accord we swore
To do a kindly action to the Loch of Ballymore.

We sent down to the merchant and some paraffin we got,
We heaped up all our fishing-gear and burnt it on the spot;
Then we bought some shilling sea-lines, which we trailed along the floor
Of the sea that takes the water from the Loch of Ballymore.

Here Archie caught a jelly-fish and Christopher a crab,
While George decoyed a flounder, I connected with a dab;
With reckless haste we landed them, then back again we tore
And popped them, all protesting, in the Loch of Ballymore.

We 'll travel home with head held high and conscience clear and clean;
The loch 's more full of fresh-run fish than it has ever been!
For, though there *may* be others there, at last we *know* of four
Fine fish alive and kicking in the Loch of Ballymore!

THE INTELLIGENT MOTORIST.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Autocar."*)

. . . Continuing on our route, we may expect to reach Midhurst at 11.51 A.M. As my readers know, I am not in favour of hurricane touring, but I cannot subscribe to any plan which involves what I may call slackness on the road. If you dawdle over this stretch at a mere fifteen to eighteen miles an hour, your schedule will be knocked to pieces and you cannot hope to arrive at Midhurst much before 12.9 P.M.—a result which can only make you disgusted with yourself and your car for the rest of the day.

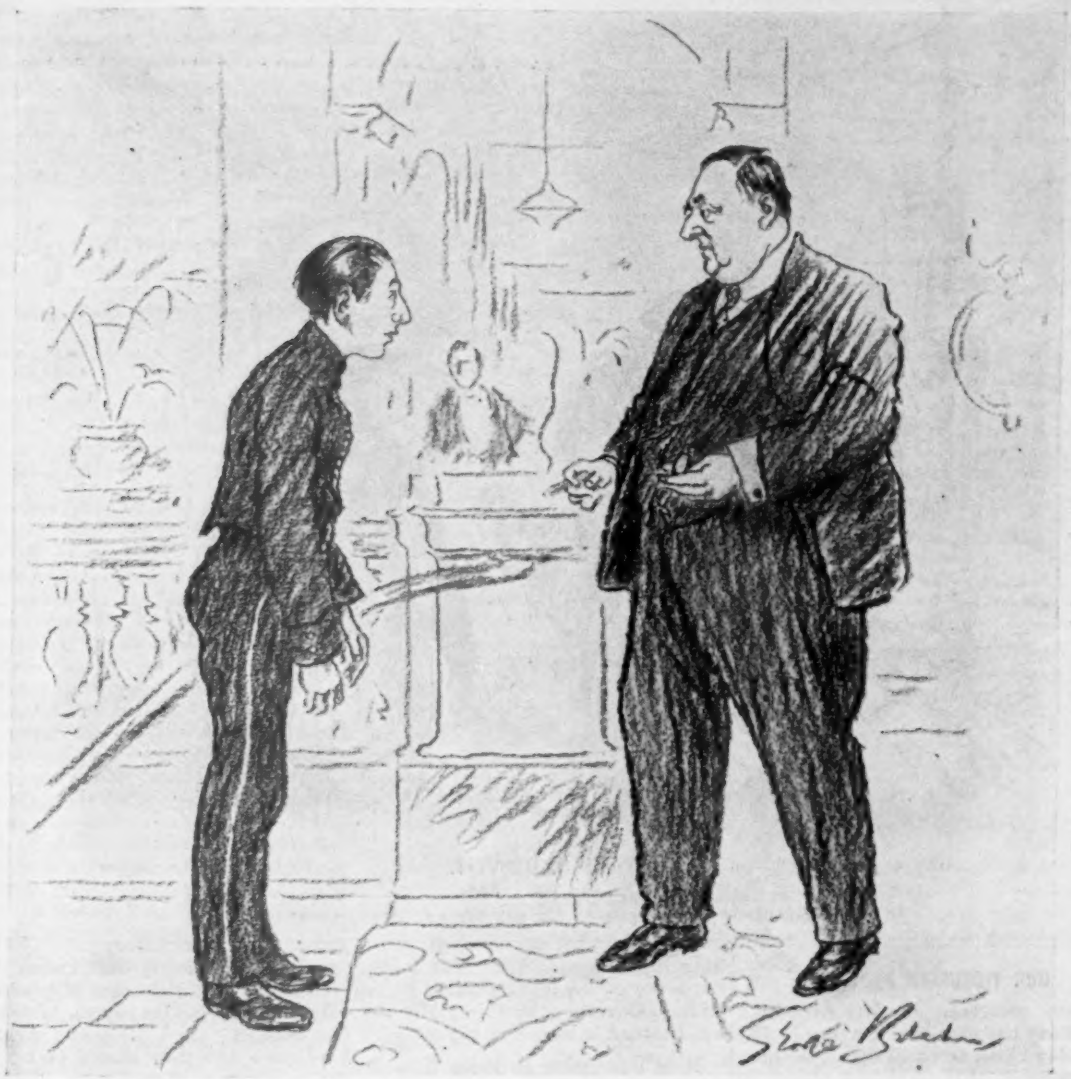
You may refill at Midhurst and make any slight adjustments you desire, but 11.59 A.M. should see you at the wheel once more. The Cowdray Ruins in the vicinity are of great archæological interest, but inconveniently situated at a slight distance from the road, so, if your engine is purring merrily, you will not be disposed to linger over distractions of this nature but will push on over the hills of the Goodwood district. The scenery, especially round Singleton, is delightful, but your eyes will be better employed in watching your oil supply on the occasionally stiff gradients. Similarly your ear must not be seduced from duty by rustic sounds of lowing kine or tinkling sheep-bells; the full attention of both ears is needed to detect any suspicion of a squeak or rattle which may declare itself in the car's interior. However, I have no wish to be dogmatic in this matter; the striking of a village clock will often enable you to check the time registered by the dial on your dashboard.

Chichester should be reached at 12.27 P.M. The cathedral is conveniently situated near the principal hotel, so that you will have ample time to glance over the car, remove the stains of travel from your person and inspect the sacred edifice before lunch. Still, before attempting to view the Market Cross and other interesting objects in the town, make quite sure that you have time to examine your grease-caps before you start off again at 2.14 P.M. sharp.

The run out of Chichester necessitates care (owing to the lamentable presence of schools in the town), but once outside you are on a good surface, with little undulation and not a single police-trap. Taking full advantage of this you should reach Arundel, ten miles distant, without undue haste, at 2.39 P.M. There is a castle at Arundel, of interest to students and sightseers, but the Mecca of the motorist in this region must always be Bury Hill, with its one-in-eight gradient. Having arrived at the base at 2.47 P.M., you may well spend the afternoon in climbing and reclimbing this hill, stop-watch in hand. The motorist's diary will of course contain, as a first entry, the weights of the chassis and body, and the passengers will have registered their respective weights at Chichester (after lunch if possible). There is no limit to the variety which may be enjoyed—climbing on first or second gear, with or without cut-out, with fully inflated or partially deflated tyres, steering by hand or by foot—and observations of real scientific importance may be obtained, apart from the breathless interest of watching the car's performance on each occasion.

As evening draws on you will reluctantly abandon your thrilling occupation and try to become reconciled to the separation of your car and yourself for the night. However there still lies before you a pleasant forty minutes' run—just over twenty miles—to Brighton, when you have enjoyed a substantial tea at Arundel. Be careful, as always, to note the exact minute of your departure, or you will find many irritating gaps when you spend the winter in studying your log-book over the fire.

Arrived at your hotel in Brighton you will enjoy being once more in the midst of civilisation after the rigours of country life. You will have spent a healthful day in



Visitor. "WHAT TIME DOES THE BAR OPEN HERE, BOY?"
Page. "SIX O'CLOCK, SIR. BUT IF YOU 'RE STAYING IN THE HOTEL YOU 'RE LIABLE TO HAVE ONE ANY TIME."

traversing the finest part of one of our most exquisite counties in a spirit of care-free enjoyment. And, what is more, you will have strengthened by another day's intimacy the bonds between yourself and your car.

I mention this because I believe that life should always be viewed in its true proportion. When I am badgered by nature-cranks and faddists of all kinds who seek to divert me from my rational mode of life, I recall the historic sally of the Hon. Roderick Speedon, formerly a familiar figure at Brooklands and a prominent diner at the R.A.C. When pressed by a too assiduous friend to admire the scent of new-mown hay arising from some fields which happened to adjoin the scene of an unpremeditated stop, that grand old sportsman replied with gusto, "Give me petrol every time."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Jupitor Pluvious' has given more attention to the fields of gold than has been consistent with ideal harvest weather."
Provincial Paper.

We are not familiar with this person as spelt, but he seems to have been a bit too "pluvious."

Another Impending Apology.

"Your gifted contributor is as fearless and sincere as the esteemed judge against whom a wanton charge of impartiality has been brought."
Letter in Daily Paper.

"PREMIER'S HOMECOMING.

Mr. MacDonald, on leaving Geneva last night, told some journalists (says Reuter) that he was satisfied with the results of his visit to the Swiss capital."—*Sunday Paper.*

What will Berne say?



THE SABBATH.

Tourist. "BEAUTIFUL DAY!"
Highlander. "AY, BUT IT'S NO THE DAY TAE BE TALKING ABOOT IT."

OUR VICTORIAN PROPHETS.

THE occurence of Mr. ASQUITH'S birthday has prompted a writer in *The Sunday Times* to recall the astonishing prevision of that statesman placed on record by Professor Sir WILLIAM BARRETT, who as a schoolboy boarded with "HERBERT" in the same house in Pimlico. "HERBERT" handed him a list of M.P.'s and their constituencies, and, on being subjected to an examination, gave each name and seat without hesitation or fault:—

"Sir William asked what was the use of committing such things to memory. 'To help me when I enter Parliament,' was Mr. Asquith's reply, followed by the assurance, 'I am going to Oxford, then I shall go to the Bar and make enough money to get into the House of Commons, then I shall get into office under the Liberal Government and become Solicitor-, then Attorney-General. After that I have not made up my mind whether I shall be Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister, but I intend to be one or the other.'"

It is interesting to know from the communications that have since reached us that Mr. ASQUITH did not possess a monopoly of prophecy.

"The Earl of BALFOUR," writes Mr. Ernest Maltravers, of The Moat, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, "who was my exact contemporary at Eton, exhibited while still a schoolboy those remarkable qualities which distinguished him in later life. I remember very well a speech of his in 'Pop' which foreshadowed with curious accuracy the subsequent evolution of his own genius and the successive stages of his career. The subject for debate was 'Can a Politician be a Philosopher?' ARTHUR answered the question with an affirmative, but with certain reserves. The philosopher-politician must eschew details; Arthur waxed eloquent on 'unhappy doctrinaires immersed in the intricacies of practice.' He must not read the papers. 'Politics,' he went on, 'are a great and engrossing game, but they should be studied with Olympian detachment, much as an expert entomologist contemplates the apparently futile activities of an ant-heap. If ever I attain office,' he continued, 'I should like to administer Ireland, because of the inscrutable irregularities of the Celtic temperament and the rich field which they offer for psychological observation.' Statesmen, he also maintained, should not despise pastime or art. Tennis (the real court-tennis) was the game of kings and the king of games. He would like to be Prime Minister, but he would rather be amateur tennis champion. Music gave practice in resolving discords. He would rather have been HANDEL than HANNIBAL. Official honours did not appeal to him, but if it were his lot to die a belted and a gartered earl he hoped that he

would be able to endure his felicity with piano-fortitude."

Mr. Alexander Pooter writes from "Marina," Tulse Hill:—

"I have a vivid recollection of a conversation with WINSTON CHURCHILL at Harrow in 1889, when we were both boys of fifteen. I had mentioned that I was going into my father's business in the wool trade—which I did. WINSTON was aghast. 'Wool!' he exclaimed. 'What a ghastly life! Now mark my words. I'm going into a cavalry regiment. I mean to see service in India, the West Indies, Africa and Europe. I shall go into Parliament. I shall hold six Ministries or Secretaryships of State before I am fifty. I shall write seven books and a novel. I shall paint pictures.' It was my turn to be aghast at this prodigious programme, yet it has all turned out as he foretold."

Lastly, Mr. Thomas Dinwiddie, of Cupar, Fife, writes as follows:—

"When I was a pupil at the Dumfries Academy in the 'seventies, I saw a good deal of Sir JAMES BARRIE, and shall never forget our last conversation before he left for Edinburgh University. "'Better dead,' he observed as we parted, 'than go into commerce. When a man's single he should cultivate the amenities; enjoy himself, play cricket, aim at a place in the Edinburgh Eleven, pay homage to Lady Nicotine. Politics do not attract me. I would rather peter out as a great Panjandrum than be a little Minister. Half-an-hour of rosy rapture is all I ask. Be sentimental, Tommy, but never vulgar. The man who is always saying "Woa, Emma!" will never live to be an O. M.-er.'"

CRI DU CŒUR.

No idle *temporis laudator acti*
Jealous for all the years have left behind,
I keep abreast of current modes—in fact I
Pride myself rather on an open mind,
Feeling that change is mostly for the better,
Not holding with the purist who deplores
The modern male in variegated sweater,
Jazz-stockings and plus-fours.

I realise that in these days of hustle
The ruff, the wimple or the farthingale,
The flowing train, the crinoline (or bustle)
Are, so to put it, quite beyond the pale;
Nor do I sigh to tread an old-time measure,
The graceful minuet, the prim gavotte,
And can admit that elements of pleasure
Lurk in the vulpine trot.

No touch of sadness with my wonder mingles
When dainty heads are of their glory robbed;
It moves me not if Araminta shingles
Her locks, or Evelina has them bobbed.
With fashion's freaks 'tis rarely mine to squabble;
I've braved strange hats, the beehive and the cloche,
Short skirts and long, voluminous and hobble,
Sans peur et sans reproche.

But, as I mark the tubular apparel
That now insults the female form divine,
Dooming it to the semblance of a barrel—
Here my revolted spirit draws the line;
And, at the risk of being termed old-fashioned,
Though maids and mannequins decry my taste,
I feel it 's time to put in an impassioned
Plea for a hint of waist.



Superstitious Person (run down by bus). "THANK GOODNESS IT ISN'T A 13."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Her companion was silent for quite a long time, and the girl began to feel ridiculously 'young.' Had she—like the classic Desdemona—made the silly mistake of protesting too much?"—*Scots Paper.*



RANK.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

IV.—BACON AND EGGS.

Now blest be the Briton, his beef and his beer,
And all the strong waters that keep him in cheer,
But blest beyond cattle and blest beyond kegs
Is the brave British breakfast of bacon and eggs—
Bacon and eggs,
Bacon and eggs;
Sing bacon,
Red bacon,
Red bacon and eggs!

Thus armed and thus engined, well-shaven and gay,
We leap to our labours and conquer the day,
While paltry pale foreigners, meagre as moles,
Must crawl through the morning on coffee and rolls—
Coffee and rolls,
Barbarous rolls;
Sing coffee,
Black coffee,
Vile coffee and rolls!

What wonder the Frenchman, blown out with new bread,
Gesticulates oft and is light in the head!
Our perfect control of our arms and our legs
We owe to our ballast of bacon and eggs—
Bacon and eggs,
Unemotional eggs;
Sing bacon,
Fat bacon,
Brave bacon and eggs!

What wonder that Fortune is careful to place
Her loveliest laurels on men of our race,
While sorrow is heaped upon Prussians and Poles
Who shame the glad morning with coffee and rolls—
Coffee and rolls,
Ladylike rolls;
Sing coffee,
Pooh! coffee,
Black coffee and rolls!

What wonder the Russian looks redly because
Our England, old England, is much what it was!
We fight to the finish, we drink to the dregs
And dare to be Daniels on bacon and eggs—
Bacon and eggs,
Masculine eggs;
Sing bacon,
Bring bacon,
And fry me two eggs!

But gross Europeans who constantly munch
Too little at breakfast, too freely at lunch,
Sit sated in *cafés*, incapable souls,
And go to the devil on coffee and rolls—
Coffee and rolls,
Windy wet rolls;
At coffee
I'm scoffy,
I execrate rolls!

O breakfast! O breakfast! The meal of my heart!
Bring porridge, bring sausage, bring fish for a start,



Wife. "ARE YOU WET, DEAR?"
Husband. "NO, DARLING, BUT MY FEET ARE A BIT SUNBURNT."

Bring kidneys and mushrooms and partridges' legs,
But let the foundation be bacon and eggs—
Bacon and eggs,
Bacon and eggs;
Bring bacon,
Crisp bacon,
And let there be eggs! A. P. H.

MEANS OF APPROACH.

ANYONE who has taken a voyage must have observed the ease with which certain passengers can approach the Captain, tell him an amusing story and, as the climax approaches, dig him in a place where he has no gold lace. You may have wondered how it is possible to become on such easy terms with him.

The ice, however thick, may be broken by some polite question. Wait for him to descend from the bridge and then ask, "Where are we now, Captain?" He knows the answer to that and can give it readily.

He may like to be asked, "How many knots is she making now, Captain?" This opens up the subject of engines, the turbine as compared with the other kinds, the oil-burning and its advantages over the coal-burning. You could suggest that he might find time to take you down to see the engines some day. At the worst he could only refuse.

Other questions calculated to draw him into conversation are, "Do you think we shall have fine weather for the voyage?" and "Can you tell me what is a certain cure for sea-sickness?" These are things about which he, if anyone, should know. You might ask him also whether he believes in the sea-serpent; whether he thinks that to sail on a Friday brings bad luck, and what are his views as to clergymen on board being Jonahs.

If he is not disposed to chat on such topics, ask him how he manages to steer the ship when out of sight of land. Tell him you think he must be very clever to be able to do it. A little flattery may work wonders. He would probably like you to ask him to explain the difference between the coxswain and the boatswain. If, on going on deck in the morning, you find there is a thick fog, remember that he has been up most of the night. Catch his eye as he glances down from the bridge and try to cheer him up with some breezy remark about a "London particular." It would be timely to tell him the story of the old lady on an Atlantic liner in a fog. He may not have heard that one. Go up and ask him if he knows it.

Once you have broken down the wall of reserve by some such means as these, the rest should not be difficult. Soon you will be calling to him across the deck, "How about taking that important observation through glasses, Skipper?"

Some people can manage it. Why not you? I myself am not one of the lucky ones; but that is no reason why you should not try.

"Australia has followed the example of England and America in holding a 'Candy Week,' which took place in mid-July. Apparently the confectioners in the far Antipodes considered the dog days the appropriate time to do a little bit in the boosting line, whereas over in this country the towns who have run 'Candy Weeks' have all chosen the colder periods, when thoughts would turn towards sweet and chocolate eating with greater facility."—*Trade Paper.*

An Australian friend tells us that it is this sort of thing that makes the Southern Cross.



Vicar (*to tiresome individual at Parish Meeting*). "REALLY, MR. DASH, ARE YOU THE VICAR, OR AM I?"
Mr. Dash. "OH, NO, SIR, I'M NOT THE VICAR."
Vicar. "VERY WELL, THEN, DON'T TALK LIKE AN IDIOT."

AT THE GREEN TABLES.

BETWEEN the Acts of the Opera we went to the tables. One cannot afford to waste time when on holidays.

Player after player threw a franc on to the green cloth, and as yet no one looked haggard. One girl, indeed, put two francs, yet she looked much as you or I, except that she was perhaps a more pleasant spectacle, if I may say so.

This gambling casts a subtle spell. My hand wandered towards my pocket. I had seen no half-francs risked, so I took out a franc. I put it on the 7. The ball rested in the 5.

A fool's game! It seemed incredible that people could pit their hopes against the certainty of the ultimate triumph of the bank. To allow oneself to be captivated by this folly is madness. It is a different thing, just for fun, to risk a franc, or perhaps two.

To retrieve my fortunes, then, I quietly placed another franc on the 9. Glances turned towards me said plainly, "Ah, these daring English!" I kept my eyes on the ball.

Nine won. Now curious envious eyes were turned full upon me. I wished at that moment that I had a moustache so that I might stroke it nonchalantly.

I did not like the way in which the croupier shoved the francs towards me. His manner was not sportsmanlike. Without a word of congratulation he pushed over the money with his rake, almost grudgingly.

And the stout man who superintended the whole affair had not a pleasant face. He eyed me with anything but a genial look.

For all my success I was but a mere couple of shillings or so to the good. The thing was too trivial to be taken seriously. Yet it must be admitted that about this gambling there is a something . . .

If the 8 had turned up next, I should have won in all the price of a dinner. But it failed me. So did the 4. At the current rate of exchange the lesser numbers seemed hardly worth while, so I placed yet another franc on the 9. Three times I placed on the 9, and the 2 and the 3 and the 2 were the lucky numbers.

My winnings had gone. I was no worse off than before. I had learned my lesson. I asked myself how men and women could be such fools as to play on and on. I said it so that nobody heard me.

A franc at a time is of course a slow way of winning any tangible sum. To make progress one should raise the stake. Five francs is only one-and-threepence—a mere bagatelle. I put five francs on the 4. One need not be niggardly on holiday. I forget what number turned up that time. After another five francs on the 7 I won, with one franc on the 3.

There was of course a certain element of sport in the business. A series of five-franc pieces carefully placed might soon bring consternation into the scornful face of the stout man. But nothing I could do affected him. Not even a gleam of pleasure crept into his countenance. And the croupier's rake kept ever on the move—and ever in the wrong direction.

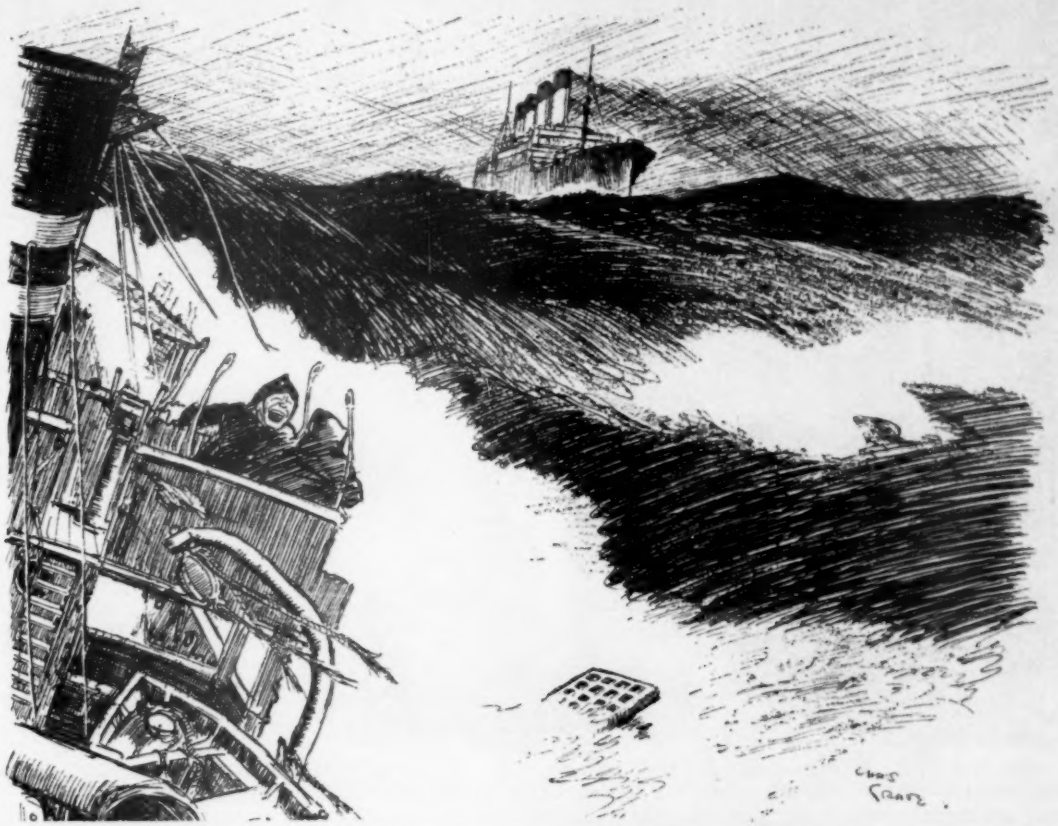
Third-class travelling in France is really not so uncomfortable as people say.



RAMSAY VAN WINKLE, 1974.

"AH! WHAT DID I SAY IN 1924?"

["If I were Prime Minister of this country for fifty years, fifty years as packed with work as the last eight months have been, the pledges I have given you from my heart would still be unfulfilled."—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD at Dundee, September 8th.*]



Skipper of badly battered tramp steamer (to the Mate). "WE 'LL REALISE IT 'S BLOWIN' A BIT WHEN WE READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS HOW THAT POOR LITTLE GIANT LINER HAD TWO CUPS AND A SAUCER BROKEN."

ROTARY RHYMES.

I HAVE witnessed with growing depression
For weeks, at a seaside resort,
The constant nocturnal obsession
Of Youth of the opulent sort:
Young bloods with their angular poises,
Young maidens with "tubular" shapes,
Inspired by a medley of noises
Suggestive of apes.

'Tis love, ran the ancient quotation,
That maketh the world to go round,
But the strain of continued gyration
Is viewed with a hatred profound;
So the waltz, with its rotary pattern,
Beloved by all giddy old things,
Is ruthlessly banished to Saturn,
The Lord of all Rings.

And yet the beneficent tidings
Of late more insistently come
That an end is expected of slidings,
Of snortings and bangs on the drum;
That the doom which attended BELSHAZZAR
Already is writ on the wall,
That the reign of the truculent jazzer
Is ripe for a fall.

The nation grows steadily older—
So NEWMAN the expert proclaims—
And the elders (perhaps) will grow bolder
In pressing their wishes and aims;
Till those, whose particular "grouse" is
The ballroom's invasion by coons,
May greet the revival of STRAUSS's*
Adorable tunes.

Then O! from the dolorous faces
Of dancers who always assume,
As they slither and slide in their paces,
A sad syncopatory gloom;
From the spirit that savours of senna,
The African peril's advance,
Blithe Muse of blue Danube's Vienna
Deliver the dance!

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"He was picked up and taken to —— Hospital in a serious condition.
The man's condition is stated to be serious."
Daily Paper.

We had already gathered that.

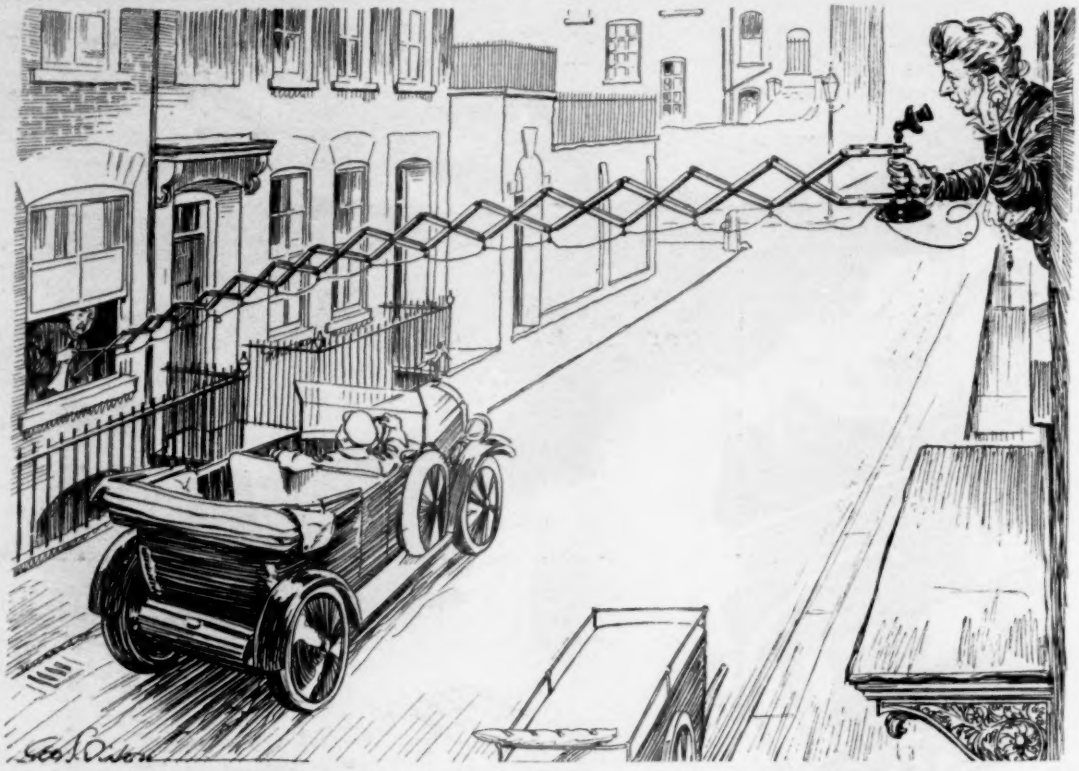
* JOHANN, not RICHARD.

THE ENTENTE.

I.

THE Entente Cordiale is a very wonderful thing. Try as the politicians may, they seem unable to stop it. Try as the newspapers may, they seem to be unable to prevent the ordinary French and English persons from "getting on" together when they meet. I do not blame him, but I have noticed that whenever Mr. MACDONALD (or any other statesman) addresses a single sentence to France there is a row; on the other hand, when I address a sentence to a French citizen (if it is only "*Qu'est que c'est que ça?*"), there is generally a charming scene—especially, of course, if the French citizen is a lady. Foreign politics, in fact, would go smoothly enough if only the Foreign Politicians would leave them alone.

I have just attended a very striking demonstration of the solidarity mutual and fraternity eternal of the two great fatherlands already mentioned. The occasion was the presentation of the prizes for *Le Championnat de Tennis* of



WHY PUT YOUR NEIGHBOURS TO THE UNNECESSARY TROUBLE OF CALLING ON YOU TO USE THE TELEPHONE? INSTAL ONE OF OUR PATENT LONG-ARM EXTENSIONS AND SEND IT ACROSS TO THEM?

the little hotel at Eauville. We gathered, after a heavy lunch, in the salon. It was one of the Hundred Worst Days this year; outside the rain fell ceaselessly, the windows were nailed up and the aroma of *déjeuner* was positively stifling. But the French, who could, I believe, be emotional in a vacuum or at the bottom of a well, were not to be deterred from a good piece of drama by the mere smell of food. The prizes were to be given away by Madame A——; but before she was allowed to get at the prizes suitable orations were delivered by Mademoiselle B—— in the name of *la patrie*, and Mr. John C—— on behalf of the Old Country.

Mademoiselle B——, whose entire speech was written in the purest prose on the backs of *menus* and was delivered with the fire and eloquence of the Divine SARAH, explained the genesis of *Le Championnat*. The hotel guests being about equally divided between the two nations, it had been thought by the organisaters, she said, that the organisation of the sport mutual would assist to the amity of the friendly nations, all the two, the one between the other. In effect, a solidarity undeniable had shown itself at each point, with relations the most charming between the young kind, and truly, when the same, one was able to say, between those others more aged who with common felicitations had regarded the battles agreeable of their sons and daughters, all the two. At last, they would ever enjoy the recollections the most intimate and alive of the associations which had been piled up during the struggles animated on the tennis at Eauville—— And so on for several *menus*. (Tumultuous cheers.)

Mr. C——, on the other hand, said that there was nothing like sport for bringing the two countries together, and he would like to thank the organisers for what they had done towards bringing the two countries together by letting the young people get together in the way they had got together. As a result of the tennis tournament the young people had been brought together, they had got to know each other and—and—in short, they had got together. Though everybody could not win, at any rate he was sure it was not for the want of trying. Friendships had been formed which, he ventured to say, would never be forgotten. He did not think that there was anything more he had to say, but he was very glad the young people had got together, and all he wanted to say was that—what he felt was—anyhow, the way they had got together would never get forgotten, and that was all he had to say. (Tumultuous cheers.)

The prizes were then distributed; little André, who won the *Enfants Simples*, was given a cigarette-holder, and the two Misses Green, who won the *Enfants Mélangés*, received a pipe and tobacco-pouch. The English children gave three cheers for all French persons present over the age of fifty, and little André called for three hip-hurrahs for Mr. C——. By the end of the proceedings there was not a dry eye in the salon, and it was raining harder than ever.

II.

Now the true history of the *Championnat* is a little different. Until the *Championnat* was arranged the hotel was fairly peaceful; but after that the fat was in the fire. And it lasted for fifteen days.

There is only one court, of the "hard" variety, and it has a crumbling surface which looks nice from the windows but will not stand much actual play.

Before the *Championnat* this did not matter, for few people played, and regular enthusiasts could secure the court at almost any time.

But no sooner was the entry-list for the *Championnat* put up than a veritable fever for lawn-tennis possessed the hotel. Adults of all races, who had not dreamed of tennis for years, put themselves down for the *Hommes Simples* and the *Dames Simples*, booked a court and madly set themselves to practise. The children gave up castle-building, butterflying and bathing, and charged about the court with wild cries before breakfast and at any odd moment when the grown-ups were digesting. Within a few days the court was pocked and furrowed with pits, from which, when it was dry and windy, great clouds of dust would rise. Meanwhile, in order to secure the court at all, it became necessary to write one's name in a book some days in advance, and soon were seen the jealousy and ill-will inseparable from stern competition. Those who were not competing in the *Championnat* complained that the court was monopolised by the *Championnat* matches; those who were competing insisted hotly that while the *Championnat* was raging no outside players should set foot on the court. The words *ennuyeux*, *épouvantable* and even *bête* flew through the air. I myself, deputed by the unhappy *Sécrétaire de Championnat* (a French lady) to umpire a match, was once compelled to claim the court from an irate French mother playing with her young. There took place the following dialogue (unhappily I can only reproduce a few of the lady's words):—

Me (*haltingly*). Pardon, Madame, mais——

Madame (*bitterly*). Ah, oui, Le Championnat! Mais, Monsieur, —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— C'est ennuyeux!

Me. Oui, Madame.

Madame (*rapidly*). Mais, Monsieur —— Championnat —— —— mes enfants —— épouvantable—— —— —— —— —— —— —— jamais de ma vie!

Me (*tactfully*). Oui, Madame; c'est triste.

Madame. —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— bête.

Me (*firmly*). Oui, Madame, mais la Sécrétaire m'a dit——

Madame (*very rapidly*). —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— voilà!

With these words the poor lady left the court, and afterwards departed from the hotel. I felt for her, for she had come there specially to play a little quiet tennis with her young.



"'TES A PURTY WAY OF PASSING THE TIME, SURE 'NUFF."
"SO 'TES—AND DON'T DO NO 'ARM TO NO ONE NEITHER."

Meanwhile, bad blood was spreading rapidly among the competitors; there were those who would play but not umpire, and those who would be umpires but not linesmen, and those who insisted on umpiring but could not, and those consequently who had been umpired out of victory; and some who would not play to-day because of their bad toes, and those who could not play to-morrow because of a picnic; and some of these were scratched and some were not; and all these boiled secretly about each other, dark things were said about the bad toes, and whispers of cowardice and whispers of favouritism; and the poor French Secretary broke down and cried in the shrubbery. . . .

III.

Still, it is all over. And the strange thing is that the speeches of Madame B—— and Mr. C—— were true. For now we are all as friendly and peaceful as if we had been through a great war together. The Entente stands as solid as before.

And if the Entente can survive a hotel tennis-tournament it can survive anything.

A. P. H.

Our Rural Pessimists.

"The delay in harvesting during August has necessitated a postponement of the —— harvest-home celebration from September 10th to the 71th By that time it is hoped the harvest, if not entirely cleared up, will be practically over."—*West Country Paper.*

"De Valera speaking at Dundalk said that the Republicans are willing to give Ulster a local Parliament and antinomy."
Liner's Wireless Press.

And as "antinomy," according to the dictionary, is "one law or rule in opposition to another law or rule," Ulster will doubtless reply that she possesses it already.

MINT SAUCE.

THE first and last thing that you notice at the Royal Mint is its air of dejection; which confirms your long-standing conviction that there's nothing like good red gold to raise the spirits. It was a bad day for England when we sent all our sovereigns and half-sovereigns across the Atlantic to fill American teeth, and ourselves took to those paper notes for which, in foreign countries, we had always had such contempt; it was even worse for the Royal Minters, for the greater part of their fun went too. A sovereign, even if you are making it for someone else—even if you help to make hundreds of thousands every week at an ordinary labourer's wage—is worth the effort; it is so compact, so heavy for its size, so glorious in colour, so fraught with adventurous possibility. (I speak from memory; possibly it had none of those qualities, but that is how I think of it.) But now that all the gold has been withdrawn, what do you think I found the Royal Minters perspiring over? A few English halfpennies, a few English farthings, a little English silver, it is true, and also some shilling and five-cent pieces for East Africa; but the principal work of the place was the production of half-roubles for the Soviet Government! The cauldrons of silver that you see bubbling in the great furnace-room were boiling solely that Russians might be able to buy—whatever Russians buy. Caviar, samovars, ikons.

So far as entertainment goes the spectator is as happy watching the manufacture of millions of half-roubles as of half-crowns; but one is a little disconcerted to find all these good-looking men, with their fine heads of hair, solely engaged in providing for the needs of foreigners. What about ourselves? Is there to be no pocket-money for cakes and ale here any more? Is all the jingling to be done by moujiks?

It was a carking thought, but I did not let it spoil the afternoon. Roubles glisten no less seductively than English coins, and not since on a Highland river I saw some hundreds of salmon caught in the sluices just before the season proper began has so much living moving silver dazzled me. The silver coins were everywhere and in every stage of evolution, from the boiling cauldrons, against the heat of which a pair of gloves seem to be all that is needed, to the machines that roll out the bars thin, and the machines that roll them out thinner, and the machines that cut out the discs, and the machines that stamp the discs and mill the discs or write Russian mottoes on their edges, and those that anneal and those that polish. For, although the Royal Mint



TOM TIDDLER'S CHEF.

is staffed by men and boys, they are almost all in partnership with a Robot.

Almost, but not all. For there seem to be two things that the machinery of the Mint cannot do. It can count accurately, thereby proving itself infinitely superior to me; it can weigh a coin and accept or reject according as its weight is right or wrong; it can take a coin or medal and reproduce it exactly, as much larger or smaller as you wish; it thinks no more of making a die out of steel than we do of sealing a letter; but there are two things it can't do. The first is, it can't listen, so that when it is necessary to tell whether or not a coin has a flaw in it, a mere human boy with two human ears is the arbiter. The other thing the Mint machinery is unable to do is to pick up the coins that litter the floors, a thing which I might have done myself had not someone been always looking. For this task ordinary human sweepers have to be obtained—surely quite easily! But something must be done about these limitations. Inventors ought not to lie down under such a stigma.

The greatest number of florins that the ordinary person has ever seen together is perhaps five; sidesmen and churchwardens may occasionally see as many as a dozen; bank clerks of course see more; and at the present moment the attendants in the change boxes at Wembley probably see most. I am therefore rather remarkable in that I have been in a vault where between one and two million pounds' worth of these coins were stored: in little white sacks, but not the less impressive for that, especially when you lift them. HANS ANDERSEN'S soldier, in the incomparable story of *The Tinder Box*, was similarly placed; but, more fortunate than I, he had with him the old witch's apron on which to set the exceedingly repellent dog guarding the hoard, with "eyes as big as mill-wheels," and help himself. No such material fortune was mine, but it was exciting to be so nearly the hero of a fairy tale.

The cellars we were in, which you gain by first walking into what looks like an ordinary safe, but turns out to be actually a large room, and then spiralling down an iron staircase, would probably be difficult to break into. I could detect no royal road to a burglar's success; but, if a bold thief should ever triumph, I wondered what his feelings would be at the discovery that the bags did not contain gold. Disappointment, surely. He would next undergo a second spasm of grief on learning that the coins weren't even half-crowns (sharing that regret with the whole army of the tipped, from schoolboys and guards to chambermaids and waiters); and he would then settle down to the gigantic task of getting away with the boodle.



THE FUTILITY OF TIPPING.

Let us suppose him able to remove a lot of it in safety—say a few hundred thousand pounds' worth or so; even then his troubles would not be over, for it is almost certain, in a suspicious city like London, that a man with a square chin, a receding forehead and close-cropped hair, who paid for everything in brand-new florins, would begin to be noticed. In course of time even the Chichester police might get on his track.

All these thoughts flashing through my mind as we stood in that underground treasure-chamber, I decided to remain honest, or approximately so, and made no effort to use either the knuckleduster or "Young Gent's Derringer" with which I had come prepared.

After seeing this strange place you can never have the same feeling towards coins, and particularly florins, any more. Before you visited the Mint a florin, say, was just a two-shilling-piece, useful in purchasing in these days of concord about sixpennyworth of anything; a disc of metal without soul or history. But having been to the Mint and seen florins in the making and florins to the tune of over a million pounds sterling in bags in the vaults, they become figures of romance, creatures to be fondled with a new affection and treated with respect. And also sympathy—*for you know what they have been through!*

As we left we glanced at the famous fish-pond in front of the Royal Mint and visible through railings from the pavement. The water is not too clear, but here and there in its depths you may discern the darting body of a small fish, a dace or roach. I hardly need say that since the War there have been no gold-fish. E. V. L.



A VISITOR TO THE MINT BEING SHOWN A GOLDEN SOVEREIGN.

HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

IV.—THE CANUTE TOUCH.

A GOOD breakfast of porridge, followed by a little fish, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and unlimited coffee always induces in Gilbey a philosophic mood. Sometimes it lasts right up to luncheon.

"Now this is what I *call* a holiday," he said, wriggling well down into his deck-chair on the fourth or fifth morning of our stay in Sandsmouth. He took out his pipe and filled it slowly, gazing at the stretch of sand and the distant blue ocean. It was a beautiful morning, and in the long line of deck-chairs across the beach a row of gaily-coloured people took their ease and, like Gilbey, emphatically called it a holiday. It was very peaceful.

Gilbey was no longer the man of action. The philosophic mood had him in its grip.

"Now what is it," he asked, turning towards me and emphasising the point with his pipe-stem, "that most people want in this world?"

"Twopence," said a voice at his elbow.

Gilbey turned. The ancient proprietor of the deck-chairs stood beside him.

"What for?" asked Gilbey.

"Chair," said the proprietor. "Every time one of these chairs is sat in, short or long, is twopence."

"It sounds a good business," said Gilbey, feeling in his pocket.

"There 's the wear and tear," said the old man, glancing at Gilbey's fifteen stone.

Gilbey tendered a shilling.

"How long for?" he asked.

The old man abandoned as hopeless the search for a sixpence in a bag full of coppers and took two green tickets out of his mouth. "Till the tide comes up," he said.

"And what happens if I stay on?" asked Gilbey.

"You floats," said the man, counting out the change. "Or drowns," he added hopefully.

"In the same circumstances KING CANUTE would have sat here and defied the ocean," observed Gilbey.

"Not in these chairs he wouldn't," said the man. And he left us to the contemplation of the infinite.

* * * * *

"I always liked that CANUTE story," continued Gilbey, blowing a cloud of smoke and settling himself to conversation, "but it lacks what the Americans call pep. CANUTE wasn't taking a chance. He *knew*. Now supposing——"

Gilbey stopped and sat up suddenly. He looked round at the line of damp seaweed which marked the limit of the last tide.

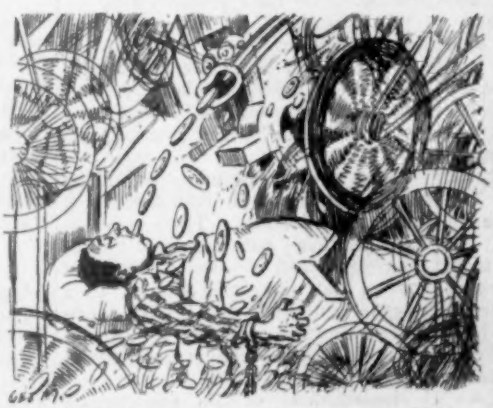
"I tell you what," he said, "I 'll bet you a shilling I sit here until luncheon."

I too looked round at the last high-water mark. The line of seaweed looked a long way behind us, but tides are tricky things. I tried to remember whether a neap tide went with a full moon, and decided that it did; but I couldn't remember whether the moon was full. Still, it seemed a pretty fair bet, taking it all round.

"Done," I said.

It wasn't exactly like a thrilling Derby or St. Leger or anything of that sort. The excitement was more spread out. The sea is a slow starter and even when it gets going it hesitates a fearful lot on the way. Of course one has to remember that it is running up-hill, but even then I never really felt like getting up and cheering.

At the end of an hour Gilbey's shilling looked as safe as when we started.



NIGHTMARE INDUCED BY A MORNING AT THE MINT.

Another Cathedral in Danger.

"The Precentor's Voluntary Choir was again heard to distinct advantage at evensong at the Cathedral on Sunday. The occasion was marked by some of the heartiest singing heard in the scared building for a long time."

Local Paper.

"Mr. H. Harveyyy has retired from —— Post Office after 43 years' service."

Daily Paper.

Being, we gather, two "y's" to remain.

"If larder room is scarce, make use of the kitchen oven as a safe. Food kept there remains wonderfully cool."—*Lancashire Paper.*

Judging by the frigidity of our meals, our late landlady at Shrimpton-on-Sea must have had an oven of this kind.

"I say, Gilbey," I said, "you haven't done anything to the sea, have you?"

"How do you mean? Done anything?"

"Got at it in its stable and doped it, or anything like that. It doesn't seem to me to have its heart in the business."

"It 's all right," grunted Gilbey. "Just leave it alone."

"Well, *you* leave it alone. Don't keep staring at it. How can you expect it to come on hopefully?"

"I 'm only looking at it," said Gilbey. "There 's no harm in that."

"You never know," I said. "The power of the human eye——"

"Rot," said Gilbey.

Still nothing seemed to be happening out to seaward. The mighty ocean was wasting its time fussing about over a rotten little sand-bar, apparently quite indifferent to the real business of the day.

A handful of bathers raced out across the sands and started splashing in the sunshine.

"I say, Gilbey," I said, "do you think that ought to be allowed?"

"What?" said Gilbey.

"That girl in the red costume. She 's deliberately splashing the water straight out to sea."

"What of it?" said Gilbey.

"Well, think how discouraging it is when the sea is doing its best to get up here."

A sudden thought occurred to me. Perhaps the ocean didn't know. And how could it be expected to do its best any way if its backers didn't cheer it on to victory? I sprang to my feet and pointed towards it. A noble gesture.

"'Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!'" I said.

The lady in the next deck-chair stirred uneasily and turned towards her companion.

"I was *afraid* they were pierrots," she murmured. "I wonder what the fat man does?"

"Sit down, you ass," said the fat man viciously.

"I think I ought to be allowed to do something," I said sulkily as I resumed my seat. "You sit there practically hypnotising the waves, and you have bathers to help you, and——"

A movement in the middle distance caught my eye. I sat up.

"Hi, you!" I shouted. "Go and dig somewhere else."

A small boy who had started to throw up a promising system of breastworks between us and France hastily gathered his bucket and spade and fled.

("My dear!" murmured the lady in the next chair to her companion.)

The time wore away, as time will, and still the ocean seemed unwilling to leave its fascinating game with the sand-bar. I was beginning to be seriously alarmed about it.

"Gilbey," I said.

"Look here," said Gilbey—"don't fuss. The tide won't be here for hours yet. I 'm going to sleep."

As a matter of fact, Gilbey was wrong. It is an extraordinary thing, but as soon as Gilbey stopped staring at the sea the whole situation changed. He had barely snored twice before the game with the sand bar finished abruptly, and an ever-widening flood started to creep nearer and nearer. By 12.30 the more nervous had already moved their deck-chairs fifty yards further up the beach, and by 12.45 there remained only Gilbey, myself and an old lady who was asleep, unconscious that her feet were in the water. I watched a gallant rescue of the old lady with interest. It was a dashing exploit.

When the excitement had subsided I turned to the still gently snoring Gilbey. A little tongue of the sea had just licked his left boot and run back again as though it didn't really care much for the taste of it.

I laid my hand gently on his shoulder.

"Well, so long, Gilbey, old man," I said; "I must be going now."

Gilbey sat up with a start.

"What 's happened?" he asked.

"Mr. Gilbey—the Ocean," I said formally, rising and folding my deck-chair. "And—er—touching the matter of that shilling," I added.

Gilbey stared hard at the bounding main, and a dogged bull-dog sort of look came over his expressive face.

"It 's turning," he said. "I shall stay where I am."

"Just as you like, old man," I said. "I 'll let the lifeboat people know about you. But I expect you 'll be a total loss. Good-bye." And I wrung his hand and left him.

Gilbey is a modest man, but during the next ten minutes he earned enduring fame at Sandsmouth. There is something peculiarly pathetic about a deck-chair marooned amidst a waste of waters, and when it is occupied by a large man who sits with his feet drawn up and an anxious look in his eyes, it has all the attraction of romance as well.

Explanations of the phenomenon varied. The suggestion of suicide was offered, but received little support. A larger portion of the crowd obviously regarded Gilbey as an advertisement for something, and remained to see what it was. Others, anticipating a collection at the close of the performance, withdrew to a safe distance and prepared to go home for luncheon at any minute.

There were two attempts at a rescue. The first, Gilbey repulsed by splashing backwards vigorously with both hands; but the second, headed by the almost frenzied owner of the deck-chair, was more successful.

The clock on the pier pavilion pointed to one minute to one o'clock as the intrepid trio dashed into the water. Gilbey was now a good forty yards from the edge, and his situation was perilous. By perching his feet on the front bar he managed to keep them above water, but a deck-chair sags so in the middle. The rescue-party was obviously not a moment too soon.

Perhaps a man in Gilbey's position fights at a disadvantage, and a deck-chair is a vulnerable sort of stronghold anyway. The struggle was as short as the end was unexpected. For just as the clock struck one the deck-chair folded itself flat, and the three rescuers stood aghast but alone. An oily swell marked the spot where a moment before Gilbey had perched triumphant.

* * * * *

Apart from Gilbey, the proprietor of the deck-chair was the only person who seemed really dissatisfied. He had no historical sense, and had obviously never heard of KING CANUTE.

As for me, I never lost a shilling with greater pleasure in my life.

L. DU G.

A Drastic Remedy.

From a patent-medicine testimonial:

"My red nose has nearly disappeared since I have tried your lotion."

"Call at —— Poultry Farm and see the tame bear. Bring your children to feed the cub."—*Advt. in American Paper.*

Is there no N.S.P.C.C. in the United States?

"One of the European capitals in which the diamond was offered for sale was New York."
Daily Paper.

Recently captured, we understand, by the PRINCE OF WALES.

"POULTRY, ETC., FOR SALE.

Leghorns, two years, 3/-; year old, 3/6.

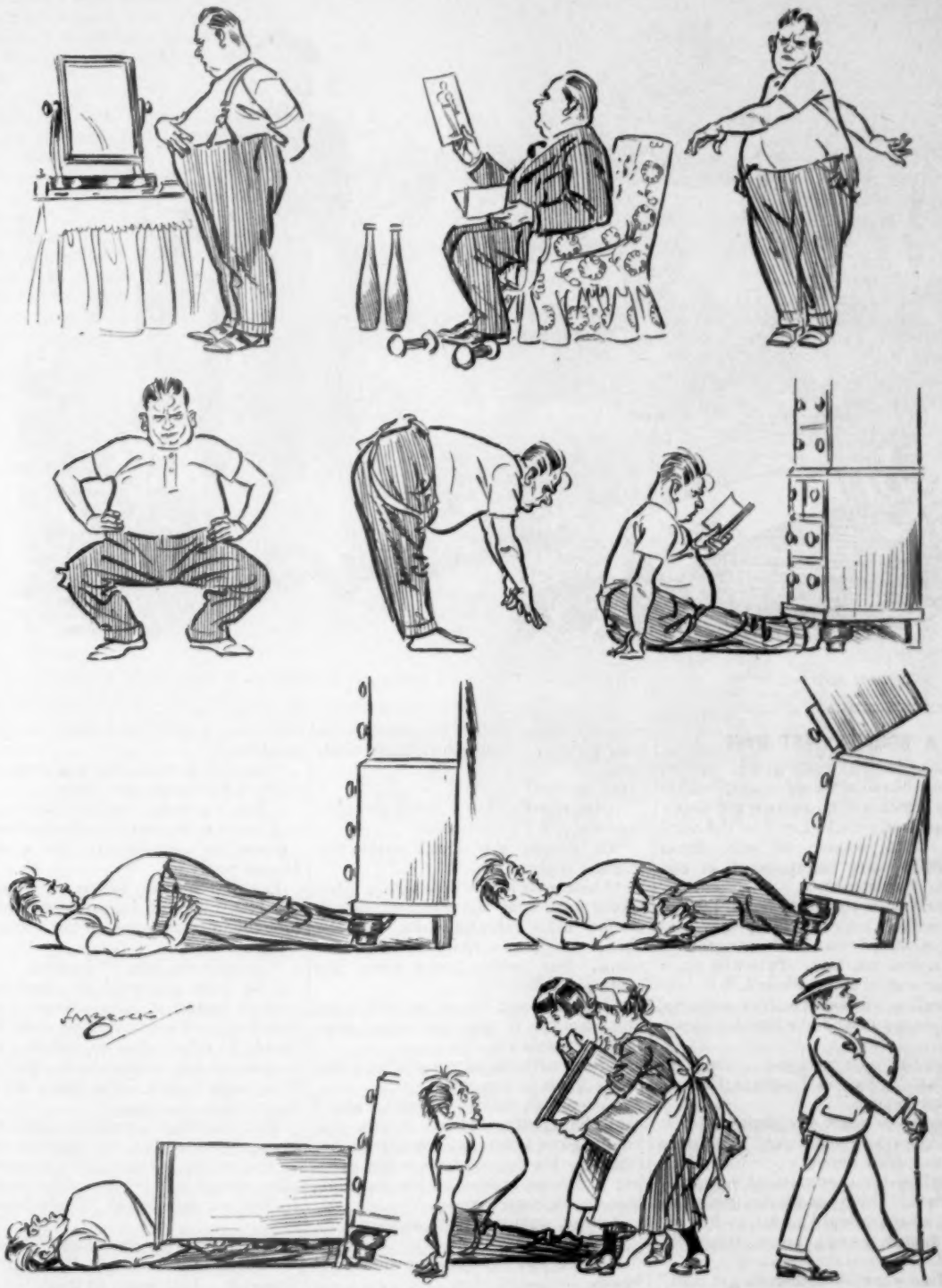
Rhode Four-seater, late 1922, just overhauled, condition as new."—*Local Paper.*

In these days of increased egg consumption the Rhode four-seater is doubtless much more desirable than a mere Leghorn.

From a theatre programme:—

"All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept free from bhairs or any other obstructions, whether permanent or temporary."

On our next visit to the theatre we should rather like to meet a bhair; it would be a change from the bhores we so often find there.



PHYSICAL CULTURE AND FIGURE DEVELOPMENT BY POST.

Extract from Testimonial: "SINCE STARTING YOUR COURSE I NOTICE A DISTINCT ALTERATION IN MY OUTLINE."



"NAUGHTY WILLIAM, TO PULL UP ALL MY FLOWERS! HOW CAN I CATCH ANY BUTTERFLIES IF THEY CAN'T SIT DOWN?"

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

Pauline is hardly fair to me. If ever she gets bitten with some moth-eaten heresy which an up-to-date charlatan has cunningly tricked out as the very latest truth, sooner or later these "novelties" are incorporated in our scheme of existence.

Should I, on the other hand, hear of some novelty which is really new and useful withal, I am merely invited not to be a dear old fool. This will show you the sort of thing I mean.

"Pauline," I said the other morning, "why do we never have fruit for breakfast?"

"Fruit?" she snapped; "fruit for breakfast? This is Tootham, George, not Los Angeles."

"Listen to what our Medical Correspondent says on page eight," I continued with unruffled serenity; "'fresh fruit should be eaten at *every* meal, especially breakfast.' There 's a whole article here about what we ought to eat, and so on. If a doctor doesn't know, then who does?"

"Mind your coffee doesn't get cold," said Pauline.

"'Then potatoes,'" I went on; "'all the nutriment lies just under the skin, so they should be steamed in their jackets.' Tell Emily about that, dear."

She sniffed.

"Does Emily throw away the cabbage-water?" I continued.

"Of course she does," came the scornful reply.

"Then never let her do it again. This doctor says that the water is simply stuffed with valuable salts, and the French use it as a basis for their best soups. Far better throw away the cabbage itself."

"If you don't hurry up with your breakfast you 'll miss your train," cried Pauline petulantly.

I rose with dignity and threw the paper down on my chair.

"Very well, darling," I said, "and I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly have a hot bath ready on my return. Having my bath in the evening in future, instead of the morning, this doctor chap says——"

But my audience had vanished.

* * * * *

Pauline was quite cheery when I got home.

"Your bath 's all ready, George," she said, smiling. "I was quite wrong about that article. I read it all through after you 'd gone and found it jolly practical."

"Good," I said, dashing upstairs; "shan't be two shakes, dear."

"Topping bath, Pauline," I shouted as I came down twenty minutes later; "given me an appetite like a wolf. Dinner ready?"

Pauline smiled faintly and rang the bell. Almost immediately Emily brought in two glasses of hot water on a tray.

"What 's the joke?" I asked.

"No joke, darling," she answered, looking preternaturally solemn; "only this doctor of yours says no solid food should be taken after six o'clock. Just a glass of hot water about eight and then early to bed. If a doctor doesn't know, then who does?"

Not trusting myself to answer, I savagely pulled out my cigarette-case. It was empty. I searched the mantelpiece where it is my invariable custom to leave a box lying. There was no box.

"Where are my cigarettes?" I asked.

"Cigarettes, darling? Why, I burnt them all. Just listen to this: 'If you wish to enjoy perfect health, eschew tobacco completely.' That 's what the article says."

"Then I 'll go to bed," I growled.

"That 's right, dear; 'early to bed, early to rise, makes a man——'"

"G'night," I snarled, slamming the door.

* * * * *

Arrived in the bedroom, I could see no pillows in my bed. I rushed to the top of the stairs.

"Pauline," I bellowed, really angry by now, "where the deuce are my pillows?"

"Pillows, George dear?" she answered sweetly. "Why, at the bottom of the bed, of course. Don't you remember our doctor says the head should be down and the feet up?"

"That doctor 's a fool," I shouted.

"Is he, dear?" answered Pauline, laughing gaily. "Well, if you hurry up we 'll be just in time for the supper at the Ritzadilly. I 'll ring up a taxi."

A PARENTAL TRIUMPH.

LIFE is too complicated for parents nowadays. When there were ten first-class counties one could keep up fairly well with cricket. But I am lost amongst the Glamorganshires and Northamptonshires. My family receive my memories of RANJI and W. G. with kindly contempt. Football too has become unmanageable. I expose myself to the scorn of my offspring because the Northern and Southern Divisions of the Third League are beyond my ken. And then New Zealanders and South Africans are visiting us together, and we have a Rugby team in South Africa, and a cricket team just off for Australia. Can a man faced with the difficulties of earning a small living and paying large taxes exercise the mental effort needed to keep up with sport?

There 's motoring too. I can recognise the aristocrat and the democrat of the cars on the road, but not for me the swift glance at a passing car and the sure verdict, "Cotter-Paterson—six cylinder—last year's model—all right if you 've four-wheel brakes fixed."

Of wireless I know nothing save that the true wireless fanatic never listens to anything of any human interest over the wireless, and the only thing available at my home is usually someone singing in Czech.

Take dancing. I am in the prehistoric tango stage and know nothing about the Monkey Doodle One-Step—it is easier to invent a name than remember one. In short I am worse than a Victorian, for a certain veneration due to antiquity attaches to Victorians. I am an Edwardian—a dodderer, a back-number, an also ran.

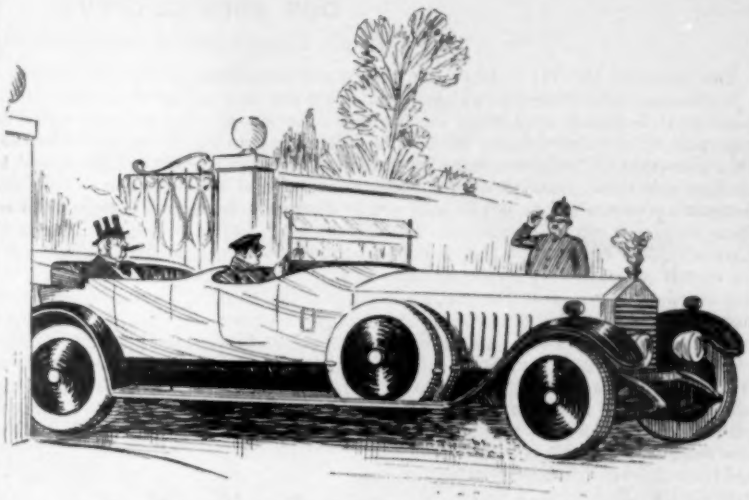
Yet there is one respect in which I can gain the admiration of the younger generation. For some curious reason our newspapers fill up a considerable section of their space each day with deliberate fiction—if I may so distinguish it from the fiction in other parts of the paper. Now essentials of these serials are convicts of unblemished character, assortments of millionaires and an atrocious murder in the first chapter.

It is blood alone that enables me to maintain my moral supremacy in my household. Knowledge and experience tell. I have read many serials and even—let me confess it to my shame—written one or two. By the second instalment of the serial I am able to pick out the murderer. The family scoff. I merely ask them to wait. When after many days the public show signs of impatience with the serial and the author is summarily told to bring it to a close, I enjoy a triumph.

"Why, after all, the pater was right!" exclaims my first-born at the breakfast-table.

"Rather a score for you, old dear," says a shingled maiden.

And I wear for a brief moment a red halo of respect and admiration.



WHY IS IT THAT A CAR LIKE THIS NEVER HAS MORE THAN ONE PASSENGER?



WHEREAS, ONE LIKE THIS——

A CASE FOR THE R.S.P.C.M.

A Greek Gift.

"Others have given some suitable pictures for the walls, and about 50 collapsible chairs will be most useful for seating the congregations."—*Parish Magazine.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE jacket of Mr. W. L. GEORGE's new novel represents a purple-clad lady with side-whiskers clutching the foot of a canopied bedstead, apparently overcome by the stealthy approach of a hatchet-faced gentleman in evening-dress. This collection of "talkative facts" is not however what an uncharitable mind, coupled with a slight knowledge of Mr. GEORGE's previous works, might lead you to suppose. True there is plenty of indecorum in *The Triumph of Gallio* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but this particular interview is not the crown of sensuality but the penalty of it. The lady in side-whiskers is *Millicent Tarrant*, and the predatory gentleman is her husband. They are not making love either—even modern love. They have been married about fifteen years. *Mrs. Tarrant's* maid has sprained her wrist and *Mr. Tarrant* has been trying to unhook the purple frock and failed dismally. His firm too has failed—it was built up with the money for which he married *Millicent* and threw over the girl he loved—and their three children have died, so *Tarrant* is devoting a quiet hour to the exposition of his philosophy; and *Millicent*, who cannot get away and to bed because of that tiresome hook, is listening. In a somewhat pontifical two columns in his publishers' circular, Mr. GEORGE refers his hero's final attitude towards life to ZENO and the Stoics. It reads to me, however, more like that *acedia* described by the Schoolmen—a wincing aversion from the things of the spirit which begins in preoccupation with ease and appetite and ends in a perverted reason. The long list of *Tarrant's* adventures as pedlar, marine store dealer and shipowner bear me out, I think, in this diagnosis. But the political hopes and efforts of his youth are interesting; and the account of the lost child whom he abandons as a clog—the psychological turning-point of the book—is in its own small and sordid way a real masterpiece.



Passenger (on westward-bound liner.) "SAY, CAP.—COULDN'T YOU STOP A MINUTE AND LET ME GET ABOARD THAT SHIP THAT'S GOIN' TOWARDS YEUROPE? MY WIFE HAS JUST REMEMBERED THAT SHE LEFT HER UMBRELLA AT THE 'CHESHIRE CHEESE.'"

Those people to whom the Fenlands present attractions will find in Mr. BERNARD GILBERT'S *Bly Market* (CECIL PALMER) a fascinating companion packed full (perhaps a little too full) of shrewd observation. This leisurely volume *de luxe* forms the sixth part of a series which Mr. GILBERT, himself a man of the Fens, appears to have planned on the subject of rural England. *Bly Market* must indeed represent the harvest of many market days, for it is of colossal length, each of the twenty-four hours of a Christmas market during the War having a chapter to itself and enduring dissection in the closest detail. If Mr. GILBERT, as I suspect, intends this remarkable experiment in expressionism to be taken as a truthful picture of the average English country town, then I feel he has not wholly succeeded, for his book is steeped not only in the atmosphere and habits and names of Lincolnshire, but of two particular towns in the southern part of that county which he has ingeniously rolled into one under the thin disguise of "Bly." Occasionally too he has allowed cynicism to interfere with his judgment and to spoil the very real sense of beauty he possesses. Farmers, one knows, are incorrigible grumblers, with a tight hold on the strings of their purses; farmers' wives sometimes have shrewish tongues; the morals of their daughters are not always what town-dwellers imagine them to be; but, for my liking, Mr. GILBERT finds them all too sordid. Knowing the Lincolnshire people well, I do not think Mr. GILBERT has done justice to their better qualities, their robust common sense, their kindliness, their loyalty to tradition and, above all, their rollicking sense of fun. These blemishes apart, the book is profoundly interesting, and Mr. GILBERT has a very definite message to preach to rural England. No one who can afford two guineas (there will be plenty of these in "Bly," thanks to our insatiable craving for potatoes) should fail to acquire a copy of this special edition. A special word of praise is due to the publisher for a very beautiful production.

One of my favourite heroines (and I am sure the great reading public is with me on this point) is the pretty and plucky typist, filled with unswerving loyalty for her employer and exposed to all sorts of terrible dangers from unscrupulous villains at least once in every chapter. *Elsa Marlowe* takes a high place in this deserving class. She was also a "straight-backed, long-limbed girl, with a tilted chin, the straight nose, the large inquiring eyes and the confusion of spun-gold hair" beloved of your Parisian artist. Unassisted, this description would almost have lured me on to read *The Sinister Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), even if I had not seen the name of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE on the title-page. But I know my WALLACE of old, and never take up a new book from his ingenious pen without a pleasant preliminary pricking of the scalp. Here he gives us thrills in full measure, mysteries more intricate than ever—"the case was a Chinese puzzle from the first," confesses *Superintendent Wille* towards the end—and, if some of the threads are left rather loosely fastened here and there, we can hardly grumble, seeing the number he has to manage. About half the characters appear to be "dope" merchants whom the other half (except a few innocents) are trying to round up; most of the detectives are really hardened criminals, and actual or attempted murders occur every few pages. At the back of it all is the *Sinister Man* himself, who turns out to be less sinister than you might expect. It looked bad indeed for him (and *Elsa*) when they had got him chained up to a staple in the wall, with army blankets hung all round to prevent anything being heard



Stalker. "WEEL, AH 'LL NOT SAY IT 'S NO BUT A SMA' BEAST, AN' IT 'S NO MUCH OF A HEAD, AN' IT 'S NO BUT FUIR IN CONDEETION—BUT IT 'S A VERRA EASY SHOT."

outside and a lot of newly-mixed cement lying handy to receive his corpse after the villain-in-chief had flogged him to death with a rhinoceros-hide sjambok. I admit the gallant *Amery* earned my admiration by his behaviour on this embarrassing occasion. He had, as ever, the right retort for each of his assailants; and it was not his body that was ultimately dug out of the still damp cement. No, he gets back to the office again and dictates one last letter to the dear girl (her hand trembling visibly the while) in the old gruff voice, ordering a—— Well, it makes an excellent conclusion to a most stirring tale.

From rooms o'erlooking Fountain Court
To view the loiterers below,
And match them with the goodlier sort
Who trod its pavement long ago—
Essayists, poets, diplomats—
To probe their gravity or fun,
And write a book about it—that 's
What STEPHEN COLERIDGE has done.

A comely volume, deftly knit,
With form and matter all atune,
Quiet, so aptly names he it,
Hours in the Temple (MILLS AND BOON);
I like it, and I 'm sure that he
Liked writing it, and my one grief
Is that his self-imposed decree
Has kept the hours so few and brief.

Next to being a Pharisee yourself, perhaps the most unpleasant *rôle* a human being can assume is that of an avowed destroyer of these gentry. Hunting the hypocrite, indeed, is such a dangerous incentive to hypocrisy that I do not question the excellence of Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM'S motive in setting the principal huntress of her *Ninety and Nine Just Persons* (HUTCHINSON) above suspicion by making her a visitant from heaven. Still I do demur at the taste which endows a beautiful maiden, cast up by the sea into a scandal-mongering village, with the name of *Marie*; allows her quest for her son (in the hearts of humanity, understood) to give rise to innuendo, and finally reassumes her into beatitude from the top of a Welsh mountain. However, if none of these hazardous flights repels you, you are extremely unlikely to take offence at anything else in Miss GRAHAM'S book. *Mrs. Barry*, the homely hostess who first receives the lady from the sea; *Theresa*, her musician daughter, whose barren intellectualism blossoms like a rose in the beautiful waif's company; *Creighton Hill*, the suspicious recluse who is restored to belief in humanity by *Marie's* deft tenderness—all tread their predestined paths of greater perfection or unlooked-for amendment with a fairly plausible grace. The censorious village, headed by *Mrs. Eagle*, has its claws and beak gently disengaged from half-a-dozen reputations; a plump musical *entrepreneur* is morally refitted for marriage with *Theresa*; and "*Pebble*," the castaway object of *Hill's* earliest affections, is relieved of the imputation of her mother's illegitimate child and restored to the arms of her lover—all by the indefatigable exertions of the lady in the blue cloak. The legend of these beneficences is by no means ill-told; and a sense of humour, which unfortunately fails to check the major aberrations of the plot, is pleasantly in evidence among several of its smaller episodes.

In however parlous a state the English theatre lies today it is not to be allowed to die quietly. A number of

intelligent people are passionately eager to explain the nature of its sickness and to prescribe. Book after book on the theatre appears and, as publishers are not, I understand, philanthropists, are presumably read. A healthy sign, as we of the public are the stage's real physicians. If we say live finely, then will it take up its bed and do so. If we turn aside in indifference, then will it go on languishing to death. All this and more Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE says with a lively and provocative pen in *The Organised Theatre* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), a "book" in the modern manner, rather hastily and discursively expanded from addresses given by him at the University of Liverpool and made possible by the intelligent patronage of Colonel SHUTE, who has founded a lectureship in the Art of the Theatre. Mr. ERVINE does not despair of the patient, and, if he prescribes the old repertory pill, he does so in a new way, suggesting that provincial city repertory theatres be federated in groups, the companies moving from city to city in regular rotation. He calls it his short-circuit system, a name of not very happy omen perhaps. As usual, in dissertations on the theatre, we are made envious by being reminded of the enterprise of Continental, in particular of German, cities in contrast with our own. Cologne, before the War, made a grant of twenty-five thousand pounds per annum to its theatre. Leipsic certainly endowed its theatre handsomely, and the best seat in the stalls cost five marks. Some day, no doubt, England will wake to the fact (is perhaps already turning in its sleep) that she has dramatists who in any other country would be full of honour, that the chief desideratum of an actress is not beauty of the seaside competition order, that the theatre really ought not to be a commercial gamble—and a few other things.



"WHAT 'S 'E SITTIN' ON, BERT?"
"WHY, THAT 'S ONE O' THEM THINGS THEY USE FOR SHOOTIN'."
"MY WORD! 'E WOULDN'T 'ARF JUMP IF IT WENT OFF!"

The Green Altar (MELROSE) of Miss MIRIAM ALEXANDER'S new novel is Ireland, and not comic Ireland or old Ireland, but Ireland of recent years and of to-day. It follows then that she is a brave, if rash, lady and that her book is a sad one, and one that half its readers will be unable to judge as a work of art because too many living political prejudices will get in their way. But even if you cannot quite agree with all she says of England's intentions or share her feeling towards Ulster, the only touch of bitterness in the book, it cannot but be good for you to see with her eyes into the springs of Irish character. She succeeds, finding plenty of fault with him by the way, in showing how many things of the past seemed to the average decent Irishman, and left me at least wondering whether in his place I should not have done as he has. Her story is intimately connected with the fortunes of a farmer's son, *Ailill Spillane;* and *Peg Dynor*, the illegitimate child of one of the ladies of Ballas Court, adopted by a neighbour of the *Spillanes*, but it is less a love story than one of adventure and character. *Morna Fitzulick*, who takes *Ailill's* place and is executed by the Black-and-Tans, is one of the most attractive persons in the story, and her death is so truly and finely written that I paid it the involuntary tribute of shutting up the book for a time, unable to go on with it. In spite of some defects, and all the difficulties of its subject, *The Green Altar* is a fine book and I am very glad to have met with it.

In the year of grace 1483 *Silvain de St. Lo* came back to France, "a large fair youth who carried his head high, having found no other fortune." Thus arrestingly he enters Mr. H. C. BAILEY'S latest novel, *Knight at Arms* (METHUEN), displaying a singular grace of movement, as though poised to dash on or turn and spring aside. And indeed he has to be pretty quick on his feet if he is to get through all the desperate adventures that Mr. BAILEY contrives for him. On the very first page there is a raucous cry of "Halt, there! In the King's name, stand!" from a fellow armoured in helmet and coat of mail, with a hand jerking at his sword and working his black brows up and down, whereas our *Silvain* has only his leather doublet and a dagger at his girdle. But in a very few lines we have *Silvain* sitting on his foe's chest unbuckling his sword-belt; and in another page or so they are setting out together to conquer the world, a new *Quixote* with his attendant Squire—only that *Thibaut* was a long bag of bones, a beggar of the highway with a stoop and shuffle, a lean comedian, in short, rather than your stout cheerful *Sancho*. Three pages more, and our hero has won arms and a horse in open fight twice over and is well on his way towards winning back his ancestral castle. Indeed, a less perfect knight would have found fortune as well as honour enough before the book were half finished. But we leave him in the end, after a series of wonderful feats, still striding on into the gathering dark, seeking to win more honour, with the unhappy *Thibaut*, as he follows, groaning to think of all the pleasant places they have left behind in pursuit of that fair phantom. A real good story for all who like romance with the full flavour of the days of chivalry.

I suggest that you spend two or three rainy hours of this far too current year in reading *Morrissey* (LANE). The nine stories contained in this collection have a nice Irish flavour and are entertaining enough, but for holiday-reading they have my especial approval because the demands which Mr. EDMUND DOWNEY makes upon his readers are not in the least embarrassing. Should the sun happen to shine you will have no difficulty in leaving these stories, but you will enjoy the pleasant sensation of having something agreeable to continue at your leisure. Of Mr. DOWNEY'S characters I award the palm of merit to *Martin Hanrahan*, "nominally a corn-chandler and provision merchant, but actually a wild-cat speculator." Now that I have become acquainted with *Martin* I shall be as suspicious of corn-chandlers as I am of money-lenders.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE seems to be no truth in the rumour that the Covent Garden strike is to be amalgamated with the Spanish-Morocco War.

* * *

The singing of the All Blacks' Maori war-chant at the beginning of a match is to be discontinued. We understand, however, that they are still at liberty to do as they like about it in their baths.

* * *

At this moment every actor should reflect that some day his children may ask him, "What did *you* do in the Stage War, Daddy?"

* * *

Up to the end of last month sixty visitors to Wembley had fallen into the lake. No extra charge was made for this.

* * *

America has won most of the International Sports Cups. The tragedy is that she has nothing to put in them.

* * *

The practice of supplying bridegrooms with a couple of best men is growing. This is said to be a precautionary measure in view of the number of bridegrooms who have escaped lately.

* * *

Fines imposed for swearing have paid for a new club hall opened at Newbrancepeth, Durham. Following this lead, a certain golf-club intends to build a cathedral next year.

* * *

A Grimsby mechanic has been sent to prison for stealing sixty thousand feet of gas. This is what is known as a long-therm fraud.

* * *

We gather from a news cable that shooting for the Presidency of Honduras commenced last week.

* * *

We read of a well-known Scotsman who is at Aix-les-Bains taking the waters. We fear that his health is not what it should be.

* * *

An American writer says that the English language is becoming barbarous owing to unintelligent slang. Say, Bo, you sure said a jugful and then some.

* * *

FRITZ KREISLER, the famous violinist, declares that jazz is the revenge of the jungle on civilisation. Civilisation must have done the jungle some terrible injury.

* * *

Under a new Soviet order professional pugilists are only allowed to box for two rounds. There is no such rule in England, but our boxers keep it all the same.

* * *

According to Dr. FREDERICK GRAVES it is nearly always the man with blue eyes who eventually wins. Our Income Tax collector has blue eyes.

* * *

Mr. T. HANKINS of Manchester, who is eighty-three years of age, has just completed sixty years' service as an organ-blower. We understand that he got his second wind a long time ago.



THE IRISH MAIL.

Stationmaster. "IS SHE SIGNALLED, JOE?"
Joe. "SHE IS."
Stationmaster. "IS THE GOAT LOCKED UP?"
Joe. "IT IS."
Stationmaster. "THEN LET HER THROUGH."

At a Mansfield wedding the other day the word "obey" was omitted from the service. There seems to be a superstition in the locality that the word means something.

* * *

The presence of floating mines in the English Channel has again been reported. Surely it is about time these stupid things realised that the War is over.

* * *

The Emir of KATSINA recently took his two wives shopping, attended by a guard carrying a sword. If we had two wives to take shopping we should like a sword too.

* * *

Sixteen brass bands recently competed at Manchester before forty thousand people. This is one of the things that Manchester thinks to-day but we shan't think to-morrow.

It seemed hardly necessary for the Ulster Parliament to improve the acoustics of their meeting-place. We know perfectly well what they're going to say beforehand.

* * *

Statistics prove that lunacy is on the increase. Only the other day a man at Chelsea applauded the visiting team.

* * *

"Life," according to Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, "is itself the most marvellous marvel in this marvellous world." Obviously he has missed some of the patent medicine advertisements.

* * *

A man charged at Gateshead with theft was stated to be able to board trains travelling at a high speed. He couldn't do that on our section of the Southern Railway.

* * *

According to a daily paper the Wembley habit is spreading. We can only counsel courage and patience.

* * *

A congress of the Red Sports International is to be held in Moscow on October 5th. It is unfortunate that this has been fixed at a time when Masters of Foxhounds are very busy.

* * *

We hear that a Tooting cigarette-card collector has refused an offer of a hundred Prominent Golfers and five hundred Famous Statesmen for a complete set of Coogans.

* * *

There has been a lightning waiters' strike in Lisbon. We felt sure waiters could move like that if they tried.

* * *

"Houses don't grow like trees," says a writer. This is true; they don't grow nearly so fast.

* * *

There is a lady estate-agent in Mayfair. She should do well, as she is almost certain to have more reasonable ideas of what constitutes a stone's throw from a bus route.

* * *

Sir HARRY LAUDER is to tour the world again. The idea is that he is having one more try to shake off his accent.

* * *

The new season's dresses have the waist at the knee, we read. The experts have raised it because so many women used to trip over it.

KILL-JOYS OF PARLIAMENT.

[Reflections inspired by those who obstructed Sir KINGSLEY WOOD'S popular Bill for the extension of "Summer-time" to the first Sunday in October.]

I HOLD no brief for Britain's climate;
As for this season, soon to die
Unmissed and unlamented, I 'm at
One with a world whose eyes are dry;
Regarded as a summer
I don't see how it could have been much rummer.

Yet I protest against the sentence
Passed on it by some men (and cows)
Who 've spoilt what chance of late repentance
Heaven to the moribund allows,
And mocked the general craving
For two more little weeks of daylight-saving.

Against this short reprieve so precious
Their hands (and hooves) put back the clock;
The long-drawn light that should refresh us
This kill-joy clique conspired to block;
So the secretive weevil
Prefers the dark, its habits being evil.

A list of these nocturnal creatures
Who did Sir KINGSLEY'S motion down,
With records of their shameless features,
I 'd post at large in every town,
That our defrauded nation
May know on whom to vent its execration.

I ask no brutal vengeance, but a
Punishment fitted to their fault,
Like (say) the Black Hole of Calcutta—
Some cow-shed in a dungeon's vault;
There let them serve their doom
In airless fug and inspissated gloom. O. S.

WHY WE FAILED;

OR, THE GREAT DÉBÂCLE.

(*By our Special Sporting Correspondent who has just gone off for a long, long holiday.*)

AMERICA 182·7—ENGLAND 0½.

WHAT is wrong with British pogo?

The overwhelming defeat of the English pogo team by the American pogo team has brought to a head the bitter controversy which has been raging in pogo circles throughout the whole season. Everybody (except Scotchmen) is asking, "What is wrong with English pogo?" Scotchmen are asking, "What is wrong with British pogo?" Englishmen and Scotchmen alike utter but one word when pogo is mentioned, and that word is "Ichabod." This makes them very tedious company. We shall now endeavour in a series of articles, of which this is the first, to state precisely what is wrong with English or British pogo.

Let us make no bones about it. We have suffered a humiliating defeat. Excuses of personal antagonism or previous injury to our players and our pogo-sticks are of no avail. The causes of the *débâcle* must be looked for elsewhere.

There is first of all the question of control. How is British pogo controlled? Partly by the Admiralty, partly by the Board of Trade and partly by a sub-committee of the Travellers' Club. No wonder the game is lapsing into utter disrepute and even into comparative desuetude. Where ten or a dozen well-mounted pogo-players could be counted in Pall Mall and St. James's three years ago, scarcely one can be seen to-day. Why? The question may be answered in a single word. Lack of a centralised management. The threefold authority leads to nothing but confusion and bickering, and this is especially the case when the moment arrives for choosing representatives to uphold our pogo-prestige before the world.

How different is the state of things on the other side of the Atlantic! Who controls American pogo?—One central authority. What is it?—Ku Klux Klan. What this means in efficiency of organisation may be readily grasped by anyone who studies the following diagram:—



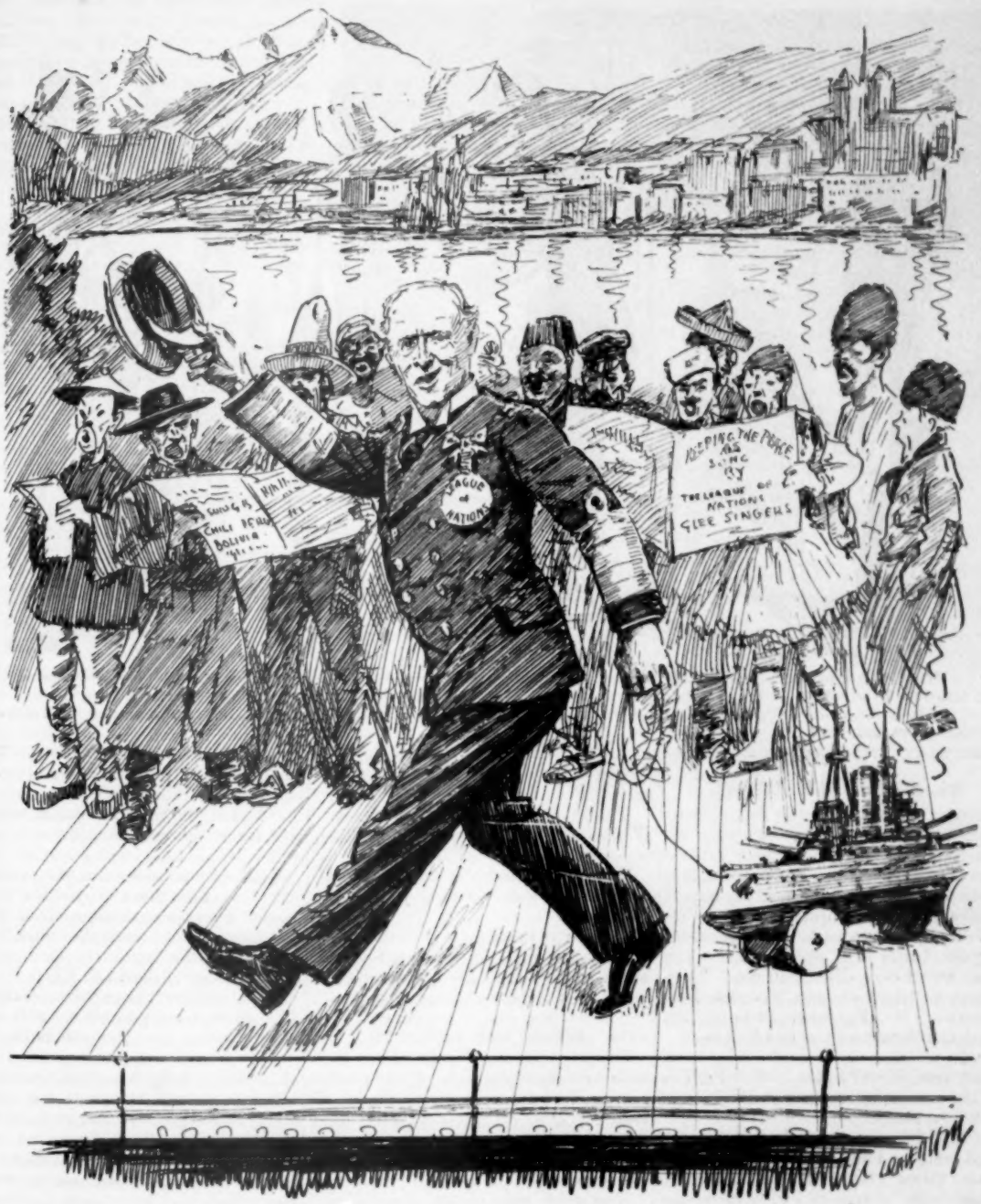
Obviously it is possible, nay, it often occurs, that each separate English authority has a view of its own, not only on the merits of players, but on the choice of sticks, and even the methods of team-play. Too many rods, as so often happens, spoil the child. A second reason for our inferiority may be found in the fact that we have no machinery for selecting pogo-players early and training the most likely youngsters with a view to international games. Pogo-players must be caught in their early teens, and not in their umpteens and twenties. America takes her players almost as soon as they leave the nursery. No sooner is a boy found with well-developed calf muscles, a Boston accent and a broad smile, than the selectors have their eye upon him, and he plays pogo year in and year out until he is either fit to represent his country or goes pop.

How, on the other hand, are English pogo-players discovered? Purely by chance. They are seen pogoing in Hyde Park and asked to play. Yet all over the country there are capable amateurs whose names never come before the selectors. In dozens of country clubs, such as Beaconsfield, Belper, Matlock, Blisworth, Toller Porcorum, Sunningdale, Stoke Pogo, not to mention half-a-dozen others, excellent pogo is being played by pogoists who never have the slightest recognition from pogo headquarters.

Lastly, there is the question of implements. American pogo-sticks are in every way superior to ours, being composed of equal portions of mahogany, logwood and lignum vitæ, and fitted with platinum springs, which produce a marvellously pepful bound. Until we provide our players with similar sticks we cannot hope to compete with our cousins across the ocean in this the *doyen* of outdoor games.

Nevertheless we do not despair. Everything has its ups and downs, and the game of pogo most of all. With due perseverance and organisation, British pogo will yet weather the storm and come into its own again.

"HAIR DRESSING.—Wanted at once, first-class gent's hand; good knowledge of plain ladies' for first-class saloon."—*Daily Paper*. There should be no lack of qualified applicants.



THE BLUE LAKE SCHOOL.

ADMIRAL LORD PARMOOR. "CHORUS, GENTLEMEN."

DELEGATES AT GENEVA. "AND IT'S THE NAVEE, THE BRITISH NAVEE, THAT KEEPS OUR FOES AT BAY."

[Lord PARMOOR is reported to have offered the services of the British Fleet to enforce the decisions of the League of Nations.]



["When staying at a country house a guest should always try to notice something which he can sincerely admire, and mention this on departure, so as to leave a pleasing impression on his hostess."—*Extract from Manual on Deportment.*]

The Departing Guest. "THANK YOU SO MUCH, LADY SMYTHE, FOR YOUR KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY, AND—ER—WHAT PRETTY ANKLES YOUR COOK HAS!"

MR. BEDDOES GETS HIS CUE.

FOR a *débutante* on her first visit to a political hostess with a literary reputation, I had thought Jean a little noisy at tea, and when the butler called Lady Whittam away I seized the opportunity for a gentle hint.

Jean burst into peals of laughter.

"Oh, Uncle Reg," she shrieked, "you dear, sweet early-Victorian pet! They ought to put you into Madame TUSSAUD'S: 'Mr. Reginald Beddoes, the Last Gentleman of the Old School.'"

"In which case," I said drily, "you, I suppose, would figure in the Chamber of Horrors as the typical young lady of the New School?"

"Oh, I know exactly what *I* am," said she; "I'm 'the inevitable girl under twenty, hoydenish, self-assertive, ubiquitous, obtrusive, who nevertheless, judiciously chosen, has her *raison d'être*.'" She smirked shamelessly at the mirror.

"And I," put in her friend Billy (he appears to have no surname)—"I am 'the subaltern or his equivalent, barely emerged from the puppy stage, endowed with intolerably high spirits, bound to be a nuisance, but mysteriously necessary to the success of every house-party.'"

A faint chuckle came from a quiet-looking man, evidently a new arrival, who had just come in.

"Are these samples of music-hall patter," I asked, "or have you merely gone mad?"

Jean patted me in a soothing way.

"You *are* rather a priceless antique, aren't you, darling? I suppose you have never seen *Without Shame or Sham*?"

"It's a new mag.," explained Billy; "the trewth, the 'ole trewth, and nothink but the trewth. And Lady W.'s been writin' articles on her house-parties—who she asks, and why. We've all read it, and we know exactly what we're asked for, and we are doin' our d——dest to oblige. 'Bound to be a nuisance'—that's me!"

The quiet man chuckled again, and Bobby, another friend of Jean's—her proper name I presume to be Roberta—announced that she was "the girl with just brains enough to play up prettily to the older men."

"Not so bad as it sounds," she explained; "she has to have some looks too."

("'Though there is no need for her to be a beauty,'" quoted Jean in conscientious parenthesis.)

"And what, pray," I asked, "is the *rôle* for which you consider me to be cast?"

Jean showed more tact than usual.

"'One of the lions,' do you think, darling? There's something about them, but I can't quite remember what."

(I am a member of the Indian Civil Service, Retired, and a C.I.E.)

"You will find the papers over there." The quiet man pointed to a lavishly laden table on the other side of the hall.

Jean fetched a magazine, on the cover of which a lady who had apparently left her clothes at home was expansively offering a manuscript to a crowd of what seemed to be dissenting ministers, spinster ladies and policemen. An extremely well-dressed young woman had joined us, whose name, I gathered, was Miss Churchill.

"I'm her cousin," she remarked. "What is my cue? Is there anything about relations?"

"'Always include a poor relation,'" read Jean. "'It makes people say what a nice woman you are. Choose one of your husband's, if possible; this relieves you of any embarrassment as to her

little solecisms and looks even better. You will have your reward, for she will cheer up the governess and do the errands the servants hate.' I'm afraid that doesn't fit; you aren't a *poor* relation, are you?"

("Not much," muttered Miss Bobby in my ear. "*Did* you see the car she brought down, Mr. Beddoes? Ninety h.p. if it's ten.")

"I've got it!" cried Jean; "'you must ensure the spectacular success of your party by a careful proportion of the discreetly rich. Plain living often means greasy frying, which means indigestion, and red noses do not help one's table decorations; neither do model gowns from Bayswater.'" She eyed Miss Churchill appraisingly. "Yes, I think that settles *you*. Does anyone else want to know anything?"

Her eyelashes drooped invitingly in the direction of the quiet man, who was showing an obvious interest in the conversation. He responded at once.

"Oh, I have my *rôle*; I am the husband—completely insignificant, but has his uses."

"Ha, ha! Jolly good. But he is not even mentioned, poor chap." Billy was reading over Jean's shoulder.

"Yes, he is, somewhere," said she. "Here. 'A Society woman always has on her books one or more bores who have some claim upon her; it is best to accept the necessity and hide one in every pudding, as it were. Your husband must talk to him, and, if you firmly indicate the library early in his visit, the chances are that he will take the hint and stop there . . .'"

Jean's voice trailed off suddenly; Lady Whittam had come back.

"What about a set of tennis, darlings?" said she breathlessly. "The *young* darlings I mean, of course. You, Mr. Beddoes, will like to see the library, I expect. I *think* you will find it comfortable to sit in, and it is *quite* at your disposal if you care to work or read there. Show Mr. Beddoes the library, will you, Whittam?"

The quiet man rose.

"Certainly, my dear," he said mildly.

Billy was already chasing Jean to the tennis-court with shouts of "Tally-ho!" In their flight they had knocked down a large vase: I hoped it was priceless.

Wales at Wembley.

"You might think it of interest to publish the following letter that has been received:—

From Sir Walford Davies to Mr. Gwilym Jones:—

I wish to thank the splendid choir and ourself for their and our own fine work in the Mass in B Minor at Wembley."—*Welsh Paper.*

And we had always thought Sir WALFORD such a modest man.



Fond Wife (whose husband has gone to the farm for supplies). "THE OPENING 'S ON THIS SIDE, DARLING."

HOW ROME WAS SHAVED.

(A contribution to "The Times'" Correspondence.)

THOUGH the Romans left us many
Relics, ruins, coins and bones,
Nobody discovers any
Buried razor-strops or hones;
Blades and handles are not found
In a single excavation,
Howso'er you stir the ground,
Never once an indication,

Never once a single pointer
As to how they smoothed their chins;
Did the barber-leech-anointer
Pick their whiskers out with pins?
Did he depillate his man
With peroxide dopes or freezers,
Or (the prehistoric plan)
Rudely pluck them out with tweezers?

None can say; we stand convicted
Ignorant without disgrace.
Still, no writer has depicted
BALBUS with a blood-stained face
Saying out his angry say
To a crowd of stricken gazers;
This, at least, must prove that they
Never shaved with safety-razors.

"3,000 STOCK EWES IN HEREFORD MARKET.

Sale will commence with the Shropshires at 11 a.m.

All Sheep are particularly requested to be in the pens by 10 a.m."—*Country Paper.*

None of your Rodeo manners at Hereford.

THERE WAS A STREAM IN NORROWAY.

II.—THE WAR AGAINST SALMON.

"How many salmon ought I to catch?" I asked Richardson on the first morning as I took the rod from the gillie's hand. I had no wish to denude the stream.

"We averaged about a fish a day last year," he told me as I staggered down the first precipice. "That was quite good for bank-casting in a difficult river like this."

"Oh, quite," I shouted in answer as I hovered a moment on a crag. I had to shout because of the roaring noise of the waters.

"With meadow-casting it is quite different, of course," he bellowed, "and we merely despise those people who sit in a boat all day 'harling,' and let the boatmen do the work."

"Contemptible!" I screamed back from a boulder.

Before we went out I had helped him to inspect his armaments. Outside the wooden hotel, where the small white-haired Norwegian boys stood admiring us, I handled an eighteen-foot rod and a sixteen-foot rod, and then one slightly shorter.

"What is this one for?" I inquired.

"Only for sea-trout," he said.

"Only for sea-trout?" I repeated in contemptuous tones. "Pooh!" I handled them all again. I have rather a good professional way of taking up fishing-rods and tennis-racquets and golf-clubs and handling them, except when the electric lights are hung in unexpected positions.

"Have you such a thing as a heavy-weight grilse rod?" I asked him after a few moments. "I think that ought to suit my style as well as anything."

But it appeared that he hadn't, so I chose the sixteen-footer. I had also carefully inspected his two gaffs, trying the points with my thumb and making a few practice stabs in the air with them. "I think I will use the larger," I said.

Upstairs on the landing I had also helped him to parade his tackle and his lures. I judged that a man who was going to dress up as a Red Indian in order to amuse the children would have rather a good time with Richardson's salmon flies. Whenever I opened a box there seemed to be a kind of rainbow burst of feathers. I tried to picture myself as a fish in a dark pool suddenly confronted by the apparition of one of these enormous Durham Rangers and Jock Scotts and Silver Doctors.

"He has a great taste in gaiety, your salmon," I said at last as I reverently closed a box. "I wonder no one has ever thought of fishing for him with the natural humming-bird."

Richardson then showed me his spinning-rods and his trolling-rods, his spare reels, his steel traces and his triple guts.



"MAKING A FEW PRACTICE STABS IN THE AIR."

Besides these he had in other boxes about a dozen large bright imitation fish, supposed to be minnows, bristling with hooks as though they had been through a briar patch.

"I think I like this fellow best," I said, taking one out. "Ouch! It has such intelligent eyes."



"SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY THE APPARITION OF ONE OF THESE ENORMOUS DURHAM RANGERS."

"A Silver Devon," he told me.

"It's about as large," I said, "as a Devon trout." I was by this time examining another box of what appeared to be shoe-horns.

"There was rather a rage for this last year," he observed, pointing to one of them that had scales on it. "We call it 'the crocodile' here, but I don't know that it's much use."

"One feels rather as if one was choosing a wedding-present," I said. "What on earth do you use this for? Sounding the depth of the pools?" I had dived into another box and pulled out a dull heavy metal tool.

"Well, not exactly," he answered. "It's a priest."

"A priest?"

"Yes, to kill your salmon when you've gaffed him and got him ashore."

"Is your salmon," I inquired after a short meditation on theology, "likely to prove obstreperous in captivity?"

He told me that it was all a matter of taste, and that you could kill them with a boulder if you liked. The main point was to catch them first. I was considerably impressed by the violence of the sport in which I had consented to participate.

"The difficulty," Richardson went on, "in a stream like this is to prevent them from breaking you. We had a man here last year who lost all his fish. He simply refused to use strong enough tackle. And that was a pity, for he had a wonderful sideways cast. If you're ready now we'll start."

"*Kia whaka ngawari au ia hau!*" I shouted. No, to be accurate, I didn't. I hadn't learnt the expression at the time. It is not Norwegian. It is Maori. It is the beginning of the All Blacks' yell.

We were not the only creatures, apparently, who were joining issue with the salmon that day. At intervals all the way up the stream were those curious constructions made of logs and spikes, with which the Norwegian traps the salmon, and in the fjord below there were nets, and in the lake above the fjord there were nets again. There was also unhappily, said Richardson, a seal in the fjord. I felt that strategically the salmon were outnumbered and outmanœuvred. I began to feel a little sorry for them.

After casting for three-quarters of an hour I felt a little less magnanimous. After casting for about two hours I crawled up the rock-face and consulted Richardson.

"Am I hitting the water too hard?" I asked. "Am I daunting my salmon rather than luring him on?"

"Oh, no, not a bit," he replied consolingly, "the water's much too big for that and the salmon are much too bold. They'll take it if they feel like it, so long as you cover the pools."

Aching in both shoulders, I went over the top again.

"*Ingen fiske*," said the gillie after a few minutes, and removed my rod so that I could crawl more comfortably. It was just then that, on the opposite bank, I saw Richardson's partner fast in a salmon. He was a Norwegian, and a big man, and I already had the utmost respect for him, for he wore more salmon flies in his hat than Richardson himself and expressed an equal admiration for the works of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE and TOLSTOI. It was a stern but short struggle. When the gillie had suddenly heaved a great glittering thing out of the water and dashed up the bank with it, I should have raised a cheer if I could have raised anything without losing my balance and falling into the stream.

Richardson, however, was less enthusiastic. He had had no more fortune than I.

"Do you know what that fish was caught on?" he said to me after *middag*.

The quarry had been borne home in triumph, tied by the tail to a pole, and was now lying on the seat for American tourists to admire.

"No," I said.

"It was caught on a prawn."

"Impossible!" I said, clenching my fist and raising it in the air.

"A prawn," repeated Richardson. "A pink boiled prawn!"

"This is infamy," I declared.

The next evening the Norwegian caught another salmon. Like the last, it was over twenty pounds.

"What do you suppose he used this time?" said Richardson, approaching me mysteriously again.

I was prepared for almost anything except dynamite, but I own that his next words were a shock to me.

"Our gillie says he caught it with a seal."

"A what?" I gasped. Dimly in my mind I attempted to conjure up the atrocious scene. I knew, of course, that the Chinese are in the habit of employing a tame cormorant with a string round its gullet when they angle. Had the Norwegian then made a nursery pet of the seal which was swimming about the fjord and trained it to dive at his command? I seemed to see the two of them sitting on the boulders together side by side, smiling sardonically, watching for the *laks* to jump. . . .

"But where does he *keep* it?" I asked. "At night-time, I mean. In his bath?"

"Keep what?" asked Richardson.

"Keep the seal?"

"Oh, I see," said Richardson, looking slightly less gloomy at last. "I am afraid I misled you a little. 'Seal' is the Norwegian for a herring or, if you like, for sprat. Spelt *sild*, you know. But the 'd' is mute."

"As in the English 'blow it'?" I observed. But secretly I began to have an even greater veneration for this Viking. And at supper-time, "I was wondering," I said to Richardson.

"Well?" he queried.

"About these," I said, handing a plate to him. "They seem to be always on the table and nobody eats any of them. Don't you think that possibly your salmon——?"

"I'm afraid not."

He waved the anchovies from him with a melancholy smile. EVOE.



"THE QUARRY WAS NOW LYING ON THE SEAT FOR AMERICAN TOURISTS TO ADMIRE."

Pearls from the Pictures.

"Muriel, daughter of the Chief Commissioner, was spoiled, due in large measure to being petted, admired and battered by every man she met. Lane, however, did not batter, but he admired her in silence."—*Cinema Sub-title.*

"When I said that the French Press takes the word of command rather than originates it, I said nothing about the quarter from which the not do'ordre comes."—*Canadian Paper.*

A very proper reticence.

"They left for London, en route for the Continent, the bride's costume being of desert sand, with shoes and stockings to tone, with a black velour hat."—*Bristol Paper.*

Bless her heart—the happy little sphinx!

THE FLAW IN THE HOLIDAY.

I QUESTION whether any of Morner's friends have ever had holidays that have given him complete satisfaction.

"Shellville-on-Sea, old man," I said in answer to his question when we met at lunch. "And a very charming——"

"Did you go to Amlax Abbey?" he asked, interrupting.

"Yes, we ran over there one afternoon. I was going to say, what I like about Shellville is the genuine——"

"Go to New Soddensward and the church?"

"Oh, yes, we went there on the first Sunday. Quaint. What splendid sands there are at Shel——"

"Suppose you took the drive across the downs by Smittenham Mill and the Old Decoy House?"

"We did that too. Took a whole day, and I rather begrudged the time, for Shellville attracted——"

"Go to Doddery Beacon to see the sunset?"

"We went to Doddery, but it was too cloudy for a good sunset. Now there was a sunset we saw from Shellville——"

"What, didn't see a sunset from Doddery? Pity you didn't see a sunset, old man," he said with a hint of rebuke in his voice.

"Too cloudy, I tell you." Yet I could not help feeling that I was to blame.

But he was not listening to me. His mind was busy roaming the district round Shellville-on-Sea. Then he spoke quickly:—

"Did you go to Slipwheel Ford?"

He had me at last. "No, didn't get to Slipwheel, old man."

"Good heavens! My dear chap, do you mean to tell me you spent a whole fortnight at Shellville and never took the trouble to go to Slipwheel Ford?"

His voice sounded as if he were pained. But I knew better. He was thoroughly pleased.

"LOST BOOKS OF LIVY."
Headline in West-Country Paper.

Will they ever come home to roost?

"Russia may not give us great masses of trade, but she is the one country in Europe which for four years has had stable government."—*Daily Paper.*

Augean stable government?

ART IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Mr. Mackay is our Art Dealer. He sells paper and pocket-pencils and makes Oxford frames; he also "restores Old and other Masters, and is willing to undertake any other job in connection with works of Art." I quote from the notice in his window.

To me he is further remarkable for the fact that while ninety-nine per cent. of the inhabitants of our village bear the same honourable name, he alone is known by it.

Walter Mackay, the jeweller, we refer to as "Wattie-the-Watch"; John Mackay, the baker, is "Johnnie Scone" (a peculiarly pleasing name, I always think); the greengrocer is "Sandy Kails," and the stuck-up young butcher next door is "Foreign Sandy," his misguided parents having sent him South to Inverness for his schooling. The draper is known as "Wullie Wulsey," in scornful allusion to the Southron brand of woollens which he sees fit to stock; our musician is naturally "Jimmy-the-Pipes." I myself am provided with an identifying mark, but my wife is known, we understand, as "Mrs. Major," while the Minister's lady is "Mrs. Mackay-the-Manse." For the Art Dealer and his wife is reserved the simple dignity of "Maister and Mistress Mackay," *tout court*.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "Is he richer than the rest? No, he can't be as rich as 'David-the-Water-Pipes'" (need I explain that I was referring to the plumber?). "Is he descended from the first Mackay? But they all are. Has he been thirty years an Elder? Or what?"

My questions were, of course, purely rhetorical; Euphemia having the true wife's complete indifference to her husband's philosophical speculations.

"I couldn't say," she murmured now; "but if you are going there"—her voice became more animated—"I wish you would take him the Text. I have been meaning to take it in for a long time. It is all mildewed."

The Text is a highly-coloured reminder that somebody's sin will find him out, and was presented by a former cook when she departed, full of misgiving, to marry a Mackintosh. It has always been a matter of dispute between us whether the sin referred to was my wife's or the cook's.

"The frame is good," I remarked, waiving this question for the moment.

"Yes, I know. And there is that frieze of Cupids that we brought home from Florence still unframed. Will you ask him to take out the Text and put in the frieze?"

Mr. Mackay was out. I left them both with the boy, explaining what was wanted. A month later, urged by Euphemia, I looked in.

This time Mr. Mackay was in the shop.

"Good morning," I said; "I came about that picture—the one that was to be put in an old frame, you know."

"Ay," said Mr. Mackay; "I ken fine."

Always a man of few words, he silently got out his ladder, climbed to his top shelf, and produced both Text and frieze. The Text was still in its frame.

For a moment he gazed fixedly at the frieze, then turned it face downwards upon the Text and began to paper and string them, tying the knots with ominous firmness.

At last he handed me the parcel.

"I do not worrk in the newd," he said coldly; "and yon bairns is verra newd. Guid morning."

Struck dumb with shame, I took my hateful burden and crept towards the door, vowing instant vengeance upon Euphemia, who, firstly, ought never to have suggested such a transfer, and, secondly, ought to have come about it herself.

I was almost on the mat when Mr. Mackay spoke again. "Arrt is one thing"—he pointed a stern forefinger at my parcel—"leecentiousness is anither. I am an arrt-dealer. You will understand me, Major Mackay, Sirr?"

"Yes," I said huskily, "I quite understand you, Mr. Mackay."

A DRESSY AFFAIR.

"Oh, dear!" said Marion tragically; "I don't know what to wear at the Jacksons' to-night."

I shied slightly. I had heard this remark before.

"Humph!" I replied cautiously. "Don't you, dear?" And I pretended to be deeply immersed in the book I was reading.

"Which do you think I look nicest in?" Marion appealed. "*Really*, I mean. My black charmeuse or my jade georgette?"

Now this was a question I knew of old; and invariably the result of it is exactly the same. For instance, if I plump, with an air of earnest conviction, for the black charmeuse, Marion at once proceeds to prove with energy and scorn that no frock has ever suited her so well in the whole of her life as does the jade georgette. And really, how could anybody be so silly as to think she looks better in that old black thing? Why, it 's practically in *shreds* by this time, her dear!

If, on the other hand, I take my courage in both hands and decide firmly for the jade georgette, Marion is almost choked with indignation and contempt. *That* wretched thing! Why, I *know* she only picked it up in a sale for five-nineteen-and-eleven-three, and it looks it. The horrid thing simply *shrieks* Oxford Street. The black charmeuse *was* a Paris model, at any rate, as surely anyone can see; that 's why she 's been wearing it all this time. Jade georgette indeed!

The fact of the matter is, of course, that she looks equally charming in either; but this is a thing which Marion would rather be torn in pieces by wild steers than admit. To her mind one frock means complete and overwhelming triumph, the other terrible humiliation and the profound contempt of everybody else in the room. Unfortunately she can never decide which means which.

Not, that is, until I have given my opinion. Then of course it is as clear as daylight to her that the other is the only possible choice.

But this time I struck.

"Well?" said Marion impatiently.

I looked up from my book. "It 's funny you should have mentioned that, dear," I said slowly, "because I was debating just the same sort of thing." I paused thoughtfully. "Marion, which do you think I 'd better wear to-night—a dinner-jacket or tails?"

Marion looked slightly surprised. "I should think a dinner-jacket would do, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; but which do I look *nicer* in? Do *you* think I look nicer in a dinner-jacket?"

"No-o, I think you look nicer in tails really. But——"

"Tails!" I echoed with incredulous scorn. "Good Heavens, you surely don't mean to say you think I look nicer in *tails*, do you? As if anybody couldn't see that—er—that—yes, a black waistcoat suits my particular figure ten thousand times better than a white one. So much less conspicuous. Tails, indeed!" and I snorted in high indignation.

"But, darling, you—you look awfully nice in tails."

I made the noise that is usually spelt "Faugh!" Rather pleased with myself, I made it again. Then I returned ostentatiously to my book.

Marion stole gently out of the room, wearing a somewhat pensive air.

If she examines me again on the subject of charmeuse or georgette, I have a pretty little dilemma all ready for her concerning the comparative merits of pearl and gold studs. Indeed I am ready to go, if driven, to quite impossible lengths and seriously propound questions about made-up ties for gents' evening wear.



FOUR NURSERIES.

THE sea has made a nursery along the sandy shore,
And every morn and every night it strews the golden floor
With stones as green as emerald and shells of pinky pearl,
That may have been the jewels of a little mermaid girl.

The fields have made a nursery, and they have left for me
So many of the fairy toys that grown-ups hardly see—
A Shepherd's Purse, a Fox's Glove, a Dandelion Clock
That tells the time by puff and puff instead of tick and tock.

The woods have made a nursery, its floor is strewn with sticks
That build a house much higher than a pile of wooden bricks—
With little logs for tables and a tiny mossy chair,
A mushroom for a footstool—I 've seen them growing there.

My nurse has made our nursery so tidy and so neat,
She hates to see a stone or stick or mark of muddy feet;
She calls my pebbles "rubbish," so of course I'd rather be
In any of the nurseries of the woods or fields or sea.









Distinguished Guest. "IF YOU 'LL EXCUSE ME SAYING SO, THE WORST OF THESE GATE-LEG TABLES IS THAT THE LEGS ARE SO IN THE WAY. VERY HARD TOO. I 'VE GOT MY RIGHT KNEE JAMMED BETWEEN TWO OF 'EM NOW."
Nervous Lady. "I 'M SO FEARFULLY SORRY, BUT I 'M AFRAID ONE OF THEM IS UNAVOIDABLY MINE."

COOGANITIS.

THE unveiling of the tablet in Westminster Abbey commemorating the fact that Master JACKIE COOGAN walked through the building last week will take place some time in October. It is thought that the erection of this memorial will have a soothing effect on those persons who have long been agitating to have some kind of tablet put up in the Abbey and had rather foolishly fixed on Lord BYRON as the most suitable recipient of the honour.

* * *

In the meantime the extent of the casualty roll amongst Londoners who have thronged in dense masses to see the boy film-star is becoming gradually known. Several hundreds of persons have suffered minor injuries, but most of them are now on the road to recovery. One aged Professor of Egyptology, who sustained a fractured rib and severe internal injuries on the occasion of Master COOGAN'S visit to the British Museum, is however in a very serious condition. When last seen he was sinking, yet calm. "If I die," he said smilingly to an interviewer, "I shall die happy. I have a small piece of orange-peel which has been trodden on by *his* boot."

What astonished crowds and reporters even more than the actual fleshly presence and features of the star were the wonderful and seemingly inspired utterances which he made from time to time through the portable microphone which he always wears. Thus, on entering the Zoological Gardens:—

"This is where they keep the animals," he said brightly to his father. And, "Some troops!" was his very just observation, made not once but two or three times over, while he watched the changing of the guard outside St. James's Palace.

Similarly, when he stood on Waterloo Bridge, he was quick to seize the architectural purpose of this great viaduct.

"Reckon this crosses the Thames," he shouted to the enthusiastic mob, and seemed highly delighted when the correctness of his surmise was greeted with a tremendous cheer.

* * *

Asked how he would settle the "Irish boundary dispute if he were chosen as one of the Commissioners?" the boy replied:—

"I would tell them both to make friends;" and there is little doubt that this dictum is being profoundly weighed by Sir JAMES CRAIG and President COSGRAVE alike, and may go far to settle the dispute.

* * *

To another interviewer Master COOGAN expressed a doubt as to whether a fifth Gospel has really been found at Naples along with the lost books of LIVY, but stated that, if it has been found, he should like to read it. "It would be bully," was his final comment on the reported discovery.

* * *

The fact that the young screen prodigy receives four pounds a week pocket money out of his salary has been generally reported in the American, European and Asiatic Press, but it is not so well known that he saves the greater part of this sum by the simple expedient of not going to see himself on the films.

Our Callous Advertisers.

Notice on Tube stations:—

"Have you tried bird's nest soup at Wembley? Quickest way Underground."

It 's not so bad as all that.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"'Taisez vous—allez vous ont,' she flung at him between her teeth . . . He hated her for the words that a Frenchwoman would hardly use to a servant."

We think he was justified.

THE STAMP-COLLECTOR.

IT has been aptly said by one of our leading philatelists that the stamp-collector is born and not made. If, for instance, you want a complete set of triangular Cape of Good Hopes you must have, on the mental side, a natural gift of acumen, and, on the physical side, a natural gift of prehensile acquisitiveness.

Unless the beginner has attempted to form a collection of stamps in early life when force prevailed, it would seem to be almost impossible to develop the faculty of acquiring these fragments—at once adhesive and elusive—of printed paper.

The various methods adopted by philatelists to obtain coveted stamps are most interesting. Some collectors lurk in the neighbourhood of lonely country post-offices, where by gifts and personal charm they fascinate the post-mistresses. They are thus enabled to inspect the reserve stocks of stamps often extending back into Victorian times. Complete sheets of unused "penny blacks" are obtained for their face value in this way.

More opulent philatelists hire yachts for the summer months, and proceed to the obscurer isles of the British Empire where rare stamps were issued in the early-Victorian period, and by the employment of local detectives to attempt to locate the bureaus of old ladies. A burglar, brought at considerable expense from England, does the rest, and much correspondence of an intimate nature *in the original envelopes* is often revealed.

The library of an expert stamp-collector contains a multitude of interesting things. Come, let us visit the well-known house of Mr. Percy Watkins, of Upper Tooting, one of our most famous collectors. Here in this strange apparatus of glass retorts and pressure-gauges are the fourpenny blue provisional 1861 Cape of Good Hope wood-blocks turned bright red for the benefit of other collecting friends. There in that dainty machine of steel and porcelain a clever mechanism refixes the perforations and the backs of damaged stamps cut or thinned in some past accident, thus considerably improving their appearance.

Round the walls are seen massive safes containing nearly every forgery known, for it will surprise many to learn that forgeries are more valuable than originals, so eagerly are they now collected. A bogus green one-shilling of Great Britain, issued in 1872 for the benefit of the Stock Exchange Telegraph Department, is now worth several pounds, whereas the original stamp is treated with well-merited contempt. In the book-cases above will be found rows and rows of volumes on such erudite subjects as "With Forceps and Perforation Gauge in the Balkans," "The Wood-Blocks of Piccadilly," "Fifty Recipes for Flavouring Stamp Hinges," "The Strange Behaviour of the Water Marks in the 1892 issue of Patagonia," "Hunting Gibbons in the Strand," "The Stamp King of Highgate." Here will be seen perforation-gauges, water-mark detectors and surcharge measurers in glittering rows, and magnifying glasses of every size. The larger pair of forceps can be used to extract the most elusive stamp from the boots or the back of the neck or even from the pockets of friends.

Many collectors entirely paper their dining-rooms with unused Central American issues, thus adding to their collections when all other receptacles are overflowing, and further stimulating the stamp-producing Republics to renewed efforts of activity.

Really rare stamps are a constant source of excitement to their owners. They are usually placed in transparent envelopes of talc, riveted to thin sheets of steel, bound up in fireproof volumes with locks attached, placed in the vaults of the Bank of England and inspected at frequent intervals by a Committee of not fewer than five trustees.



Very Famous Actor (writing in autograph book). "TO MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—ER—WHAT NAME DID YOU SAY?"

"Especially there are the numerous, much extended, utmost plain or smooth ascending next-walks in forest vicinity, which make the cure-staying in order of the richdom of Ozon to a very agreeable and advantageous one."
Advt. of Swiss Hotel.

After reading this we feel better already.

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON V.—THE DETECTIVE STORY.

THERE are two very important points to be considered in the manufacture of a detective story. Of these one is the detective and the other is the story. The criminal does not matter in the least; he rarely appears before the last paragraph or two.

A few years ago the fashion in detectives was the hawk-eyed razor-faced sleuth, all brains and no body, who simply couldn't help being a detective even in his sleep, he looked so much like one. Now all this is changed. If you wish your story to be printed to-day your detective must look like anything in the world rather than a detective. He should be very fat and ponderous, with a vacant look and dull codfish eyes; his manner stolid and mildly genial. Of course everyone laughs at him for thinking himself a detective at all, and this gives the reader, who knows perfectly well what he is, a very pleasant sensation; it makes him feel superior. Readers love feeling superior.

As for the story in which the detective is to display his prowess, this is a very simple matter. First of all think of a murder (a good jewel robbery with plenty of titled names in it will do at a pinch; but there 's nothing like a good juicy murder); then formulate a set of circumstances under which it could not possibly have been committed; surround the victim with several persons, all of whom had an excellent motive for murdering him, and go ahead.

Your opening paragraphs must as usual be a model both of zip and of pep. Let us suppose they go something like this:—

The hunted look that for the last few days had been sitting so incongruously upon the rugged features of Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie, the millionaire Bradford mill-owner, was even more pronounced than usual as he locked himself into his empty library, fastened the shutters carefully, stuffed his handkerchief into the keyhole and double-locked the ventilator.

"Safe here, thank God," he muttered with a sigh of relief.

The next moment he fell to the ground with a heavy thud—dead.

After that you can rest on your oars for a little and go on to a quiet description of Mr. Dinwiddie's household, each of whom will be shown to have every reason for wishing the poor man in his grave. Then you bring on the local inspector of police, and in due course the man from Scotland Yard.

As is well known this latter must be every sort of imbecile concentrated in one person. It is his practice when investigating a case to make every conceivable blunder that it is humanly possible for him to perpetrate. He is also extremely touchy, very conceited and utterly contemptuous of the efforts of everybody else but himself. If he were not all these things your own detective would not be able to score off him nearly so overwhelmingly in the end, which would distress the reader very much. Never distress the reader.



AWFUL MOMENT WHEN THE WIFE OF THE HEAD OF THE FIRM WHICH MAKES THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE FOR THE COTTAGE TRADE, HAVING WIRED TO HER HUSBAND FOR TEN POUNDS, BRINGS BACK FROM HER HOLIDAY ONE OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE FIRM.

We now come to the entry upon the scene of our own detective. He must be introduced casually (it happens conveniently that he is fishing or haymaking or birds'-nesting in the neighbourhood), being prevailed upon, though always with the greatest reluctance, to have a look at the case by a friend of the murdered man with whom he has some slight acquaintance. You are thus enabled to make use of this friend as the indispensable idiot whom every detective worth his salt must have about the place in order to refuse to state his theories to him.

Two other points. Your detective is nearly always an amateur, and he invariably has two surnames in place of the usual one and a Christian.

Dugdale Crane entered the library with his usual ponderous gait. It might have been the vestibule of a cinema theatre for all the emotion he displayed.

"So this is the scene of the crime?" he rumbled genially, rubbing his great podgy hands together.

"It is," snapped Inspector Piffkin.

"Ah! And that is the body?"

"Yes."

Dugdale Crane turned his small fish-like eyes upon the crumpled figure and contemplated it stodgily for some moments. "You have searched it, I suppose, Inspector?"

"I never search bodies," rapped out the other contemptuously.

Dugdale Crane appeared to be digesting this. "No?" he rumbled at length. "Well, we all have our own different methods."

He knelt ponderously on one knee and began to explore the pockets of the murdered man. From the breast pocket he drew a sheet of notepaper which had evidently been used for the purpose of writing. This was plain enough even to Inspector Piffkin, for there were words written upon it. Dugdale Crane read it through carefully and the lobe of his left ear wagged slightly, the only sign of emotion he had yet shown.

He held the paper out towards the other. "You might like to glance through this, Inspector," he wheezed cheerfully. "It would probably assist you in your investigations."

"I never accept help from amateurs," said the Inspector bitingly.

"As you like." Dugdale Crane folded the paper and placed it in his notebook. His dull eyes focussed themselves vacantly upon nothing. "This man has been poisoned," he said at length in his genial tones.

"Nonsense!" screamed the other. "His throat has been cut."

"But in that case one would surely expect to find some marks, wouldn't one?" murmured Crane almost apologetically.

"Nothing of the sort!" bellowed Inspector Piffkin. "It was done with a Nevercutte Razor, guaranteed never to cut the skin. I found the razor in the bathroom. The thing is obvious."

And so on, until the maddened Inspector brings off a spectacular arrest. Now no short story Inspector has ever been known to arrest the right man. The reader therefore at once knows that, whoever may have committed the crime, at any rate the person arrested



New Neighbour (discussing ne'er-do-well son of the house). "PARDON MY ASKING, MRS. CURFEW-JONES, BUT HAS YOUR SON EVER EARNED ANYTHING BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW?"
Lady. "WE CURFEW-JONESES NEVER PERSPIRE."

did not do so. This narrows the field by one.

But by this time Dugdale Crane is beginning to perform a number of mysterious actions which show the hardened reader that he is very hot indeed upon a trail of his own. Yet still, to every eye but his, the case remains as insoluble as ever. How is this done? Attend carefully, for I am about to reveal the guilty secret of the art of writing detective stories.

Right at the beginning of the case Dugdale Crane discovered a tremendous clue, *about which the reader was never told a word!*

You see? Remarkably simple really, isn't it?

In this case it was the sheet of paper he found in Mr. Dinwiddie's coat. After Dugdale Crane has had the seafaring man in Wapping safely arrested and listened genially to his confession, the idiot friend takes him aside and asks him to explain how on earth to goodness it was done. Whereupon Crane at once proceeds to give the whole show away.

"There were points about this interesting case which puzzled me a good deal at first," said Crane heavily; "but quite early on I had the luck to come across a valuable clue which our friend Piffkin had unaccountably overlooked. It was the letter I found in the murdered man's pocket. I will read it to you:—

"'*147 Green Street, Wapping.*

DEAR DINWIDDIE,—You have ruined my life and I am going to kill you. Meanwhile I am sending you a box of chocolates with this as a little present.

Yours sincerely, ALFRED BROWN.'

"You can see at once that this threw a good deal of light upon the case," Douglas Crane's voice droned on. "I found the remains of the chocolates in Dinwiddie's desk and had them analysed. Each chocolate contained an ounce of prussic acid.

"It was therefore fairly obvious to me that whoever had sent them could have intended Dinwiddie no good. This conclusion, combined with the sentiments expressed in the letter, led me to think that possibly this Alfred Brown . . . ."

You see? Very well. Now sit down and write a detective story.

Our Shakespeare Students.

"Shakespeare, that great connoisseur of human nature, has written: 'The man who does not make mistakes never does anything else either.'"—*Literary Review.*

This is not quite correct. It does not in fact scan. The citation (from *Hamlet*) should read:—

"The man
Who does not make mistakes ne'er does aught else
Either."

Things one might have Expressed more Cleverly.

"Few (football) players have served a club so well and loyally as Jock, who was playing the game when many of his present-day rivals were running about in knickerbockers."
Daily Paper.

"His book is a record of his wanderings a-foot in the odd corners of the country where you are likely to see garnets nesting."
Weekly Paper.

And now and then a solitaire goose.

"THE ETERNAL HILLS.

Peak after peak is seemingly born as one watches; they rise above trees and foothill and rushing streams till they stand revealed in all majesty and might. Inexpensively awe-inspiring, they are solemnly impressive in their solitary grandeur."—*Canadian Paper.*

Personally we don't care for these cheap thrills.



SCENE—*Noted Golf Resort.*

He. "HULLO, MRS. SIMPSON! YOU DOWN HERE. ARE YOU A GOLFER?"
She. "NO, *I'M* NOT; WE'VE COME HERE FOR JOAN."
He. "GRACIOUS! DOES *SHE* PLAY?"
She. "*DOES SHE PLAY!* WHY, WE HOPE SHE'S GOING TO PULL OFF THE ALL ENGLAND INFANTS' CHALLENGE CUP NEXT WEEK."

THE CONSUL AND THE CHARIOT.

(*With other matter extracted from one of the undiscovered books of* LIVY.)

AND it happened that the Consul, who was much beloved of the plebeians, was a poor man and had no chariot to bear him through the streets of Rome.

So his friend, Achates Fidus, whom he had known from a youth and who had waxed rich through merchandise, said, "Behold, it is not seemly that a Consul of Rome should go afoot. Lo, I will make thee a gift of a gilded chariot." But the Consul answered him, "Nay, but how could I pay the charioteer?"

Then said Achates Fidus, "I will bestow upon thee three million sesterces so that thou wilt be able to have both a chariot and a charioteer."

So the Consul rode in state in his gilded chariot, and when the time came round for the mustering of the Knights he made Achates Fidus the Master of the Knights because he had feasted the people at ten thousand tables, and measured them corn for three months and given them shows of gladiators.

And the people, knowing the Consul to be an honest and austere man, said nothing. But CATO, in the Senate, whenever he ended a speech, cried aloud, "*Post hoc—propter hoc.*" And certain satirists said, "This taketh the biscuit." For to take the biscuit was then the Roman way of saying, "This is a marvel in our eyes."

And certain Scythians came unto Rome to make a treaty, and they abode in Rome at the State's expense for very many days. Now the Scythians had slain many Roman citizens and seized hundreds of millions of sesterces belonging to Romans. But the Consul's heart went out towards the Scythians because certain of the plebeians who lived in the lower parts by the Tiber loved them like brothers.

So the Consul made a treaty with the Scythians, saying, "Lo, ye are indebted to us for a hundred million sesterces which ye will not pay."

And the Scythians with one accord, speaking all together, shouted "Yea."

"Therefore," said the Consul, "these are the terms that Rome will lay upon ye. Thirty millions of sesterces shall be lent unto ye, out of which ye shall pay five millions towards the debt ye owe."

And when the Scythians understood they shouted "Yea" loudly and laughed for joy.

So the Consul decreed a triumph for a victory and spake to the people, saying, "Behold I have made a peace such as was never made before, and the Scythians will pay us a tribute of five million sesterces if we lend them thirty millions more."

But the common people were sad and said one to another, "By what manner of arithmetic reckoneth he?" And CATO raged daily in the Senate, crying, "*Damnanda est Scythia.*"

More Commercial Candour.

"—— supplies reliable Furniture and sells articles you don't want."—*Local Paper.*



SOMETHING IN COMMON.

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE. "YOU 'RE VERY OBSTINATE."
SIR JAMES CRAIG. "WELL, SO ARE YOU."
PRESIDENT COSGRAVE. "I DAREN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE."
SIR JAMES CRAIG. "SAME WITH ME."





Sporting Squire. "THINK OF IT, MAN. I'VE HAD NO SHOOTING, AND I HAVEN'T KILLED A FISH. IT'S A DREADFUL THING TO BE STUCK INDOORS."
Nervous Curate. "QUITE—AND OF COURSE THERE'S SO LITTLE THAT ONE CAN KILL INDOORS."

LETTERS TO OLD FRIENDS.

VII.—THE CAT.

THE word "old" is capable of two meanings, and I am afraid, dear Pussy, that to be strictly honest I must admit that in your case I am using it rather as signifying something that has passed than as warm emphasis on "friends." For I don't care for you as much as I did. I never was what is called a cat-lover at all, although I have had many flirtations; but to-day I view you with positive dread, for the simple reason that I am often in a garden where there are tame birds. The more I see of birds the less I like cats.

There is no suggestion of blame in this remark; I know that it is your natural destiny to prowl and crouch and spring and kill and devour; and so long as I myself eat cattle and sheep, poultry and game, I have no case against you. Providence has ordained your habits. But there is this difference, that I don't play with and torture my viands before I slaughter and consume them. I don't set myself up as a judge over you for behaving differently; I merely record the fact that you are the less likeable for that reason.

I have been honoured in my time by the friendship, or at any rate tolerance (for you are an inscrutable creature, and one never knows), of several of your species; but to-day I am without any. Best and sweetest, and apparently simplest, of them was a Blue Persian who wandered into the house out of the night, as though dropped from a dark sky, stayed for several weeks, long enough to capture and hold every heart, and then as casually vanished into the night again. It is your nature not to endure ties, not to be accountable to any master, not to be bothered with such mechanical canine nonsense as loyalty. "The dog," as the old poem begins, "will come when he is called; the cat will turn away;" and one at any rate of the reasons why you prefer to walk by yourself has been told by a writer of genius in a book called *The Just So Stories*.

But if I may be a little out of conceit with you I experience nothing but joy in the company of your young. The thought that a kitten will one day be a cat never obtrudes to spoil one's pleasure in the beauty and playfulness of those exquisite little creatures. I was saying something the other day about the comically and attractively galvanic movements of little pigs; there is something seductively flattering in the clumsy attentions of any kind of puppy; and even babies seem to possess a certain fascination; but, of all the immature creatures that I know, none has such a delicious personality, such frolicsome spirits, such unalloyable grace, as a kitten. I say nothing at the moment about the irresistible charm of a kitten's face; it is the impossibility of its making a single movement that is not beautiful that is its most wonderful characteristic. If only we could keep them kittens for ever!

Praise of their children is not necessarily the shortest cut to a father's or mother's affection, and there have even been cases where parents would prefer to be esteemed for their own sakes. If I cannot admire you as I should like, I can at any rate draw attention to some of your services to mankind, especially when mankind is young. But for you many a pantomime would lack half its attraction. What would WHITTINGTON be without his cat? What would those punctual Christmas boots be without Puss in them? The spectacle of the plump Principal Girl who

often impersonates Puss may be one of those things that make a cat laugh, but that doesn't matter to children. To them she is perfect, and by reason of her charm, her voice and her steps, their admiration for you grows too. And latterly you have increased the world's debt to you by lending your face and figure (more or less) to that glorious and most fertile of humourists and soldiers of fortune, Felix. I admit that a stranger to that master spirit, but acquainted with you, entering a cinema while one of the episodes in his amazing career was being unreeled, might be in doubt as to the animal that Felix represented, but that also doesn't matter. What matters is that Felix the Cat has added enormously to the gaiety of nations, and that before there could be Felix there had to be you.

E. V. L.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

["Criminals," says a writer, "do not care for fishing."]

At first there really seemed no room
For any sort of doubt;
The prisoner was the man by whom
The crime was carried out;
The prosecution's case, as forth they set it,
Appeared a certainty that naught could wreck
And made it sure that he was going to get it
Severely in the neck.

But sympathy commenced to stir
The crowded court and dense
When evidence of character
Was called for the defence,
And all the neighbourhood (for once agreeing)
Approached the witness-box and there began
To prove his incapacity for being
At all that kind of man.

They told in many a simple phrase
The details of his life,
His friendly unassuming ways,
His kindness to his wife,
And how, a hobby no one steeped in sin knows,
His infant son he dearly loved to show
The gentle science of extracting minnows
From neighbouring H_2O.

The mention of this hobby made
The thought appear absurd
That he could possibly have played
The part that was averred;
The jury, caring not one jot or tittle
For other evidence however strong,
Unanimously voted for acquittal.
The cheers were loud and long.

MORE TREMENDOUS TREASURE TROVES.

THANKS to the courtesy of the Editors of *The Classical Review* we are enabled to give a brief summary of the remarkable discoveries of the eminent Italian scholar, Professor Ricurvo Ambulatore, in the catacombs of Capri. Of the MSS. which he has unearthed undoubtedly the most sensational are the Reminiscences of CÆSAR's Wife, *Calpurniæ Memorabilia*, which abound in vivid and illuminating "snapshots" of the brightest and brainiest personages of the time. The few extracts available reveal a reluctant admiration of her illustrious husband, who, she observes, in spite of his general self-mastery and the courage which makes him the sort of man to go hunting Hyrcanian tigers with, is not immune to infatuation for unworthy objects. She has a low opinion of CLEOPATRA—*femina viperina*—and even denies her claim to good looks beyond a certain exotic charm. Of MARK ANTONY she observes "that he loved a crowd even more than himself," and of CICERO that he was destitute of humour and "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" (*uberrimâ eloquentiâ inebriatus*). These *Memorabilia*, one is glad to learn, will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press, with an introduction by Mrs. ASQUITH and critical notes by Colonel REPINGTON.

Another interesting find of the Professor is a MS. of the Epigrams of Snelgrovius, who flourished in the reign of NERO, and proves, to judge by the specimens given, to have possessed much of the wit and vivacity of MARTIAL. One couplet, in which he gives advice to the ingenuous youth of Imperial Rome, seems to have quite a modern ring:—

"Incipe, parve puer, vocem exercere sonoram;
Sic sonitu ingenti summus hiatus eris."

The last line is rather obscure, but Mr. A. D. GODLEY ingeniously renders it: "Thus you will be a big noise and reach the top hole."

Great capital has hitherto been made in Prohibition circles out of PINDAR'S famous eulogy of water as the best of beverages. But the discovery of a lost Epinikian ode on the champion athlete of the last Olympian games which PINDAR attended exhibits the poet in a new light. The favourite, a Spartan, known from his velvety gait as Æluropus—or "Pussy-foot" as we might say—was heavily defeated by Œnopotes of Ægina, and PINDAR celebrates his triumph in a palinode in which he recants his former view, as Œnopotes was frequently refreshed during the progress of the *pentathlon* by draughts of Samian wine, while Æluropus adhered rigidly to Nature's rill. The ode, apart from its dietetic bearings, is of great interest from its metrical complexity, the scheme being one in which, as Professor GARROD points out, enhoplian elasmobranchs alternate with syncopated epitrites, and even antispastic aldehydes.

There seems to be, however, a general consensus of opinion among English scholars that the ascription of the following lyric to PINDAR cannot be maintained:—

γέρων τις ἔφη, πῶς φοβήσω
βοῦν τήνδε, καὶ φεῦξιν εὑρήσω;
ἔρπει ἐγκαθίζων,
γελῶν τε καὶ παίζων,
αὐτὴν μαλακωτέραν θήσω.

Professor GILBERT MURRAY observes that "there is nothing of the Theban eagle in these trivial lines, which lack dignity and sublimity of theme, while the metre is absolutely without precedent or parallel in the golden age of Greek letters. The rhymes alone condemn it. I cannot help thinking that it is probably the work of some late mediæval scribe, probably Ronaldus Noxius, in one of his most unbridled moods."

To these finds there remains to be added yet another made by the Italian Admiral Betti-Martini during the occupation of Corfu in the autumn of 1923. It consists of a scroll of papyrus covered with writing in the Phæacian character, which proves to contain entries in *Nausicaa's* washing-book, and also the rules of the game of ball which she was playing with her hand-maidens at the time of *Ulysses'* landing. The interest of the document is personal rather than literary, but seems to establish the identity of the game with the Basque pastime of pelota. The manuscript is now in the hands of the directress of the principal laundry in Naples and, when her commentary has been completed, will be entrusted to M. BOROTRA to add a critical apparatus to the ball-playing section.

"JERSEY AMUSEMENTS.
MR. —— RESIGNS."
Local Paper.

Diverting fellow!

"Wanted one Military heavy weight charger; one light weight hunter; one light weight charger; one excellent steeple charger."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Rosinante's experience with wind-mills might come in useful for this last job.

"The public in general is hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts contradicted by my wife Virginia ——."
West Indian Paper.

Evidently a lady who insists on having the last word.



Native (to holiday-maker who has inquired the way). "YEW GO DOWN ALONG WHAT USED TO BE MARTIN'S FIELD, AND THEN ROUND BY WHERE THE OLD MILL WAS AFORE IT WAS BLOWN DOWN IN '94, AND THEN YOU 'LL SEE A SIGN-POST; BUT DON'T YEW TAKE NO NOTICE OF 'EE."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

IV.—PLAYING ON THE TRAIN.

SOUTHERN railroads in America are probably the most friendly railroads in the world. True friendliness, I believe, is impossible between two parties until each party knows some of the other party's little frailties; at any rate it is upon this theory that the friendliness of Southern railroads is built. They show you their little frailties and draw out yours. They are not affected; riding on one of them for the first time you feel as though you had ridden on it all your life; it treats you intimately not as a stranger; it throws dust at you and cinders, and blows its whistle for you; it stops every few miles and lets you get out and stretch your legs. It treats you as though you had just come home from a far country. Hospitality is the word I am looking for. Hospitality is born of leisure, and these railroads are not in a hurry. They know that procrastination is the thief of time, but don't care if it is.

When I first saw the train on which Will and I were to make the five-hour ride from Augusta, Georgia, to Savannah, Georgia, a doubt arose in my mind as to whether it would last the trip. It was the most loose-jointed train I have ever seen, and I felt that the first good-sized hill would ruin it. The engine sagged in the middle and the cars sagged at the ends. The doubt in my mind seemed also to be in the mind of the conductor. I asked him if that train was going to Savannah, and he expectorated under the baggage-car and wouldn't commit himself further than saying she was going to start.

Besides the baggage-car there was a passenger-car; we got into the latter



American Tourist (visiting Cathedral). "SAY, WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE TIME HERE. TWO OF US CAN DO THE INSIDE AND THE OTHERS THE OUTSIDE."

and experienced the exquisite pleasure of seating ourselves in a car that was not crowded. There were only four passengers on the train.

We hadn't gone five miles when the other two passengers sauntered back and stopped beside us.

"Shoot a little craps, gen'lemen?" asked one of them.

I was surprised, but I thought it was very friendly of them to ask us. I knew nothing about craps except that there were two dice involved, and "seven" and "eleven," and that everybody always lost, and I wasn't enthusiastic about it.

"We don't know the game, thank you," said I promptly but politely.

Will glared at me, offended, then turned to the other passengers.

"Certainly," said Will; "*I'll* shoot a little craps with you."

This astounded me beyond words. I punched him with my elbow.

"Come on up in the baggage-car, gen'lemen; we're going to start right in," said one of them, and they went forward.

"Don't you know you can't refuse Southern hospitality?" said Will to me. "They're very particular about that down here."

"Don't ask me to lend you any money," I warned him.

"Besides, it will help pass the time," Will went on. "We've got five hours, you know."

"It won't take them five hours to——" but Will stood up and told me to come along. I decided that I had better go with him to do what I could towards keeping him from getting into trouble.

We knocked on the door of the baggage-car. In a moment a key was turned, the panel was pulled back an inch or two, and a narrow young man with a cap on the back of his head labelled "Baggage" wanted to know what was the matter.

"We were invited——" began Will.

"Excuse me, gen'lemen," said the young man; "come right in."

The trunk which gave the baggage-car its name had been turned on its side halfway down the empty floor and now formed the ringside seat for the gallery, which consisted of the conductor, idly punching holes in the morning newspaper. The sliding doors on each side of the car had been pushed back for purposes of light and expectoration. The hospitable passengers had taken off their coats and were on their knees giving their wrists a preliminary warming-up by rolling the dice at each other.

"Just th'ow yo' coat over there in the corner, bud," said one of them to Will, standing up and taking a reef in his trousers belt. "All right, Pinky." Pinky was the baggage-man, and, being thus addressed, he pushed his cap even farther on the back of his neck and kneeled down.

"For Lord's sake, Will," said I, "get out of this somehow." It looked like a massacre to me.

"I'll just take yo' tickets now, gen'lemen," said the conductor, "and save you from having to get up later on." He moved over on the top of the trunk and gave them half-a-dozen punches each.

"Ain't you going to join in, friend?" said the conductor to me as I sat down on the baggage beside him. I knew that to tell him that my knowledge of the game was insufficient would not have ended the matter at all, so I told him my funds were insufficient, which did end it.

Five minutes later Will had seen the last of one of his dollars. But as the game went on what interested me most was his dexterity with the dice. He was losing, of course, but the slowness

of his losing (though it was steady) was astounding. An hour passed and he still apparently had enough cash to continue.

"Don't you play?" I asked the conductor, not to be outdone in friendliness.

"No," said he, shaking his head wistfully at the dice; "this is a strict company. I wouldn't have to do a thing but roll a seven to lose my job. But they've got to be strict. You've got to have somebody looking out for the train, you know."

I agreed that it was a good idea, generally speaking.

"With a slow train it might be different," he went on. "It was different with the fast trains up to a couple of years ago when they had an accident because the engineer left the throttle with the fireman and dropped back here for a light game. They've been tight on the regulations ever since. Accidents like that hurt the business. No, Sir, engineers and conductors have got to be on the job. But there's nothing in the rules saying that baggage there can't do it, if he happens to be inclined to craps, as he ain't most ungenerally is."

The dice circled round and round; the piney woods and the cotton fields slipped by the open doors; the trunk at the end of the second hour pressed against me as persistently as a piece of stone. I caught Will's eye and winked at him. He winked at me.

"Well," said Will casually and with deep regret, "I'm afraid I've got to go."

The conductor sat up straight and Pinky stopped in the act of rolling. The passengers stared at him.

"What's that, bud?" said one of them.

"I've got to go pretty soon," compromised Will.

"Why, we ain't half-way yet," said the baggage-man. "You going to Savannah, ain't you?"

The game went on. Will shifted from one knee to the other. He sat down and leaned on his right hand, then on his left. It wrung my heart to see him. Now and then we came to a station and entertained the local artists, who leaned over the floor of the car until everything was in shape to go on a little farther.

Then an idea came to me. The doors on each side were open; why not roll the dice through one of them? We could pay the man whose dice they were and leave. It was cheap.

I motioned to Will and finally made him understand. His face brightened.

It was done in a second. A careless throw, but not palpably intentional. The passengers and the baggage-man dived to catch them. But they were too late, and I had the pleasure of seeing the miserable things go dropping over the edge of the floor.

Will jumped to his feet and began apologizing. As he reached for his coat he asked how much such excellent dice cost.

Then there came three sharp hisses from the emergency whistle. The conductor was pulling the accident cord.

A minute later all four of them leaped out of the door as the engine stopped, and five minutes later they returned triumphant with the dice.

"That's all right," said Pinky to Will with true Southern solicitude for the stranger's discomfort; "th' ain't hurt."

When we got to Savannah, Will was a physical wreck.

U. S. A.



'Arriet. "BLIMEY, BILL, WOT DO THEY GIVE YER FER THAT—S'RIMPS?"
Bill. "NAH, GOLD-FISH."

Another long-suffering Musician.

At the Hereford Festival:—

"Sir Edward Elgar was here looking better and rehearsed the choir in a fine piece of unaccompanied choral singing in addition to 'gerontions.'"—*Welsh Paper.*

The composer of *The Dream of Gerontius* probably looked worse after reading this.

"When English Bowmen fought at Agincourt this three-storied stone and black-and-white House was standing; five to seven bed, three sitting (one 30 by 20), bath (h. and c.); gas; water, certified drainage; garage."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We wonder that nothing is said about the English bowmen having commandeered it. After Agincourt they would have enjoyed a bath (h. and c.).

AT THE PLAY.

"FATA MORGANA" (AMBASSADORS).

FOR a full half-hour of the First Act a continuous procession of late and later arrivals pushed their way between my seat and the stage. DANTE forgot this breed in his Inferno, but that was probably because they would have been silently stabbed with a sharp knife and pushed under the fauteuils in his day, so that the problem was not for him really serious. However, by nine o'clock the last of these miscreants had barged in, discussed quite audibly the likely position of his seat with the attendant, bargained for chocolates and ices for the partner of his guilt, trodden on my foot, creaked into his stall and speculated as to what he had missed.

In a lonely country house at St. Peter, "on the great Hungarian Plain known as the Puszta," famous for its mirage, hectic preparations are going forward for the exodus of the whole family and their domestics to the Anna Ball, a tremendous affair for isolated provincials. The son of the house, a young student who has been neglecting his work, is left behind as a punishment . . . The watch-dogs bark and there flutters into the room Cousin *Fay*, wife of a preoccupied advocate. There have been rumours about Cousin *Fay* and a certain Count repeated and discussed with gusto by the family in the boy's presence. She looks the sort of woman about whom rumours of that kind, true and false, might readily circulate. She is first desolated to have missed the great ball, but, realising that she is ten miles from anywhere and that there is a handsome boy who will be alone in the house with her for a long night, she proceeds to improve the starlit hour.



"ANY LUCK?" "NOT YET."
"BEEN 'ERE LONG?" "ABOUT FOUR HOURS."
"AH! THEY MUST 'AVE 'EARD YOU UNPACKIN'."

To *George*, who has not passed the age of innocence, though already eighteen, she appears as a radiant vision of beauty and holiness. An easy prey, this young dreamer, to a light experienced woman of twenty-eight, who is probably also just a little touched by his comeliness as she is unquestionably intrigued by his virginal simplicity. By the next morning, when the family returns, he is no longer the "Miss Georgie" to be twitted by precocious friends, but a man of experience. It is all settled; she is to be divorced from her husband and they are to be married, *Fay* glibly acquiescing in these wild suggestions without any sort of serious idea of leaving a substantial advocate, who can provide clothes and jewels and holidays at Deauville, to live on the bare *puszta* with a slightly ridiculous and entirely penniless romantic in an atmosphere of hot sand and habitual mirage. There are stolen kisses next day, on which the advocate is expected, and a long walk on the su.try plain where the famous mirage (Fata Morgana) is seen, and even the light heart of *Fay* (*Morgan le Fay* is indicated) is touched for the moment, especially when the fond, grotesque dyspeptic husband arrives to point a salient contrast between ardent adventurous youth and stuggy successful middle-age.

But we must, above all, be practical. It doesn't occur to her that any young Hungarian could be so naïve as to babble about love and divorce and duels to a husband already racked with jealousy of Counts and commoners in Buda-Pesth.

The *Fay* must extricate herself from her ingenuous young knight. Of course, as she skilfully indicates, it is a point of honour for gallant men to lie in these little matters. He must say that he was out of his head, had a little touch of the sun. He does so, and his stern old father alone fully understands and sympathises. "The mirage is very beautiful—when you see it for the first time." Innocent, generous young men must have their hearts broken by the Fays of this world, but time mends them. Don't worry about the studies. Why not take a holiday—in Buda-Pesth, for instance? But *George*, having told his lie—for him an unaccustomed and desperately painful exercise—and having been believed by those who wish to believe it, most eagerly by the deceived husband, will have no farewell kiss from the woman who has shattered his exquisite dream and who with a light laugh and a casual ambiguous invitation—"If you are ever in Buda-Pesth——?" returns to her comfortable bondage.

I take it the author's intention in providing a comic background to his main serious theme was to isolate the boy's tragedy and emphasise his loneliness. The mixture of grave and gay is always a difficult business, but here I think it managed to justify itself. It was not quite clear to certain of the audience which parts were for laughter and which for tears. I should prefer to think that sniggering at such things as the eagerness and swiftness of a boy's first passion is merely an English way of covering up a certain shyness. But it doesn't help the players.

The translation of ERNEST VAJDA'S interesting play by Messrs. BURRELL and MOELLER seemed at moments rather ungainly and unsympathetic—a further increase of the difficulty of the actors' task.

Mr. TOM DOUGLAS was admirable in his development of the part of the young student, and offered a natural accomplished technique rare in so young a player. Perhaps there is need of a little more variety of mood and a little clearer enunciation. But it was an excellent performance, carefully studied, sincerely felt and yet skilfully restrained. Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS had a great deal to do and a great many modulations from mood to mood to manage in a short space—perhaps too short a space. But that was a task set her by the author and she accomplished it with address. Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE'S study of an old maid with a sense of humour, a gorgeous faculty for untruth and a kindly heart was delightful. Mr. REGINALD BACH didn't let his talent for humorous and grotesque characterisation obscure the fundamental solidity and sympathy of the old squire. Miss ANNIE ESMOND presented a quiet pleasant picture of *George's* harassed mother, and Mr. ION SWINLEY, as the Fay's husband, demonstrated his versatility in a part unusual for him. Altogether an interesting play, with more meat than is commonly supplied.

"ONE CROWDED HOUR" IN A BLUEBOTTLE'S DAY.



10 A.M.—PHYSICAL EXERCISES ON GUTTER BONE.



10.5.—AWAKEN LORD NIGHTBIRD AFTER HIS VALET HAS FAILED AT THE NINTH ATTEMPT.



10.10.—DROP IN TO BREAKFAST WITH THE EARL OF DITCHWATER.



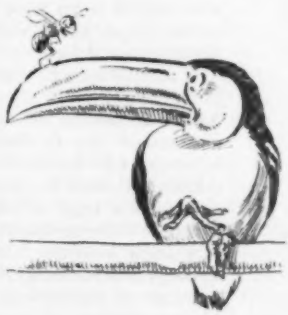
10.15.—KEEP GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL WIDE-AWAKE FOR NEARLY THREE MINUTES.



10.20.—AMUSE BABY.



10.25.—ANNOY FLY-PAPER MERCHANT.





10.30 TO 10.45.—THE ZOO.





10.50.—ASSIST AT PREPARATION OF CIVIC BANQUET.



10.55.—MAKE A BISHOP SAY "DASH!"



11 A.M.—GET A DRINK OUT OF HOURS.



Isobel. "LOOK, MUMS! HERE'S A DEAR LITTLE GOAT THAT'S HAD ITS HORNS MARCELLED."

FORENSIC FIRST-FRUITS.

I NEVER have got on with Scaithe.

It is not from lack of initiative on my part. Often have I wished him a bright "Good Day" over our party-wall. A surly grunt is the most I have ever elicited in reply.

Several times, when brought into close proximity by the pruning of our respective fruit-trees, I have ventured to comment upon the annoyances of wasps, the abundance of slugs or the absence of sun. But amicable conversation between us is impossible; our stand-points are opposed. If I suggest that the weather promises to be unsettled, he dogmatically prophesies drought; if I propose the possibility of sunshine, he forecasts the certitude of rain. I understand that he is a barrister.

From the first there has been friction between us. Within a week of his arrival this year, one of his fowls crossed the boundary fence on a foraging expedition and was hotly pursued round the lawn by my Scalyham. Scaithe was surprisingly eloquent. Details escape me, but his main argument was that his fowl had been ruined. I think he said that, as a result of her severe shaking, she would thenceforth lay nothing but scrambled eggs; but I may be wrong. I too was shaken—by the impact of his oratory.



"I SUGGESTED WITHDRAWING THE ILL-CONSIDERED MEAL IN THE MOST OBVIOUS MANNER."

The case for the prosecution was punctuated by allusions to the law, and my plea that his hen should have been kept under proper constraint was lightly overridden.

A month later, Peter, my tame rabbit, made a successful raid across the frontier and devastated two of Scaithe's lettuces. At the conference which followed it appeared that from a legal standpoint a rabbit differed fundamentally from a fowl. A formal apology was tendered and the amount of reparations fixed at one shilling.

All then was quiet for several weeks, until the war-cloud again lowered. Ethel, my small daughter, keeps tadpoles in a tank by the summer-house. Over this tank she suspends small pieces of raw meat firmly fastened with lengths of string. By these means she is able to withdraw helpings which have been sucked dry, and thus avoid poisoning her pets with polluted water. She uses two sets of strings, and, with the negligence to

which even the best waitresses are occasionally subject, she sometimes leaves high and dry the juiceless remnants of a previous course while engaged in dishing up its successor.

On one such unfortunate occasion Scaithe's spaniel got wind of a promising scent, and, wriggling through a gap in the fence, he rapidly despatched some half-dozen pieces of meat, though, after determined efforts, he completely failed to swallow the strings.

Scaithe wished to know what action I proposed in the matter. I told him that the missing meat was rump-steak, at two shillings a pound. I assessed the damages at threepence, but offered to accept twopence cash.

It seemed, however, that I had mistaken his meaning. He wished to know what I proposed to do about his dog.

I suggested withdrawing the ill-considered meal in the most obvious manner.

"What—and ruin the animal's digestion?" he demanded indignantly.

"Nothing can be done in this country without pulling strings," I sighed.

But the climax was yet to come. In Scaithe's garden there grows an apple-tree, one branch of which leans well over my territory. It is a large branch, and in consequence a considerable proportion of the fruit drops upon my side. In former days I naturally regarded such fallen apples as mine, but this year I decided to take nothing for granted. Accordingly, when the fruit began to ripen, I consulted Scaithe regarding The Law.

He hesitated for a moment, and then with what I thought remarkable magnanimity admitted that whatever fell from the tree upon my side became *ipso facto* my sole and indisputable property.

Early the next morning my opinion of his generosity was modified. From my bath-room window I saw him climb the tree and remove from my bough such fruit as had ripened. I realised that by The Law I could only lay claim to what had actually fallen.

That evening I again interviewed Scaithe. I asked him to let me have the agreement in writing. He seemed surprised, but in no way offended; perhaps he approved of my legal methods. In any case an agreement was formulated, signed and witnessed that "whatsoever fell from the apple-tree, as hereinafter specified, the property of Alexander Edward Scaithe of Puddlestone, barrister, into the tenement of William Jonathan Jennings of Puddlestone, medical practitioner, should become *ipso facto* and *per se* the sole, absolute and indubitable property of the last-named to dispose of in whatsoever manner he the last-named might deem fit and proper."

Some hours later, when Scaithe had retired, I stole into my garden with a pair of steps and a hack-saw. Under the bough I made a deep incision, taking care to remove the sawdust and other evidence of the crime.

Then followed a game of patience. I knew that Scaithe would return when more of the fruit was ripe, and I guessed that he would come in the early morning. The exact date was of course a matter of conjecture.



"FELL TO EARTH LIKE A PLANETARY VISITANT."

It occurred within a week. Scaithe fell to earth like a planetary visitant in the thickest portion of my herbaceous border. I advanced and assisted him to his feet. Although shaken, he was unhurt. I expressed my regret, but pointed out that under the terms of our agreement he had now become my sole, absolute and indubitable property, to dispose of in whatsoever manner I deemed fit and proper. I led him to the tool-shed and locked him in.

It all happened this morning, and I am still wondering what to do with him. He being my absolute property, I suppose there could be no possible objection to my banishing him to Spitzbergen or Baffin Land. My natural inclinations lean towards executing him in a reasonably humane and bloodless manner; but how do I stand as regards The Law?

In view of the written agreement it is hardly conceivable that I could be charged with unlawful homicide, especially in the case of a man like Scaithe.

But I have been tripped up before in legal matters. Perhaps I should be wiser to consult my solicitor first.

WORD-IMPERFECT.

By an eloquent use of my forefinger and a display of my note-case I had overcome the language and obtained all my souvenirs save one.

This was to be a silk bag, something like one I had seen in the window, but of silk that was not watered and with rather less beadwork.

Neither my forefinger nor my note-book nor my French would suffice to explain about watered silk and beadwork. Yet such a bag I must have or nothing, for no other thing that I saw would so exactly do.

The only course to take was to enter boldly and ask them if they spoke English. "*Parlez-vous Anglais?*" That should be quite simple. On the windows of London shops "*Ici on parle Français*" is frequently seen, and "*Parlez-vous Français?*" must be a familiar question to the London shop-walker. Why not "*Parlez-vous Anglais?*" in France?

I paced up and down outside murmuring "*Parlez-vous Anglais? Parlez-vous Anglais?*" until I thought I must be word-perfect. Then, with an assumed coolness of demeanour I pushed open the swing-doors and entered this elaborate French establishment. I felt the eyes of the entire staff upon me. I winced inwardly, but with such boldness as I could command I approached the magnificent creature who seemed to be in authority, raised my hat, bowed and said, "*Bon jour, Madame; parlez-vous Français?*"

Startling Assertion.

"I once cured myself of a severe fit of depression."—*Dean INGE in "The Morning Post."*

Education Notes.

"Wanted, young capable Nursery Governess for child of nine, willing to help with Alsatian wolf dogs."—*Daily Paper.*

"Little is known of the diamond's history except that Mulai Hafid put it on the market about four fours ago offering it for sale in various European capitals."—*Provincial Paper.*

Apparently he did not sell it in "two-twos."



SEPTEMBER FROM THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Dog. "WHY THE DEUCE DOESN'T HE SHOOT AT THE BIG ONES WITH THE LONG TAILS? HE CAN'T HIT THE LITTLE ONES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is not everyone who has entered Damascus on "a speckled dobbin horse" or watched "the Lord Venizelos" going up into the Cretan mountains "to make an insurrection," or dined with Miss DURHAM under an olive-tree in Scutari, or introduced an Albanian guerilla-fighter to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as one mountain chief to another. But the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. AUBREY HERBERT did all these things, together with a hundred others more important or equally picturesque and sometimes even both. Moreover he spent the last year of his life dictating to his friends the reminiscences he could not see to write; and these he called by the *nom de guerre* of his Embassy days, *Ben Kendim* (HUTCHINSON), meaning "I myself." As Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY suggests in his brief and sympathetic preface, they are more than mere travel-records. They are, for the years they cover, "in a sense an autobiography." And I feel myself that the witty, valiant and winning personality of the writer will preserve the record of his adventures long after our political *Jack Horners* have picked out all its plums—as I sincerely hope they will. He himself modestly trusted to the appeal of the great and picturesque lands he visited. He travelled across the Yemen to Sanaa. He sailed up "the terrible Persian Gulf" and was wrecked six miles from Bahrein. He explored Mesopotamia in involuntary association with an enterprising English spinster, whose skilful relegation this side Kerbela produced in the native onlookers "a painful impression of conjugal desertion." He visited Montenegro, Albania and the contentious Sanjak; Albania being his especial province and a delightful Albanian, RIZA BEY, the constant associate of his wanderings. For the rest, he gives himself no airs of political impartiality. He came to Constantinople a mere lad, denouncing the Turks in vehement Kiplingese. He ended by becoming their friend. He was present at the Revolution of 1908 and discussed its shattered hopes with TALAAT PASHA in 1921. And the last words of his book are a plea for Anglo-Turkish understanding.

Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN opens his new book, *The London Adventure, or the Art of Wandering* (SECKER), by telling us how he sat in a pleasant and retired tavern somewhere in St. John's Wood, enjoying with his modest drink the great luxury and blessing of idleness, when he was suddenly reminded that he had engaged himself to write a book about London. Not until the leaves came out on the trees had he intended to begin, for that green made such a marvellous contrast with the grim grey streets of which he meant to write: unknown, unvisited squares in Islington, byways in Holloway, old houses and passages in Canonbury and Camden Town. But now, it seemed, spring was at hand and he must begin the horrid task. For writing is with Mr. MACHEN, as he sadly confesses, a terrible business. He depicts himself to us as one of those men who make an infinity of preparation and produce the most inadequate results. It is a case of laying a mine, after a year or so of dark and dreadful labour underground, touching the button at last, and being rewarded with "a feeble pop that would hardly make a kitten jump." Not that the modest author ever expected to write a "best seller," but he would have liked the explosion to have made a trifle more noise in his own ears. All this he tells us, and much more, in the course

of explaining why *The London Adventure* is not yet written—whereby he discovers in the end that he has, at all events, filled something more than a hundred-and-forty pages with a medley of quite saleable reminiscence. I like especially some of the journalistic tales that he takes occasion to include, especially that remarkable story (which he had to investigate for an evening paper) of a *Mr. Campo Tosto*, who dwelt at Burnt Green. But it is clear that our author does not like the Street of Adventure. I suppose it regards with an imperfect sympathy his sentiments about work. And news editors are not apt to fall to the charm of incessant Latin quotation.

As to the precise academy of letters in which Mr. J. C. SNAITH contrived to obtain his astonishing grasp of the American language he gives no clue. I doubt if Cardinal MEZZOFANTI could have given him points as a linguist. *Time and Tide* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) introduces us to an ambitious and attractive maid who has left her poppa's pig-farm in Cowtarn, Iowa, to try her luck in London as European correspondent to the *Cowbarn Independent*, with golden-paved London as headquarters. *Mame Durrance*, travelling as *Amethyst du Rance*, does not strike lucky till she happens to touch the capricious fancy of an intelligent and impoverished aristocrat who also earns her living with the pen, supported by her right of entry into the very best houses. Into these she pushes little *Mame*, in the assumed character of a Chicago heiress—Chicago pigs being much more tolerable in her set than Cowbarn pigs. She also nearly drives the naïve adventuress by accident into the arms of her brother, who emphatically needed to marry money if The Towers was to remain in the family, and was in fact being jockeyed into an alliance with Three Ply Flannelette of New Jersey. Of course *Mame's* piquant beauty and idiom and accent, with her supposed fortune, captured the youth's light heart. But the dear young thing, playing the game as she understands it, makes the supreme renunciation and turns to a decent unmercenary countryman of her own, who, I am sure, will make her an excellent husband. Incidentally Mr. SNAITH deals our betters some sound backhanders.

MESMER'S, or magical arts of the lost ages,
Arts that the sceptic may look with a doubt on,
Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S new book, *The Three Hostages*,
Deals with them—published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON;
But there is gold in the dark and uncanny—
Gold of Romance's bright ore,
And an old friend of ours, dauntless *Dick Hannay*,
Playing the hero once more.

Criminal gang has a plot at maturity,
Collaring infants of birth, not for ransom,
But to be hostages, held as security—
Thus plans *Medina*, its chief, bad but handsome;
Richard, as ever, to rescue them vows and,
Working as close as a clam,
Does, helped by *Sandy*, a chap in a thousand,
And *Mary*, an absolute lamb.

Told with a gusto, a dash undiminishing,
On we are sped at a speed still augmented
Up to the end, where a capital finishing
Left me, if breathless, entirely contented;
Holiday stuff to be read at a sitting,
Holding a boy down like glue?
Certainly so, and I don't mind admitting
That 's how it treated me too.



ASTRONOMY MUST HAVE BEEN A TROUBLESOME SCIENCE IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE INVENTION OF TELESCOPES.

The Valiant Gentleman (FISHER UNWIN) of Miss M. J. STUART'S first novel is really its heroine, *Jan Lovatt*—"the sweetest, straightest boy-woman that the Lord ever created," to quote one of the most constant of her admirers. It couldn't of course be anyone else in the book. It couldn't, for instance, be *Felix*, the somewhat infelicitously named pronouncer of this eulogy; for *Felix*, though an amiable *flâneur*—he is the chief of three innocent co-respondents in *Jan's* husband's successful divorce suit—has very few claims to valour except his inveterate habit of proposing to *Jan*.

It couldn't be *Anthony Lovatt, Jan's* uninjured but vindictive spouse; for everyone agrees that he acts like a fool during the first months of his marriage and like a brute when his young wife's modernity proves too much for him. It couldn't be either of the other co-respondents; for only one, a thorough-paced cad, turns up at all after the first chapter. And this completes the tale of Miss STUART'S characters, with the exception of *Monica Stuart*, a sort of COMPTON MACKENZIE hero in petticoats, who takes a hundred a year from her schoolmaster father to write unpublished novels in a cottage on the South coast. To this cottage *Jan* betakes herself, having refused her husband's dole and the first series of *Felix's* proposals; and she and *Monica* engage in the dreadful trade of knitting jumpers, which—as her parents are less towardly than *Monica's* in the matter of an allowance—proves entirely inadequate to *Jan's* support. However the indefatigable *Felix* plies backwards and forwards between his town flat and the cottage, endeavouring to reconcile *Jan* and her husband and providentially losing his heart to *Monica* when his main objective is in sight. The catastrophe that finally brings about amends from *Anthony* I will not divulge. It is not exactly a new one; but it is quite pleasantly and good-temperedly handled. And so for that matter, in spite of its obvious crudities and absurdities, is the whole book.

"The object of this book," the late Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE wrote in his dedication to *The Passing Years* (CONSTABLE), "is to set down a few impressions and ideas of one who was born in time to appreciate the dignity of the Victorian era; who tasted the luxury of the Edwardian period at just the right time of life to be able to enjoy it; and who has felt the changes and chances that have made history during the reign of King George V." I quote these words because Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE did truly appreciate the dignity of the first of these eras and the luxury of the second; he also felt—and felt acutely—the changes that the last has brought with it. All this is shown in these pages, but something more remains. For here we have a vivid and clear picture of an England that has been hustled out of existence. In this process Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE assigned a conspicuous part to the snapshot, which, in his view, "has done more to impair the dignity of the English nation than any other invention." There is satisfaction in the thought that we shall always have this volume to refer to, for it is social history which will gain in value and importance as time goes by. You may dissent from his point of view; you may be irritated by his frank expression of decided opinion; but you will have to admit that Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was a great sportsman in the best sense of that much-abused word, and as fearless on the political platform as in the hunting-field. Unhappily he did not live to finish his book; but the last chapter of it has been ably written by Sir THOMAS COMYN-PLATT. It is called "The Die-Hard Campaign," and should be of supreme interest to all who remember the strenuous fight of those critical days. I commend these reminiscences wholeheartedly; they cover an enormous quantity of ground; they are written in excellent style, and their shrewdness and humour reflect the personal charm of the author.

The theme of Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S *Charmeuse* (CASSELL) is a yellow evening frock which arrives, by a dressmaker's mistake, at the house of *Roger* and *Lætitia Campion*. The effect of wearing it is to revive *Lætitia's* youth, to make the Naval lieutenant who has fallen in love with her daughter transfer his affections to the mother, and, after repeated applications, to wake in her husband, who is a painter, some appreciation of his wife and some fresh springs of his art. Of course *Lætitia* is far too good a mother and nice a woman to steal her daughter's lover, so she appears before the sailor in "a shocking bad hat" and other garments to match, and, as far as Mr. THURSTON is concerned, the story is supposed to end happily. But, when you think that *Roger's* eyes were like a lizard's, "darting and quick," and his tongue flickered in and out of his mouth like a snake's in moments of absorption, and he talked with unnecessary frankness upon the evil effects of meat-eating even at dinner-parties, I don't feel so sure myself that it was a very happy ending for *Lætitia*. Mr. THURSTON'S novels usually have the effect of something very charming and slightly out of focus; this book, though it has the usual defect, is not remarkable for its charm.



Waiter (sternly, to guest at dance who has come for a fourth supper). "AND WHAT CAN I GET YOU *this* TIME, SIR?"

In *The Secret of Greylands* (LANE) you will find an atmosphere even more sinister and sombre than the picture upon its jacket may lead you to expect. *Lady Hannah Gillman*, the old lady who owned Greylands, had married a man much younger than herself and might be said to have invited the troubles which promptly followed. At the outset of this story I confess that Miss ANNIE HAYNES, in spite of an irritating method of writing, held me in the hollow of her hand, so admirably does she produce an effect of crime and terror. But as the tale progressed I escaped from her handhold, and the reason was that, try as I might, I could not believe in one or two of the people who were living at *Greylands*. The secret, of course, had to be kept, but I fancy that you will guess it long before the truth began to dawn upon *Lady Hannah's* cousin, who had ample cause for being more suspicious than she was. Greylands itself is the hero of this tale, and I shall remember its atmosphere of appalling gloom when I have forgotten its secret.

Our Hardy Pioneers.

"The Oxford University Arctic Expedition, which has been exploring North Eastland to the north-east of Spitzbergen, is now returning south, as the bags are freezing up."—*Daily Paper.*

This, of course, prevents them falling six inches below the knee.

CHARIVARIA.

EVERYTHING seems to point to the fact that *The Daily Mail* contemplates a "Coats Off to Russia" campaign.

* * *

A new book by TROTSKY has a chapter on Civility. It seems that some Russians never say "Thank you" when sentenced to death.

* * *

Mr. C. W. O. ROCH has suggested the establishment of a museum of sport. Unless our sportsmen do better next year we shall need a mausoleum.

* * *

Still, we rather like the museum idea. It would be nice to pop in and have a look at the goal scored by Chelsea a few years ago.

* * *

According to Mr. MERLIN MOORE the cannibals of Papua do not boil their victims, but roast them on hot stones. We imagine they do this to annoy them.

* * *

It would also appear that before a Papuan can marry he must commit a murder. It is not surprising therefore that as the date of the ceremony approaches the prospective mother-in-law invariably takes to the hills.

* * *

"Bags have suffered owing to the heavy rains," says a sporting writer. That sort of weather does take the creases out of them.

* * *

A salmon weighing sixteen pounds was found in a boat at St. Ives. All this rain is very confusing. Fish can't tell whether they are in the water or out.

* * *

We have just heard of a British centenarian who has seen twenty-eight summers.

* * *

A weekly paper essayist mentions that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was born several years before Mr. H. G. WELLS. It is only fair to say that the former didn't know that the latter was going to be born at all.

* * *

The Bank of England is moving to temporary premises, and a sum of a hundred-and-twenty-eight million pounds will shortly be moved through the streets of London. We do hope they will be careful with our overdraft.

Several daily newspapers announce the fact that Sir BASIL ZAHAROFF was privily married in Paris last week. We promise not to tell a soul.

* * *

A dentist complains that he has to pay six times as much for his instruments as he did before the War. It isn't the price that worries us, it is what he does with the things after he has got them.

* * *

In final reference to the British polo *débâcle* in America, the impression in the clubs is that we could not have been beaten if we had sent out a team of experts mounted on arm-chairs.

* * *

A daily newspaper has given a challenge shield for the best brass band in the country. We don't know whether our contemporary realises it, but that is just the sort of thing to encourage the habit.

* * *

A man has told the magistrate that his son was too lazy to go out and draw the dole. The son considers that his younger brother was to blame, being too lazy to go out and fetch it for him.

* * *

The International Dance Congress held in Brussels has decided that the new dance for the season will be the "Huppa-Huppa." It will of course be confined to Huppa-Huppa circles.

* * *

A man last week invented a noiseless gramophone. He went into a neighbour's house and did it with a hatchet.

* * *

The conscientious referee has appeared at last. Thoroughly fed up with his unfair decisions he has ordered himself off the field.

Even Los Angeles has its sad moments. We read of one actress who complains that both her husbands left her last week.

* * *

The newly-formed Rum-running Trust is said to be bringing down liquor prices in the United States. Unfortunately we have nothing of the kind in this country.

* * *

A lady M.P. has remarked that trousers are no evidence of good citizenship. Nothing was said about plus-fours.

* * *

A well-known multi-millionaire is reported to have got married without the knowledge of his secretary. Although his consent was not asked, however, it is understood that the secretary will not withhold his blessing.

* * *

In motoring circles it is rumoured that the monkey which dropped from a telegraph pole and bit a motorist the other day was a pedestrian trying to get his own back.

* * *

The Times, discussing Lord ROTHERMERE'S article on silk, says that the doubling of artificial yarns is an important branch of industry in Lancashire. And in Fleet Street.

* * *

In Staffordshire a man entered a lions' cage and lit a cigarette, while the lions remained quite quiet. We fancy we know that brand of cigarette.

* * *

Twenty thousand New Zealanders are stated to be over in England. Perhaps somebody told them that Waterloo Bridge was coming down.

* * *

The strength of the Labour Party, according to Miss BONDFIELD, lies in the fact that they know what they are talking about. And also in the fact that nobody else does.

* * *

The statuette of the PRINCE OF WALES in butter is to be sold in one-pound pats. It seems a pity that the Albert Memorial is not edible too.

"The Dail Eireann passed the first reading of the Bill by 60 votes to 70."—*Morning Paper.*
But ye wouldn't expect the Irish majorities to be just like the English, would ye now?



The Master. "LOOK HERE, ADAMS, I'LL BET ANY MONEY YOU'VE BEEN AT MY WHISKY AGAIN."
The Butler. "I—ER—AH—I NEVER BET, SIR!"

LABOUR AND THE BLAMELESS LIFE.

[The widely-announced agenda of the coming Labour Conference includes the consideration of Party colours and a critical survey of the conduct of Ministers and their families in relation to Court-dress or ceremonial "regalia." Unfavourable comments are to be passed on the "general behaviour" of Mr. J. H. THOMAS, and a proposal will be made to exclude him from the Cabinet. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON (for reasons not specified) will also be made the object of hostile remark.]

WHEN Labour meets on Tuesday next,
Being the 7th inst.,
To settle questions sadly vext
And leave us all convinced,
No secrecy will cloak its aims;
Already I am more than happy
To notice how its Press proclaims
The topics on the tapis.

And, first, this question will arise
That now disturbs our rest—
What colours, worn in shirts and ties,
Would suit the Party best;
At Bromley, Kent, I see it said,
The *Populi* (or *Dei*) *Vox* is
In favour of the choice of red
(Like blood and pillar-boxes).

Eight branches who support this view
Will flock to Bromley's aid,
But Camberwell (N.W.)
Prefers a crimson shade;
For me, who find in red and rose
A touch of loud and shameless,
I'd plump for white—plain white, that goes
So well with what is blameless.

Others of Pomp and Show will talk,
Saying it drives them mad
To see the People's Chosen walk
In Court "regalia" clad;
At Ministers' wives they 'll wag the tongue
And lay their ban on such confections;
This to include their female young
(By Finsbury's directions).

THOMAS's conduct too has peeved
The Bow-and-Bromley set;
It is their wish to have him heaved
Out of the Cabinet;
I 've no idea what wrong he 's done,
Nor can I say why Pancras (S.E.)
Is sick with poor old HENDERSON—
Perhaps they 've been too dressy.

But who will carp at Labour's stern
Austerity of soul?
For, if it means to make us yearn
Toward the millennial goal,
To be, in fact, our guiding star,
The country's one and only saviour,
It can't be too particular
About its chiefs' behaviour. O. S.

BY-LAWLESSNESS.

SOME ADVENTURES I HAVE MISSED.

THE veil has been torn from my eyes, and I know now that my life, at least my travelling life, has been wasted. I have just read the Railway Companies' By-Laws.

With uncanny foresight they seem to have thought of everything, and I—I have thought of nothing. Therein lies the sting.

No. 9, for instance, clearly states that no person shall travel on the roof of any carriage. Ever since I knew that I might not do this I have been bitterly aware how dull and unenterprising my mode of travel has hitherto been and of all the wasted years in which I might at least have *tried* to travel on the roof. Poor unoriginal creature that I am, it positively never occurred to me.

No. 10 reveals to me how commonplace has been my practice of entering through the door. For the first time I learn that I might have attempted to "mount otherwise than at the side of the carriage adjoining the platform." I can hardly bear to think of the fun I might have had crawling under the train and coming up on the other side, pursued perhaps by an excited official. It would have been worth any number of fines.

But the future still contains one glorious possibility. No. 10 does not specifically forbid me to make my entrance through the window, and I intend to take an early opportunity of doing so. I shall not need to choose my moment, for I can defy the whole station staff in the assurance that this particular form of outrage has been overlooked by the authorities.

Painful as are the above examples of all that I have missed, the potentiality enshrined in By-Law No. 18 well-nigh breaks my heart. I there read that I may not "wilfully remove any carriage belonging to the Company." I like that word "wilfully," implying that if a carriage takes a fancy to me and follows me home for a biscuit I am not responsible, although I may not deliberately lead it away by one of the window-straps.

Did anybody ever attempt to pocket one of these handy little articles or did the directors merely think they conceivably might? Perhaps there have been sturdy souls who endeavoured to appropriate a nice roomy first-class carriage as a solution of their housing problem, hoping to conceal it beneath one of those quick-growing creepers before the police arrived. If so, I regard them with reverence. I can only repeat, and regret, that it never occurred to me.

GORING-AND-STREATLEY.

THE Great Western Railway runs down to the West,
Conveyance, like young *Lochinvar's*, of the best;
And into the sunset it carries me fleetly,
But I never go further than Goring-and-Streatley.

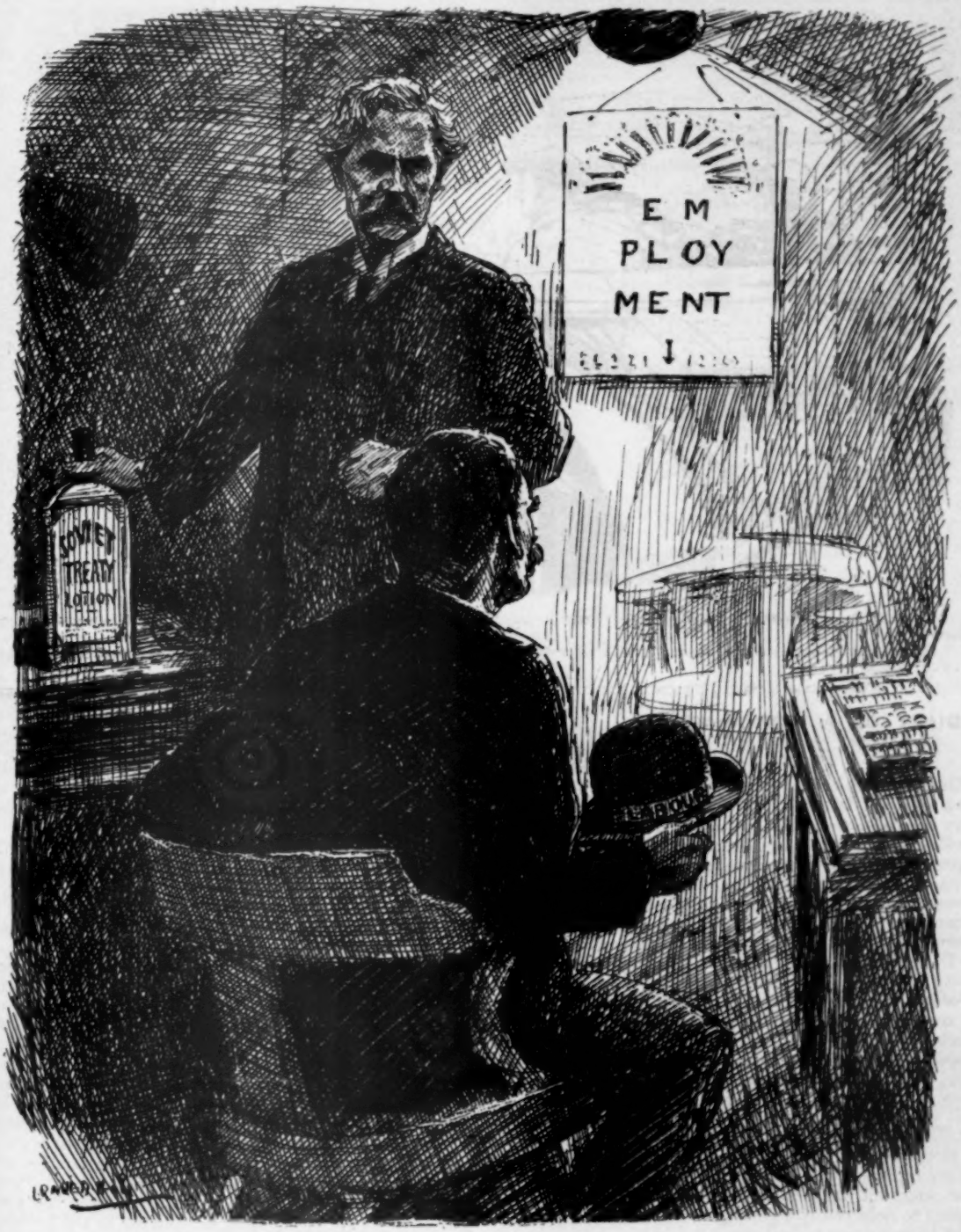
You may book to fair counties that cluster and cling
Round the permanent way like the pearls on a string;
But I always alight, when the dusk falls discreetly,
'Neath the star-jewelled hill-top at Goring-and-Streatley.

Though if I sat on, with my book on my knee,
I should come, in due course, to the silvery sea,
I can never do that; Thames contents me completely
As he silvers the valley at Goring-and-Streatley.

Did an "and" ever link more delectable pair
Than the twain of my ditty? It didn't, I 'll swear;
Even strawberries-and-cream do not sound half so sweetly
To the ear of the bard as do Goring-and-Streatley.

Be December her darkest, or May at full flood
With bluebells and fox-cubs in Elvendon Wood,
Be the fogs thick as thieves or the sun shining featly,
How dear 's the down platform at Goring-and-Streatley!

The brown-and-white coaches from Paddington run
To the ultimate sea, to the set of the sun;
But I never go further than Fancy goes fleetly—
I never go further than Goring-and-Streatley;
Would one *ever* go further than Goring-and-Streatley?



EYE-WASH.

Labour. "IT LOOKS VERY SMALL AND BLURRED."
The Prime Oculist. "AH, WHAT YOU WANT IS SOME OF THIS PATENT LOTION OF MINE."



Stranded Traveller (miles from anywhere). "Excuse me, but my car has broken down. Do you know anything about Fords?"

Passing Motorist. "Awfully sorry. I'm afraid I know nothing about Fords; except, of course, two frightfully funny stories."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

With the Mercias at Heptarchy Hall.

Our pet amusement here, after cubbing and golf, is *Stilts!* The Saxonbury boys, Oswy and Hengist, and the second girl, Edelfleda, are tremendous experts. They use 'normously high stilts and can waltz and foxtrot and do almost anything on them. They're hoping for a turn at the Coladium, when they'll figure on the programme as *The Three Stilt'Uns. A propos*, Lala wrote to ask her elder girl, Etheldreda (*Goo-goo* of The Nightlight Follies), to come down with her troupe for a week-end and liven us up a bit, and added as a postscript: "Of course, darling, you won't charge your poor old parents anything." In reply she got this wire: "Nothing doing. Wouldn't be allowed by our Union."

But to return to the stilts. Most of us are beginners and can only use quite low ones, but with someone tall and strong to help you it's quite good fun. The correct dress for stilting is a sort of glorified boy scout's, finished with a saucy little cap and tassel. Maison Dernier Cri is already showing some delicious ones, and there's no doubt we're in for a Stilts autumn.

Quite glad to meet my old pal, Tots Uppingham, here. Poor dear thing, she's had rather a rotten time in the Highlands with her cousin Henrietta and The MacSumph of MacSumph. She says she's fed up with kilts and bagpipes and clansmen and horrid words like "aiblins" and "bittie" and all the rest of it. Henrietta told her The MacSumph needn't be so horribly Scotch—it's just a pose. Poor Tots still feels rather sore about the Highland Games. Among the young Highlanders who did sword-dances and threw cabers and things, there was "just the dearest handsomest boy in the world." Tots has been looking for a secretary and she thought this Highland boy would make a good one; but unluckily The MacSumph got to hear of it. "What for do ye, a dowager leddy, want a secretary? And what for do ye choose young Eachin MacTavish for the post?" he asked. "I'm *not* a dowager," said Tots; "the word isn't used; and I want a secretary because I want one." "Aweel, aweel," said the creature, "Eachin MacTavish is no' just the laddie ye want. The callant speaks chiefly Gaelic, and he canna write and he canna be spared from his father's farm; but, if ye want a Hieland secretary, ye shall have ma thirty-second cousin, Donal' MacSumph; he can read and write and kens Sassenach. Ye saw him win the race for clansmen over fifty-five." "And it was all I could do, Sylvia," said Tots, "to escape bringing back to Town a dreffful old Highlander with a grey beard and knees like great weather-beaten rocks."

We've rather a mixed bag here. The guests that matter most to the Mercias are Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Vanstump, of Pittsburg (dry-goods and notions). *Et pourquoi?* Because J. Otis is a possible purchaser of Heptarchy.

"I crossed with the intention of buying one of your stately homes of England," he said to me one day; "and this Heptarchy Hall seems about the stateliest and oldest. Gee! I'm tickled to death to think of those Saxon guys holding their Witenagemote in what's now the ball-room. I'd like to buy Mercia's dukedom and his Order of the Necktie too, and *then* maybe we'd be received by our leading families over home, which we aren't yet. Funny thing, here we are among the dukes and earls, as welcome as the flowers in May, with a front seat at the show, and yet over home if Mrs. J. Otis Vanstump ventured to call on one of the Big Names, say, Mrs. Cæsar Vandollarbilt, at her mansion on Riverside Drive, her Long Island home, or her cottage

at Newport, believe me, lady, the English butler would sure give her the frozen face and say, 'Not at 'ome.' There's no doubt that, for real thousand-horse-power exclusiveness, we've got the feudal States of Europe beat to a frazzle."

Mercia and Lala are frightfully anxious to sell Heptarchy, for they can't possibly keep it up in these times, and they were dreffully worried when there was a hitch in the negotiations. Mr. Van. insisted on a ghost. "I'll buy no stately home," he said, "that isn't complete with a well-authenticated perambulating spectre." Well, of course there *is* a ghost, we all know that, and Mercia and Lala told him all about it, and showed him its portrait among the ancestors, Edwy, 10th Duke and 25th Earl of Mercia, who lived in the eighteenth century, and had an amourette with a neighbouring baron's wife. Going to their trysting-place one evening, instead of his *chère amie* he found her husband; they fought with swords, and Edwy was run through the heart. All this they told Mr. Vanstump, and that when the ghost appears, always on an anniversary of the duel, it passes along the terrace on the west front and goes across the park towards the chase, where they used to meet.

"Yep," said Mr. Vanstump, "it seems a good-class haunt. And now who's seen him?"

Neither Mercia nor Lala nor any of their children had seen him. "Wal," said J. Otis, "I must sample this spectre myself or get the sworn testimony of someone who has, or I don't buy. Say, what day of the year was it when he had his last date with his bunch of hairpins and got turned into the Family Ghost?"

Nobody knew, and the deal seemed about to fall through, when I had my Brilliant Idea!

"Lala," I said, "we'll find both the date *and* the ghost! We'll say next Wednesday evening is the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the duel; we'll dress up your boy, Oswy, who's *tout le portrait* of his ancestor, Edwy, and he shall glide along the terrace in proper ghost style—*et voilà!*"

And it was so. We got down a lovely period dress from Town and secretly drilled Oswy for his part. He said it was a "top-hole rag and it wouldn't be *his* fault if old dry-goods-and-notions didn't get his penn'orth of spectre. In his silks and ruffles and peruque, with his sword by his side, he looked such a cuddly boy that Tots and I were half in love with him.

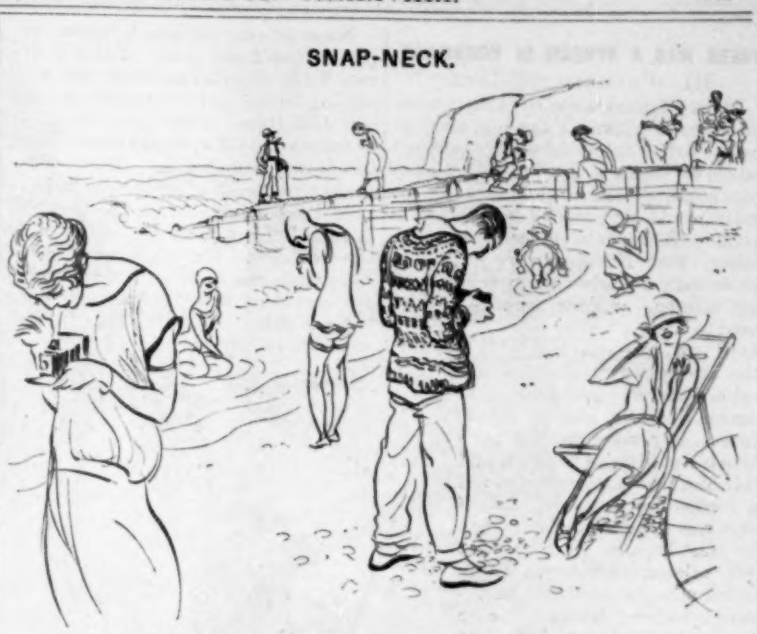
On Wednesday evening we all went into the library, which is on the west front. It was dimly lit; the glass doors on to the terrace were set open, and we waited. Mr. Vanstump was in high spirits. "Now, Mr. Spectre," he said, "we're all sitting pretty. Don't be long." And presently, along the dim terrace there came silently a figure that seemed as if Edwy, 10th Duke and 25th Earl, had stepped out of his frame in the gallery. Silently it glided on and vanished in the darkness. "By gosh!" whispered the awe-struck Pittsburger.

But here his wife claimed his attention. With her head on his shoulder and her feet kicking wildly, she was in violent hysterics. And behold, *another* big hitch!

"Everything's O.K.," said Mr. Van., later; "and, for my part, I'd buy the whole outfit right away; but now here's Mrs. Vanstump throwing fits. Seems she ain't built to live with spectres."

And now what are Mercia and Lala to do? Leave it a ghost?—which is bad for Mrs. Vanstump's nerves; or own it was a hoax?—which would be bad for Mr. Vanstump's temper? In any case I'm afraid the deal's off.

"Marden (Orison Swett)—The Conquest of worry. With port."—*Publisher's Circular.*
Club librarians will please note.



THE ABOVE COMPLAINT, CONTRACTED DURING THE HOLIDAYS,



REACHES AN ACUTE STAGE AFTER THE PATIENT'S RETURN.

THERE WAS A STREAM IN NORROWAY.

III.—CHANGING THE LUCK.

DAYS followed when the *laks* refused even the Norseman's herring, and appeared to feel sick at the sight of prawns; when we began to doubt whether even *caviare* on potato salad or slices of tomato would have stirred him from the pools. Richardson indeed started a theory that Norwegian herrings had profoundly disturbed the psychology of my salmon. "Your salmon——" he used to begin. "Why mine?" I asked, but I could not stop him. He said that the immediate reaction of my salmon to herring might be avid desire, but that almost instantaneously a sub-conscious inhibition would arise which would tell him that a herring was not a fresh-water fish, and that, if this was indeed a herring, then he must be, after all, in the sea. My salmon therefore, having either seen or smelt the Norseman's herring, would begin to have bad dreams and, at last turning back, would spread the rumour that the foundations of the world were *bouleversés*, that rivers were no longer rivers, and that the best thing to do would be to go back to the fjord and commit suicide in the mouth of the seal. Salmon, he said, would never run the Hardanger streams again. He said that he was going to write a book called *The Soul of a Salmon*, with a short pronouncement on the wrapper that—

> "*This mordant and baffling book shows how a salmon's love was turned through herring to hate, and how loss of innocence led to irretrievable disaster.*"

The Norseman, who knew all the finer shades of the English conversational idiom, replied that this was rot.

I, on the other hand, maintained that there was a curse upon the stream, and the gillies, being honest superstitious people like myself, agreed. To remedy this I hung the shoe of one of the yellow Norwegian ponies on the railing of the platform that ran out above the lowest pool, and the accuracy of my surmise was almost immediately proved. I caught my fly in the horseshoe and broke the hook in two.

The gillies had a different way of curing bad luck. They used to spit vigorously on the fly before putting it on. Expectoration in Norway is something between a science and an art.

None of our devices, however, appeased the angry gods. Twice a day two little expeditions went out with waving lances, and twice a day returned and laid them down, until the thing became a kind of symbolic ritual which had lost all significance. I felt sometimes that the short service might have been held reverently on the patch of lawn in front of the hotel instead of on the boulders. We might each of us have made our casts in turn, and ended the ceremony with the solemn words, "*Ingen fiske. Han skal ikke.*" This would have kept our boots dry.



"HE DID NOT INTRODUCE ME TO THE MOSQUITOES. THEY INTRODUCED THEMSELVES."

"What do you say," said Richardson, on the last morning of my stay, "to going up above the waterfall and getting some brown trout?"

"Are you sure that there are any brown trout in Norway?" I asked.

"Quite," he assured me. "I'll go and order two seats in the *bil*."

A *bil* in Norwegian means a motor-car and not a bill, whereas a bill is a word spelled like reckoning, but pronounced like raining, so that when the tourist comes down and taps the barometer and says "Raining," which it usually is, the *portier* fetches him his bill, and when he buys a packet of cigarettes and says, "Put that down on my bill," the *portier* books a seat for him in the motor-car. But Norwegian is no worse than other foreign languages. Most of them are constructed on some such confusing plan.

One of Richardson's many strong points is a complete knowledge of the flora and fauna of every country in the world, so that, as we went up the winding rock path in the *bil*, he was not only able to instruct me about all the flowers I should see (but I knew I should not) when we had climbed into the mountains, such as the *Linnæa borealis* and the troll-flower, which he said was not a flower but only pretended to be one, but also to identify every bird on the route and intersperse his remarks with a running commentary on the habits of reindeer. And after that of lemmings. He told me that the lemmings had once completely broken up a cavalry parade by biting the ankles of the horses. And he told me that during one of their occasional migrations a steamer had steamed for several hours through swimming lemmings. I thought that by this time it was about my turn.

"That reminds me," I said, "of a riddle I was once told. 'What is it that has no number and no sense, is completely unstoppable and devours everything that comes in its path?'"

Richardson was not attending to me when I said this. He was looking at a heron through his field-glasses. Otherwise he would not have been trapped.

"Well, what is it?" he said.

"The answer," I told him, "is a lemming."

The rock ran up quite sheer on one side of the road, and the other was a steep precipice overhanging the river bed. Fortunately I was on the side nearest the rock. However, he had his revenge. He told me that when the winters are very hard the reindeer eat the lemmings. At least, I think he said that. He may possibly have said that the lemmings eat the *Linnæa borealis*. Anyhow, he took me to a place where the river flowed through broad meadowlands three thousand feet above the hotel, and where the brown trout positively asked to be caught on any kind of fly. He also introduced me to cloudberries, which taste like marsh, only sweeter. He did not introduce me to the mosquitoes. They introduced themselves, and seemed to like the flavour.

Richardson had a very curious way of trout-fishing which I cannot sufficiently admire. Whenever I had caught a brace or so, and went to see how he was getting



Lady (wishing to get rid of undesirable travelling companion before train starts). "I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, BUT MY LITTLE GIRL IS JUST GETTING OVER SCARLET FEVER."

Facetious Fred (solemnly). "IT DON'T MATTER TO ME, MUM. I'M AGOIN' TO COMMIT SUICIDE AS SOON AS WE GETS PAST THE SUBURBS."

on, I would find that he was watching a diver or a wagtail or a fieldfare, or that he was picking a troll-flower and counting the petals, or that he was eating cloudberries. And I would say to him, "Yes, yes; this is all very well, but you ought to get on with the fishing."

"Well, I've taken half-a-dozen or so out of this pool, and I thought I'd give it a rest," he would say.

And so he had; and they were always larger trout than mine.

After a time we went back to the inn above the waterfall, and they gave us trout to eat, and reindeer and cloudberries and cream; and then we returned to the river and caught more trout and ate more cloudberries, and some more mosquitoes ate me. And so at last we staggered back over bogs and boulders to the *bil*.

"If you don't mind," I said on the way down, "I should like to arrange a little drama. I want to lay all these trout out on the seat and fix a notice above them—

CAUGHT ON THE FLY,

so that the conscience of our Norwegian friend shall be smitten when he sees them."

We did this; but the drama failed to work out quite as I intended, for the Norseman, coming out of the hotel and looking at the glittering parade, merely observed, "Ah! trout. I used to be very fond of trout-fishing when I was a boy."

This remark annoyed Richardson so much that, late though it was, he decided to go out once more and reopen the crusade against salmon. But I would not go with him.

"No," I said, "to-day I have been amongst realities. I do not wish to spoil the memory by repeating a foolish rite."

About an hour afterwards I strolled out of the hotel to look at my trout again, and found to my astonishment that they were all gone. Instead there was a monstrous apparition of bloated silver upon the seat.

"Thirty-eight-and-half pounds," came the voice of Richardson out of the gloom. "Just above the bridge. Killed him in ten minutes. A Jock Scott."

I examined the head and pitiless face of the fish. No sign of nerve-strain or worry. Not a trace of the herring complex about which we had talked so much.

"You're quite sure you caught him on a Jock Scott," I said, turning back to Richardson, "and not a piece of smoked reindeer or a living lemming?"

"Quite," he assured me. "Look here—why not get up early to-morrow before the steamer starts——"

I looked at the *laks* again.

"*Ingen* doing," I said. (It was not very good Norwegian as, consulting my phrase-book, I now perceive.) "I have a better plan than that. I will buy one in the Bergen fish-market and take it home in a box." EVOE.

"The Comtesse —— wore a light gray crêpe frock with a curious 'fish-tail' panel in the back, and a broad gray hat with a brim on the sides and front only. The Princesse ——, whose horse had won one of the big races of the week, wore a delightful smile."
Fashion Paper.

A tacit but crushing rebuke to her over-dressed friend.

AUTUMN: A MEDLEY.

'Tis ended—the worst of all summers
Endured by our holiday hosts,
And Ministers, magnates and mummers
Are back at their desks and their posts;
And, while politicians are burning
To practise new slogans and stunts,
Old Nature is steadily turning
Autimnal in tunts.

To those who in social *tamashas*,
Regardless of outlay, would shine,
The milliners offer new "Kashas"
Of endlessly varied design;
Musicians are making a living
By weird and extravagant strains,
And genius is taking, and giving,
Us infinite pains.

The publishers' output in total
Already their record excels,
With hundreds of Lives anecdotal
And millions of copies of WELLS;
And we look to new volumes from BLASCO
IBANEZ, new stories of crooks,
To remedy FUSCO'S fiasco
With LIVY'S lost books.

New dances are threatened this season,
Including the horrible "Hunch"—
A name for an obvious reason
Distasteful to good Mr. Punch;
In Europe the cult of ballistics,
In spite of Geneva, prevails;
In India, militant mystics
Keep twisting our tails.

The berries are thick on the hollies
In presage of frost and of snow;
The tribe of the cabaret follies
Continues to prosper and grow;
The suburbs are stiff with aerials;
The slums carry on with the dole;
The flapper with sweets and with serials
Refreshes her soul.

The ranks of the rigid cold-tubbers
Grow smaller as winter draws nigh;
The markets are flabby in rubbers,
But tea is resilient and high;
The Communist forces, all ruddy,
Are banding themselves for attack;
While the outlook of oafs who are muddy
Is growing All Black.

The reign of the formula lingers
In spite of the logic of facts,
And statesmen keep burning their fingers
By framing unworkable pacts;
Though RAMSAY, reviewing his pledges
In face of the forces that bar,
Has learnt that divinity hedges
No god—in a car.

"While the King is at Balmoral he never wears anything but a kilt."—*Gossip Column.*
The writer is misinformed.

THE PASSING OF JULIE.

"KISS Julie too!" were my orders, and it is not for a modern father to disobey his offspring. Rather absently, and more out of pity than love, I kissed the waxen-faced lady that Amarilly had selected from her temporary *crèche* on the sofa.

"Julie not werry well to-day," explained Amarilly, replacing her florid-looking invalid beneath a duster coverlet. "Her eyes fell in this morning," she added in quite casual tones.

This announcement would have startled me more had I not been well acquainted with Julie and her habits. Poor thing, she must have been born under an unlucky star, or else in a German factory, for of late she has been shedding her one-time beauty in almost daily instalments.

First it was her hair. Amarilly came to me broken-hearted one morning less than a week after Julie joined our family *viâ* the chimney and a Christmas stocking.

"Poor Julie!" she sobbed, exhibiting that young lady and her towering *coiffure* in separate chubby hands. "Her hair fell off!"

Julie was unable to refute this statement, and I think I detected a shade of martyrdom about her fixed but affable expression.

Another day, I remember, Julie's nose "fell off." I had my doubts about the genuineness of this accident, which were only confirmed when shortly afterwards Amarilly led me with many a whispered "Sh-sh!" to a dark corner of the nursery. There lay Julie, her smile as broad as ever, but with only a twisted stump where her left leg had been.

"It fell off" was Amarilly's laconic and somewhat hackneyed explanation. "But she's got her leg in bed with her," she went on cheerfully, "and she says it doesn't hurt a weeny bit."

Thus I was able to steel myself to the sad news of Julie's latest tragedy. Indeed my only wonder was that her eyes had survived being poked so long.

It was not from any lack of love for her doll that Amarilly perpetrated these accidents, cruel though they may seem. On the contrary, the more of a cripple the unfortunate Julie became the dearer she was to Amarilly's little heart. I even suspect that many of Julie's painful experiences were deliberately planned so that Amarilly could love her the more.

For my own part, however, I confess that my love for Julie was a less noble sort of sentiment. I found it evaporating rapidly as limb by limb she dwindled down. At length her patient ever-smiling forbearance with the loss of hair, nose, arm and leg began to get on my nerves. And finally, when her eyes "fell in" and rattled about in her head, I decided that it was time for Julie to have a successor.

As delicately as I could I explained the position to Amarilly.

"Poor Julie," I said sadly, "is getting old and ill. I don't think she wants to live much longer. Next week Daddy will bring you a new dolly to take her place. What do you say to that?"

Amarilly's first impulse was of gratitude. But when she looked at Julie immodestly bathing what was left of herself in an open pie-dish her expression changed.

"Julie says she doesn't want to die yet," objected Amarilly, without consulting the unfortunate Julie on the subject.

"Well then," I suggested tactfully, "perhaps we can send Julie to the hospital, and you can look after another little doll while she's away."

* * * * *

"New Julie," my suggested name for Julie's *locum tenens*, was soon corrupted into "Newlie." Paler of face and frailer of body than her predecessor, I fear that her first impressions of Amarilly's mothering must have been, to say the least, alarming. For the arrival of Newlie coincided with Julie's departure to the dolls' hospital, and Amarilly's grief found practical expression in bitter cruelty to the unlucky substitute.

As was only to be expected, at her price of two-and-sixpence-halfpenny, Newlie possessed little of Julie's dogged martyr spirit.

Within a few days, thanks to Amarilly's Spartan methods, her charms had faded. Her right leg dangled lifelessly from its socket and there was a dreadful gaping hole where one of her ears had "fallen off." Besides, as an insult to add to these injuries, she had acquired a blue and unsymmetrical moustache.

It can have been but small comfort to Newlie in her condition to see, as I could, that Amarilly's heart had begun to soften. Soon her life became less harassing, her "falls" less frequent, and after a long day's crocheting on Amarilly's part she found her poor crumpled feet adorned with bedsocks of violent pink.

This affectionate attention made me hopeful that Newlie's existence might yet be spun out until Julie's return from the hospital.

* * * * *

A few days later, just before Amarilly's bedtime, I brought a parcel into the nursery, where I found Newlie suffering her evening ablutions.

"Here's Julie back again," I said



"So that was on the Saturday, and on the Monday she got 'er blacks, an' then on the Toosday she 'eard 'e wasn't. I *was* sorry for 'er."

gaily, unwrapping the paper. "She 's just like a new dolly again."

With infinite care Amarilly laid Newlie, dripping wet, into her bed. Then she came slowly across to my side and watched Julie emerge from her packings—a Julie so spick-and-span that I scarcely recognised her at all.

There was an ominous little pause whilst Amarilly battled with her conflicting emotions. At last she spoke.

"I 've got to look after poor Newlie now," she said, "'cause her head fell off this morning."

"So you don't want Julie?" I asked.

"Like Newlie best," answered Amarilly stoutly. "She 's so werry ill, you see," she added, returning to her patient's bedside.

"Oh, all right then," I returned lightly; "we 'll put Julie away for another day."

Why, I cannot tell, but as I lay Julie on the top shelf of the cupboard something prompted me to brush the shavings from her face, just to see her inane smile again. It had vanished.

"Freud's works are so full of details in regard to his own life and circumstances that it has not occurred to any of his pupils to write his autobiography."—*Scots Paper.*

It sounds a little vicarious.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—Is Arcadia a real country, or a name in fiction?

It is the poetical name for Nova Scotia; supposedly derived from the name of the river 'Shubenacadie.'"—*Boston Paper.*

"Cassandra Salviati was still in her teens, when she flashed by the poet one day at Blois, lilting a gay Burgundian dance, a thrilling vision with her bright golden hair and dark southern eyes. It was the 21st of April, 1841. '*Je meurs, Paschal, quand je la vois si belle!*' cried Ronsard to his friend and confidant."

Literary Weekly.

People who have passed the age of 300 are liable to pop off at any time.



"If you please, 'm, Fido and Toutou 's a-chasing each other all over next-door's flower-beds."
"Never mind; it keeps the darlings out of mischief."

HIGH FINANCE.

Simpson and Richards were talking economics in the Silence-room of the Club. It is not an unusual thing for Simpson and Richards to talk economics in the Silence-room of the Club. I had been swept into their discussions before. I had no desire to repeat this experience, but I wanted a magazine which lay on the table over which they were talking; and after a few moments' reflection I decided to take the risk.

"The trouble with most people," Simpson was saying as I came up, "is that they insist on talking in big figures. Now in this question of the flow of money, the simplest illustration will do to show you the principle of the thing. Take the first object that comes to hand"—he became aware that I was standing over them—"take Henry here——"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, with my eye on the magazine on which Simpson was now leaning with one of his elbows, "but may I——"

"Henry," he continued, "had his bacon and eggs for breakfast this morning."

"Excuse me, but——"

"Now, what shall we say Henry paid for his bacon and eggs this morning? A shilling? Very well, then. Henry had his bacon and eggs and the shilling went into the till of the grocer who supplied him with them."

"Pardon me——" I started again, but this time it was Richards who was too quick for me.

"But Henry didn't pay for the bacon and eggs when he bought them," he objected. "He won't pay for them for a long time yet. Not if I know Henry."

"Of course not, my dear fellow," replied Simpson soothingly; "but can't you see that whether Henry pays for them now or in six months' time the *principle remains the same?* Henry gets the bacon and eggs; the grocer gets the shilling. Very well, then. Now what does the grocer do with the shilling? He goes out and buys something that *he* needs, just as Henry needed the bacon and eggs. Anything you like will do."

"Pardon me——" I began.

"An aeroplane," suggested Richards.

"We might as well have something sensible," continued Simpson, "although I quite admit it makes no difference to the principle of the thing. Shall we say the grocer needs a new pair of boots? Very well, then. The grocer goes to the boot-seller and buys a new pair of boots *with Henry's shilling.*"

There was a pause, a pause of triumph, of which I at once availed myself. "You will excuse my interrupting——" But once more Richards was too quick for me.

"But, my dear Walter," he said, "before you go any further I wish you would tell me the name of the shop where the grocer bought those boots. You are quite certain they were *new* boots?"

"Don't be frivolous, old thing. I know as well as you do that the grocer couldn't *really* get a pair of boots for a shilling. But the *principle* remains quite unchanged. Henry's shilling, or rather the shilling Henry paid, or rather the shilling we agreed to *say* Henry paid for his bacon and eggs this morning, goes out of the grocer's till into the pocket of the boot-seller. Very well, then. The grocer gets the pair of boots; the boot-seller gets the shilling. Now what does the bootseller do with the shilling? Why, *he* goes out and buys something that *he* needs."

"A till," Richards suggested.

"Anything you like will do. For the sake of argument let us suppose that the boot-seller wishes to give his little son a wireless set for his birthday. Now of course I don't say that Henry's shilling will buy a wireless set *by itself,*

but remember there will be not the slightest difference *in principle*. The shilling will go out of the boot-seller's till——"

"Pocket," corrected Richards.

"The shilling will go out of the boot-seller's till——"

"But it never went into one at the boot-seller's," objected Richards again. "It was the grocer who had the till."

"Do try not to be flippant, George. I say the shilling *leaves the boot-seller* and goes into the purse of the seller of wireless sets. Now the seller of wireless sets happens to have had a slight difference of opinion, about anything you like, with his next-door neighbour."

Richards thought for a moment. "Perhaps he has run away with the man's wife," he said.

"I don't think that would do at all, George," replied Simpson. "Let us suppose that his next-door neighbour's cat has jumped into his garden and broken his cucumber-frame. Very well, then. The seller of wireless sets goes to Henry and asks him for——"

"An injunction to restrain," interposed Richards, undeterred by his previous failures. His persistence was rewarded.

"Just as you like. Let us suppose, then, that he asks Henry for an injunction to restrain. Now here we come to an important distinction. Henry doesn't sell goods—things you can take home with you in parcels——"

"Like bacon and eggs," said Richards confidently.

"Just so; he sells *services*. But there is not the *slightest* alteration in principle. The seller of wireless sets secures the injunction to restrain and the shilling goes into Henry's cash-box."

Simpson paused, his elbow still resting on the magazine.

"Excuse me——" I started, but he raised the other arm to command silence. "And now," he said, the question is, 'What does Henry do with the shilling when he gets it?' *He spends it on buying the bacon and eggs for his breakfast to-morrow.* So there you have a perfectly simple case of the flow of money. During the course of the day the shilling has bought Henry's bacon and eggs, a pair of boots, a wireless set and an injunction to restrain. It then comes back to Henry, who spends it on bacon and eggs for to-morrow; and so it goes on."

I seized the occasion of another pause. "Pardon my interrupting——" I began.

Neither of them stopped me and the magazine would have been mine but at the last moment a devil—the devil of argument—took possession of me. "Pardon my interrupting," I repeated, "but I think you are both under a misapprehension. I didn't have bacon and eggs for breakfast this morning."

Simpson collapsed right over the magazine. I saw that I might as well give up all hope of getting it. I also saw that it would be necessary to withdraw to another room. The only thing was to retreat with as much dignity as possible.

"If you really want to know," I said over my shoulder as I walked away, "I had ham. And what is more I shall be having ham to-morrow as well. The same ham," I added, when I reached the door.

But I caught one remark before closing it behind me. It came from Richards.

"I thought there was a flaw somewhere," he said.



Lady. "What's the matter with your son? He used to have such nice manners and he was quite surly just now."

Villager. "It's since that twenty-foot fall 'e 'ad on 'is 'ead. Between you and me, Ma'am, it didn't do 'un no good."

"The Tilt."

A few weeks ago we published under this title some lines upon the alleged tilting of Great Britain in the North. There seems to be something in it if we are to believe a contemporary which describes a certain Scottish peeress, with literary tastes, as a "Tilted Poetess."

"Quiet on all Fronts.
By Arrangement with 'The Times.'
Shanghai, Wednesday."
Daily Paper.

We congratulate our plucky little contemporary on the good work it is doing.

"The Labour movement stands for . . . the view that men are not dogs in the industrial machine."—*Indian Paper.*

Quite right too. If there is one thing we detest it is to be a mere sausage on some capitalist's breakfast plate.

RESEARCH.

All serious students of Elizabethan literature and all genuine lovers of the eminently obscure will welcome Mr. Marcus Pratt's edition of the works of Jonathan Gadd,* which is published this week by the Bunthorne Press. Mr. Pratt, who is lecturer in English literature in the University of New Corinth, Pa., is well known as the scholar who confuted the Baconians by his discovery of the cryptogram in *Hamlet*, in which Shakespeare states plainly that he wrote his own plays and invented the inductive method; and as the author of *The Morbid Mind*, a sympathetic appreciation of modern poetry. Mr. Pratt's name is indeed a guarantee of sound workmanship and a critical sagacity proof against the speculative tendencies that detract from the value of many recent contributions to English scholarship.

None of Gadd's works has hitherto been reprinted. The most determined Anthologists have failed to disinter his remains, and it is believed that neither Professor Saintsbury nor Mr. Squire has ever heard of him. Indeed, the only one of his poems which is familiar to the general reader is the song, "Hey! nonny, nonny!" which is in Minnow's *Miscellany*, 1600, of which there are two extant copies, one in the Duke of Elginbrod's collection, and the other about half-way across the Atlantic. But the less known poems of Gadd, which consist of a sonnet in Philpot's *Phistful of Phantastic Phollies*, 1597, and an epigram in MS. P17173 in the British Museum, are not less deserving of attention.

In his Introduction Mr. Pratt argues with great cogency in favour of the Gaddeian authorship of the sonnet in Philpot, and his review of the internal evidence leaves nothing to be desired and would carry conviction even without the fresh proof afforded by the sensational discovery that in the 1598 edition of Philpot the sonnet is signed "J. C.," which, as Mr. Pratt acutely points out, is certainly a misprint for "J. G.," the very letters which Gadd would have used if he had written the poem and signed it with his initials. The argument in favour of Gadd's authorship of the epigram in the Museum MS. is less convincing, though the line—

"Thus is my heart no heart and yet a hart,"

has something of Gadd's humorous pathos, or, in the editor's own phrase, "is reminiscent of his pathetic sense of humour."

Mr. Pratt has cleared up two points of first-rate importance in the poet's biography. He has examined all the parish registers in Great Britain, and, in the absence of any entry relating to Jonathan Gadd, concludes that the poet was born abroad, probably in the Low Countries, since the birth-rate there was exceptionally high in the sixteenth century, or else that his birth was not registered. A close scrutiny of all the college registers of Oxford and Cambridge gives some support to the theory, hitherto based entirely on internal evidence, that the poet did not receive a University education. No documentary proof of his death is forthcoming, but the weight of probability inclines on the side of the belief that the melancholy event must have occurred.

Mr. Pratt's cautious and scholarly labours will securely establish Gadd in the place which he merits in the hierarchy (or should we say Squirearchy?) of English poets. There is much in his work which we could wish away, but the not inconsiderable residue has subtle tones of feeling and Sitwellian hints of the finer shades of the incomprehensible which show him to have been in the great tradition; while, as Mr. Pratt observes in his elaborate analysis of Gadd's style, "The style of Gadd defies analysis."

* The Complete Works of J. Gadd. Edited by M. Pratt. Introduction pp. i.-cccxxxvii. Text pp. 1-3. Bunthorne Press. One guinea.



Governess (during arithmetic lesson). "If you bought twelve articles priced seven shillings each, how much would you spend?"
Small Girl. "Oh, I don't know. I'm absolutely *useless* at bargaining."

THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

There was rather a large crowd on the boat the day we crossed, and, with only twenty-five minutes to pass them all through before the train started for London, the examination was not a very rigorous one. In fact I did not even have to open my bag at all. As a large bottle of eau-de-Cologne was nestling shyly in the middle, this was not without its pleasant side. I edged briskly away from the counter and prepared for flight.

"My hat, what a bit of luck!" James observed to me in a stentorian aside as he stepped into the place I had vacated and dumped his bag on the counter. "Heaven grant I get the same!"

Very stupid, I thought, to say it so loud; anybody (except James) might have guessed what would happen next. The official on the other side of the counter shed his slightly languid air and began to display symptoms of extreme interest in James and his belongings. Without even troubling to put the stereotyped question he snapped back the locks on James's suitcase and buried his hands busily in its contents.

"Nothing to declare," said James cheerfully.

The official disregarded him completely and continued his excavations.

"No spirits, tobacco, opera-glasses, scent, watches and all the rest of it," James amplified earnestly.

I edged further away still. After all, James had brought this on himself, and I could not see why I should be mixed up in it. Also that bottle of eau-de-Cologne was beginning to burn a hole in the middle of my bag. It occurred to me with extreme clarity that my duty was to go off that very minute and reserve our places on the train. I obeyed the call of duty.

When I returned (minus my own bag) James and his opponent were still at it. James's things were lying scattered all over the counter; and the official was apparently engaged in slapping James smartly all over. A large number of people were watching the proceedings with undisguised interest.

"But I keep telling you I haven't *got* anything to declare," came James's plaintive tones. "Why won't you believe me?"



Magistrate. "Does this man do anything for a living?"
Constable. "Yes, your worship; he's a tipster."
Accused. "No, I ain't. I'm a turf selectionist."

The official did not reply; but it seemed to me that he slapped James even more smartly than before. I think he was getting a little rattled.

"Oh, hullo!" James exclaimed, catching sight of me. "I say, friend Percy here seems to have taken quite a fancy to me. He won't let me go. He's been through my bag with a tooth-comb, spanked my macintosh all over, and now look what he's doing to me. I shall have him up for assault and battery soon."

"Friend Percy" ceased suddenly from his exercises and regarded James with a grim eye.

"Please may I go now?" said James.

I began to feel some respect for James. He must have hidden his contraband very efficiently. It was bound, of course, to be brought to light in the end, unless his opponent tired of the game first; but James was putting up a gallant struggle, and his extremely precarious position did not seem to distress him greatly.

"Go, Sir?" said Percy austerely. "No, Sir, you may not go. I must ask you to come with me."

"You're not going to smack me any more?" asked James.

"*This* way, please, Sir," Percy interrupted coldly, lifting up a flap in the counter.

"Well, may I bring my little friend with me?"

"No, Sir; you may not bring your friend with you."

James seized my hand and wrung it warmly.

"Good-bye, old man," he wailed. "Give my love to Aunt Jane and tell her I died bravely, smacked to death by wild Customs officials."

"Why don't you declare it and get it over, you ass?" I whispered rapidly. "Bound to be found out. Terrific fine. I've got seats on the train. Do hurry up."

"Declare it?" James repeated indignantly, in a voice that the official could hardly have failed to hear, even if his ears had been stuffed with cotton-wool. "I'm dashed if I do! It's up to friend Percy to find it, if I've got anything."

Percy was still holding up the flap in the counter, and James consented at last to pass through. I watched him being led into a small office, upholstered with frosted glass. Then I retired hastily to our seats. I knew that office of old, from bitter and costly experience; it is the place to which they take you when they wish to conduct a peculiarly intimate and heart-to-heart search of your person.

A few seconds before the train started James tumbled into my compartment.

"Well," I asked with interest, "how much did you have to pay?"

James stared at me incredulously. Then he burst into loud laughter.

"Do you mean to say you never got the idea?" he shouted, entirely regardless of the curious gaze of our fellow-travellers. "Why, I never had anything. I've always wondered what they'd do if you pretended to give yourself away in front of them. Now I know."

"Live Stock.

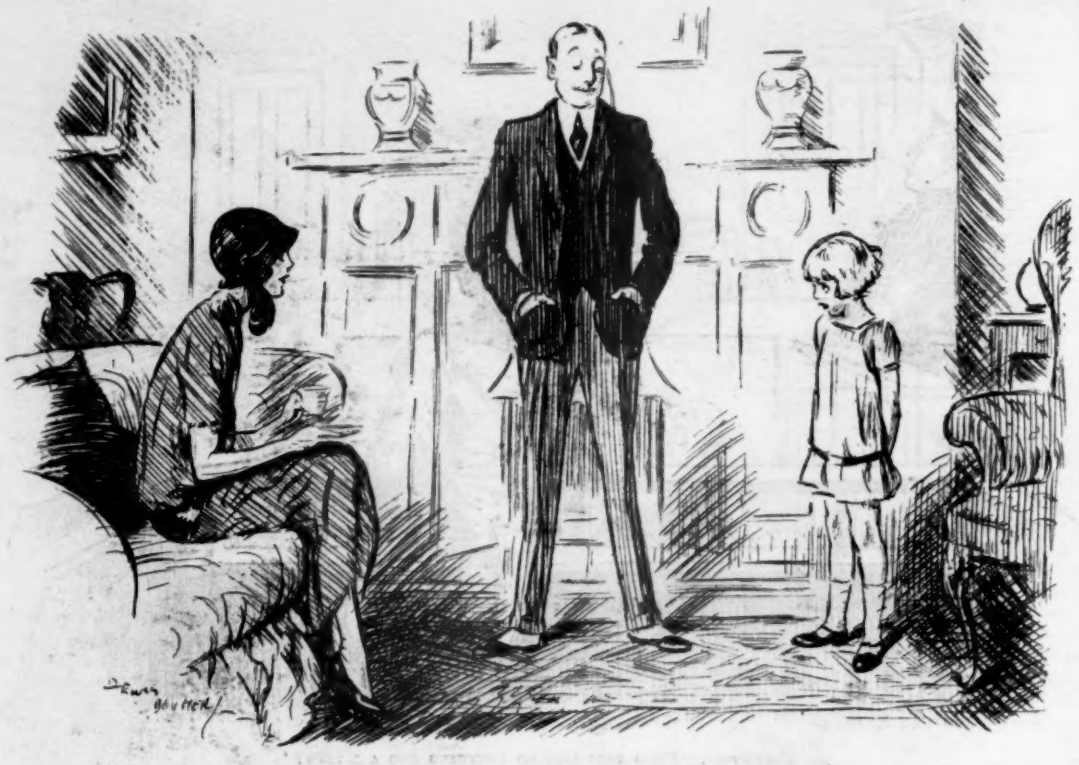
Another lot of grand Schoolmasters, 7*s.* 6*d.* each."—*Staffordshire Paper.*

Smith Mi.: Not worth it.

"EATING OF OYSTERS.
WHEN AND HOW AND WHY.

When and how should oysters be eaten? Apart from consuming them in any mouth that has an 'R' in it, there is the question of the time of day."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Many people have an "R" in the mouth but can't roll it.



Visitor. "SHE HAS HER MOTHER'S CHIN AND YOUR NOSE AND EYES."
Child (plaintively). "BUT IT 'S MY FACE, ISN'T IT?"

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

V.—MID-OCEAN; OR, THE ROVER.

I've always been extremely keen
On anything at all marine,
I used to rave
About the wave
And with no small emotion
I sometimes sang the sort of thing
That sailors are supposed to sing,
Explaining what
A pleasant spot
They find the raging ocean.
But ah, how short a step is there
From high romance to *mal de mer*!
The nation, Sir, that lifts a hand
Against our well-beloved land,
That race must reckon first with me,
But anyone can have the sea—
Blow, breezes, blow!
Ho (Heave, and Yo)!
How sweet it is to roam!
Ho (Yo, and Heave)!
Why did I leave
My comfortable home?

Though I am very well aware
The ocean is a grand affair
And poets who
Have seen the blue
From cosy South-Coast cities
Have sung its praises, there and then,
I can but wish these honest men
Had taken trips
In actual ships
Before they wrote their ditties.
I too have dreamed, on Brighton Pier,
A wild piratical career,
But I would sooner milk a cow
Than be a jolly pirate now.
Old England 's very dear to me,
But anyone can have the sea—
Blow, breezes, blow!
Ho (Heave, and Yo)!
How bonny flies the foam!
Ho (Yo, and Heave)!
Why did I leave
My comfortable home?

The open sea, the open air,
The open road to anywhere,
Are good, no doubt,
To read about
When one has just been dining;
But I have met no poet yet
Who saw much fun in being wet,
Or liked to pass
The night on grass
Whatever stars were shining;
The very politicians yawn
If by mischance they see The Dawn;
And all adventure 's spoiled for me
If I can't get my morning tea;
While I repeat with three times three
That anyone can have the sea—
Blow, breezes, blow!
Ho (Heave, and Yo)
Across the magic foam!
Ho (Yo, and Heave)!
Why did I leave
My comfortable home?

A. P. H.

Things that might have been expressed differently.

"During the afternoon the attendance was somewhat meagre, and a stroll in the delightful Rectory grounds afforded not the least enjoyment."—*Provincial Paper.*

"For forms of Government let fools contend; Whatever is less administered is best."
Indian Paper.

Lord OLIVIER, we understand, quite approves this new version of the old aphorism.

"FOR SALE.

MAGPIE—Grey C. B. Gelding, 7 years, 15 hands, up to 14 stone. First class station game polo pony with good mouth and no voice, Rs. 1,000."—*Indian Paper.*

Such a nuisance when they start warbling in the middle of a chukkar.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Mr. Winston Churchill. "H'M—NOT QUITE SO FATTED, PERHAPS, AS IT MIGHT BE; BUT STILL—A CALF."





Crœsus (who has had a side bet). "It may interest you to know that final putt of yours cost me fifty quid."
Partner. "Good gracious! Then remember—tea is with me."

THE PANTRY CLUB.

Last night I was made an honorary member of a club which proudly claims to be one of the most exclusive of its kind in the West-End of London—and certainly my signature now appears on the roll of its Associates beneath those of two Peers, an ex-Ambassador and an Air Vice-Marshal.

But you will not find this fellowship listed in any directory or book of reference; its premises occupy no commanding position in Pall Mall or Piccadilly; nor does its title appear in the corner of any member's visiting-card. But, tucked away in the very heart of Mayfair, between a ducal mansion and one of those narrow but expensive streets whose names still lend a *cachet* to even the commonest notepaper, there lies a little cobbled by-way bordered by one or two garages that once were stables, a tiny general shop, and a pigmy public-house over whose inconspicuous threshold swings the sign of "The Scarlet Soldier." And it is in the cosy snuggery behind the bar of "The Scarlet Soldier" that, thrice weekly and on Sunday evenings except during the off-season, the members of the Pantry Club foregather for convivial intercourse.

It was Prosser who acted as my introducer—Prosser, my paragon among mess-corporals during the last two years of Armageddon, with whom, having reverted to his pre-war calling of a butler, I had by chance renewed an undying friendship at a dinner-party on the previous evening. During the meal our opportunities for conversation were naturally, or unnaturally, restricted; but, when I left, a long and intimate "buck" with him upon the doorstep had elicited a cordial invitation to look him up the following night at the Pantry Club, of which interesting and honourable fraternity he promised to "make me free."

The club-room at "The Scarlet Soldier" is hung from floor to ceiling with rows upon rows of Spy's cartoons of Victorian and Edwardian celebrities, punctuated by framed photos of past and present members of the club; and its open fireplace, disproportionately wide, gives it the air of a parlour in some wayside country inn. And here it was that I was introduced to a round dozen of portly and distinguished-looking individuals in dress-clothes, who might have been judges or admirals, or even, save for their collars and trousers, bishops, but who in fact were butlers to a man.

Seated round a table beneath the open window they were eating and drinking with a decorous gravity, the earlier arrivals among them puffing cigars of a length and fragrance that would not have disgraced a Lonsdale or a Birkenhead. As I entered, all rose and bowed with punctilious courtesy; and as I took my seat Prosser informed me in a stage whisper that by immemorial custom each member was addressed while at the club by the name and title of his employer. And thus it was that I found myself flanked by two dukes and discussing the international polo with a viscount and a marquess, while a brace of hospitable baronets plied me with devilled bones of superlative excellence and filled me a tankard of spiced ale whose equal I have only met at the high table in my college hall. Thereafter, with a formality comparable only

with the most mystic Masonic ritual, I was inducted as an honorary Associate of the Society, which has apparently met in this little room for half-a-century, and whose full membership is strictly confined to butlers.

Not every butler, however, is eligible for election. Seven years in the same service, an unimpeachable record and a situation in Belgravia or Mayfair are essential qualifications for candidature; and election to the Pantry Club is regarded in buttling circles with as much jealous awe as attaches in another sphere to selection for membership by the Committee of the Athenæum.

"No member," remarked Prosser as he offered me a cigar, "has ever been dismissed his job. In fact, if I may say so, Sir," he added with pardonable pride, "our members are looked upon as the cream of the profession."

"But," I inquired, "in view of the inverted social conditions now prevailing and of the dwindling number of those whose position will permit of their employing such Admirable Crichtons as I see around me, how can the club survive?"

"Well, Sir," he answered, "judge for yourself. Here is our waiting-list."

And as I read a register of forty names "the cream of the profession" puffed their cigars and chatted in discreet impressive tones; not, as the curious might expect, of the peccadillos and scandals of high life above stairs, but of the world in general as it appears when surveyed from Olympian heights such as the snuggery at "The Scarlet Soldier."

It is true some stress was laid on the decadence of morals and manners in the exalted circles to which the members' duties called them; but mere tattle and gossip found no place in their conversation, and it was plain that my hosts quite seriously regarded themselves as the last champions of a social orthodoxy that is gravely menaced by modern vulgarity and indecorum.

And when, after the final toast of "Old England, old Port and old Friends," I bade adieu to Prosser beneath a moon that made a silver-and-indigo mystery of the little Mayfair street, I confided to him my firm conviction that the Pantry Club constitutes an impregnable bastion of our social reputation, and that it is only by the precept and example of its butlers that Society can hope to be saved from lapsing into an ill-mannered and immoral chaos.

A.

There is a spot on the Blankshire coast which I take to be the loneliest spot in Great Britain. There I wandered lately, pack on back; there I revelled in sun and sand and sea and heather; and there I fell in with the strange and unfortunate gentleman.

He was sitting on the sand, his position so well masked by rocks rising above and behind him that I never saw him, but began to undress for my bathe within twenty yards of him. Then he said "Hullo!" in a sepulchral voice.

I nearly jumped out of my skin, which in another minute would have been all I had to jump out of.

He came towards me, presenting a figure strangely out of keeping with that wild scene, for he was sprucely turned out, even to patent-leather shoes and white spats. Yet he was an elderly man, with an anxious puzzled face and a hesitating manner.

"I must apologise for startling you, Sir," he began. "I really did not know what to do. If I had left you to discover me for yourself you would have been still more startled. Of course you might possibly never have seen me at all—but, well, it was most difficult, most difficult."

"My dear Sir, think no more of it," I said. "It is I who should apologise for coming to bathe in your chosen spot. Would you like me to move away?"

But he would not hear of it. And when I had had my swim, clothed myself once more and lit a pipe, he begged me to join him by his rock.

"The most deserted spot in Britain," he said. "Why do you come here?"

"Because I like deserted spots."

"Ah!" he cried, "I see then that I ought to have tried to get away unseen."

He took a lot of coaxing back into good humour with himself. When at length I had succeeded I put the same question to him.

"Why do you come here?"

"I—I come to escape these eternal social problems. Far from the haunts of civilisation I hope to enjoy a brief respite. But it is useless. They pursue me."

These were strange words.

"What social problems?" I asked.

"You will understand when you know who I am."

I looked at him with added interest. I failed to recognise him, but that did not prove that he was not one of the leaders of Society.

"I am A.," he said simply.

I stared at him stupidly.

"A what?" I asked.

"A.," he replied. "Surely you have heard the old, old question, 'What should A. do?'"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, *I am A.* Now you see why I flee to the loneliest spot in Britain. My life is one long succession of perplexities. They follow me everywhere relentlessly. Even here, in this desolate spot, you arrive and propound a fresh one by undressing near me."

"But why worry?" I said. "What does it matter?"

"Ah, there you show that, despite the wide publicity that during many years has been given to my difficulties, you have not understood my character. I am incapable of throwing the problem aside with a casual 'What does it matter?' I am too sensitive to the feelings of others."

I really felt sorry for him and still more so when he told me, as he proceeded to do, some of the problems with which he had been faced. Undoubtedly A. has had many strange and embarrassing experiences.

At length he rose to go.

"I have been greatly interested in all you have told me," I said; "but it



Motorist. "If you don't sell petrol, why have you got that notice on your house?"

Pat. "Oh, that! Sure, yer honour, I put that up to cover a crack where the mortar has come away an' lets the rain in."



The Dowager. "WHENEVER I SEE THE VICAR'S WIFE WEARING THAT HAT I BOW BUT I DON'T SMILE."

occurs to me to ask if you are quite sure you are actuated entirely by your respect for the feelings of others? Is it not often rather their good opinion about which you are over-sensitive? In future, if I were you, I should chance it, do whatever comes into your head and give up writing to the Social Editor about it."

But I doubt whether he will take my advice. He left in a very perplexed mood. Just before he disappeared round the headland he stopped and shook his head; and on the evening breeze faintly there came to me the words, "What should A. do?"

Little Known Facts of History.

"Lord Leverhulme is proud of being a grocer. 'As the word "Calais" was said to have been found engraved on the heart of Queen Elizabeth,' he said, yesterday, in opening the Grocers' Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, 'so, if you look at my house you will find engraved upon it "the grocery trade."'"
Daily Paper.

"SIR,—Before the reign of Charles I., says an eminent authority, our Monarchs appeared on our coinage in full face, or side face, without any order. Charles I., on his restoration, expressed a strong desire not to look the same way, even on a coin, as Oliver Cromwell."
Daily Paper.

SONGS WITHOUT SHAME.

I.—THE RHYME OF THE STOUT MEN IN OCTOBER.

Of all the merry months that make
  Mankind with surfeit seedy,
With pies and fruit and simnel cake
  And currants hard and beady,
    Not Dan December has the zest
    Of this, in golden glory dressed;
    We count October much the best
  Because we are so greedy.

O flaming woods and fire-lit house!
  O nappy ale in tankard!
O oyster, pheasant, partridge, grouse,
  Whereto our heart is anchored!
    The moon of all good cheer begins,
    Our plates are stuffed with vitamins—
    Behold we wave our double chins
  With joyfulness uncankered.

Let others praise, if praise they will,
  The new potato season,
Asparagus is none so ill,
  We natheless call it treason
    To hymn the loveliness gone by
    When sweetest celery is nigh
    And Kentish nuts and damson pie—
  Ho, waiter! Set the cheese on.

Ambition 'tis but idle dust—
  That truth will bear repeating,
And love will fade with age—it must—
  Come then, my pretty sweeting,
    Consult with me the bill of fare,
    Just press the end of yonder pear,
    They seem to have some nice jugged hare—
  One can't go wrong with eating.

Of all the months, serene, severe,
  Gay-hued or drab and sober—
Of all the months that build the year,
  That robe her or disrobe her,
    October is the month for us,
    The absolutely gluttonous,
    Whose waist is getting wuss and wuss—
  Then here 's to thee, October!

EVOE.

The Irish Boundary.

(As it strikes an M.P. whose holiday has been curtailed.)

That country to whose bourn
All travellers return. *(After Hamlet.)*

"WANTED—Tigers, Leopards, Hyena, Wolf, Wild Dog and other birds, beast and reptiles for a small garden."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*
Gardening *à l'Indienne* appears to be very hot stuff.

THE B.T. GAME.

I SHALL never play the B.T. game again. But in those far-off happy days, nearly a month ago now, before John married me, it came into being quite naturally. In fact it was the B.T. game which really decided me; John was so irresistible when he played it. And now . . . The first of those little tragedies which make marriage the thing it is.

How well I remember the day upon which we invented the B.T. game! It was the day upon which I first fell in love with John. A golden sun hung low in the west, and in the tall elms at the foot of the garden the rooks . . . However, we won't bother about that just now. The setting was adequate to the occasion.

John and Brenda and I were sitting on the terrace watching the sun and the rook business, and I was trying in my simple girlish way to help him to decide which of us he liked the better. Brenda was doing the same in her simple girlish way, but there was so little to go upon. John was so maddeningly *equal*. He always struck me in those days as the sort of man who, if he bought each of us a box of chocolates (as he frequently did) and felt a little hungry on the way, would take a chocolate out of each box so as to give neither of us an unfair advantage. How I used to wish that he would take a chocolate out of *my* box and leave my sister's box full! Then I should have known.

It was when things were at this stage that the B.T. game invented itself.

Brenda has a passion for clothes, a passion which I do not share. Clothes are to Brenda what tennis and swimming and jolly things like that are to me. She regards them not simply as things to wear, but as things to talk about and read about and write to all her dearest friends about. Consequently her favourite reading is *Boudoir Tittle-Tattle*, and when she produced the current number on the evening when the golden rooks were hanging low in the west and so on, I felt, still in my simple girlish way, that the crisis had come. Because, however impartial a man may be about chocolates and ripping serves at tennis and things like that, even the most cautious man cannot disguise his attitude towards *Boudoir Tittle-Tattle*. John was to be weighed in the balance.

I felt that, at any rate, the rooks were on my side. Rooks are not dressy people; they have one suit each and keep to it.

"John," said Brenda, "do help me to choose a dress. There are some of the cutest models you ever saw in this week's *Boudoir Tittle-Tattle*."

"What, another?" said John. "I should have thought you had heaps."

I watched him nervously. A wise-looking grey old rook put his head on one side and watched him also.

"Oh, I 'm not going to *have* it, only *choose* it."

"But if you 're not going to *have* it," said John, "I don't see——"



OVERLOOKED BY ST. PATRICK.

The Colonial Secretary-Bird (straight from South Africa).
"I WONDER IF THIS WILL UPSET ME?"

"It 's such fun *choosing* it," said Brenda.

I held my breath. Brenda didn't mean it like that, but this was going to be the supreme test. There wasn't even the excuse of usefulness about it; it was art for art's sake. If John was prepared to fall for this dress gossip business she could have him. But it seemed a pity.

"There," said Brenda triumphantly —"isn't that just too, too ducksy?"

I saw John pull himself together.

"Much too—er—ducksy, I should think," he said.

"But I 'm not quite sure about the neck," continued Brenda, her head on one side.

"Neither am I," said John. "Not at all sure."

"Do you think it would suit me better *négligé*, or just V?"

"Oh, V, darling," I interposed. "So slimming."

Brenda cast a couple of daggers at me. As far as John was concerned they were just looks of sisterly affection. But that is a different game altogether and quite beyond John. *I* knew what they were meant for.

John coughed, and I looked at him anxiously.

"What about having it 'boat'?" he said.

Boat! This from John. My heart sank and the old grey rook shook his head and went home.

"And if you have the rest straight, so as to give the slinky outline, with just the cutest little flare at the hem and a volant by the hip?" he continued.

"That finishes it," I said to myself. "You may go home and join the rooksies. Poor old John!"

But just at that moment I caught his eye, and right at the back of it there was a sort of twinkle. The old thing was ragging.

"Topping," I said with enthusiasm. "And corsage relieved with glittering sequins?"

"Rather," said John, entering into it. "Or the skirt—er—*plissé*, and the folds caught in front into a *plaque?*"

"Or scalloped and decorated with a tracery of *diamanté?*" I suggested.

"Excellent," said John. "And worn with a red *cloche* and——"

Brenda simply gasped with delight. No one had ever entered into the thing like this before.

And every now and then I caught John's eye and we twinkled at one another. It was a great game.

That was how the Boudoir Tittle-Tattle Game started—B.T. for short. In five minutes' time Brenda was nowhere. John and I invented and designed and modified in a way that would have made a Paris expert green with envy—well, green anyhow.

"John, you were wonderful," I said when Brenda had gone indoors, a little dazed, to fetch all the back numbers of the *B.T.*

"Wonderful?" said John.

"Yes. All that rot you made up. It was an awful good rag on old Brenda. How did you think of it?"

"Oh, just knack, I suppose," he said, and he laughed, a trifle nervously, I thought.

"Of course you do think it's rot, don't you?" I said, to make sure.

"Do you?" said John.

"Oh, rather. Awful rot."

"Then so do I," said John.

* * * * *

We never told Brenda about the B.T. game, but we played it a lot at her expense. It was a sort of secret link between us, and when John asked me to marry him I simply couldn't resist him.

We've got the dinkiest little house, and John has got the dinkiest little study. He goes there to write every evening.

That's why I shall never play the B.T. game again. Because John writes the fashion notes by "Lady St. Clair" in *Boudoir Tittle-Tattle*.

A MAN'S INTUITION.

INTUITION rather bores me. I have none myself. Woman alone, it seems, possesses this inner light. Women, says Edna, *know*. They leap to the end of a matter while men are making stepping-stones; and she rather rubs it in. But after what happened yesterday she is a little dashed, I think, and not quite so strongly convinced as she was of my mental incompetence.

We had been walking in Kensington Gardens and were just resting on a seat when a lady came by. She glanced at me, then bowed charmingly and moved towards us.

"How do you do?" she said very graciously, holding out her hand to me. "I knew you at once, though it is years since we met." She looked at Edna. "Your wife, I am sure," she added prettily. We all shook hands.

There may be some means of conveying to people who greet you like this that you don't remember them or don't know them, but if there is it is not within my scope. And anyway one doesn't to a lady. This was one of those terrible moments that occur from time to time in the lives of all and have to be lived through. Put me to any other task. Bid me dash into a burning house, face a tiger, talk to a flapper, speak at a wedding, undertake, in fact, any deed of bull-dog courage, but do not, I pray you, put me to the agony of encountering a lady friend of bygone years whom I have never met before.

We sat down again. The lady chatted on of the beautiful day, the gardens, the years that lay behind us, of I know not what. I hardly heard her. I was racking my brains to think who she was. I turned over my past. Nowhere could I fit in this unknown. "They" often spoke of me, she told Edna. "They" had heard I had married. How was Charles? she asked me.

"Getting on well," I said, after a wild moment of indecision as to whether I should make Charles a successful man of business or one over whom heads were shaken. I rather gathered that Charles was a bit of a head-shaker from the way she brightened and said, "I'm glad of that." He must have been my brother, I think, poor fellow.

On occasions like this I have two cards to play. I got one ready.

"Where are you living now?" I said, hoping for something definite, Hampstead, Mull, Nairobi—anything to bring light.

"Still in the same old place," she said, smiling. "We're very monotonous people, really."

I felt a tremor run through Edna. She knew my play. Having lost the



Philosopher (in railway refreshment room). "TO THINK THAT, IF JAMES WATT HADN'T SEEN THAT KETTLE BOILING ON THE HEARTH, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD TO EAT THIS WRETCHED BUN!"

trick, I produced my second card. "How are all your people?" I asked.

"Very well indeed," she said. "My father is very active considering his age. And Barbara—of course you remember Barbara?"

"Yes," I said wretchedly. My record-sheet was getting black with lies. Did one more matter? The lady laughed mischievously. I felt something of my latent past that I could never explain away was about to be revealed. The sweat stood on my forehead. I broke in with a futile remark that removed Barbara from the conversation. It was while the lady's answer was falling on my unheeding ears that I noticed a small addressed parcel in her hand. Should I? Yes, I would.

"And how is Mrs. Harper?" I asked.

"How odd that you should have mentioned her!" said the lady in surprise. "I am just on my way to call at her house. I must tell her you asked after her."

"Yes, do, please," I said.

Then, still talking brightly, we separated. When it was safe Edna seized my arm.

"Dick, who *was* it?"

"Dashed if I know. Never set eyes on her before to-day."

"Well, you kept your end up pretty well, I must say," said Edna.

"It was rather ghastly, though," I admitted, wiping my forehead.

"But, Dick," she cried, "who is Mrs. Harper? How did you know to ask after Mrs. Harper?"

"It came to me," I said simply; "I can't explain these things. They seem to flash into my mind. I suddenly felt that the name Harper was connected with her and I had to say it. Second sight, I suppose," I added carelessly.

We talked a lot about Celtic ancestry and psychical states as we walked home. I trod very lightly.

And if Edna lets me have too much of this intuition business I shall borrow her petard again.

"500,000 PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON TREES.
Fortunes made in Canada."
Dundee Paper.

This is what comes of these Tarzan tales.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NERVOUS WRECK" (ST. JAMES'S).

ONE is commonly required to take the wildness and wooliness of the West in serious, if sceptical, mood. But here, as it always should be, we are invited to treat its primitive conditions as matter for farce.

Anxious to escape from home and the repellent prospect of marriage with the Sheriff, *Bob* (pronounced Bahb) *Wells*, *Sally Morgan* induces a friend (*Williams*) to motor her over the mountains to the nearest railway station. We come upon them at the fall of night, just when the "gas" has given out, in the remote solitudes of Black Top Canyon, Arizona. *Williams*, being a nervous wreck, has no solution of the impasse but to go to sleep after freely dosing himself from his pocket-case of drugs.



THE NERVOUS WRECKER.

Sally Morgan . . . . . MISS MARY DUNCAN.
Bob Wells . . . . . MR. CURTIS COOKSEY.
Henry Williams . . . . . MR. CHARLES LAWRENCE.

A motoring family-party arrives, to find the road blocked by the stationary "automobeel." The girl presses her gun on her escort, who in a spasm of affected courage makes the party hold up their hands, while their chauffeur supplies him with petrol. Himself in abject terror lest the gun should go off, the Nervous Wreck compels them to deflate their tyres in order that pursuit may be delayed; and so moves on amid a fusillade of undesigned explosions.

All this, both in action and dialogue, was excellent fooling.

With the Second Act they have reached, next morning, a ranch, whose manager (incidentally mistaking them for a married couple) commandeers the lady as a cook and the Wreck as a waiter, in view of an impending visit from his proprietor. This gentleman naturally turns out to be the owner of the other car, and has a lurid tale of being held up by bandits, whose numbers increase with each recital of the desperate struggle against odds. He telephones for the Sheriff (*Bahb*).

In these embarrassing circumstances the shattered nerves of the Wreck require constant applications to his medicine-case. Yet he has a moment of exaltation, in which he picks up and throws out the manager's assistant (quite a large man), whose attitude to *Sally* has excited his disapproval. Immediately afterwards he collapses in a chair with a clinical thermometer in his mouth.

On the arrival of the Sheriff (with posse)—a very picturesque and convincing figure—and the subsequent appearance of the irate parent, complications ensue which I would not here follow in detail if I could. The search for the imaginary bandits is pursued with relentless futility, and the fun grows faster and furiouser. Guns keep on going off, now into the ground and now into the air; here with intention and there (when handled by the Nervous Wreck) without. At one time their explosion is treated as the mere popping of a cork—at another everybody is scared to death. The farce is not improved by this noisy rough-and-tumble, but by now we are helplessly at its mercy.

The final Act is eked out by an exhibition of scientific criminology. Those who are under suspicion have to balance a plate on each of their fists; and their guilt is detected by the involuntary reaction of their muscles to certain test-words delivered by the examiner. This stunt, as you will guess, provides a lot more noise at a juncture when we were threatened with a lapse into comparative quietude.

A touch of commonplace melodrama



BYWAYS OF INDUSTRY.

MORNING SCENE IN A LONDON SUBURB. GREENGROCER WAKING UP SLEEPY PEARS.

was perhaps unavoidable in the wind-up, which has to bring the hero and heroine together. In his chronic state of nervous prostration and with the prospect of an early demise (his fatalism in this particular serves to explain his occasional outbursts of heroic daring), *Williams* had never contemplated matrimony. But *Sally* has a happy thought. She jettisons the medicine-case by way of the window, and so the Wreck is salvaged and towed into harbour.

The humour of Miss Mary Duncan (as *Sally*) and Mr. Charles Lawrence (as *Williams*) was of a rarer quality than one generally encounters in farce. I don't know whether the author, Mr. Owen Davis, had modified the dialogue of the novel by Mr. E. J. Rath for the convenience of a British audience, but it is to the credit of one or other of them that we were spared the adventitious aid of unintelligible Western slang. I will not pretend to say that the accent of all these excellent American players (it may not have come all the way from Arizona, but it certainly came from somewhere in America) had nothing to do with the success of the play; I am content to acknowledge gratefully the receipt of much genuine amusement without inquiring too closely how I got it. I know at least that it supported me in a condition of static good-temper through the intervals, during which I was pinned to my place; the congested arrangement of the stalls at the St. James's making it undesirable for anybody to attempt escape from a central seat if he has a fancy for retaining his trousers. O. S.

"The Fool" (Apollo).

I can't help thinking that Mr. Channing Pollock's new religious melodrama, *The Fool*, would have been better for a little more thought, a little less sentimentality and fewer violent excursions and alarums. Certainly the case for the *Fool's* folly in selling most of what he possesses and giving it to the outcast would have been more soundly put if his antagonists had not been represented as such impossibly crude and futile people.

Perhaps the author might counter this by saying that you can't compress a debate (which has lasted for about two thousand years) for and against the literal acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount and its attendant counsels of perfection into the half-pint measure of a four-act stage play. But to make all your appeal to the ready emotions of well-fed people and none to their intelligence is to provoke the inevitable reaction. Nothing fades quite so quickly as the revivalist mood induced by over-statement to throbbing organ music, lowered lights and the sound of voices singing "Hark! the Herald Angels."

I am of course crediting the dramatist with the serious intention of provoking a consideration of the fundamental problem of the unequal distribution of the world's good things.

Mr. Gilchrist, a rich young assistant-rector in a fashionable New York church, has given away a great part of his inheritance. That is bad enough in the eyes of his dollar-worshipping friends, and particularly of his *fiancée*, who indicates that she cannot be happy

without cars, servants, furs and a good time generally. Worse still, he dares to preach about living issues like strikes and the tyranny of profiteering, instead of delivering tactful sermons on the conventional virtues; while the poor and germ-laden are crowding into the exclusive church, making it very difficult for the normal worshippers. The Rector, a good enough but comfortable man, is threatened by his two churchwardens, the president of a coal-mining corporation and a co-director (whose speeches never get much further than "What the hell——"), with the withdrawal of their handsome subsidies. It isn't altogether easy to believe that even the most comfortable of New York Rectors would have surrendered to so direct a hold-up, and so promptly sacked the obviously estimable young man. A poor Jew, to whom *Gilchrist* had given his overcoat, forces his way into the darkened church, and we are given to understand that the assistant-rector is consoled as ST. MARTIN was once consoled for a similar offering.

In the next Act we find our impulsive young friend in the employ of the coal corporation in the capacity of softener of labour trouble. It was not a likely appointment, one would think, on his record, and it didn't realise the optimistic expectations of the president. *Gilchrist's* idea of stopping labour trouble is the odd one of remedying the legitimate grievances of the operatives—a solution that simply would not occur, even in November 1919, to any self-respecting American employer of labour. It is better obviously to put your trust in an elaborate apparatus of spies, *agents provocateurs*, gunmen, bribery and general intimidation. An alien miner, one *Umanski*, pleads with great force for a shorter working-day than twelve hours, and the abolition of the "twenty-four-hour shift," but the president's "what-the-hell" colleague, *Inhumanski*, alias *Charlie Benfield*, and the president's incredibly dissolute young son, will have none of it.

So *Gilchrist* leaves the coal company, rejecting the fifty-thousand-dollars-a-year salary offered to induce him to take the young rake's place as manager, and with the remnants of his fortune opens a refuge, "Overcoat Hall," in the lost quarter of the city. Bums and harlots are his friends; his overcoats are stolen and his reputation suffers. The president, who thinks him a bad influence in the industrial world, threatens to bring a doctor and certify him as a dangerous lunatic; a mob breaks in and threatens him. Only *Umanski*, the miner, now turned student and inventor, the little cripple, *Mary Margaret*, and a street-walker are found to defend him. He is charged with calling himself the Son of God, which he admits in a general way, and asked for a sign. Then, as he is stricken down in the free fight, the little cripple is suddenly cured. The crowd has its sign and sinks to its knees. The cure of the cripple struck me as credible, the behaviour and language of the crowd as unlikely as anything could well be.

And then we find him in his little room in Overcoat Hall, his sole consolation the devoted little cripple. The president, in whose dull brain certain misgivings about life and conduct have begun to germinate, comes in a chastened but not essentially repentant



MR. JULIAN ROYCE (George F. Goodkind) to Mr. HENRY AINLEY (Daniel Gilchrist), recalling himself in a recent play. "AREN'T WE ALL——?"

mood, bringing his son, now in the grip of locomotor ataxy, to deliver a parting sneer at *Gilchrist* as to his horrible lack of success, and to shuffle off with a sensual leer at the little cripple.

In effect a very simple morality play, you see, and obviously unsuitable for the application of ordinary common-sense critical judgments.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY offered us a satisfactory enough portrait of the "fool," his sincerity, his eloquence, his muddle-headedness, his never-so-slight touch of smugness, and his appropriate heartiness. Miss SARA SOTHERN's little study of the cripple was a really delightful piece of work. I don't see how it could have been bettered. Mr. JULIAN ROYCE always makes villainy appear less unattractive, I suspect, than the creators of the villains intend. He was competent, if not quite happy, as the wooden-headed president. Miss MARY MERRALL, as *Mr. Gilchrist's fiancée* and the bad young man's long-suffering wife, was as effective as the rather bloodless part enabled her to be. Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY played the bad young man with tremendous gusto. He was so very, very bad. Mr. EDWARD IRWIN, as the blasphemous director and churchwarden, adroitly rolled his cigar in his mouth and made his short speech as occasion demanded with vigour. The players were naturally in difficulties with these rather unreal people. But Mr. EDMUND WILLARD'S interpretation of the passionate-stolid *Umanski* was an excellent performance; and I liked Mr. MORTON SELTEN'S portrait of the worldly Rector. Between the Acts the orchestra performed quite irrelevant music, and the whole business was a little bewildering.

An extraordinary play, certainly, to come from the author of *The Sign on the Door*, of happy memory. T.

THE EXTRAVAGANT LOVER.

["The smallest sign of enthusiasm now-a-days," says a writer, "is described as gushing, and despised accordingly by the youth of the day."]

DEAR HEART, when you came to the station
In the gown you were wearing to-day
And a fervour of fond admiration
Resistlessly swept me away,
Did my liking for rapturous phrases
Make me seem a rhapsodical lad
When, entirely sincere in my praises,
I told you "it wasn't too bad"?

Did you wish that my gush would diminish
When I noticed the hat that you wore,
Which gave your appearance a finish
I 'd never detected before?
Though the modes of the moment forbid it,
Extravagant speech is my curse,
And I fear I perhaps overdid it
When I murmured "it might have been worse."

Did I add to my daily offences
And earn your contempt as my fee
When I cast off all decent pretences
On being invited to tea?
But it seemed a ridiculous fiction
To pitch my excitement too low,
So I took to hyperbole's diction
And eagerly answered, "Right-o!"

"About an hour after Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, had passed the spot, a shot was fired at an unoccupied motor-car returning to Rome from Badia, San Salvatore."
Daily Paper.

We must try to get hold of one of these self-driving cars.

THE EXPERTS.



THE SHAPE IS MOST CERTAINLY GENUINE SÈVRES.



THE GLAZE IS UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE BRISTOL.



THE DECORATION IS CONCLUSIVELY GENUINE ROCKINGHAM.



THE COLOUR IS UNQUESTIONABLY GENUINE K'ANG-HSI.



THE MARK IS INDUBITABLY GENUINE CHELSEA.



IN FACT IT IS QUITE POSSIBLY A FAKE.



Exhausted Stalker (to gillie). "OH, SHOOT THE DAM STAG YOURSELF!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

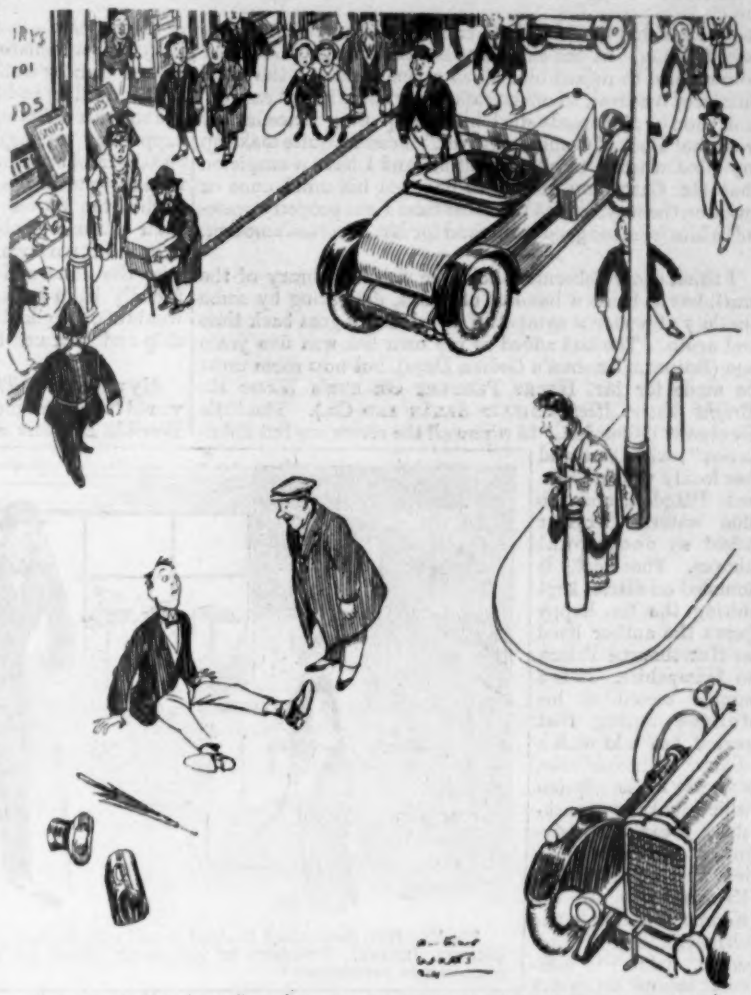
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHENEVER I read one of Mr. W. B. MAXWELL'S novels—and I am always glad of the opportunity to do so—I am conscious of a certain Victorian flavour in his composition. Not all the time, by any means. Sometimes the author of *Elaine at the Gates* (BUTTERWORTH) is almost aggressively modern, as in the language used by that unpleasant young woman, *Pearl Esdaile*; and he does not hesitate now and again to deal in the frankest manner with subjects from which our grandmothers would have shrunk in affright. But the romantic spirit is still strong in him, and it is of the fine old-fashioned kind. He loves a "powerful" situation, and is all for extracting from it the very last drop of emotional value. He can squeeze the sentimental lemon with anyone now living. When *Elaine Fletcher*, prospective heiress but engaged to a pauper, is suddenly faced with the death of her protectress and learns that a secret marriage has invalidated the all-important will, we feel that Mr. MAXWELL is really beginning to enjoy himself. We shall now see the poor girl put through it in the good old style, living as a nursery-governess with a terrible couple at Bexhill, apparently deserted by her lover from pure wantonness of heart, and altogether following out the usual heroine's tradition until we have barely a tear left. There is no man living who can handle the delicately-nurtured young lady's sudden descent from luxurious living to a grinding poverty like the talented author of *Vivien*. But this book is made something more than a pathetic love-story by some excellent bits of character-drawing. I like especially the *Marsh* family, a delightful pair, and the two *Sinclairs*, who are nicely observed, and finally *Mark Awdrey* and his mission work in Rothersey. *Mark* is the pick of the basket so long as Mr. MAXWELL contrives to keep his melodramatic half out of action. Reluctantly I ceased to believe in *Mark*, or in *Elaine* herself, towards the end. They are butchered, to my mind, to make a conventional happy ending. But the book should be extremely popular.

Apart from the glamour of names and inanimate nature, Mr. SHAN F. BULLOCK'S latest novel of Northern Ireland is not a poetical book. But that there is admirable prose stuff in the country "from Thrasna River away over Gorteen and Goole," *The Loughsiders* (HARRAP) certainly proves. Its hero, *Richard Jebb*, is a veritable stockfish of a man, pickled in small economies and precautions at the age of forty-five. The prosperous and pretty girl he half-reluctantly brings himself to court refuses him under the pardonable conviction that her charms alone will secure her a less elderly lover. But no sooner is her father, easy-going *Henry Nixon*, dead and buried—with the Bible and an orange sash and all the pomp and circumstance of a true-blue Protestant wake—than *Rachel* is left on the shelf and has finally to take what she can get in the shape of a half-crazed pensioner. Even this matrimonial *coup*—like almost

every other diplomatic masterstroke in the book—is brought about by *Jebb*. For realising on *Nixon's* death that the estate (encumbered as it is), plus *Nixon's* debonair widow, is on the whole more desirable than *Rachel's* undowered charms he sets to work to eliminate his future bride's family with Machiavellian resource and skill. *Sam*, the eldest son, is induced to emigrate; the pensioner, a gallant sergeant of the R.I.C., not so very much the worse, after all, for a Belfast cobblestone on the head, is screwed up to the point of proposing to *Rachel*; while *Jim*, the youngest *Nixon*, who detests and suspects his mother's arch-adviser, has to expiate an angry shot at his enemy by following his brother to America. The whole of *Jebb's* campaign—and its manœuvres are the mainstay of the novel—is related with a shrewd, incisive and abstemious humour which admirably suits it. And not one of its minor actors but engrosses a fair and fruitful share of Mr. BULLOCK'S undeniable gift for characterisation.

Mr. W. J. TURNER'S *Variations on the Theme of Music* (HEINEMANN) is a book to read and re-read. Not, I hasten to add, because it is wholly trustworthy, coherent or gracious. On the contrary it scatters loose definitions as the hours their rose-petals; its critical notation is occasionally unperceptive of the difference between crotchets and principles; and its quarrelsome passages (these are few however) have the usual *Pott* v. *Slurk* absurdity that attends public revivals of journalistic fisticuffs. But, for all that, I believe Mr. TURNER to be truly and passionately concerned for the artistic life of the nation—"the measure," as he says, "of its real virtue;" and what is better, to be hot on the scent of the principles of an art that shall satisfy both makers and ordinary mortals. The first need of the artist is to get his intellect to collaborate with his instinct; "it is only the minor artists who are content to work from intuition or reason alone." The second is to achieve economic independence; "and this he generally has to obtain by self-denial." The artist's peculiar difficulties with regard to his English public are discussed suggestively, but not perhaps quite so helpfully as his personal problems. One paragraph of "Music in the Home" is, however, far more helpful than I think its author guesses. It describes the volumes you find on the piano of the not strictly musical home—"'The Beggar's Opera' or 'Patience' or a collection of folk-songs." This I feel is about as far as Mr. TURNER and his peers ought to descend (if descent it is) if they expect the rest of England to climb higher. Of course Mr. TURNER says he expects nothing of the kind. Let the *canaille* stay where it is. But I think he will change his mind later. Meanwhile I sincerely regret his efforts to divorce music and poetry. Doesn't he ever, like FITZGERALD, "plunge away at my old HANDEL at nights and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso?" And, if not, why not?



Enthusiastic Motorist. "GAD, SIR, THE SPRINGING OF THAT LITTLE CAR OF MINE'S A MARVEL! DO YOU KNOW, UNTIL I HEARD PEOPLE SHOUTING I'D NO IDEA I'D RUN OVER YOU."

I understand, but it is only vaguely suggested, that *The Ivory Mask* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was the face of a certain *Dr. Le Fébre*, who is responsible for most of the happenings in Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP'S latest novel. Our introduction to him takes place when, for several weeks, he stands in a London Square staring in at a window where a girl is typewriting. At the end of that time the mother and father of the girl, whose name is *Mirabelle*, are buried on the same day—it is never very clear how that came about—and *Dr. Le Fébre* goes in, introduces himself and persuades her to come away with him as his secretary. As the story goes on you discover that he is of Chinese extraction, that his intentions towards *Mirabelle* are both honourable and avuncular, that he is an expert of hypnotism and implicated in the dope trade. By-and-by he is abducted by a rival drug purveyor, and *Mirabelle*, screaming out of the window for help, is lucky enough to attract the attention of a very charming young *Mr. Kingston*, who has an even more charming mother and a rare and rooted aversion to having his portrait published in the papers. *Mr. Kingston* of course falls in love with *Mirabelle* and so does a pleasing,

but curiously confiding, young detective; and when *Mirabelle* too is abducted by *Le Fèbre's* enemies the pursuit becomes very thrilling. At the end I got a little mixed, as *Le Fèbre*, who seemed to regard himself as a benefactor of the race, murdered his rival, whom he called an "unmitigated rascal," and shortly afterwards died himself, quoting inaccurately from the "Book of Common Prayer." I cannot quite make up my mind what to think about it all, and I have a suspicion that Mr. CALTHROP may have changed his mind once or twice on the way; but at the same time I am properly grateful to him for some good thrills and for *Mr. Kingston's* mother.

I think every fisherman, however rich his library of the craft, has at heart a handful of books, delighting by some subtlety of personal sympathy, to which he goes back time and again. The last added to my own list was five years ago (ROMILLY FEDDEN'S *Golden Days*), but now room must be made for Mr. HARRY PLUNKET GREENE'S *Where the Bright Waters Meet* (PHILLIP ALLAN AND CO.). The little Bourne is its burden, "to whom all the rivers are but tributaries"; with Test and her lovely valley, Kennet, Blagdon, and the fine waters further afield as occasional chorus. The book is founded on diaries kept during the ten happy years the author lived at Hurstbourne Priors, in Hampshire. It is a simple record of his doings during that period, but told with a charm, a friendliness, and wit of description which make it remarkable. I can't help giving at haphazard an instance of the latter. Evening rise on the Kennet and, due to the ultra-visibility of sundown, fishing is difficult; several heavy fish are feeding at once and the fisherman is filled with "vacillation, cowardice and despair, like the spaniel who has got to the three dinners before the other two." But there are big trout throughout, and the triumphs and humiliations attaching thereto; some sound sense on stocking; delightful dogs (sportsmen all), music and horses. What more would you? Mr. MERRIC BOVILL'S photographs of lovely and beloved places are an added joy. One growl, however. No man who can sing like Mr. PLUNKET GREENE has any business to be able to write with an almost equal distinction, but he is forgiven because of the pleasure I've had from both, and because he knows who KRAG was and how he died.



The New Heir (*determined to stand in well with the local tenantry*). "GOOD MORNING, JENNER. I WONDER IF YOU COULD KNOCK ME UP ONE OF YOUR WELL-KNOWN OVERCOATS?"

Mr. WILFRED WHITTEN, having now for some years acted as informal tutor to literary amateurs, offers the substance of some of his lectures and causeries in *Is it good English?* (NEWNES). A snippety little book, of course, but the snippets are intriguing enough to catch you by some allusion or problem that makes you look again instead of merely passing on—which is of the essence of good snippetry. It is a sound piece of work to try to diminish the number of "psychological moments" and "phenomenals" in current scribbling, the confusion of *like* with *as*, the dragging in of the "case" of John Smith when we don't mean his coffin or his suit-case—here we get an echo of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH'S passionate protests on the same subject. And I have a friendly feeling for JOHN O' LONDON'S defence of the split infinitive, as for years I conducted a mock battle on its behalf with a distinguished man of letters, now, alas! dead, supporting my arguments with faked quotations from the classics, and claiming that grammar was made for man, not man for grammar—a claim which one may admit can be pushed too far for convenience. Let us, however, not refrain through snobbishness from occasionally splitting a poor infinitive if we can avoid clumsiness or pedantry, whatever the dons and beaks may say. A good deal of this friendly little book is written, no doubt very properly, in words of one syllable, but it is garnished with sound scholarship and informed by a lively zeal for letters.

My pleasure in *The Tragedy at the Beach Club* (JARROLDS) would have been multiplied if I had realised sooner that the *Terrible Kit* was not a mere child. *Kit* is an important character in the story, and I do not believe that it was entirely my fault that I formed an erroneous opinion of her age. Anyhow I invite Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON to share the blame with me. The tragedy took place in the Club of Rockmont, "one of the hundred summer colonies about New York." There an elderly doctor was murdered, and forthwith detectives, amateur and professional, were agog to find the criminal. To *Kit* however belongs the chief credit for bringing the hunt to a successful conclusion. Mr. JOHNSTON is in many ways an excellent writer of sensational fiction, but in this "tragedy" I do not think that he gives his readers quite a fair chance to spot the murderer. You will require the uncanny perception of the *Terrible Kit* if you are not going to miss the mark.

Leaps and Bounds (MILLS AND BOON) strengthens my conviction that as a writer of readable short stories Mr. W. PETT RIDGE is the man for my seven-and-sixpence. None of the stories in this volume may be likely to linger in the memory, but all of them are easy to read, and to some of their tails Mr. RIDGE gives a delightfully neat twist. I mean to be complimentary when I say that nothing more suitable for railway journeys and for waiting-rooms of all kinds could be imagined. In this large field of twenty-six I select "Shuffling Cards," "Remarkable Features" and "All Abroad" as my favourites, but others that deserve honourable mention are "Three Scraps," "Handsome Prizes" and "The Lift." The story that gives its name to the collection is the longest and most ambitious, but I prefer Mr. RIDGE in his lighter and less elaborate work.

Another Impending Apology.

"—— is a tall, slim lad whose modesty is in inverse ratio to his sporting accomplishments."—*Evening Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

"WINTER is coming," says an observant writer. It may be so, of course, but they said the same thing of the summer.

* * *

Edible snails are now arriving in England from France. Some people only eat them during months with a "z" in them.

* * *

At Fulham recently a man fell fifty feet from a scaffolding into a van of sand and was unhurt. We doubt, however, if this performance will bring him a job on the films, as he didn't bounce.

* * *

SKIDMORE was the name of a motorist witness at Hampstead Police Court. We understand that magistrates in other districts are anxious to secure him for the purposes of forensic humour.

* * *

A woman in Berlin recently stopped a train because the man opposite had an unsatisfactory face. He always has.

* * *

A lady doctor draws attention to the use of the mud pack for beautifying the skin. Our Rugger players, of course, are famous for their lovely complexions.

* * *

The London Traffic Act came into force last week. This explains why coveys of pedestrians in the Strand were so tame.

* * *

The death-knell of the black umbrella has been sounded, we read. As far as ours is concerned it was sounded last week when some fellow-clubman got to the hall-stand first.

* * *

According to a daily newspaper visitors to London find it very difficult to buy a postage-stamp. Nothing could be more simple if they only knew. They should call a taxicab and ask to be driven to the nearest post-office.

* * *

A general executive meeting of the Communist Party took place in Manchester last week. The world is to continue for the present.

* * *

A *Daily News* headline runs: "Government has an eye on the money-lenders." Perhaps they 're looking for tips on how to get loans repaid.

The youngest cadet in the Navy is 11¼ years old. It would seem that there is at least one sailor whom they can't blame for Jutland.

* * *

Owing to bad conditions the other day a *Daily Mail* sky-writing demonstration had to be postponed. That settles it. Something must now be done about the weather.

* * *

A London chef thinks that haggis would be more popular in England if people knew how to prepare it. Housewives should write for paper patterns, stating waist-measurement.

* * *

Three water-rats were killed recently in a dairy shop in East London. We generously refrain from comment.

* * *

A lady novelist has informed an evening paper that diabolo has been revived in Vienna, and she predicts that it will reach London, *viâ* Paris, this winter. We trust that timely efforts will be made to avert this menace.

* * *

Residents in a Devon agricultural district have been puzzled by mysterious long-drawn-out moaning sounds. Very possibly it was a farmer looking on the bright side of things.

* * *

JACKIE COOGAN has had an interview with Signor MUSSOLINI. It is believed that the subjects discussed were the prospects of Fascism in America and the possibility of a film version of "The Iron Hand."

* * *

According to a news item a Regent's Canal bargeman is still wearing a straw hat. We should like to hear what he says when he learns that really dressy men have long discarded them, even for summer wear.

A ghost is said to have been seen in a Kentish hop-garden. Only very credulous people and those who don't drink beer believe all they hear about hop-gardens.

* * *

Niagara is to be broadcast. This is just what we have been wanting, to take our minds off the rain.

* * *

It is officially suggested that news from Australia should be censored. This is especially desirable in view of the possibility of alarmist reports about the forthcoming Test Matches.

* * *

A Chicago professor claims to have restored sight to blind mice. We expect to hear of a protest from farmers' wives any day now.

* * *

A musician claims that a band in a café promotes appetite. It does. It takes you so long to find a place where there isn't one.

* * *

From a supplementary report of the rabbit which ran on to a football-field and stopped the match we learn that its idea (happily frustrated) was to bite the referee because he gave a foul against the home team.

* * *

Sir ROBERT HORNE, eulogising work, says that it is the justification of existence, the zest of life, a solace in sorrow and the glory of mankind. Perhaps this is why so many employers think there 's no need to pay much for it.

* * *

The International Dental Exhibition opened in London last week. It is estimated that at least 5,500,000 persons stayed away and enjoyed themselves.

* * *

A shopkeeper in Dublin was fined for throwing oil over a lady's head during an argument. Oil may calm troubled waters, but it has no such effect on brain-waves.

"Swing Low, Sweet Charlot."
Wireless programme in an evening paper.

No reflection on the character of this gentleman's revue is implied.

"I intend joining this Club for the winter and hope other young men will do the same. It has the advantage of being insectarian and non-political."—*Local Paper.*

We hate insectarian clubs.



IN THE HAUNTED ROOM.

"BY JOVE, A TIP! I WONDER IF THERE 'S ANYTHING RUNNING TO-MORROW CALLED 'SPECTRE' OR 'GHOSTLY VISITOR.'"

POLITICAL NOTES AND SPECULATIONS.

By Our Unparliamentary Critic.

According to *The Times*, the Liberals would appear to have "burned their boats" in the matter of the Soviet Treaty. But it may be some consolation to Moscow to know that Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy's fighting dinghy remains intact amid the general conflagration.

* * * *

As we go to press it is not definitely known whether the Government would prefer to fall over the Attorney-General's indiscretion or the Soviet Treaty. At the moment they are probably considering which would make the more glorious end. They have also to reflect whether it would be more profitable to be defeated by Mr. Baldwin (with the assistance of Mr. Asquith), or by Mr. Asquith (with the assistance of Mr. Baldwin). The Leader of the Conservatives may be regarded as their natural enemy, and as representing more clearly in the popular mind the curse of a bloated Capitalism; but, on the other hand "*Et tu, dear Brute!*" (meaning his old supporter, Mr. Asquith) would make a splendid slogan at the polls.

* * * *

If they are to be defeated they could not choose a better time of year than October or early November, the recognised season for the Fall. There is also the consideration that the Flat-racing Season is drawing to a close; and, though the more frivolous members of the proletariat may continue to bet during the Jumping Season, the serious workingman will shortly be released from the prior claims of the Turf and can then devote himself to the cause of the Labour Party and the regeneration of England.

* * * *

Mr. Wheatley is reported to have said that it would pay the country to advance money to the Soviet Government, even if we got no direct return for it in the form of interest. Nevertheless there is no truth in the rumour that his colleague, Mr. J. H. Thomas, proposes to put something on a fifty-to-one chance for the Cesarewitch, with a view to encourage the national breed of racehorses.

* * * *

The prospects of peace in Ireland have taken on a rosier tint. Mr. Arthur Bourchier's magnanimous offer to meet Sir John Martin Harvey for a discussion of their differences has produced a very favourable impression both in the Lobby and at Geneva. It is felt that, if the actor-knight responds to this overture, President Cosgrave cannot very well persist in extending a deaf ear to Sir James Craig's offer of a private conference on the Boundary question.

* * * *

We are asked to remind the public that *The Thief of Bagdad* (featuring Mr. Douglas Fairbanks) was composed prior to the recent intrusion of Turkish forces into Iraq, and is therefore free of all symbolic reference to that trespass. This frank disclaimer should go far to appease the censorship at Angora. We are further desired to say, on behalf of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, that the white nag (with wings) whose ambling progress across the firmament excites so much undesigned hilarity has no sort of connection with the Pegasus of their stables.

* * * *

The fact that the League of Nations has resolved to look with disfavour on any nation that intervenes aggressively in what another nation considers to be its domestic affairs has produced a feeling of considerable relief among the Directors of the Southern Railway. It had been rumoured that the alleged inadequate supply of gangways, deck-chairs and basins on their Channel steamers might be treated by some European Government as a *casus belli*; and they are relieved to learn that, if the Czecho-Slovakian Navy, for instance, were to bombard Dover on the ground of this defective accommodation, such action, being an unwarrantable interference with purely domestic matters, would be discouraged by the League.

* * * *

A similar sense of relief has been experienced by the municipal authorities of Perugia, where it was feared that the noise caused by local motor-traffic, which has greatly inconvenienced several British visitors, including Sir Robert Hudson, who complained about it in *The Times*, might be regarded by our Government as necessitating an appeal to arms. To make quite sure that this domestic affair shall not provoke hostilities the League will make representations to Signor Mussolini; and it is confidently anticipated that his Fascisti will adjust the matter by means of lethal police-traps and that Sir Robert will receive full satisfaction.

* * * *

From the same source which informed us that Lord Parmoor had offered the services of the British Fleet to execute the wishes of the League of Nations we now learn that he repudiates this cruel allegation. So far from having made any such offer, it seems that, if he could have his way about disarmament, he would arrange that there should not be enough British Fleet left to mind its own business.

O. S.

THE CALL.

Gold and green the elm leaves lean and interlace,
All the coloured woodlands are calling to the Chase.
Dew is on the stubble field, ruddy grows the thorn,
All the withered meadow-land is listening for the horn.

Lures of lawn and hammock, rod, and bat and ball,
Fade before the coming of a stronger lure than all,
Faint before the whisper of the padding feet that pass,
Fail before the witchery of hoof-beats on the grass.

England in her summer sleep turns about and stirs,
Hears the click of bridle rings, hears the clink of spurs;
Sees the gleam of spotted flanks moving in the gorse,
Sees the flashing scarlet of a Whip upon his horse.

Rippling water charms no more; nor the lazy noon
Spent among the lime-trees where a wild bee makes the tune;
Something fiercer tugs the heart, fans the blood to fire,
Sets the pulses galloping and wakes the old desire.

Girths are buckled, reins are drawn, stirrups caught again;
Women turn to sterner play, men go forth like men.
Where the storm clouds gather, where the strong winds stride,
Autumn calls to England and bids her bravest ride.

W. H. O.

Parochialia.

"All Births, Marriages and Deaths have been postponed until next month owing to the Vicar's absence from home."—*Parish Magazine.*

The thing I like about him, my dear, is that he's such a perfect *organiser*.

Shakespeare as He is Re-written.

"Les gens qui ont arraché ce papier au gouvernement allemand s'imaginent, apparemment, que les partis allemands de droite seraient lavés, comme la clef de lady Macbeth, d'une tache qui les gêne pour ouvrir la porte du pouvoir."—*French Paper.*

We all remember, do we not, the dramatic moment when *Lady Macbeth* cries, "Out, out, damned spot," and blows down the bed-chamber door-key?



THE LAST WORD.

Zaghlul Pasha. "BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THAT BIRD DOING HERE?"

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. "OH, THAT'S THOMAS'S. I BORROWED IT TO MAKE YOU FEEL AT HOME. IT COMES FROM AFRICA, LIKE YOU."

Zaghlul Pasha. "WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I DESIRE THE COMPLETE SEPARATION OF THE SOUDAN FROM BRITISH CONTROL."

The Bird. "NO SEPARATION!" [*Exit Zaghlul.*

[Mr. J. H. Thomas asserts that in South Africa (from which he has brought home a parrot or two) "Separation is a very old corpse."]



MANNERS AND MODES.

A MASCULINE PROTEST.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

X.—Physical Training Instructors.

P.T. Instructors have their uses;
They stimulate our vital juices
And keep us sound in wind and limb
By methods merciless and grim.
With cunning stunts of Swedish Drill
They daily put us through the mill,
And vow that they will never quit
Till every man and boy is fit.
Their hearts are never quite so blithe
As when they see their victims writhe;
In fact, the more extreme our plight
The more they laugh in sheer delight,
Esteeming us but stupid folk
Because we fail to share the joke.

Although they have this tiresome bent
For physical development
And vaunt as loudly as they can
Their slogan, "Muscle maketh man,"
It would be grossly incorrect
To say that they themselves neglect
The arts and sciences designed
To please or edify the mind.
They study Einstein's novel lore,
Resolved to probe it to the core,
And make the requisite corrections
For dressing modern lines of Sections.
At other times they may peruse
The stronger flights of Masefield's muse,
Admitting that his virile works
Improve their style when taking "Jerks,"
And give them confidence and ease
In coining phrases such as these:
"Gor' bust! Is this an Aerodrome
Or 'ave I struck a Cripples 'Ome?
You blanky paralytic crew,
Knees bend! Arms raise! *One, two —one, two!*"

I sometimes wish that I could be
A skilled Instructor of P.T.
With steely fear-compelling eyes
And biceps of enormous size.
I like their tough determined air,
But most of all I 'd love to wear
The faded sweater, patched and old,
With rings of blue and rings of gold
That all Instructors hold *de rigueur*;
I feel that it would suit my figure
And I add that grim aggressive touch
That makes us dread their wrath so much.

"The President and Alvarez faced each other, ruler and pretender, at grips after months of preliminary skirmishing. Alvarez had flung his gauntlet. It was a many-pointed barb, and Gondax, horrified at the depths of the captain's infamy, could almost feel it quivering in his heart."—*From a Feuilleton.*

Nothing rankles in the heart like the many-pointed barb of a glove.

MUMNY.

There was a time when Helen and I could talk quite directly with each other as man to woman. If I woke up feeling that I would like a mutton-chop for my dinner that night, I would tell her plainly at breakfast, "I think it would be nice if we had mutton-chops this evening, darling." Helen would reply with equal directness, "Of course just as you like, dear; but pork is in season now, and I am sure it would be more of a change." And we would have pork for dinner and understand one another perfectly.

On the other hand, if Helen decided during the day that she needed a new hat, she would wait till I had settled down with a pipe and the comfortable feeling which comes—or should come—to those who have dined on pork, and then remark quite simply, "Oh, by the way, I must have a new hat for Violet's wedding on Thursday, and I 'm desperately hard up. Be a darling and buy me one, and I 'll let you choose it." And I would reply automatically, "My dear child, I have neither the money to buy you a new hat nor the time to select it." But the next morning we would meet together in a conspiracy to

purchase Nina's most expensive creation, to say nothing of lunch afterwards at the Cioccolata.

Fortunately there are signs that those days of simple frankness are again returning. For William, whom for the last six months—in fact ever since he began to crawl—we have employed as an intermediary in our conversation, is now beginning to talk himself. To be precise he said his first word yesterday; but already his value as a go-between has suffered a severe blow. As long as he contented himself with delivering the messages entrusted to him, the arrangement, though slow, was satisfactory. But now that he has taken to making categorical pronouncements of his own, I can see that the method is already doomed.

I have told you that William said his first word yesterday. I had come home early to tea—it is impossible to remain at business with the knowledge that William is being bathed—and we were sitting happily in the drawing-room, watching the antics of our offspring and occasionally rescuing him from the perils with which drawing-rooms are beset, when Helen started a conversation through the usual medium. She steered William's course towards me.

"Ask Daddy if he's feeling in a good temper," she said.

The child crawled towards me, made a faint gurgling noise, and it was assumed that the message had been delivered. I adjusted the rudder and despatched him back to Helen.

"Tell Mummy I am enjoying my usual amiability," I replied.

The conversation was here interrupted while Helen picked the boy up and kissed him from head to foot. He was then despatched with a second message.

"Then ask him if he remembers we are going to the Dashwoods' dance next week?"

The message took some time to arrive as William was detained on the way by a little private business with the fire-irons. But my brief matter-of-fact reply was delivered with admirable promptitude.

"He does remember," I said.

"And would he like to see Mummy go to the Dashwoods' dance in her old blue dress?" was the next communication I received.

"Her blue dress is not old," I replied, starting William back on the return journey; but I recalled him in time to add, "And he would simply love to see her go in it."

There was an interval after this, in which Helen and William conversed together in a language in which they are supposed to be mutually intelligible.



Son. "I WISH THAT CHAP WOULDN'T MAKE SUCH A ROW WITH HIS SOUP."
Mother. "MY DEAR! YOU MUSTN'T *EAVESDROP*."

Then William came plodding across the carpet again.

"Surely Daddy won't let Mummy go to the Dashwoods' dance unless he buys her a new dress," was the ultimatum he delivered.

I reflected for a moment. Much as I resented this dragging of the child into the discussion, I saw that, if he was to take a side at all, it must be my side.

"Ask Mummy how she thinks I am going to hand on the family fortune to you if I am continually buying her new dresses." I repeated the message twice to be quite sure that William had got it right, pointed him out his destination, gave him his compass bearings and launched him once more on the carpet.

He was received with defiant rapture. Helen took him in her arms and talked to him, this time in a language I too could understand. "Never mind, then," she said; "was it a cruel Daddy?" and in a tone of hopeful inquiry she added, addressing the child in the third person, "What does he love most in all the world, then?"

It was at that moment that our offspring chose to make his first use of the English tongue, or of a tongue which

very closely resembled it. As I was listening particularly carefully at the time I am able to state quite definitely that what William really said was the dissyllabic word, Mummy. But Helen heard differently.

"Mummy!" she cried. "Did you hear him say it? He loves Mummy most in all the world. Doesn't he, you darling?"

Helen had got the boy on to her side again. But I was determined to have him back at whatever cost. "Helen," I pronounced in a solemn voice, "I am sorry to have to say it, but the first time William can really be said to have talked you have misunderstood what he said. I distinctly heard our son articulate the word 'Money.' He means that he wishes the family fortune to be handed on to him intact, and not to be squandered on extravagant dresses in order to satisfy a woman's vanity."

Of course I ought to have known better than to put it quite so bluntly. Helen burst into tears, and William at once followed suit. I said it was all a joke and that I didn't mean it. I said I would gladly give her a new dress to go to the Dashwoods' dance in. I said I would give her half-a-dozen new dresses. And in the end I had to say that I had made a mistake, that I was now certain that William had said the word "Mummy," and that there was no doubt he meant he loved his mother most in all the world.

Appeased at last, Helen set to work to soothe the boy in their own private language. But she condescended to address one remark to me before she took William away to be bathed. "Well, anyhow," she said, as she carried him out of the door, "it wasn't *Daddy*."

"Brickbats wanted: 2*s.* 6*d.* per load given."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

More evidence of the approach of a General Election.

"Young Lady in country, lonely, wishes to correspond with Gent., friendship, policeman preferred."
Tasmanian Paper.

We foresee a Copper Wedding.

"At that moment Cissie felt her blood serge within her."
Story in Weekly Paper.

Blue blood is the best for a serge.

"Polytechnic. From 2.30. Matheson Lang. 'The Wandering Jaw.'"
Theatre Advt.

"The Moving Voice" would perhaps be a nicer way of putting it.

PICTURES AND PANTOMIME.

It was Sunday morning. The bells sounded distantly over the Heath. The child was behind, trying to cajole a puppy to come along. She was also singing.



The Douglas up the stick.

"What is that?" I asked. "A hymn?"

"No," she said.

"Do sing it again."

She sang—

"By the train at Dover
He had his tail run over,
It gave the folks a thrill.
Though he had no rudder there
He waved his nothing in the air
And went on walking still."



THE CHAPLIN INFLUENCE.
Air—"Stop your ticklin', Doug."

"That is my favourite funny song," she explained.

"Of course," I said. "I forgot. It would be."

If *Felix* indulges in excessive perambulation, I reflected two days later, he has a keen rival in Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. I never saw anyone walk so fast or so much, or jump so often, or strike so many impossible theatrical gestures, or climb and dive and ride so nimbly and swiftly as the *Thief of Bagdad*. I suppose there was no moment during the film in which the principal actor would not have died from heat apoplexy if he had really been in Bagdad. But he wasn't, of course. He was at Drury Lane. And, poor fellow, he could only get a lemon-squash or an ice to quench what must have been an ungovernable thirst after ransacking earth, sea and sky in order to gain a princess's heart and hand.

Yes, lemon-squash and ices are served by powdered footmen at Drury Lane to-day. So in the interval I went to talk to the statues of Balfe and Kean and Garrick and Shakespeare, and ask them what they felt about it all. They did not, as a matter of fact, say anything. When other people talk to statues they always seem to find them communicative; but I am not so fortunate. All the same, I wondered what they would have said. There they were beneath the dome, and there in the vestibule was the face of Douglas Fairbanks looking vastly heroic, and the figure of Douglas Fairbanks leaning over a veiled princess; and inside Douglas Fairbanks compounding pantomime with melodrama at a simply incredible pace in a series of wonderful Oriental scenes.

"How are they Done?" inquired the programme, under a picture of the flying carpet, and went on to mention "the spider many times as big as a man, and the living fire-breathing dragon of portentious size." I was pleased with that word "portentious." It seemed to me to contain a complete summary and criticism of *The Thief of Bagdad*, and to explain the presence of that huge audience gathered to look at moving pictures under the huge roof of Drury Lane.

But all the same I did not worry much about how the pictures were done. If I could not actually see the wire which held the magic rope flung up into the air, I could guess it. I could imagine the cinematographic mechanism

which enabled a little Douglas to move across the sky on a faint-looking white-coloured cart-horse flapping its feathery paws, and provided with apparently unnecessary wings which failed to keep time with his flight. Everybody laughed at the flying-horse, but whether they were meant to laugh or gape it would be hard to say. They did gape at the palace scenery and the flames in the Valley of Fire, and the enchanted tree that turned into a man, and the dust from the magic casket that turned into puffs of smoke and then into clothing and horses and armies sufficient to seize and conquer Bagdad. For myself, I think I was most impressed by a horrible, quite real ape, which was one of the many beasts kept by the *Caliph* to frighten intruders. It was my great sorrow that Douglas never tried conclusions with this ape. It was quite as large as a man, and there would have been a fight indeed. But the *Princess* gave a pearl to each of the guard, so they let Douglas out of a postern instead, and he went to see the Holy Man.



The Amusement Park at the Bagdad Exhibition.

I am unaccustomed to seeing holy men in pantomime, even cinematographic pantomime; especially holy men who have about their appearance at least a suspicion of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *The Fool*, and the rest of that theatrical lineage. But the *Thief of Bagdad*, having held the *Princess* in his arms in a thoroughly American and cinematographic manner on the balcony, I suppose, of the *hareem*, decided that evil had died in him, and went and told the Holy Man about it. A very considerable relief, I should say, for by his conversion he was enabled to substitute magic for mere agility during most of the remainder of the film. And the Holy Man said to him (in stars written across a moonlit sky)—

HAPPINESS MUST BE EARNED.

And Douglas proceeded to earn happiness by soaring to the clouds and diving to the depths of the sea, instead of obtaining the stuff cheaply by shinning up perilous balconies and leaping off fifty-foot walls.

He was nearly thwarted by a Mongolian prince who discovered the magic apple which restores to life, and thereafter seized Bagdad and the *Princess* along with it. But this fellow had reckoned without Douglas's little magic box, which he pinched from under the Cloak of Invisibility in the glittering Chambers of the Moon. A nasty jar for the Chinaman it was, and we left him dangling in a comical way at the end of a rope, just before Douglas and his *Princess* put off for their honeymoon on the flying but curiously rigid rug from the market of Shiraz.

Nevertheless, throughout the whole of his exploits, even when he was tossed off a bucking mount into the middle of the *Princess's* rose-bush (she omitted to say there, as I half hoped she might, in a fine sub-title—

"*O Rodeo, Rodeo! wherefore art thou Rodeo?*"),

nothing charmed or intrigued me so much about Douglas as his walking. So jaunty was it, so perpetual and so swift. Asiatics, except in moments of excitement, are supposed to be an impassive kind of folk. Douglas was a continual series of melodramatic jerks. He never seemed to be out of motion except when he was gazing spell-bound, in the manner of a perfect American screen-gentleman, at his *Princess*—an attitude which I should imagine that an Oriental vagabond would find rather a strain. A perfectly wonderful man—charming evidently to the young and to the old, but more especially, perhaps, to the young. And as I came away I kept murmuring to myself—

"Douglas kept on walking,
Kept on walking still . . .
Right up in the air he blew,
Chortling loudly 'Toot-a-loo,'
Landed down in Timbuctoo
And kept on walking still."

Evoe.



The Flying Horse
(also ran).

How to Brighten the Sawbath.

"Pulpit Supply. Cabaret artistes (first class) wanted; soubrette, exhibition dancers, vocalists, etc.—Apply, stating terms, by letter, enclosing photograph."—*Scots Paper.*

"The umbrella-makers have just lodged a demand for an increase of wages."
Sunday Paper.

Another of these sheltered industries.

"Lhasa, which is often written Lhasa, or even Lhasa, has been the capital of Thibet for many centuries."
Indian Paper.

Of these variations our personal choice is Lhasa.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

VI.—England's Glory.

Poor old Britannier 's a-going on the dole,
They don't want our cotton and they don't want our coal;
Steel 's gone to glory, shipping 's in the shade;
But cheer up, Britannier,
Buck up, Britannier,
We 've still got the money-lending trade—
Oy, yoy!

Oy, yoy! Europe! step along and borrer,
You needn't pay to-day and you needn't pay to-morrer;
Oh, don't you fuss, my little Russ,
It don't mean anything to us,
We 've got a lot of cash and we ain't got many calls:
The Prussians, the Poles, the Frenchman and the Finn,
They 'll all find Britannier a-welcoming 'em in
At the sign of the Three Gold Balls!

Poor old Britannier 's poorer than the Turk,
She can't build a house and she can't find work,
So we daren't worry if our debts aren't paid
Or we 'll see Britannier,
Poor old Britannier,
A-losing the money-lending trade—
Oy, yoy!

Oy, yoy! Europe! step along and borrer,
You needn't pay to-day and you needn't pay to-morrer;
Every little foreign cuss
Can have an overdraft on us;
John Bull 's comfortable propping up the walls:
The Letts and the Laps, the Kurds and the Croats,
They 'll all find Britannier with a pocketful of notes
At the sign of the Three Gold Balls. A. P. H.

THE PRESENT.

The other day Angela and I received a present. It was a wonderful present whilst it lasted, and as unexpected as it was wonderful. We found it waiting for us, as all presents ought to be found, when we got up in the morning, and it lasted us all day. We didn't get tired of it, and when, about eight o'clock in the evening, it was all used up and done with, we reluctantly watched the last of it disappear and wished that there had been more of it.

We weren't selfish with our present either; we shared it generously with everyone we knew. In fact we shared it with everyone we didn't know as well. There was enough to go round, and what, after all, are presents for except to bring happiness to as many persons as possible? Everybody liked it; nobody complained about it at all; and when it was all done everyone else was just as sorry as we were.

For our present was twelve hours of glorious sunshine!

We weren't expecting it. Nothing had led us to expect that we could possibly ever have a present like that again. It came upon us quite suddenly—out of the blue, in fact.

It is a wonderful thing to receive a present of the thing you have been desiring hopelessly for weeks. At first, you know, you are afraid that it isn't real, or that it isn't for you, or that there has been some mistake. And then gradually, as nothing happens, you begin to believe in it, until all of a sudden you realise that it is actually there and yours. Angela and I were just like that.

When she first saw it Angela was just a little frightened.

"I say," she said in a scared little voice as she pulled the curtain aside, "the sun is shining."

I joined her at the window and stared at the new strange world. I couldn't see the sun—he was away round the corner of the cottage—but there was real sunlight coming into the garden. At least, as near as I could remember, that was what real sunlight used to look like. And there were real shadows cast by the cottage and the trees and things across the lawn.

"By Jove," I said, "I believe you 're right, Angela. And yet——"

I turned away from the window and pinched myself to make sure that I wasn't dreaming about some previous existence. And then, to make things even surer, I pinched Angela. She didn't seem to be dreaming either. At least her voice didn't sound dreamy as she thanked me for proving it to her. We hurried out into the dewy unfamiliar garden, carefully avoiding all the puddles from long habit. Hand-in-hand we ran towards the bright splash of light on the lawn, and suddenly round the corner of the cottage we saw the sun!

There was no doubt about it. There he was, looking not a day older than when we parted last, such a long time ago. The same jolly open countenance and the same beaming smile, and Angela and I turned and beamed at one another in sympathy.

The suggestion of breakfast was met by Angela with scorn, and so we sat out in the garden together, like a couple of sun-worshippers, getting hungrier and hungrier. And in the next garden and the next we could see other people doing the same thing, just sitting and looking at the sun and getting hungrier and hungrier. One man, taught probably by experience to expect a total eclipse before very long, peered through a piece of smoked glass.

About lunch-time I struck. It didn't look as if there was going to be any lunch interval in the performance, and the excitement and the lack of food together were making me feel faint. We lunched hurriedly and, I thought, inadequately, and hurried back for the rest of the play.

It was a wonderful afternoon; one of those golden afternoons that you read about in books. Crowds of astonished insects turned up and buzzed and hummed round our heads. All nature drowsed in the golden semi-tropical heat. Even the sparrows appeared to be overcome. As for Angela and me, we routed out strange forgotten old-fashioned summer attire and spent the afternoon watching the puddles dry up on the croquet-lawn. It was very blissful.

As the shadows lengthened a feeling of quiet melancholy stole over us. It is sad to watch the last of the summer departing, especially when it has been so short, and we entered the cottage with a sigh.

"'If winter comes,'" quoted Angela, "'can spring be far behind?'"

Bronzed and healthy after our summer in the open air we actually spent the evening without a fire.

Next morning, of course, the world was normal again. But we had a golden memory to last us until next year.

It was a wonderful present, and we simply loved it. We should like to encore it, but we don't quite know where to apply. L. du G.

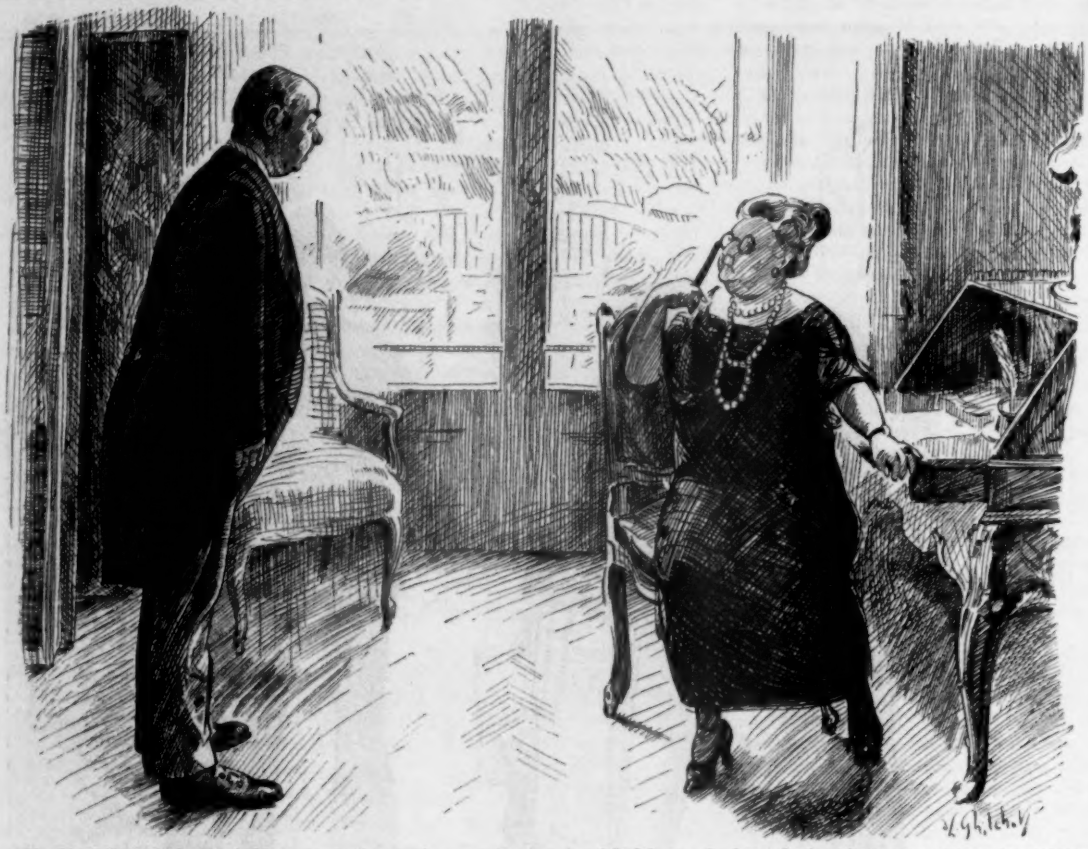
THE SEX PROBLEM AGAIN.

There came a pedlar to the door, disciple of Autolycus,
His basket full of tortoises—a plausible and jolly cuss.
"The priceless pets!" said Celia, which wasn't strictly true of them,
Since I was made to take a pair at nine-and-six the two of them.
For women's whims are curious (I 've often had to pardon hers);
Besides, she said the animals are excellent as gardeners.
But, sad to say, the shadow that has lately come athwart us is
Attributable solely to the purchase of the tortoises.



"Good gracious, Mrs. Tumkins! Wot ever can Mrs. 'Awkins 'ave done?"
"Nothin', I'm sure. I've always found 'er a lidy to 'er very finger-prints."

For, as we all are lunatics (including me and Celia),
We know the pair collectively as Hamlet-and-Ophelia;
But each presents a problem which is fruitful of perplexities;
We neither of us know with any certainty which sex it is.
Now I've a firm conviction it's the male (unless I greatly err)
Whose general deportment is the soberer and statelier;
While she declares the "he" must be the rollicking and giddy 'un
That always prowls and prowls around (as did the hosts of Midian);
And either of us claims to take the only view that 's sensible,
And holds the other's theory entirely indefensible.
An honest chap (as I am), if to call a spade a spade he loves,
Objects to Hamlet's figure being taken for his lady-love's;
And she insists Ophelia, though I may make a minx of her,
Is rightful Prince of Denmark, which is how she always thinks of her.
We've studied works of reference that treat of tortoise-history,
But none in this particular sheds light upon the mystery;
And beauty doesn't help us, for, attractive as the genus is,
It can't exactly pride itself on propagating Venuses.
To fix a point that 's sowing seeds of something like a feud in us,
We need a judge whose knowledge is sufficiently *testudinous*;
For, even though they 've gone to ground preparing for their winter rest,
The question still retains for us an academic interest.



Her Very New Ladyship (who is arranging to give a party at a furnished house she has taken). "AND WILL THERE BE ENOUGH SILVER-WARE, PARKER?"

Butler (taken on with the furniture). "YES, M' LADY—AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EVENING, ANYWAY."

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON VI.—THE SOULFUL STORY.

THIS is a very popular type and is much sought after by the editors of the higher-priced magazines. It is written with a pen dipped deep in the human soul, and is usually concerned with the affairs of the woman of forty. You start by building up a good throbbing atmosphere. This is quite easy, and is done by cramming into your sentences as many adjectives as they can possibly be made to hold, and by re-arranging your words in a novel and unexpected order. This latter device produces an effect of great earnestness.

Never use a simple sentence if it is at all possible to avoid it; but, if you must do so, give a new twist to it. Thus:—

Incorrect method: "He said soberly."

Correct method: "He soberly said.

An almost incoherent sentence introduced from time to time will also help materially to achieve an emotional atmosphere.

The specimen which I am about to exhibit is derived, with variations in detail, from a story which has appeared in one of the higher-priced magazines and is in every way a model of its kind.

From a whirl of words there emerges gradually the fact that this is to be a story about a middle-aged lady named Mary. Her appearance is sketched for us with great particularity and her character touched upon lightly. Reading on slowly and carefully we are able to pick up the thread of the story.

It would appear that Mary's husband, a successful business man, has just died, and she is going to write his biography. Naturally all this is not conveyed with such brutal directness, but that is the general effect. In fact what we are actually told is that "when death took his body she dedicated what of her life he had left her to a testament which should bespeak his emprise of soul." The idea that this indicates a biography is a clever deduction on the part of the reader (me).

But mark "emprise." There is a lesson for all of us in "emprise."

For the purpose of the biography Mary occupied her late husband's study; and here I think we must pause to quote a whole sentence, which the earnest student will lose no time in getting by heart. It is of such sentences as this that the really successful soulful story is built:—

"For her own writing she used his chair and desk, and often when she was alone she would put her cheek against its cool dark surface and close her eyes and call to him and call to him until almost he seemed tenderly to bend over her and touch her and say to her, as how often had he said it to her thus bending and thus touching, 'Mary, do you love me?'"

This is called "getting an atmosphere." It is at this point, as you will no doubt have noticed, that our emotional complexes (or complices) begin to throb madly. Certainly mine do.

Well, one "pungent blue-gold morning" there is handed to her a letter from an unknown lady who intimates

that she has some information which might be useful for the great work, and shall she come down from London and impart it? Mary takes the letter ("she had beautiful ministering hands. One looked at her hands and knew them to be habituated to the doing of tender things") and is at first a little doubtful. However, her boy Jack persuades her to invite the lady down ("to and fro and to and fro the spatted foot was swinging"), and this is accordingly done.

In due course Mrs. Dean arrives, and Jack goes to meet her.

It is obvious at once that this is no ordinary lady. For one thing she did not dare to be thirty, we are told. Also her walk had dancing in it. For the rest, "*précieuse* she was and exquisite;" and Jack, who must have been a singularly observant youth, notices that her eyes crinkle at the corners when she smiles and her voice has a little husk in it. The presence of the little husk is not explained, but it conveys a suggestion of mystery. It may have been that she was a prodigal daughter. We shall never know.

But there is something more than mysterious about this lady with the crinkled eyes and the husk—something very dreadful indeed. We are not told what it is; all we know is that Jack is too young to define it. But Mary knows in the very first minute, and decides at once to receive her, not in the study, as she had originally intended, but in the morning-room beyond. The significance of this is of course overwhelming.

Arrived in the morning-room, this sinister stranger does not waste time. In five minutes she has broken it to Mary that her paragon of a husband had been carrying on for years behind her (Mary's) back, and that she herself has some very compromising letters from him, and that he had promised to leave her well provided for in his will, and never did anything of the kind, and so please can she have a lot of money?

Whereupon Mary, instead of turning her rudely out of doors, as would probably happen in the harsh world outside magazinedom, agrees, in the orthodox manner of the gracious heroine of a soulful story, that, if the lady had really given her love to the erring husband, she certainly ought to receive lots of money in exchange for it. Incidentally, while so agreeing, "compassion and pity covered her from head to foot as with a robe that shone."

Knowing the rules, we guess at once that this remarkable magnanimity can have only one result. And we are right. This is what happens:—

"The woman tottered and stared at her and clutched the window-curtain lest at the unexpectedness of such beneficence she fell. Her hand flew to her throat, and, as one choking, she husked, 'You—mean—you——'"

Well, of course Mrs. Dean, throbbing away in each of her soulful complices (or complexes), breaks down at that and confesses that it was all a naughty story, and that Mary's husband was never in love with her at all. She shakes, in fact, from head to foot; and Mary, "whose hands had been shaped by life-long loveliness," has to hold her up while she explains that the whole thing was simply an attempt to extract money on the strength of some forged letters.

So Mary retires to the study to lay her cheek on the desk; and Mrs. Dean goes home, to burn "gulpingly" a number of letters.

Yes, of course the reader knows perfectly well by this time that Mrs. Dean was speaking the truth at the beginning and lied at the end, having in eighty seconds been reformed out of all recognition by the exquisite nobility of Mary (who, though a trifle stout, as we had been delicately given to understand in the first paragraph, had evidently kept her hands well manicured). The climax is therefore not quite so startling as it might be. But never mind that. We have throbbed almost to suffocation, haven't we? And that is all that is wanted in the soulful story.



Artist (who takes his art very seriously, to new Patron who has offered him a commission). "But I can't work without inspiration. I won't take the commission unless I think I am inspired enough."

New Patron. "Not a penny more than two hundred guineas. Take it or leave it, me boy."

SUBURBAN SCENES.

VI.—The Great Motor Road.

Badger has acquired a motor-car.

Badger used to be a quiet fellow of artistic and literary tastes, with a passion for scenery, nature and the habits of birds.

Most of the quiet fellows of artistic and literary tastes I know have now acquired cars and become corrupted in one way or another. But Badger has suffered the most striking change of all. For Badger was once a bitter critic of the modern lust for speed, disapproved of New York, the march of science and mechanical progress, and liked more than anything to sit quietly watching a wag-tail walking about a lawn or to be thrown quietly off a horse in a country lane.

Originally, no doubt, like most quiet literary men, he was made to buy the car by his children. Many a time have I heard them complain about having to walk to and from the cinema in the High Street, and there came a day when they would stand it no longer. But, poor kids, their pleasure was short-lived. For now-a-days there is scarcely a day when Badger does not want the car for himself, and it is quite clear that he is beginning to regard his car as a kind of instrument for his own selfish entertainment.

I had often seen him pottering about the suburb, a careful driver in traffic, as I should have expected. The odd thing was that he was so often driving *out* of town just after breakfast, when decent men are going in to work. Yesterday he stopped the car and invited me to come for a short "spin." "Back in half-an-hour," he said. There was a strange furtive gleam in his eyes, and, curious to see what he was up to, I went with him.

He drove through the congested traffic in exemplary fashion. But he had that air of suppressed excitement which you see in many men as dinner-time approaches. A man I know who took a good deal of opium used to look very much the same.

Suddenly we turned out of the traffic and were dashing down a vast empty road. It was as smooth as a skating-rink and as wide as a river. Armies of men laboured on each side, putting up lamp-posts and putting down drains, but the road itself was perfect, miraculous, smooth and gleaming. Badger put his foot on something and we shot ahead.

"What's this?" I said, holding tight. "It looks like a motor-track."

"It is," said Badger shortly; "it's one of the Great New Roads. On, on, my beauty!"

I formed the conclusion that his last words were addressed to his horrible brown car. I looked at him in amazement. His eyes bulged, his face was flushed, his jaw was set, but on his lips there flickered the faint smile of exaltation and semi-religious rapture. He was a different man. So was I. For the speedometer needle, I now observed, had leapt from thirty-five to fifty and was still going strong.

Fifty-two — fifty-five — fifty-six!



Beater (indicating novice). "'E 'S DONE A LOT O' SHOOTIN' IN 'IS TIME—MOSTLY IN STARTIN' RUNNIN' RACES."

Another car flew out of the distance ahead and passed us with the awful whizz of two express-trains meeting. Fifty-seven—fifty-eight! The needle struggled up to fifty-nine, quivered, and suddenly dropped back.

"Hell!" said the quiet man of literary tastes. "These cursèd cross-roads! Didn't touch sixty, did we?" he sighed.

"Not quite," I said. "Quite near enough."

"Never mind, we'll do it on the next stretch. D' you know, I did an average of fifty-five for the four miles yesterday and fifty-seven the day before. Of course these side-roads are a perfect curse. They ought to be blocked up."

And once again the needle started dashing round.

Horror seized me. I was at the mercy of a maniac. This, then, was where Badger betook himself each morning. The Great Motor Road was Badger's secret sin. Millions of unemployed had been labouring for innumerable months to make a public road. But all they had made was a sensual paradise where Badger every morning might drug himself with speed.

I must say I felt surprisingly safe. We met few cars, and Badger took good care that none should overtake us. I expected every moment a wheel to come off or a tyre to burst into flames, but I did not seriously fear death by collision. No, no, what worried me was the corruption of my friend's soul.

"O Lord!" he said bitterly now and then, slowing down; "look at that confounded fellow crossing the road."

When we reached the end of the Road we turned and dashed up it again, Badger pointing out with satisfaction the puny little cars we had passed on the way out. Besides the blocking up of all side roads he suggested other methods of making the Road safe for motocracy, such as the exclusion of commercial lorries and the erection of barbed-wire fences to keep pedestrians from crossing it.

When we had traversed the Road six times and Badger had worked out his averages for the day he left the car in a side-street and, walking up to a policeman at the extreme end of the Road, impudently engaged him in conversation. The policeman thought we were ordinary pedestrians, democrats or dog's bodies. This was fortunate, for he had no sort of passion for motorists.

"I hope, officer," said Badger, "they 're not going to allow motor-buses on this Road."

"Why not?" said the officer sourly.

"Well, I mean, it would spoil it, wouldn't it?" said Badger. "For motoring, I mean."

"Well," said the policeman with heavy sarcasm, "it ain't exackly a motor-track, you know."

This was so very much the opposite of Badger's opinion, and of the facts as I had observed them, that it was with difficulty that I refrained from a loud laugh. Further conversation revealed an even deeper difference in the points of view. While Badger was full of schemes for making the Road a happier place for motorists, in the policeman's view it had been intended from the beginning as a place to which motorists might be decoyed for their discomfiture, and had been specially constructed by the unemployed for that purpose.

"You wait till there's a Measured Furlong or two!" he said lusciously, rubbing his hands, as one might say of some hated enemy, "You wait till I catch him a clip on the jaw!" But he was not content with traps. In his opinion there should be lamps down the middle of the Road, not for the purpose of illumination but to obstruct the cars. Red lights and danger signals should be erected at intervals, not to indicate any existing dangers but to intimidate the motor-drivers. And one gathered that the Road would not be really complete till it was fitted with obstacles and *oubliettes*, like the bunkers on a golf-course.

In his time he had been lucky enough to "get" many motorists—and he spoke of these exploits with quiet satisfaction and pride—but it was clear that he had never himself travelled in a motor-car, and was about as capable of judging the speed of one as I am of estimating the velocity of Mars. Curiously enough, though, contrary to the general view of policemen, his ignorance was all in the motorist's favour. His innocence was really virginal.

"I 've seen 'em," he said impressively—"I 've seen 'em come down that road at *thirty and thirty-two miles an hour*——"

"Good Lord!" said Badger wickedly, his eyes goggling with wonder and horror.

"Yes," said the officer, enjoying his effect, "thirty and thirty-two miles an hour—I 've seen 'em. Now look at that feller!"

A small car appeared in the distance, absolutely alone in the vast Road and travelling at least forty miles an hour.

"Look at that feller," said the policeman. "A good twenty-six or seven 'e 's doing—twenty-six or seven, if 'e 's doing an inch."

"By Jove!" said the disgraceful Badger. "What 's the speed-limit?"

"Twenty miles an hour 's the speed limit," said the policeman. "But we generally give 'em a margin of five mile or so. Let 'em stick to twenty-five and we don't worry 'em," he said kindly.

At this point I found it impossible to continue the conversation with real gravity. We slunk round the corner and returned to the car.

With my foot on the step I happened to turn my head, and was considerably disconcerted to see the policeman at the corner regarding us with some severity; and who can blame him?

Badger, however, simply laughed. Badger seems to have lost all moral sense.

I bear no ill-will to motorists in general, but I do hope that for the good of his soul Badger will shortly be prosecuted and placed in jail.

A. P. H.



Child (to maid who has just answered the front-door). "Alice, every time you say Mummy isn't at home when she is, is it your naughty fib or hers?"

"Premier on Loan to Russia."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

This should remove the impression that he had completely given himself away.

"British Press Ridicule the Idea of Feet Being Used by League."
Canadian Paper.

Some confusion here, we gather, between the League of Nations and the Football League.

"Bourne (Lincs), a town of nearly 4,500 inhabitants, has been six weeks without a funeral."—*Daily Paper.*

What are the local motorists doing?

In Barberous Spain.

Madrid hair-dresser's advertisement:

"Peluquero!
Coiffeur!
Heirs cut off!"

With a shilling, no doubt.

"Brisbane, June 26.

The Acting-Premier, Mr. Gillies, stated today that his attention had been called to an Australian film, and he had no hesitation in saying that if it was permitted as an exhibition there would be an attempt to bring immigrants to Australia under false pretences. The scheme depicted immigrant sheep arriving in Sydney with a large number of boy immigrants."—*Australian Paper.*

Surely Mr. Gillies' apprehensions as to the attractions of the film are exaggerated.



"MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE, AUNTIE?"
"CAN'T YOU GET SOME LITTLE GIRL, DARLING?"
"MY DEAR AUNTIE! IF I COULD HAVE GOT ANYBODY ELSE, *would* I HAVE COME AND ASKED YOU?"

MY WIFE'S LETTER-BAG.

My wife has raised no objection to my opening her letters in her absence. Not that I have been given actual permission, nor indeed have I applied for it, but, in justice to myself and in the peculiar circumstances of the case, I can safely assert that she has tacitly acquiesced in my action. The correspondence itself is rarely interesting. What however can be claimed for it is that it gives me on occasion an insight into her character which I should not otherwise have had.

To me she is and probably will remain an ideal; but there are little intimate touches in many of these communications indicative of things hidden even from the most observant husband. Take the following: "A woman of taste and culture like yourself must always feel when the dark autumn days come round a yearning for that suggestion of brightness in her attire which costs so little and means so much. Our scarves (from 6*s.* 11¾*d.*) . . ." and so on. It seems callous of the sender to entrust so personal a missive to an envelope with a halfpenny stamp.

Or again: "If you are, as we have reason to believe, a housewife who studies economy, you cannot afford to neglect the unexampled opportunity offered by our forthcoming White Sales," a term which I gather is well understood by women in general, but which somehow suggests to me a Circassian slave-market. Then there is the appeal to the maternal instinct: "A mother's first care is her children, and you would be the last to wish your little ones to incur the risk attendant on indifferent foot-wear. 'Crepida' Shoes are best and safest for growing boys and girls."

Among similar pathetic appeals on behalf of cots and perambulators, for it appears to be known that ours is a long and increasing family, comes an even more confidentially worded epistle: "Your daughter has now reached the age when girls acquire a peculiar self-consciousness with the added knowledge that a woman's most vital interest is her appearance. You will in vain try to laugh this away, so why not come and see our new lines in hats for girls just passing out of the school age?"

Sometimes I confess I feel the shock of awkward revelation: "As a connoisseur" (isn't there something wrong with the gender here?) "in wines, you will like to see my list of selected vintages for an educated palate. . . . A continuance of past esteemed favours is requested." This was the first hint that I had had of her addiction to secret drinking.

Judged by the number of letters she has from a gentleman in the country offering her (and her only, it would seem) the last breathless chance of a thoroughly sound financial investment ("a telegraphic reply is advisable"), she appears to have undreamt-of resources. Against this, however must be set another letter, one which I opened with shame, for it was marked PRIVATE and had a three-halfpenny stamp: "Does your husband starve you of dress-allowance? If so we are prepared to make you immediate cash advances from £20 to £2,000 on your note of hand . . ."

But perhaps the most painful of all was the one beginning, "Why does your husband stay late at the office?" (Incidentally I may remark that I never do.) "If you wish inquiries made . . ."

But let me conclude with something more pleasant: "The preoccupation of every real woman"—they are fond of these generalisations—"is her complexion."

Unfortunately my wife, whatever else she may be, is not a real woman. On the contrary, I am a confirmed bachelor.



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(After the Bayeux Tapestry.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, September 30th.—Members of Parliament submitted to the interruption of their holidays with better grace than might have been expected, and turned up in surprising force. As a change from damp and chilly days in seaside hotels the prospect of anything heated, even an Irish debate, had, I suppose, its attractions.

So thronged was the Treasury Bench when the Speaker took the Chair that little Mr. Walsh was crowded out and had to find a niche among the Liberals below the Gangway, thereby causing a momentary rumour that he had resigned.

The Prime Minister easily scored off Sir F. Hall, who asked his authority for the statement that Mr. Hodgson, our representative in Moscow, had not been personally molested by the Soviet Government. "The authority of Mr. Hodgson," was the quiet answer.

Mr. MacDonald was not quite so happy in his reply regarding the murder of Mrs. Evans in Mexico. He referred to a statement by the Mexican Government that two men had spontaneously confessed their guilt. "Does the right hon. gentleman think that 's true?" asked Lady Astor; and the Prime Minister, after a brief pause, indicated that the noble lady must ask him another.

Called upon to explain the withdrawal during the Recess of the prosecution of a Communist editor for alleged sedition, the Attorney-General read a defence of his action that appeared on the face of it to be complete. He had authorised the prosecution in the belief that the man in question was fully responsible. Further inquiries by the police had caused him to alter his opinion. He had received no representations from anyone on the subject. How then was it, suavely inquired Sir John Simon, that counsel for the Crown stated that the prosecution was withdrawn "because representations had been made since it was instituted as to the meaning and character of the article"?

Cross-examination, I gather, is a process that Sir Patrick Hastings enjoys more as torturer than as victim. Even the noisy adjurations of the Clydesiders to "Stick to your guns, Pat!" did not comfort him, and it was only his chief's promise that a day should be set aside for a full discussion of the affair that extracted him—for the moment, at least—from an increasingly tight place.

The good-humour of the House was completely restored by the sight of Sir Alfred Mond, escorted by his son and Mr. Vivian Phillipps, marching up the floor to take the Oath.



A NEW CHAMPION OF THE RED HAND.
Mr. Ian Macpherson enters the lists on behalf of Ulster.

In moving the Second Reading of the Irish Boundary Bill the Prime Minister carefully surveyed the recent history of the question, and with an abundance of quotations from the speeches of Party-leaders fortified his contention that it was an obligation of honour for Parliament to enable Article 12 of the Irish Treaty to be carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter.



"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."
Lord Hugh Cecil. "If the Court of Venice had acted as the British Government, they would have so amended the bond as to allow *Shylock* to shed as much blood as he pleased."

Mr. Baldwin's view was that the spirit must not be one-sided. They must consider what was in the minds of the majority of those who ratified the Treaty, namely that the Commission was intended to make a strictly limited rectification of the Boundary, and not the wholesale changes apparently contemplated by the Irish Free State. He invited the Government to accept Amendments designed to make that clear.

The Ulster Unionists desired to go further, and reject the Bill altogether. Their case was well set forth by Mr. Reid and Mr. O'Neill, and their arguments received the powerful support of Mr. Ian Macpherson, formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, who asserted that when the 1920 Act was passed a definite pledge was given to Northern Ireland that the boundaries then accorded to her should not be altered.

Many good speeches were made during the evening, but the liveliest was that of Lord Hugh Cecil, who drew an ingenious parallel between the present situation and *The Merchant of Venice*. The Free State *Shylock* was trying to cut its pound of flesh (Fermanagh and Tyrone) nearest the heart of the Ulster *Antonio*, and would be encouraged, he feared, by the attitude of the Government in bringing forward the Bill.

Wednesday, October 1st.—I imagine that with the wisdom that comes after the event the surviving signatories of the Irish Treaty of 1921 are sorry now that they did not engage a competent and discreet shorthand writer to attend their conferences and take notes of what was said as well as what was settled. Had they done so the present Bill might never have been necessary. At least their own reputations as careful statesmen would have been enhanced and some disagreeable recriminations would have been avoided.

We should not, for example, have heard Captain Wedgwood Benn, who, for all his personal charm, has an unhappy knack of raising the temperature of any discussion in which he takes part, suggesting either that the British signatories knew that Ulster could evade the Boundary Commission by simply refusing to appoint a Commissioner, and had sold a pup to Griffiths and Collins, or else that the present

attitude of the Ulster Unionists was "a dishonourable afterthought."

We should not have had Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who indignantly repudiated these insinuations, at the same time admitting that his memory was not good enough to recall Cabinet discussions, and falling back upon "common knowledge," in default of documentary evidence, for proof of his assertion that the possibility of cutting whole counties out of Ulster was never contemplated.

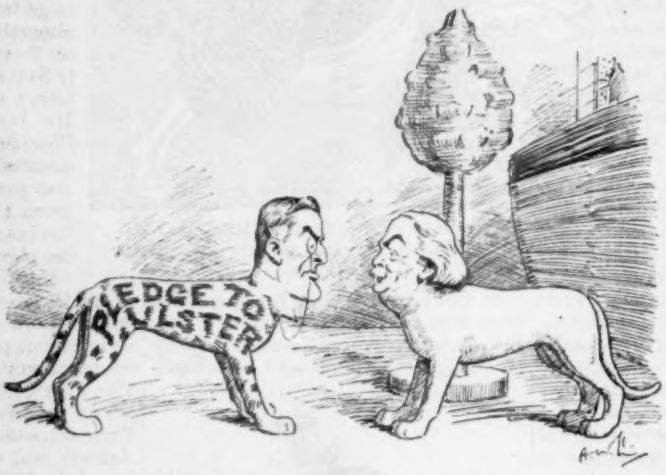
Lastly, it would not have been possible for Mr. Lloyd George, who might, one would have thought, have stopped the whole quarrel months ago with a single frank word as to what was in his mind when he signed the Treaty, making a long speech more in the style of an advocate eager to defeat his old colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, than of a judge anxious to silence controversy. His statement that neither he nor his colleagues had ever given "a single *public* pledge" (my italics) in regard to the boundaries had a rather sinister sound as suggesting that private pledges had been given, and lent a possibly undue importance to Mr. Moles' assertion that Lord Carson had received a letter from the then Prime Minister assuring him that the Six Counties area would be permanently excluded from the Act.

A good many Unionists and a handful of Liberals voted for the Motion of the Ulster Members; but it was lost by 291 to 124, and the Bill was thereupon read a second time.

Thursday, October 2nd.—With a Tory Vote of Censure on the Paper for next week, and a Liberal Vote of Censure looming in the near future, the occupants of the Treasury Bench looked far from happy. Hitherto they have managed to steer safely between the rock and the whirlpool; but the threatened *rapprochement* between Scylla and Charybdis would make further progress impossible.

The anxiety of Ministers quickly communicated itself to the benches behind them and caused some of the Labour Members to be more than usually resentful of the Opposition's questions. References to Russia found them particularly touchy, and when a Unionist contrasted Mr. Ponsonby's bland reply, that the Government regarded the treatment of Georgia as an internal affair of the Soviet Government, with the promises made to the Georgians by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden only last year, they broke out into angry exclamations.

In the circumstances it was tactless of Sir Kingsley Wood to supplement an inquiry as to the sufficiency of the Prime Minister's salary with a reference to the fact (revealed during the Recess) that a private citizen has endowed him with a motor-car. This brought a storm of protests from Mr. Jack Jones, Mr. Kirkwood and other authorities on Parliamentary deportment, and led to a "scene," which the Speaker at length brought to an end by jumping impartially upon both Sir Kingsley and his critics.



AFTER THE DELUGE—A SEA CHANGE.

First Leopard. "But what ever has happened to your spots?"
Second Leopard. "Spots? There were never any spots on *me*."
Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George.

In Committee on the Irish Bill Mr. Cassels moved an Amendment instructing the Boundary Commissioners to carry out their duties "without substantially altering the area of Northern Ireland as fixed by the Government of Ireland Act." Mr. Lloyd George remarked that De Valera and his friends were going about saying "you cannot trust the British word"—a fact to which he appeared to attach unnecessary importance in view of his further statement that "the Celt is an imaginative being;" and Mr. T. P. O'Connor complained that he had had to listen to "a deluge of nonsense," but did not specify to which of the previous speeches he was referring.

The Amendment was rejected by 257 to 207, and after a further division, in which the Unionist leaders did not vote, the Bill was read a third time.

CARDIAC AND OTHER RECORDS.

Mary Tudor is said to have declared that the word "Calais" would be written on her heart, and the poet Browning stated that "Italy" would be found on his. And more recently, according to a Sunday paper, Lord Leverhulme, opening a Trade exhibition, informed his hearers that in his case the word would be "Grocery."

An enterprising statistician is now instituting an inquiry with the view of ascertaining if these illustrious examples are being generally followed, and has received the following information:—

Dr. De Martino-Fusco, who was traced, with the assistance of several thousand Fascisti, to the remote castle in Udolpho where he is at present engaged in deciphering a lyric poem in an excellent state of preservation which he attributes to Sappho, said that on the left lobe of his brain would be found embroidered the words, "Live and let Livy!"

General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Dictator, interviewed in Madrid, said that he was a great admirer of English literature, and that one line from a poem he had read had recurred to him frequently. He could not swear that it would be written on his heart—he rather hoped not—but it had certainly stuck in his memory. The line in question was—

"The little Moor and how much it is!"

Mr. J. H. Thomas, intercepted at Waterloo among his parrots, said that his heart was tattooed with "N. U. R.," these letters standing, of course, for "Not Unto Ramsay!"

The Managing Director of a famous firm of popular caterers also favoured initials—three M's intertwined, "representing," he explained, "the foundation of our success, which has been built up on Meals with Music for the Middle classes."

Mr. Snowden, who appeared depressed, remarked in the course of an interview that he had hoped some such cheery rallying-cry as, say, "Doles for All!" might be found printed in large type—red, of course—on his heart, but that he was not so sanguine just now.

The new Bishop of Birmingham, formerly Canon Barnes, who has in some quarters been suspected of holding Modernist views, answering a telephone

call, was understood to have exclaimed, "A fig for Adam!" and some disappointment was felt when it was learned that this was a mistake, his lordship having merely remarked, "I beg your pardon."

The wife of an ex-Premier has replied that she has already signed a contract with a publishing firm prepared to advance her twenty thousand pounds on account for the English and American serial and book rights of anything that might be found inscribed upon her heart. "They probably hope it will be the last instalment of my autobiography, and that I shall discard my habitual reticence and say something really daring and indiscreet. But no—they will simply find the name 'Lloyd George'—and that on the soles of my feet."

MOTHER SHIPTON MODERNISED.

When Tolley "fails to qualify,"
Competing with the Yanks,
And none is found to jollify
In British golfing ranks,
No art will cure or mollify
The panic in our banks
When Tolley "fails to qualify,"
Competing with the Yanks.

When native stars and soloists
Yield to the foreign fry;
When England's chosen poloists
Are smitten hip and thigh;
When Bolshevists and Boloists
Exalt their horn on high,
What hope have English soloists
Against the foreign fry?

When exquisite Terpsichore
Accepts the negroid yoke;
When Transatlantic hickory
Supplants the British oak;
When coffee 's made of chicory,
'Tis getting past a joke—
Especially Terpsichore
Beneath the negroid yoke.

When fiction, grown mephitical,
With sex-obsession cloyed,
Turns psycho-analytical
Under the spell of Freud,
The public, though uncritical,
Will in disgust avoid
Romance that is mephitical,
With sex-obsession cloyed.

When people start re-christening
Their capitals and towns;
When everybody 's listening
And seldom free from frowns,
The glamour and the glistening
Will pass from thrones and crowns
When people start re-christening
Their capitals and towns.

When woman shears her tresses
And stains her cheeks and lips
With paints and other messes,
And swears and freely sips
Cocktails and B. and S.'es,
Her reign is near eclipse,
When woman shears her tresses
And stains her cheeks and lips.

When children, once so near to us,
Increasingly pursue
Paths that are strange and queer to us,
And Coogan's revenue
Makes Ramsay's pay appear to us
A bare subsistence screw,
The world's end will be near to us—
And very high time too!



Sailor (just home from "Empire cruise"). "Sorry, old girl; I tried 'ard to get you a monkey, but I 'ad no luck."
Fond Wife. "Oh, it don't matter, dear—I 'ave you."

"It is rather an interesting psychological fact that the loafer almost invariably pilfers the front of some public edifice to lean against rather than a building of less imposing appearance."—*Local Paper.*

Occasionally, however, he condescends to shop-lifting.

"It is evident that there is a change of control at the Police Court premises. Instead of two very dirty and disreputable tables, one for the Bar and one for the Press, as has been the case for years, the habitués received a pleasant surprise when they found the tables covered with green maize."—*Fiji Paper.*

We prefer it in nose-bags.

DOCK LEAVES.

Old Father Thames can do it when he likes. I have no recollection of the building in which his young men used to transact his complicated lower-river affairs, but there is no more impressive and commanding edifice in London than the present headquarters of these administrators, which rise white and massive and majestical from Tower Hill, a minute from all the grime of Mark Lane station and only a hundred yards or so from the Tower itself and, at lunch-time, all the oratory and legerdemain of Tower Hill. The Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Royal Mint, Buckingham Palace itself are insignificant in comparison with this gleaming soaring structure.

I can imagine the frugal Port of London Authority, conscious enough that new quarters were necessary, but never dreaming of such stone, such statuary, such splendour, showing Father Thames an ordinary plan for business premises, and I can picture the shower of spray that drenched them as the angry old fellow shook his head and insisted on magnificence.

"See to it," he said, "that my office shall have the most imposing exterior in London. And, inside, the best marble and the best brass and iron and the best wood."

And he had his way. The panelling and carving of the Board Room and the various committee rooms are such masterpieces of joinery and art as, abroad, we should engage a guide to lead us to; while there is one little waiting-room which is as beautiful in its proportions and chaste simplicity of decoration as any apartment I have ever seen.

Such is the home of the Port of London Authority; and I mention it not only because of its fine aristocratic quality, but also because, if you want to be allowed to explore the Docks, this is where you must get permission.

To explore even so small a section of the Docks as we were able to see in a morning is in a sense to put a girdle round the earth. The globe is at your feet. For that England is an island which cannot do without the world is proved here in the most amusing and picturesque ways in five minutes. Indeed, I can conceive no better gradus to geography than a walk through the vast rooms, especially if you had such a guide as ours, a masterful personality whose mere glance opened doors as though a heat-ray had melted the lock.



PORT OF LONDON.

Private hornpipe-room for officials and employees who have received a rise of salary.

We began with ivory, for, if you want a few yards of elephant tusks, the London Dock is the place to get them. Here they lie by the thousand; but they do not necessarily, I was pleased to learn, mean a commensurate mortality among elephants, for they can be shed like antlers. I should like to take some billiard champions into this room and watch their expressions among so much of the raw material of record breaks. Even the sardonic features of Melbourne Inman might relax and soften as he thought of what the jungle had been doing for him.



THE WINE STORES.

Depressing effect upon an American Anti-Prohibitionist.

We next climbed to the Spice Floor, and in this fragrant spot began to realise what a banquet of scents the Docks can spread. I don't say they are all perfumes, but they are all interesting and now and then very difficult to identify. But here on the Spice Floor the scents are rich and Eastern, the prevailing one being that of cinnamon, which mingles with nutmeg and mace and cloves, but overmasters all. Blended thus, how agreeably they sweeten and orientalize the air! Why, I wondered, as I rolled between my palms the powder from a huge sack of cinnamon, is there no organised cult of scent? The broadcasters and the musicians toil to soothe the ear; the painters and the cinema stars toil to please the eye; the cooks and *restaurateurs* toil to tickle the palate and the tongue; but no one arranges subtle odours for the delectation of a no less important member of the sensory family.

You can carry your nose to the Docks, however, assured of regalement; for in addition to these Spice Floors there is a Bark Floor, and elsewhere you will find all the heavily-scented oils that are used chiefly in medicine, the conquering hero being of course eucalyptus. I found myself able to name several of them, yet not without a certain amount of doubt; but when we came to the great iodine room I was done. It was familiar but remote: I thought of hospital-wards but failed to connect. And who would ever expect to see iodine looking like powdered lead? Which reminds me that, if you want to know what is the very antithesis of powdered lead, you will find it in a bowl of quicksilver which the thoughtful Port of London Authority has placed in one of the rooms for the beguilement of visitors—not to drink, but to play with and marvel at. Surely of all the freakish fancies of which Nature is possible, quicksilver is the gayest! Is there any other liquid that is wet and yet dry? any other liquid that needs force to get your hand into it and can sustain buoyantly a twenty-eight pound weight? any other liquid that almost requires a giant to lift a pint of it? any other liquid



Mistress (showing new maid over the house). "Good gracious! What ever is the matter?"
Maid. "It 's all right, Mum. I'd never seen one of them kippered tigers before."

that breaks up into vivid gambolling drops, each one of which is a ball of light and an imp of mischief?

In an open letter to the Horse which I wrote in these pages not so long ago I referred to his inevitable disappearance from London's streets. But at the Docks he is still the friend of man, and his supersession by machinery is not contemplated. The old familiar clatter of hoofs slipping on the stones and struggling for foothold is in our ears all the time.

But of course the culminating excitement of this particular section of the Docks is the visit to the wine vaults. Everyone has heard stories of these seductive cellars; everyone has envied the fortunate creatures whose luck it is to secure an "Order to Taste." You know the old legend of the parties arriving sedate and scientific, and some hours later emerging in a state of uncontrollable hilarity varied by coma; you have heard of the strictly teetotal visitors who are so overcome by the fumes that in a few moments they are indistinguishable from malt-worms. But if ever the privilege of Tasting Orders was abused that day is over; while I am assured that the day of inebriating exhalations never began.

But what a place! There is one point where you look along a subterranean alley lit feebly by gas jets at distant intervals, a quarter of a mile in length, with barrels on either side. A sight to break the prohibitive heart of Mr. William Johnson of the stealthy and purposeful



The gentleman who inadvertently used his "Order to Taste" in the oil and drug department.

tread; but me it chiefly astounded. I never before thought seriously of the world of wine we live in. And what a world of coopers!—yet who ever sees a cooper at work? Every one of these million barrels had to be made; and then there are the barrels, also in millions, in every French harbour and down by the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, and at Southampton and Bristol and (doubtless) New York, which had to be made too! And then what a world of bottles! Yet where are the bottles made? Who is acquainted with a bottle-maker? Who has seen a bottle in the making? Not I. To visit these Bacchic catacombs is to see with the mental vision (strictly single) all those hidden craftsmen at their convivial tasks and all the grapes ripening in the vineyards of Europe and the peasants picking them! The place may be dark and musty and fungus-ridden, but one's thoughts are of the sunny South.

Until suddenly the horrid impression came upon me that we were not in wine vaults at all, but that what these barrels really contained was gunpowder! We were Guy Fawkes and his confederates; and how utterly idiotic to be carrying these naked lights! It was a terrifying moment; but then came the friendly attendant with his tray of dock-glasses and his mallet and the syphon arrangement for extracting the cordial juices of Oporto, and a comfortable confidence returned.

E. V. L.

THE POLICEMAN'S CAPE.

My purpose in relating this extraordinary incident is not to attract to myself the notoriety which is nowadays so commonly attained by the committing of crime, but to make a contribution to the absorbing subject of that psychological influence of the subconscious mind on something or other, which induces men to perform certain acts of which they could not conceivably be imagined to be guilty, although in point of fact they are.

If you were to tell any of my friends—or even enemies—that I, a respectable citizen of London, had done this thing they would mock you. And yet it is true; and it must, I think, afford as interesting a case of whatever it is as has ever yet come the way of students of whatever it 's called.

I happened to be walking along a well-known London thoroughfare on one of those well-known afternoons when it rains much more than it doesn't (although at the particular juncture with which we are concerned it had just stopped raining, which, as you will see later, accounts for the incident), when I noticed the policeman on point-duty at the cross roads remove his black waterproof cape and hang it up on a piece of rope which was tied round the standard lamp on the "island" just behind him. Having done this, he moved into the road and went on with his job of holding up one lot of traffic and beckoning the other lot on.

I stepped lightly on to the island, lifted his cape from the rope and threw it across my arm.

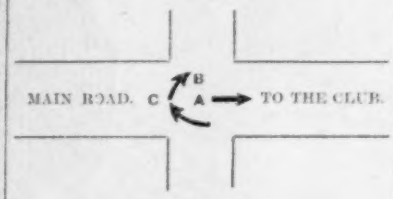
No sooner had I done this than I was seized with a sickening and overwhelming terror. I knew that it was a dreadful thing to have done. A thousand thoughts surged into my mind—all in the space of a single second. My whole past life flashed by me in a pageant; I saw myself as a child in the nursery, as a schoolboy eating great slabs of bread and jam, as an undergraduate charging about in hansom cabs; I saw myself in that sweet quaint old garden with my sweet quaint old father and mother; I saw myself settling down into the tiny little flat with my young wife; I saw myself tearing myself away from it to answer my country's call; I saw khaki and shells and bombs; I saw peace and rest and comfort; I saw a little home, a loving wife and children . . . and I saw myself being charged with being drunk in possession of a policeman's cape.

There was not another second to be wasted. Anybody might have seen me. I must make a dash for it . . . I must hang up the cape again . . . I must above all things keep my head . . . I must jump into this taxi, cape and all.

"The —— Club," I said steadily, giving the address to the driver; and, throwing the cape on the floor, I sank back into the seat.

The taxi whirled round and drew up with a jerk, shaking me forward. I peeped through the glass. There was a white glove in front of us. We were being held up by the policeman.

I think I had better draw a diagram of the spot, so that you may understand the situation more clearly. (I cannot, for obvious reasons, disclose the names of the streets; and anyhow that doesn't affect the question.)



A. The Island.
B. The Policeman.
C. The course of my taxi.

What had happened, you see, was that just as my taxi had swung into position the policeman had decided to hold up the main road traffic so as to let the cross-road traffic go through. This consisted of rows and rows of carts and drays; and from what I could see it would be quite five minutes before we should be able to get on. I became terrified again. There was no escape. We were wedged in. A man rushed up to the policeman and pointed in the direction of the "island." I slid on to the floor of the taxi.

When I ventured to look out the man had gone (mercifully he must have been just asking his way); but to my horror it had suddenly begun to rain again. The policeman gazed in the direction of the island. His signalling became mechanical, and I could see that he had discovered that his cape had gone. He was getting very wet. He was going to get much wetter. He would probably die of pneumonia.

It was all very terrible. None of it was what I had meant. I felt thoroughly miserable. I didn't want his cape. I longed to give him back his cape. But how could I do it? Could I say, "Excuse me, constable, I think I must have taken the wrong cape in error?" . . .

There was a scraping noise. A jerk. My taxi was starting up. The policeman moved towards the island, waving back the cross-road traffic with one arm and beckoning us on with the other. This other, extended, was just beside the window of my taxi. The window was open . . .

I slipped the cape quietly over his arm, and flung myself back into my seat.

* * * * *

Days have passed; I have heard no more. I have evidently escaped, for which I am profoundly thankful.

But how did it happen? How could it have happened? I am at a loss to understand.

I can offer but one clue which can be of the slightest assistance to students of this remarkable case. I had been lunching with a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and who was contemporary with me at the University. We were both, in our undergraduate days, collectors of trophies. We had many unique and hard-won souvenirs decorating our rooms, including one which was cherished above all others for the memory of the famous skirmish in which with great skill and daring it had been captured—a policeman's helmet.

Can there be anything in a sort of sudden and uncontrollable spasm of mental recrudescence?

SONGS WITHOUT SHAME.

II.

THE RHYME OF THE ROAD-BREAKERS.

We are the roadway-rippers,
We are the weavers of chains,
Frying our bacon and kippers
Down in the pipes and drains;
Working for home and the nippers,
Working for pitiful gains,
Yet of London's traffic-grippers
We are the soul and the brains.

Wonderful bold banditti,
We strike at the heart of the City,
And out of a piece of pavement
We fashion a week's enslavement;
One man goes forth with a hammer
To put it across Pall Mall,
And two that have learnt no grammar
Can muck up a whole Whitehall.

We in our shelters sitting
Laugh at the fair, the brave,
Broken and flying and flitting,
And the traffic's palsied wave;
But we can be talking and spitting,
We are not compelled to shave,
And at times we go on with our hitting
And open a brand-new grave.

EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

Observed on a fishmonger's barrow:—

"HIGH-RANK KIPPERS."

Our Optimists.

From a financier's circular:—

"That the first six months' work will result far in excess of my most sanguine expectations I am more than satisfied."

LITTLE RHYMES FOR THIBETAN CHILDREN.

I.—The Watch-Dogs.



At night I sleep so sound and safe
Because outside the door
Two lovely beasts made out of brass
Are standing on the floor,

With turquoise eyes and curly tails
And shining scratchy claws;
No devil now would dare to creep
Between such awful paws.

My father brought them home to guard
Sethoo, Nerboo and me;
I know they're kind to us, but still . . .
D' you think their eyes can *see*?



II.—Devil Dancers.



O Puroo was a peacock
And had a paper tail,
And Chummoo in a paper shell
Went crawling like a snail.

They danced before the people,
And boom went the gong;
The fattest Priest in yellow
Blowed the big Rā Dong.

There are such lots of nice things
That I 'm too small to do,
But some day I 'll be old enough
To be a peacock too.



III.—The Lama.

Chung Guroo Lama is old, so old,
Seventy years and more,
And every day when rice is sold
He comes to our shop-door.

O Lama, Lama, turn your wheel
And say a prayer for me,
Then you shall eat julabees sweet
And drink strong Sikkim tea.



Chung Guroo Lama is wise, so wise,
The devils know him well;
My mother bought for twenty pies
The very *strongest* spell.

O Lama, Lama, tell your beads
And pray for me and mine,
Then you shall eat ripe melon seeds
And drink the good rice wine.

Chung Guroo Lama is round, so round
Because his begging bowl
Is always filled with maize-flour ground
And piled with chillies whole.

O Lama, Lama, turn your wheel
And bless our fields of grain,
Then every day when you pass by
I 'll fill your gourd again.



AIDS TO AUTHORS.

(Exercises in Literary Showmanship.)

OUR GREATEST ESSAYIST.

GLIMPSINGS AND SENSINGS,

BY JOHN BLURB,

Just published by the Brazen Head, has already had not merely a good but a marvellous Press. Mr. Honeyman Swete, in a four-column review in *Our Daily Marge*, observes that Mr. Blurb, "though only a blithe newcomer, takes to letters as naturally as a duck to water. He is the Chrysostom *de nos jours*, combining the sonority of a golden eloquence with a magisterial sense of rhythm, dignity and decorum. In the background of all his judgments there stands, with the massive solidity of the Rock of Gibraltar, a singular concern for the tremendous responsibilities of the literary art. He blends the geniality of Lamb with the honesty of Hazlitt, the exuberance of Balzac with the *bravura* of Stevenson." The reviewer of *The Sunday Swerver* remarks: "There are occasions on which it is the duty of the conscientious critic to exchange the function of the censor for that of the eulogist. And this is one of these happy occasions on which it is a privilege to wax fulsome. *Glimpsings and Sensings* is an epoch-making book. Carlyle wrote of 'King Shakespeare;' I am content to sit at the feet of King Blurb, for he has a royal mind. To read his essays is like listening-in to a cosmic Galli-Curci." *The Dundee Lubricator* hails the work as "the starkest and most emollient exudation of genius of this or any century. Other great authors have been profuse, penetrating and profound, but their utterances are as the pipings of a penny-whistle compared to the mighty-mouthed organ voice of the celestial Blurb." Lastly, Mr. Boole, the Rector Magnificus of the sartorial world, has written to say, "I would be proud to compose a 'jacket' for Mr. Blurb's next work."

LOCUSTA IN LOVE.

Reviewing

MESSALINA MANDRAKE'S NEW NOVEL,

ERIC BLEET says in "The Bookworm":—

"All her books are masterpieces, but *Locusta in Love*, her tenth novel, is the most coruscating and colossal masterpiece of them all. She has a style of extraordinary lusciousness, yet its toxic charm is governed by an ultimate rectitude of purpose. She is violently and voluptuously on the side of the angels. At will she can command tears, cheers or laughter. She reads the human heart as no other English woman ever has or ever will read it. None but herself can be her parallel. She standeth alone as the nightingale sings. She is the $a + 4$ of the realm of fiction."

Published by ABSALOM POPE, LTD., Seven Peacock Place London at 42/- net.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE TALKING BIRDS.

BY AMELITA BETTI-MARTINI.

With a Preface by MR. ARROLL PLENDER, containing a record of the conversation of MR. LLOYD GEORGE with MR. PLENDER's talking cockatoo during the Paris Conference.

The House of Odder and Odder beg to announce the exhaustion of the Third large edition of this amazing book within a fortnight of its publication. At once vivid and veracious, it is an astonishing proof of the phenomenal endurance and hardihood of the famous Italian lady-explorer. Mr. Douglas James writes in *The Sabbath Caress*: "The Dottoressa Betti-Martini obviously possesses a knowledge of and a sympathy with the feathered denizens of the Parrot Islands of the Pacific as intimate and extensive as that of Psalmanazar with the natives of Borneo, or of Professor Garner with the gorillas of Equatorial Africa. As a Psittaco-psychoanalyst she stands in a class by herself. But her book is rich in valuable suggestions for politicians, public speakers, poets, singers, orchestral composers and educationalists. I have read it with streaming eyes and a pulse ranging from 150 to 200 beats in the minute." Professor Harrod, the famous prosodist, writing in *The Boar's Hill Bulletin*, says: "The two classes of Psittacus, the scansorial and the zygodactyl, have always been of intense interest to metrists. The Signora Betti-Martini has laid them under a deep obligation by her patient and illuminating studies." Lastly, Dr. Larmor Stitchwell of the Zoological Gardens, in *The Aviary*, observes: "The nameless sailor who once described a parrot as a sort of a Jew duck has been curiously confirmed by Signora Betti-Martini's discovery that the basis of 'parrotese' is Semitic and not Celtic."



PART OF MR. OSCAR ASCHE

AS *BOUDIER* IN *THE ROYAL VISITOR*, WHICH RAN FOR SEVEN NIGHTS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE SMALL DOG OWNER.

THERE are too many of these hints for small car owners in the daily Press. We are tired of them. There are not enough hints, except in the technical papers, for small dog owners. Yet a casual glance at any of our suburbs will show that the number of small dog owners trying to proceed along the streets with their 1924 models is quite as great as the number of small car owners doing the same thing.

The troubles of small dog owners, those of them at least that can be set down in this paper, may be catalogued briefly as follows:—

(1) Irregularity of feed.
(2) Failure to self-start.
(3) Skidding.
(4) Slipping of clutch.
(5) Undue acceleration.
(6) Engine trouble.
(7) Scratching of coat.
(8) Gear winding.
(9) Picking up on slow speed.
(10) Collision with heavier-built types.
(11) Noisy throttle.

A mixture in the pan of Buvo, Bosco and Busto, moistened with hot water, is recommended as a useful feed; but, if it fails to prevent picking up, the best alternative is equal parts of *pâté de foie gras* and *caviare*. Don't worry. He will get scraps in the kitchen anyhow.

Failure to self-start may be remedied by a sharp decisive pull at the gear chain, assisted, if necessary, by pressure with the right toe. Skidding on greasy roads is practically impossible to avoid, unless you put the little beggar on wheels. Scratching of coat can be minimised by means of a weak solution of Insecto and warm water, applied with a sponge, followed by a good curry combing; and castor oil is efficacious in engine troubles. Nothing but patience, apologies and a ready smile will extricate the small dog owner from the nuisance of gear winding, and in cases of undue acceleration it will be found simplest to break into a smart trot. Collisions and noisy throttle can be greatly lessened by a proper application of belting.

See that plenty of water is supplied, and have the garage well strawed. Examine the chassis daily for parasites. In case of a slipped clutch when the road is full of other models, there is nothing to do but pray.



Young Reporter. "Excuse me, Captain, but I have just come down on behalf of the local newspaper to ask you to grant me an interview. I want to write a bright crisp article under some such title as 'How it feels to be wrecked,' or 'Ships I have lost,' or something of that kind."

THE NEW ORDER.

When Sir Ralph D'Azur Gore
Died and left scarce a tanner,
John Manchester More
Bought the lordship and manor,
Ambitious to learn (with the cash at command)
How to be a good squire and do well by the land.

That he learns what he would
Is a fact past evading,
Much quicker than could
Poor Sir Ralph have learnt trading;
Like Jove he has fallen; the land, like a flower,
Responds to the welcome auriferous shower.

For John (with his gold
And his businesslike bounty)
In modes manifold
Is a boon to the county,
Rears pheasants (four thousand), keeps farms nobly found,
Makes his light, makes his way, makes his money go round.

And the vale like a rose
It shall burgeon and blossom;
John restores and bestows,
And his motto is *Possum;*
And he brings a brain sharpened on men and affairs
To matters too modern for Domesday Book's heirs.

E'en Sir Ralph, o'er the black
Rushing billows and breakers
Of Styx, might look back
At his ancestors' acres,
Might admit, as he lingers on farm, field and flood,
That they needed new money far more than old blood.

So a new shield aspires
Up above the grey entry,
And a new line of squires
Become landlords and gentry;
And the pheasants (high pheasants) in Manor Great Wood—
Why, if John cannot hit 'em, young John 's getting *good.*

FOUGASSE AND FOUGASSINE.

Mr. Punch begs to call attention to the Exhibition now being held at the galleries of The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, of the work of Mr. Kenneth Bird ("Fougasse"), being for the most part originals of pictures in colour and black-and-white that have appeared in these pages; and of water-colour lochscapes and other subjects by Mrs. Kenneth Bird. Mr. Punch bears personal testimony to the excellence of this combination.

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"Wanted, 2-valve wireless set complete for young Pekingese stud dog."—*Weekly Paper.*

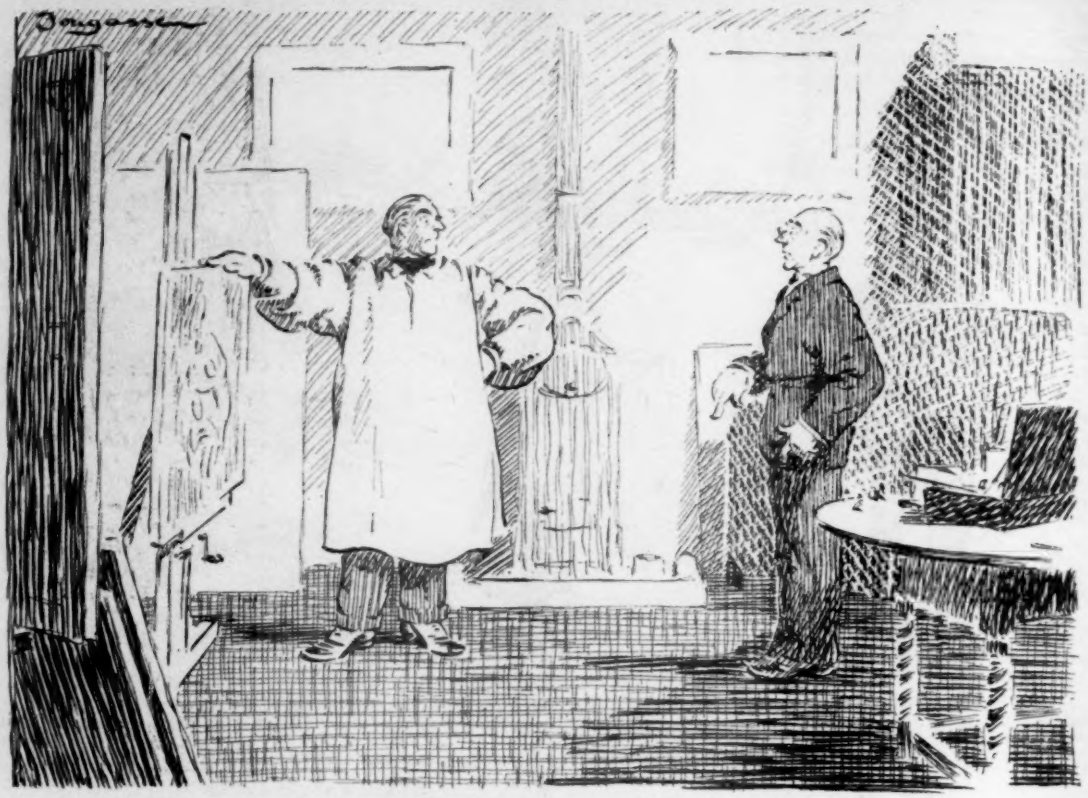
"Mr. Thomas's luggage included a golf bag containing various implements which the Colonial Secretary had acquired when visiting a number of Zulu Chefs during his trip."—*Provincial Paper.*

Mr. Thomas must have taken a Cook's Tour.

From a report of Lord Birkenhead's speech:—

"He could hardly name a real public question of importance which divided Liberals who were honest from Coonservatives who were honest. 'Let us on our part receive them in the spirit of men who are glad to have their help. If they choose to go on calling themselves Liebrals, that is a view we can respect."—*Scots Paper.*

We can't; and we don't think much of "Coonservatives" either.



"NOW, WHAT'S YOUR CANDID OPINION OF THIS EFFORT?"
"WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT MY *CANDID* OPINION——"
"THANKS. IN THAT CASE I DON'T."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"ALL Stracheys love cats," and there are several cats, English and Italian, in the "spasmodic record of thoughts, emotions, intuitions, fancies, egotisms, guesses, conclusions and inconclusions" which Mr. JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY (with the shade of MATTHEW ARNOLD at his elbow) entitles *The River of Life* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). But the most suggestive animal of all is the superb beast encountered at Genoa in "The Doge Pallavicini with his Favourite Cat," a canvas Mr. STRACHEY met when he was seventeen and which should really, he says, have been called not the portrait of a doge, but of a cat "with doge in background." This cat is, I feel, symbolical. He stands for all the useful, apposite and delectable things the diarist has managed to place in the foreground of his picture, a collection entirely gratifying to the onlooker on its own account, but owing its final distinction, when all is said and done, to the "doge in the background." Yet how gracefully is the partial eclipse of the Editor of *The Spectator* brought about! His rule of recording only non-political hours (I could wish that some of the theological ones had come under the same ban) helps to heighten the undress aspect of his book; and its pages—the first of which were brought to the bedside of a convalescent son in lieu of flowers and *gâteaux à la crème*—preserve to the end their predominant air of sweetness and levity. Their attractions range from urbane and witty summaries of the appeal of places and peoples to Augustan verses on the Subconscious Self and topographical conjectures as to the whereabouts of the pit of the stomach. Occasionally a single day brings forth a complete little essay, whimsical, mordant, philosophical or scholarly; and hardly a jotting fails to embody some such deft side-glance as that on ROUSSEAU, the inventor of walking-tours and the French Revolution—"in my opinion . . . a much less successful effort." Altogether, grave or gay, a very pleasant farrago, and not, I hope, the last of its kind.

I settled down to Mr. DENIS MACKAIL'S *The Majestic Mystery* (HEINEMANN) with a sigh of pleasant anticipation; nor was I disappointed. At Westcliff, a well-known southern watering-place, a new play is being tried on the dog. A celebrated star, her distinguished manager, the author of the play, and, in a burst of extravagance, two young journalists are all staying at the Majestic. One of these, an absent-minded and rather ineffective literary editor, happens to walk into the wrong room, to find the distinguished manager supine with a bullet through his forehead. Egged on by his confrère, he elects to do a piece of sleuthing for his unlikely paper, *The Sunday Senator*. There is no smell of powder in the room, though he finds a revolver hidden under a cushion on the couch; but an obscure young lady in the theatrical company, whom he has found earlier in the day flourishing a revolver when pestered by the most unpleasant playwright, rushes out along the corridor in a

state of extreme agitation. There are plenty of people to suspect on excellent grounds: the young lady, defending her honour; the playwright—by accident or design; the star's divorced husband—an odd man who turns up in an odd manner; the star herself, who is evidently lying in her account of the affair; even the efficient and rather mysterious head-waiter, *Mr. Chick*. The local police-inspector has a theory and patches of evidence which hang well enough together to prove the whole thing an accident from a stray shot fired by a mischievous youth with a rifle stolen from the pier rifle-range. The inspector is distinctly hot, yet not hot enough. His case, though good enough for the coroner's jury, is not satisfying to the reader who knows a thing or two more. Mr. Mackail has a sense of style which adds a great deal to the pleasure of a most ingeniously constructed puzzle, and he clears up the mystery without giving us that sense of being unfairly dealt with which is the impression left on the reader by most essays in this *genre*.

What pleasant things you get from *The Green Bay Tree* (Fisher Unwin). Flavour for puddings and wreaths for poets, besides a good sturdy simile for the prosperity of evildoers. And all these zestful, romantic and outrageously flourishing associations are attached by Mr. Louis Bromfield to the character and career of *Lily Shane*, the interesting pivot of an interesting first novel. The worst thing I can say about Mr. (if it is Mr.?) Bromfield's story is that it takes rather long to get under way. In fact its characters are warped out into action almost as painfully as the ships that beat the Armada. But once engaged, how effective most of them are! There is old *Madame Shane*, who owns all the best land at the juncture of two American railways, together with a couple of unmanageable daughters. There are *Lily* and *Irene* themselves, each pushed to the extreme verge of their respectively irresponsible and bigoted temperaments by the sight of the other's aberrations. There is the Governor, who is too pompous to serve as a husband for *Lily*, though she deliberately exploits him as a lover. There is *Krylenko*, the Ukrainian from the steel-mills, who is "uplifted" by *Irene* only to lose his heart to her sister. And there is the whole aristocracy of a mushroom American town. The *tempo* quickens when *Lily* migrates to Paris, where she sets up as *Madame Shane*, with the Governor's son gracefully in evidence and a French lover in the background. Her part in the War and her survival as the wife of a Cabinet Minister are, I feel, more convincing than the neurotic *Irene's début* as a Carmelite. But I must say I did not believe in the shadowy gallant of the first French period. Once quit of the Governor and out of earshot of *Irene*, there was nothing to prevent *Lily* settling down in Paris as virtuously as any other good American. Except, of course, the worst implications of the title-page.



"Mummy, I really believe he's trying to see if he remembers me still."

Mr. Ralph Nevill's *Paris of To-day* (Jenkins) is perhaps not very happily named, as more than half of the book is concerned with the past. The author has a wide acquaintance with novels, memoirs and guide-books, which he handles intelligently, and is a good collector of anecdotes, but might be more attractive in his reproduction of them. He has much knowledge without a very happy faculty for imparting it attractively. I rather like his candid anti-Puritanism, about which he makes less than no bones. It was kind of him, by the way, after translating "Le Français est méchant, mais il n'est pas bête," to translate also "L'Anglais n'est pas méchant, mais il est bête," for now we can't possibly go wrong, can we? Our author has a curiously bald style, short paragraph succeeding short paragraph—all with similar cadences—and no sure instinct for avoiding the *cliché*. I felt certain I should see the cocottes, of whom there is much talk, referred to as the frail sisterhood, and I wasn't disappointed. The "sixteen unique illustrations" advertised on the jacket include seven perfectly ordinary views of famous buildings and streets in

Paris, a portrait of two of the gargoyles of Notre Dame, one sham-naughty photograph entitled "*Quartier Latin*," and seven assorted pictures to which the last epithet that could fairly be applied is "unique." Some publishers' jackets have much to answer for.

The name of Mr. ANTHONY DRUMMOND is new to me, and I should conjecture from the contents of *The Scented Death* (FISHER UNWIN) that he has not had very much experience in the construction of Tales of Mystery and Imagination. If I am wrong I hasten to congratulate him on the preservation of a rare simplicity of outlook. His recipe in this book seems to go back to those happy days when buried treasure and a hero of superhuman strength, with an authentic Princess waiting for him at the end of a series of terrific fights, were the only necessary ingredients for this kind of story. I do not say that they are bad ingredients now, if handled with deftness and ingenuity, but Mr. DRUMMOND seems too much concerned with the number of thrills and amazing escapes he can provide to care overmuch about their treatment. *Captain Sanctuary*, late of the Polish Legion, possesses many excellent qualities for his position as hero and protector of *Princess Valerie*, including a name that once extorted a vague admiration from the late Mr. WALTER PATER. But he is worked almost too hard from the opening page, when he is reintroduced to *Prince Marakov* through the discovery of a corpse in the taxi-cab that pulls up before that nobleman's mansion in Park Lane, to the final scene, when with *Valerie* on his arm and the treasure safely packed in the hold, he stands on the deck of the arch-villain's yacht with the comforting knowledge that *Feodor Boroff* has been suitably rewarded for his crimes. To the uncritical I can recommend these adventures of *Captain Sanctuary*; the more sophisticated will probably find the Russian incidents rather too highly coloured, and some of the author's words (such as "festerous") a trifle disconcerting at first sight. Still, I think all will agree that the numerous personal encounters are adequately handled.



Tailor's small Daughter. "DADDY, THERE'S A STRANGE PUSSY COMING IN."
Voice from within. "OH, IS IT A BLACK ONE?"
Daughter. "NO; IT'S A—A SORT OF A TWEED ONE."

Mr. HARVEY O'HIGGINS has been rather clever about his *Julie Cane* (CAPE), for he has written a novel of psychology and yet he has married his heroine to the right man on the last page and assured us that she lived successfully ever afterwards. Young *Alan Birdsall*, who, with a jeer at her father's grocery "store," calls *Julie* "Sugar-cane" and domineers over her at school, grows up a neurotic, conceited, disagreeable young man, calculated to bring nothing but sorrow to any self-respecting heroine; and when I found *Julie*, in her teens, allowing this very unattractive cad to embrace her in the street I certainly expected nothing so pleasant or so old-fashioned as the wedding-bells of the happy ending. *Alan* and *Julie* and *Julie's* father, the wistful, confused little philosopher-grocer, are the people whose inner workings Mr. O'HIGGINS particularly exhibits for us; and he does it very well. With *Julie's* mother he is not so happy, and even contradicts himself about her; while *Biddy van Skoick* (more properly *Bayard van Schoeck*), who marries *Julie*, is as slightly drawn as the hero of a magazine story. Mr. O'HIGGINS has that gift of making you like his characters which is half the novelist's battle, and some of the gifts which go towards winning the other half of it as well.

In a foreword to *The Limping Man* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. FRANCIS D. GRIERSON writes, "Instead of bewildering the reader by withholding material clues, I have endeavoured to place the facts clearly before him, so that, by assigning to them their true value, he may penetrate the secret of the Limping Man as successfully as did Professor Wells and Inspector Sims." No one could quarrel with Mr. GRIERSON'S plan of action, and that I did not guess the secret until it was palpably revealed was, I consider, mainly due to a lack of astuteness on my part. But I permit myself to complain that my interest in the chief criminal was almost nil. He was to me an unknown quantity, and so the announcement of his guilt left me colder than I wanted to be or ought to have been. For the rest, this is an ably written and neatly woven sensational story, which should suit to a nicety the tastes of those who like lovers to be happily united and the villain of the piece to pay the full penalty for his iniquities.

I had not read many pages of *Mr. Punt of Chelsea* (MURRAY) before I was added, as the publishers told me that I should be, to his "wide circle of friends." Of *Mr. Punt* himself I can truly say that the more I knew of him the more I liked him. To secure what is described as "a moderately honest livelihood" he kept a live-stock emporium. He could provide his customers with anything from a parrot to a piebald rat. But the only inhabitant of this *ménagerie* that I really coveted was a tortoise possessing (so *Mr. Punt* alleged) a sense of humour. He was not strictly to be relied upon when describing his wares, but was at all times and under all conditions a shrewd and delightful philosopher. In this most attractive little volume the wit and wisdom that one associates with the work of Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON are charmingly blended.

"Passengers will not be allowed to go ashore before 6.15 or later than 7.30 or between these hours."—*Note in Railway-Steamer Time-table.*
"Once on board the steamer and the passenger is mine!"

CHARIVARIA.

As nobody seems to want the Election we suggest that representations should be made to Sir Patrick Hastings to induce him to withdraw it.

* * *

A *Daily Express* writer reminds us that there are two Winston Churchills. It is a pity our gossip-writers keep rubbing this in.

* * *

In his speech at the Labour Party Conference last week, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to have poured oil on the troubled flames.

* * *

A Brighton man who was given up by the doctors forty years ago lived to the age of one hundred and three. This shows the kind of thing medical men have to put up with.

* * *

A gossip writer refers to plus-fours as an atrocious garment. But surely plus-fours is not a garment. It's a religion.

* * *

We understand it was a Mexican who wrote to London offering to buy the shooting rights in the General Election.

* * *

The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand the inventor of the bagpipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.

* * *

A New York engineer who has invented a self-playing saxophone is coming to England. As a refugee, we imagine.

* * *

Greater consideration is being given to the under-part of motor cars. As this is the part they see most of, pedestrians should be grateful.

* * *

Sir Ronald Ross says that the English climate is too bad for mosquitoes. It is pathetic to see these poor insects going about in oilskins and gum-boots.

* * *

Why should Great Britain do all the money-lending? There ought to be a League of Donations.

* * *

A critic is urging us all to emulate Douglas Fairbanks, but we think the gentleman who sat on the doormat after a lodge dinner and told the policeman it was a magic carpet was a little too imaginative.

* * *

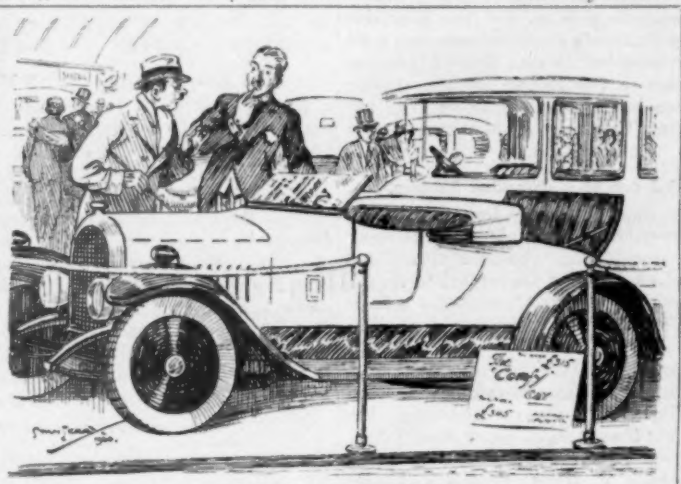
Mr. Masterman has just written a book on *How England is Governed*. But is it?

* * *

The Mayor of Brighton says that there is a spice of devilry about his town. But you ought to see Hampstead Garden Suburb on a Sunday morning.

* * *

The New York policeman who is visiting London mistook Charing Cross station for a church. Perhaps he saw people getting into a suburban pew for a little quiet meditation.



AT THE MOTOR-SHOW.

Salesman. "This is the type of car that pays for itself, Sir."

Prospective Customer. "Right! As soon as it's done that, you can send it along."

Nicolo Machiavelli once said that to be liberal with the property of others adds to your reputation. Oh, these Macs!

* * *

Mr. Lennox Robinson says that the summer is the time for play-reading. We know now why a certain manager has had our last effort for three years.

* * *

It was impossible to have the Election in the first week of November, as it would have clashed with Rat Week.

* * *

We gather that the two film-fans who went into the National Gallery to see the Mond collection of pictures were very disappointed with the subtitles.

* * *

Mr. Pelham F. Warner thinks the "Ashes" will return to England this time. Mr. Warwick W. Armstrong is equally certain that they will remain in Australia. In view of this divergence of expert opinion we understand that the matter will be decided by Test Matches.

* * *

A man has been discovered who has spotted 100,000 rocking-horses in thirteen years. We know a tipster who has spotted many more rocky ones in less time than that.

* * *

"Big cuts in tyres. Buy now," says an advertisement. While they are still partially inflated, we presume.

* * *

The object of sending some hundreds of monkeys to Shanhaikwan is reported to be a Chinese war mystery. Our own theory is that it has been found desirable to round-up the War Correspondents.

* * *

A fire has occurred in the Italian Parliament. It is believed to have been caused by a spark from a Fascist's eye.

* * *

Women are to wear ears again, and men will have to be more careful what they say.

* * *

On a night train from Euston to Dundee is a restaurant where drinks may be obtained throughout the journey. There seems no end to the inducements offered to Scotsmen to return home.

* * *

A gossip writer reminds us that Mr. Arthur Roberts was originally intended for the Law. So were some of our humorous judges.

* * *

Four babies have been born in the British Empire Exhibition. It is remarkable what people will do to get in without paying.

Another Coalition?

"Sir Alfred [Mond] went on to say that under the three-party system they would have to abandon the idea that whenever a Government was defeated there must be an election. The country would welcome a combination of tarSM. o-2H,2)3[shrdl shrdlu shrdluucmf."
Welsh Paper.

"Georgia has never renounced her dreams of independence, and has sought on more than one occasion to throw off the Russian joke."
Ceylon Paper.

No reference, of course, to the Russian joke that Mr. MacDonald threw off when he signed the Treaty with the Soviet Government.

THE POLITICAL INQUEST.

BY A WORKING MAN.

Slogans for the Socialist Party.

As the Government was apparently determined to take a toss either over the CAMPBELL Prosecution or the Russian Treaty, and only selected the former because it meant a saving of time and trouble, we may presume that they will have two alternative cries with which to go to the country. Having fallen at the first obstacle and having resolved, in the event of their negotiating it, to fall at the second, they are bound to put these two questions in the forefront of their appeal to the electorate. Apart, then, from the general slogan, "LOOK AT OUR RECORD! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE IT?"—they should have two slogans in particular: (1) VOTE FOR POLITICAL INTERFERENCE WITH THE COURSE OF JUSTICE, and (2) VOTE FOR MAKING THE TAXPAYER GUARANTEE A LOAN TO A FOREIGN COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT THAT REPUDIATES ITS OBLIGATIONS. As compared with the last Election's popular cry (not available to-day)—NO TAX ON THE PEOPLE'S FOOD!—these two cries seem lacking not only in snap but in that note of personal appeal which comes home to the British bosom. "BUY MY SWEET LAVENDER" makes an excellent street cry; but "LET ME RECOMMEND THE SALUTARY PROPERTIES OF MY NICE GARLIC NOSEGAYS" is not so good.

How to make Capital out of a wounded Soldier.

Myself I do not much like the idea of making political capital out of a man's war-wounds. Yet already a Member of the Cabinet has been saying that "the country will not condemn the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for his refusal to send a crippled ex-soldier to gaol." For Mr. CAMPBELL'S gallant record as a soldier I have the greatest respect and admiration. But I am stupid enough not to understand how his alleged attempt to corrupt the loyalty of the Services merits any special grace as coming from a man who himself served loyally in the War. But that stalwart Clydesider, Mr. MAXTON—who understands these things better than I do—being invited, in a private interview with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to furnish details of Mr. CAMPBELL'S *dossier*, seems to have put forward his War services as an argument in favour of abandoning the prosecution. By the way, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S statement in the House (received without protest by Mr. MAXTON and his friends) that he had never, to his knowledge, spoken to a Communist in the whole course of his life was no doubt correct, but only just; for, if he knows anything of Mr. MAXTON'S colouring, he must know that, if it 's not the blood-red of a Communist, it 's at least a fairly assertive pink.

Preferential Treatment for the Foreigner.

Though I may be a horny-headed son of toil I am no advocate of Communism. But as a patriot I begin to grow indignant at the attitude of the Socialist Party towards the home-grown article. Here they are, making advances (not too eagerly reciprocated) to the Communists of Russia, and at the same moment refusing to incur the taint of political association with the Communists of Britain. Why is ours the less-favoured nation? Is it due to Labour's general policy of preferential treatment for the foreigner? Or are the Russians our natural superiors in this art as in that of the ballet? Or, again, is our inferiority to be attributed to racial decadence? I should hate to believe this last reproach. Anyhow it seems that to that painful series of heart-searching questions, "What is wrong with British Polo? with British Lawn Tennis? with British Golf? with British Discus-throwing? with British Chess?" we must now add, "What is wrong with British Communism?"

Mr. Asquith in Great Form.

But to go back to the Fall. (It sounds a little like Mr. SHAW'S *Methuselah*.) It was the Liberal Leader's moment. He was in his brightest vein and made it quite clear that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. Did he not always say that it rested with him to choose the precise moment for laying the Government out—meaning that he could count on the Conservatives' support and they couldn't count on his? And there they were—the Ministry that he had made and could mar when he liked—there they were, all ready to be laid out. Yet his joy was not so much for a personal triumph; it was rather the joy of a god in the act of dispensing doom. For he had nothing to gain. Whatever party was to benefit by a General Election he knew well enough that it wouldn't be his. I say it was a godlike satisfaction that he felt, and I can understand it, if dimly. But what I shall never understand is why the Socialist Members, when their fate was sealed, should want to burst into song. Mr. ASQUITH must, I think, have been tempted to join in; but he has literary tastes and never cared much for the words of "The Red Flag."

The Responsibility for an Unpopular Election.

In spite of what I have said of the part played by Mr. ASQUITH, the credit for an unpopular Election cannot be laid at his door. He merely gave the Government a chance, which they could easily have declined, of committing *hara-kiri*. I see that Mr. MACDONALD proposes to shift the blame from his own shoulders on to those of the Opposition Leaders. Mr. ASQUITH, as having authorised the Amendment over which the Government elected to fall, will, I presume, be indicated as the chief culprit. I have never had a very confident faith in the intelligence of the electorate, but it must be even feebler than I supposed if they are going to swallow that. All that Mr. ASQUITH did to the Government was to demand an Inquiry; it was not his fault that they preferred an Inquest. O. S.

SOLITARY GREATNESS.

LONE peaks there are that breast the storms
In solitude sublime;
Lone capes there are have spurned the seas
Through immemorial time.

But none so brave and lone as I,
Projected far in space,
Naked to weather, fiercely blown
At any time or place.

In danger foremost of the van,
And first to take the blows
Of accident or handkerchief—
I am a human nose.

Another Sex Problem.

"Every pullet sold is a real Egg Machine bred from England's best laying strains varying from 180 to 291 Eggs per year from each bird. The same thing applies to our Male Birds, which we guarantee."
Advt. in Poultry Journal.

From a South African trade-circular:—

"We have the loveliest and most dainty Evening Gowns imaginable. The prices, consistent with design and quality of material, are extremely low."

We can understand, having regard to the prevailing fashion, that the design should be low, but are surprised that the vendor should apply the same epithet to the quality of his material.



THE BEAR. "I APPRECIATE YOUR AFFECTION FOR ME; BUT WHY ARE YOU SO UNKIND TO THE CHILD OF MY HEART?"

[At its recent Conference the Socialist Party, which had just given tokens of affection to the Russian Communist Government, refused to admit British Communists within its political pale.]



Workman. "Rotten paper to-night, ain't it?"
Student of Politics. "I confess that the news is rather disquieting."
Workman. "Yus. Anuvver four faverites gorn dahn."

THE NON-STOP CABARET.

The Stunt Specialist of the Cynosure Restaurant lit another cigar. That was a sign that he was thinking out a big idea.

"They are not amused," he said to his secretary, indicating the diners in the restaurant.

He puffed a cloud of smoke.

"We 'll have dancing between the courses. That ought to amuse 'em."

"What a brain you have!" murmured his secretary.

"That 's what they pay me for," he said simply.

Dancing between courses was an innovation that marked a new epoch in the restaurant world. But still the chief was not satisfied.

"They are not amused," he said sombrely as he watched unwilling men dragged from their *sole bonne femme* on to the floor. "We 'll have dancers for them. A chorus dressed—or partly dressed—in blue-and-yellow; a star or two; any old songs will do. Something about going back somewhere, eh?"

"Wonderful!" breathed his secretary.

In this modest way was the great cabaret idea born and another epoch safely begun.

Dinner and supper having been catered for, the chief turned his attention to afternoon tea. But, though another milestone on the road of progress was passed when the Tea-time Trivialities appeared, the chief was still troubled.

"It beats me," he said. "We give them tea, dinner and supper, with a cabaret show at each, and five bands to enable them to dance all the time. I estimate that the three meals cost them over a fiver. They need not leave the restaurant except to dress. Still they are not amused."

"What about lunch?" said the secretary. "You have a blue-and-yellow chorus for dinner, pink-and-mauve for supper, scarlet-and-gold for tea: why not green-and-brown for lunch?"

"My boy, you 'll be a big man some day," said the chief. "Have a cigar. We 'll call 'em 'Luncheon Lunatics.'"

The Luncheon Lunatics were followed quickly by the Breakfast Banalities in silver-and-rose, and another signpost on the onward march of civilisation was passed. It was now possible to spend the whole day, with the exception of a few hours for sleep and changing one's clothes, in the combined pleasures of eating, drinking, dancing and "cabareting." During the performance of a single day's repertoire of songs the artistes expressed the desire to go back to almost every part of the habitable world. Fifteen bands were employed and season tickets for a day's cabaret were issued at ten pounds a head. Life was threaded upon an interminable fox-trot.

* * * * *

The secretary looked upon the scene. His chief, haggard and wild-eyed, stood at his elbow. Thus had they stood since dawn. Another dawn was near; the cycle had drawn to its close.

"They are not amused," he moaned.

"They are incapable of being amused," protested his secretary; "but why worry about that? They come and they pay. What more do you want?"

"I seek the Ultimate Ideal," he cried.

"I want more to come. I want them to stay longer and to pay more."

A clock struck five. The chief glanced at it and then buried his face in his hands. In a broken whisper he muttered: "Beaten! Beaten! There is no more time!" His voice rose to a shriek. "There are only twenty-four hours in a day!"

A waiter appeared.

"Did you call, Sir?"

"Dance on! dance on!" he moaned. "Let joy be unconfined."

* * * * *

"Quite mad, I regret to say," was the alienist's verdict.

"Yes," agreed the secretary, now chief in his turn. "He always was. That was his greatest asset. He invented the non-stop cabaret."

FIFTY YEARS BACK AND FORTH.

THE comrades of my school days
Are scattered far and wide,
And some adorn the City
And some the countryside;
Some earn a modest pittance
And some frequent the Ritz·
Some live upon remittance
And others on their wits.

Of those who shall be nameless
One has a mill on made
By glycerine and turnips
Rechristened marmalade;
And one, my wealthiest neighbour,
Bilks doctors of their fees;
And one has done hard labour,
And three are K.B.E.'s.

Hoby, whose elegiacs
Caused rapture to the Head,
Too often took to scanning
The wine when it was red;
And Judson, prince of jokers,
Transmogrified in mien,
Now wears the stiffest chokers
That ever decked a Dean.

Dobbs, foremost of our dunces,
Who never learnt to spell,
In the domain of fiction
Competes with ETHEL DELL;
While King, a second JUNIUS,
Who carried all the guns,
Is very impecunious
And always dodging duns.

Marley, whose mathematics
Were primitive in range,
Is viewed with veneration
Upon the Stock Exchange;
And Porson, whose misnomer
Used always to recoil
On one so poor at HOMER,
Is very rich in oil.

Standish, in early boyhood
The dingiest of scrubs,
Is quite the super-dandy
Of three exclusive clubs;



"DID YOU NOTICE, MUMMY? THE LADY'S FORGOTTEN TO MAKE HER LEFT EYE UP."

And Davenport, our D'Orsay,
Who made us all look drab,
So smart and spruce and horsy,
Now drives a taxi-cab.

And I, the least distinguished,
The most occult from fame,
Can claim at least the virtue
Of constancy in aim;
I have not struck Bonanzas,
Amassed or lost a pile,
But still keep stringing stanzas
In the old doggerel style.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Thackeray will supply the satiric, in the description of the coiffure of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, who 'bore on her head a superb piece of architecture, not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets and the lappets the banners.'"
Literary Weekly.

SCOTT'S description of *Mrs. O'Dowd* might also serve the purpose.

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement in a suburban shop:—

"Leave your deposit now—it may be gone when you come back."

"Axminster Carpet (as new) 10 ft. × 6 ft. × 9 ft."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

More Cubists!

"Will you tell me which side of my father I should be on when entering the church to be married?"—*Weekly Paper.*

We 're not sure; but it 's generally best to keep on the right side of the old man till he 's settled something on you.

"Efforts to revive purple and blue men's clothes have not been blessed with success."
Daily Paper.

It is perhaps only natural for a purple or blue man to be proud of his pigmentation and prefer not to have it concealed.

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM.

It would be seen sometimes hovering shyly on the fringes of a Sussex forest, only to fade and reappear again at the corner of a hopfield in Kent. It would be chased across the flatlands and the marshes, it would be glimpsed near Winchelsea or Hastings, pass onward to the downs and plunge into the Channel with a disappointing splash. Or again it would turn northward, cross the Thames, and be pursued with a harroo and a weylaway into Hertfordshire, there for a moment sit like an eagle alit in the light of its shining wings, then double again and be lost until perhaps a rustling was heard in the undergrowth of a spinney on the boundary of Bucks and Berks. But that vision also would die.

"In wet wood and weary lane
Still we pant and pound in vain,
Still with leaden foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face."

Need I say that I am referring to Robinson's country cottage?

It came to him in so many guises. Now it would have a Tudor air, and now it would be dressed in the garb of Queen Anne. Sometimes it would be merely modern, but Georgian or Elizabethan in style. Sometimes he built it for himself. Now and then, in moments of despair, it became nothing but a wooden bungalow or, even worse, a whitewashed railway carriage, lying on the coast in one of those haphazard heaps of whitewashed railway carriages that look like an accident to an express train glozed over by the Company and provided with water-butts. And then he would arouse himself from this evil dream and start advertising again.

I am referring, I say, to Robinson's country cottage.

Snared for a moment in exactly the position he desired, standing alone, with a fringe of trees and commanding an extensive and beautiful view, it would lack company's water and electric light. Cornered in an old-world village, it would be two miles stat., have inadequate offices, or only one sit. With every modern convenience, it would be an eyesore, surrounded by ophthalmic troubles even more serious than itself. The presence of a bathroom would condemn it to dun-coloured brick. Modern sanitation appeared to necessitate rubble and pseudo-beams. He would quarter the ground, give a view halloo and be over the hills again. He brought it to bay at last in the columns of *The East Ham Advertiser and Frittingly Gazette*.

It didn't fulfil his dreams, of course, but it was fairly inoffensive. It stood on the side of a hill and had a view, if you looked carefully, of the downs. It had the advantage also of standing in its own grounds, which were fairly numerous if you reckoned them by the perch. It was made of red brick, and the windows did not seem to have been constructed by a malignant enemy of mankind. He wavered when he went to see it—wavered and was lost.



Agitated Lady. "Did you see a torn-up letter near this seat yesterday? I do so want to recover it."
Park Ranger. "Why, of course—that should be easy, Mum. I takes all this 'ere paper up to the Town 'All an' 'as it filed for reference."

"It won't slip off, I suppose?" he said to the owner as they stood balancing themselves on the slope of the front lawn. "I've been chasing it now for so long."

The fellow did not understand. He merely coughed. Then he pointed out to Robinson with considerable pride the position of the sumph. After that he took him indoors.

"This is the dining-room, but we use it as a drawing-room," he said. And a few moments later, "This is really the kitchen, but we use it as a dining-room."

He opened the doors of another cupboard.

"This is really the scullery, but we use it as a kitchen, you see; and that is the larder beyond."

"And what do you use the larder for?" asked Robinson in some awe. "A billiard-room?"

The owner took him into the ex-kitchen again and pointed out the view.

"Beyond that dip in the downs," he said, "you can just see the sea."

They then went upstairs. In the largest of the three bedrooms the owner pointed at the view again.

"You can see more of the sea from here," he said.

"But it's the same sea, isn't it?" asked Robinson cunningly.

He had him there. It was.

Several houses of a similar kind were strewn on the hillside and appeared to lean over and look into the room. The owner observed the direction of Robinson's gaze.

"Very nice neighbours," he remarked anxiously.

"I'm sure they are," said Robinson cheerfully. "We shall be able to have very nice talks in the morning while we shave."

"I planted a tree down there," said the owner, pointing to a small leafless twig on the lawn, "which will absolutely prevent you from being overlooked on the south-south-east in a year or two."

"We can still sing to each other," said Robinson, "through the boughs. By the way, how far is it to the sea?"

"A mile by the path," said the owner, "but actually not more than three-quarters as the crow flies."

"I shall be using the path principally," said Robinson. "I suppose I shall be able to bathe when I get there? I mean without a tent or a hut?"

"Oh, yes," said the owner; "everybody does. Twenty or thirty at a time. Women and all."

"Oh, yes," said Robinson faintly. He was rather a shy man.

"There's not room for a garage," he suggested at last, with a faint stirring of hope, "if I ever wanted to make one."

"The easiest thing in the world," said the owner. "All you've got to do is to cut a hole into the side of the hill near the gate."

"Of course," said Robinson nervously, fingering his pocket-knife. "I forgot the side of the hill."

"What's more," went on the owner, "you could easily add on two more rooms, if you liked, on the west side."

"Without interfering," inquired Robinson innocently, "with the library



Novice (after futile efforts). "I'M AFRAID I'M A VERY POOR GOLFER."
Caddie. "YE 'RE NO THAT YET."

sink? By the way, is there anything I ought to know about the tenure of the land? Anything I mayn't do?"

"Nothing important," said the owner. "You mayn't open a shop, and you mayn't take in more than a reasonable number of good-class paying guests."

"That is rather hard," said Robinson. "I had rather thought of making it a kind of rural substitute for Pelfridges and the Parkleigh Hotel. With nice neighbours, of course," he went on gracefully, "and graduated views of the sea."

All the same, he bought it, signed the agreement, paid a deposit, accepted a drink. As I said, there was nothing really offensive about the place. He wanted a cottage. This one had no vice.

And then, going back to the station, remorse assailed him. Gone the happy days of hunting, when every strip of wood held glimpses of the ideal, every opening hollow of the downs might reveal the shape of the beloved. Gone the joy of the chase, the hope, the frenzy of the gallop through *The Times*.

The cab stopped at the station.

Mechanically Robinson looked at the building on the opposite side of the road. It said, in very large letters—

THE OFFICES OF *THE EAST HAM ADVERTISER AND PRITTINGLY GAZETTE.*

"After all, why not?" he thought, and went inside.

"I want to advertise a cottage for sale," he said. "Steepside, it's called."

"We have an advertisement about Steepside already, I think," they told him.

"I know," said Robinson; "I want you to keep it on in my name." EVOE.

"GENERAL KNOWLEDGE."

(1) An underwriter is a man who buries you.

(2) B.Sc. = Boy Scout.

(3) *Alias* means being someone else when you know you 're not.

(4) "Boston Tea-Party."—The Massachussets of Boston boarded the ship and threw the tea into the water.

(5) Singapore is famous for the naval base which the Government decided not to have.

(6) Henry VIII. had six wives all together.

(7) The Spartans are things that Scotch people wear.

(8) When the Spanish Armada came Drake was determined to finish batting or bowling (I cannot remember which).

(9) The Boundary Commission has to do with Test Matches.

(10) The Old World is where we live now, the New World where we go when we die.

(11) Waterloo was built on the playing fields of Eton.

(12) *Un tour de force* = a tower of strength.

(13) A vestry is a place where you can buy under-things.

Our Girls.

"Was her heart at peace? She examined it and found it was not . . . there was a flutter in one corner."—*Daily Paper.*

Blushing, she returned the stethoscope to her dainty vanity-bag.

"INTERNATIONAL POLO IN AMERICA.

MEADOW BROOK.—Dense crooks attended the polo final."—*Ceylon Paper.*

Dense enough to lay odds on the British team?

"I will really have to learn French before I risk another motor-ride along the French roads."—*Weekly Review.*

We think the writer shall really have to learn English first.

From a broadcasting announcement:

"The Chief Rabbi's address on Jewish High Festivals at 6 P.M. this evening will be simultaneously broadcast from all stations, except Aberdeen."

There is evidently some truth in at least one of those Aberdeen stories.

A musical Pittsburg Panjandrum
Imported a *grosse caisse* or grand drum;
But, sad to relate,
It was seized by the State,
Being full of the best contraband rum.

THE LARGER APE.

UNTIL my friend Ernest took me in hand I knew practically nothing about the Larger Ape. I was aware, of course, that there *were* larger apes and that they were so called principally on account of their being rather bigger than the smaller ones. Reasoning along the same lines too I had long since come to the conclusion that the Smaller Apes must owe their distinctive name to the circumstance that they were not so big as the larger ones. Whether there were Medium Apes I had never been able to discover. I don't even remember trying. I had somehow lost interest.

But Ernest altered all that. He *interested* me. And to-day, whenever the Larger Ape is mentioned in my presence, I have more to say about him—and about Ernest—than any naturalist present.

Ernest lives near the Zoo. His detractors affect to believe that he *owns* the Zoo. But he does not. He has however been inside on at least four occasions during the last ten years and as a consequence knows more about the place than people who go there less often. Add to this the easy familiarity with which Ernest refers to the *Carnivora*, the *Lepidoptera* and the *Crustaceans*, and you will understand the pleasure with which I accepted his offer to "show me round."

"Living so near the place," I said as we were passing through the turnstile, "you doubtless know many of the animals by sight—all their funny little ways and that?"

Ernest shrugged his shoulders with becoming modesty.

"There 's a fine old fellow over here," he answered, smiling nonchalantly, "who should interest you a good deal."

"Elephant?" I inquired. "Hippopotamus? Sea-lion? Silk-worm?"

"Larger Ape," said Ernest.

And presently we came to the spot where this fine old fellow resided by himself in a cage outside the monkey-house. And his cage was labelled: "Do not irritate this animal."

Ernest laughed knowingly as he pointed to the label.

"They have to take these little precautions," he explained. "If you knew how some of the cheap trippers behaved, you 'd see the point of that notice. Hogs! Cowards!"

"They irritate him?" I suggested.

And Ernest snorted his disgust.

"Just because you 're not handsome, old boy—what?" he observed chummily, turning to the Larger Ape with a smile that, for Ernest, was positively alluring.

The animal made no sign.

"The Larger Apes," said Ernest, speaking with the incisive eloquence of one who knows his subject, "are unquestionably of a high order of intelligence. Their every mood indeed can be followed with the utmost ease, merely from observing the varying expressions on their faces. But you *must* interest them. You *must* let them see that you are taking notice of them. Only thus can you expect them to take notice of *you*."

I had no idea that Ernest knew quite so much about the subject. It was like going round with a keeper. He drew my attention particularly to the wistful sadness, the utter boredom, indicated on those fine old features.

"Due to the influence of the weather?" I suggested.

"Precisely," said Ernest. "But come a little nearer; the light is not so good as I could have wished, and our old friend here is somewhat in shadow. Now, if you will be so good as to observe very closely, you will notice an expression of antagonistic surprise steal almost imperceptibly over the rugged old features. Once interested, his look of boredom will pass. His years will fall away from him like a mantle. He will *live* again. Now—watch very closely!"

Then Ernest pulled a face.

It wouldn't have mattered so much if we had been standing say ten yards further back, or if the fine old fellow had been less precipitate in the matter of reprisal. But, as Ernest explained when we were wiping the sawdust out of each other's eyes, you can never be absolutely certain with the Larger Apes. At one moment you may imagine yourself to be gazing upon the shrivelled remains of a single dead anthropoid; while in the next instant—provided your face annoys the animal sufficiently—the same cage will present all the appearance of a blurred cinematograph picture, in which countless Larger Apes are featured, feverishly registering disapproval.

"You 'd hardly believe how they go on sometimes," said Ernest.

"Worse than this?" I inquired, trying to ignore the unpleasant sound that the animal's teeth were making against the bars.

Ernest laughed.

"See the top of the cage?" said he.

I had been looking at the top of the cage. As a matter of fact I was keenly interested in it, not so much on account of any beauty of design that it may have possessed, as from the circumstance that it appeared to grow flimsier and looser every time the fine old fellow underneath hurled himself against it.

"Well," said Ernest, "I once saw such an animal as this knock the top clean out of his cage——"

When Ernest overtook me I was slightly out of breath.

"Where are you off to?" he inquired.

"To have a look at the smaller lepidoptera," I answered firmly.

BOY-SONGS.

I.—PHARAOH'S CHARIOTS.

B.C. 1322.

GOLD-GIRT I see my father stride
And clad in dappled leopard-hide;
The priest of Amen-Ra is he.
When I grow up it is his will
That I his basalt chair should fill,
That I a priest of Ra should be.

My uncle is a scribe, you know;
With wig and wand I see him go
Among the galleys and the bales.
It is *his* will, when I grow big,
That I should wear just such a wig
And write with reeds and weigh with scales.

They know not that before my eyes
Far different are the dreams that rise,
Nor reck what sounds are in my ears:
The flashing wheel, the whip out-thrust,
The throb and jangle through the dust,
The chariots—and the charioteers.

This morning in the House of Books
My master gave me fearsome looks
When not one word could I repeat
Of old IM-HOTEP'S wisdom, for
Afar I heard the rush and roar
Of PHARAOH'S chariots down the street.

In a swift gleaming multitude
They speed, those chariots many-hued,
Swaying and leaping as they race;
The driver leans and shakes the thong
And loudly as he sweeps along
The wind shrills past his eager face.

I will not wear the leopard-skin
To serve the Lord of Light within
His mighty many-columned fane;
To be a scribe were little sport,
And stand bewigged in PHARAOH'S court
Writing long lists of sacks of grain.

Hear me, O Amen-Ra, thou whom
My father greets with incense-fume,
And at the casting of the lots
Let mine be neither robe nor reed,
But let me follow where they lead,
The chariots, the chariots!

D. M. S.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Mme. Galli-Curci . . . aboard the liner *France* on which she arrived from New York at Plymouth yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mme. Galli-Curci . . . arrived at Plymouth yesterday from the United States in the liner *Paris*."—*Same paper, same day.*

"The Captain of the *Mauretania* . . . taken on the record-breaking liner's arrival at Plymouth with Galli-Curci on board."

Another Daily Paper.



Hotel Porter (to messenger boy who has not behaved with due respect). "LOOK AT THAT HAT OF YOURS—THAT AIN'T NO USE. IT DON'T KEEP THE RAIN OFF AND IT DON'T KEEP YER CURLS TIDY; NO, NOR THE CHIN-STRAP DON'T KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT."

MISLEADING CASES.

III.—THE WHALE.

Tinrib, Rumble and Others v. *The King and Queen.*

(Before Mr. Justice BOOM.)

IN this unusual action, the hearing of which was begun to-day, an interesting point is raised concerning the rights and duties of the Crown in connection with a dead whale.

Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C., for the plaintiffs, said: May it please your lordship, this action is brought by Mr. Tinrib, Mr. Rumble and the other plaintiffs named on behalf of the inhabitants of Pudding Magna, situated, melud, in the county of Dorset——

The Court. Where is Dorset?

Sir Ethelred. Melud, I have a map here. Dorset, melud, if your lordship will glance at the bottom left-hand corner—Dorset, melud, is, melud, Dorset——

The Court. Quite—quite. Get on, please, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred. I am greatly obliged to your lordship. Pudding Magna, melud, is situated in the north-east corner of Pudding Bay, or the Devil's Entry. The inhabitants are mainly fisher-folk of lowly origin and modest means, and, so far as can be ascertained, the place is not referred to in any of the works of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, Mr. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH or any other writer——

The Court. O si sic omnes!

Sir Ethelred. Ha! Melud, in the night of the 21st June last a dead whale was washed on to the shore of Pudding Bay, at a point south-west by south from the township of Pudding Magna. Now the whale, melud, together with the sturgeon and the swan, is fish royal and belongs to the King; or, to be precise, the head of the whale belongs

to His Majesty the King and the tail to Her Majesty the Queen. Your lordship will recall the case of *Rex* v. *Monday*, 3 A. C. (1841), which decided the latter point.

The Court. I recall nothing of the kind.

Sir Ethelred. Your lordship is very good. The loyal inhabitants of Pudding Magna, melud, made haste to extract from the carcase of the whale the whalebone, the blubber and other valuable and perishable portions, with the intention, I am instructed, of holding them in trust for the Crown. And I may say at once that any other construction of their motives will be most strenuously resisted, if necessary, by sworn evidence. Three days later, melud, the wind, which had been northerly, shifted to the prevailing quarter, which is south-east——

Sir Wilfred Knockence, K.C. You mean south-west.

Sir Ethelred. I am very greatly obliged to me learned friend. Me learned friend is perfectly right, melud; the prevailing wind is south-west, melud; and, melud, on the fifth day the presence of the whale began to be offensive to the inhabitants of Pudding Magna. They therefore looked with confidence to the Crown to remove to a more convenient place the remnant of the Crown's property——

Sir Wilfred (*aside*). For which they had no use.

Sir Ethelred. Really, melud, me learned friend must not whisper insinuations of that kind under his breath; really, melud, I am entitled to resent, melud——

The Court Go on, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred. Your lordship is extraordinarily handsome and good. Accordingly, melud, the Mayor of Pudding Magna addressed a humble petition to the Home Secretary, melud, begging him to acquaint His Majesty with the arrival of his property and praying for its instant removal. And by a happy after-thought, melud, a copy of this petition was sent to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Happy, melud, for this reason, that the original communication appears to have escaped the notice of the Home Secretary entirely. At the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, however, the Mayor's letter was handed to a public servant named Sleep, a new-comer to the Service, and one, it seems, who combined with a fertile imagination an unusual incapacity for the conduct of practical affairs. This gentleman has now left the public service, melud, and will be called.

It appears, melud, that, when the Mayor's letter had been lying unconsidered on Mr. Sleep's desk for several days, the following telegram was handed to him:—

TO THE KING LONDON WHALE REFERRED TO IN PREVIOUS COMMUNICATION NOW IN ADVANCED STAGES DECOMPOSITION WIND SOUTH-WEST HUMBLY PETITION PROMPT ACTION TINRIB.

Mr. Sleep, melud, according to his own account, turning the matter over in his sagacious mind, at once hit upon a solution which would be likely to satisfy the requirements of His Majesty's Treasury with regard to public economy. Two days later, therefore, a letter was addressed to the Director of the Natural History Museum, informing him that an unusually fine specimen of *Balæna Biscayensis* was now lying in Pudding Bay, and that the Minister was authorised by His Majesty to offer the whale to the Museum in trust for the nation, the Museum to bear the charges of collection and transport.

On July 3rd, melud, the Secretary to the Natural History Museum replied that he was asked by the Director to express his regret that, owing to lack of space, the Museum was unable to accept His Majesty's gracious offer. He was to add that the Museum was already in possession of three fine specimens of *Balæna Biscayensis*.

Melud, for some days, it appears, Mr. Sleep took no further action. Meanwhile, melud, the whale had passed from the advanced to the penultimate stages of decomposition and had begun to poison the sea at high-water, thereby gravely impairing the fishermen's livelihood. Mr. Tinrib, melud, was in constant, if one-sided, correspondence with Mr. Sleep; and on the 12th of July, melud, Mr. Sleep lunched with a friend and colleague at the Admiralty, Mr. Sloe. While they were engaged, melud, upon the discussion of fish, the topic of whales naturally arose, and Mr. Sleep, melud, unofficially, melud, expressed to Mr. Sloe the opinion that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries would be willing to grant to the Admiralty the use of the whale for the purposes of target-practice; and he suggested that one of His Majesty's ships should be immediately detailed to tow His Majesty's whale out to sea. He also pointed out the peculiar advantages of such a target for the exercise of such vessels as were called upon to fire at submarines. Mr. Sloe, melud, undertook to explore the opinion of the Admiralty on the proposal, and the conference broke up.

That was on the 12th. On the 17th, melud, at a further lunch, Mr. Sloe, unofficially, melud, intimated to Mr. Sleep that he could find no support among their Lordships of the Admiralty for the proposal of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries; for, while excellent practice was to be had from a disappearing target, their Lordships could not sanction the expenditure of ammunition on a target which must, at most ranges, be quite invisible. Further, it was their opinion that by the date of the Autumn firing-practices the whale would have suffered dissolution by the ordinary processes of nature.

The inhabitants of Pudding Magna, melud, did not share this view. On the 20th, melud, Mr. Tinrib and a deputation waited upon Mr. Sleep. They pointed out to Mr. Sleep that all fishing was suspended in Pudding Bay; that Pudding Magna was now barely inhabitable except on the rare occasions of a northerly wind; that the majority of the citizens had fled to the hills and were living in huts and caves. They further inquired, melud, whether it would be lawful for the fishermen themselves to destroy the whale, so far as that could be done, with explosives, and, if so, whether the Crown would



High Commissioner. "HOOPJUJU MUST GIVE UP PALE-FACE PRISONER."
Hoopjuju. "HOOPJUJU SWEAR HE NO GOT ANY PALE-FACE PRISONER."



OUR TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: THE MOUSE.

refund the cost of the explosives, which might be considerable. As to this, melud, Mr. Sleep was unable to accept the responsibility of expressing an opinion; but the whale was undoubtedly Crown property, and he questioned gravely whether the Treasury would sanction the expenditure of public money on the destruction of Crown property by private citizens. He also pointed out that the Treasury, if approached, wou'd be likely to require a strict account of any whalebone, blubber and other material extracted from the whale's carcase. Mention of explosives, however, had suggested to his mind that possibly the War Office might be interested in the whale, and he undertook to inquire. The deputation agreed, melud, that this perhaps would be the better course, and withdrew.

On the 24th, melud, a letter was despatched to the War Office pointing out that the whale now lying in Pudding Bay offered excellent opportunities for the training of Engineers in the removal of obstacles, and could well be made the centre of any amphibious operations, landing-parties, invasions, etc., which might form part of the forthcoming manœuvres. The War Office would doubtless take note of the convenient proximity of the whale to the Tank Corps Depôt at Lulworth.

On the 31st, melud, the War Office replied that the destruction of whales by Tanks was no longer considered a practicable operation of war, and that no part of the forthcoming manœuvres would be amphibious.

From this date, melud, Mr. Sleep seems to have abandoned his efforts. At any rate, on the 4th of August, Mr. Tinrib received the following evasive and disgraceful communication:—

"Whale, Carcase of.

Dear Sir,—I am desired by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries to observe that your representations to this Department appear to have been made under a misapprehension. It should hardly be necessary to state that the whale is not a fish but a mammal. I am therefore to express regret that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries can accept no responsibility in the matter."

In these circumstances, melud, the inhabitants, or I should say the *late* inhabitants, of Pudding Magna have been compelled to institute these proceedings, and humbly pray——

The case was adjourned. A. P. H.

AUTUMN.

Heavily the aster drops his
Head upon the meconopsis,
While the tiger-lily props his
Weary friend the heliopsis.
Dying are they all, and dropsy's
Sure to show in their autopsies.
Ah, no wonder you can't stop, Sis
Swallow, for no merry wopses
Murmur in my ampelopsis,
And the last wain-load of crops is
Badly bogged near yonder copses.

More Commercial Candour.

"—— is the only Tailor in Great Britain who can sell '——' Indigo Serge Regd."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

From a weather-report:—

"Harrogate . . . Mainly dull.
Aberystwyth . . Rainly fair."
Daily Paper.

We are prepared to believe this.

From a football report:—

"Play swunk from end to end."
Provincial Paper.

We have often wondered what was the perfect of "swank."



"Please, Sir, when 's the tide expected back?"

ALL CHANGE.

"I have lost my watch," said the individual in the seat opposite to me. "Could you oblige me with a light?"

I obliged. He struck a match, blew it out, replaced it in the box and gracefully returned my property. This operation had evidently afforded him a certain amount of satisfaction, for he sat for a while in silence. But not for long.

He bent forward and fumbled at his feet. Before I realised his intention he had unlaced one of his boots and had hurled it out of the window. There were no men working on the line.

"I always do that in an east wind," he remarked; "but to-morrow the sun will rise before breakfast."

I thought it discreet to humour him.

"That is the usual arrangement," I replied.

"Remarkable but explicit," he agreed. "I must try to forget that."

He fumbled once again, and I feared for the other boot. From the top of his sock he produced a handkerchief adorned with many knots, one of which he laboriously untied. Then he pulled down the blind and let it run up again with a snap.

"That will be better," he asserted with conviction, though I failed to see how or why.

After a few moments, however, his complacency seemed to wear off. He sprang up suddenly, hauled from the rack a battered Gladstone bag, opened it, extracted a shaving-brush and went through the motions of lathering himself. It was humiliating to see a fellow-being brought to such a pass. He was comparatively young, too, and quite presentable.

After removing the imaginary lather from his face with a dry sponge he repacked his bag, remarking sententiously, "You never know, does it?"

To this I could find no adequate answer, so I gazed at the pirouetting landscape until I felt a light touch on my knee.

"Perhaps you would like to read," came a polite voice, and I turned and saw an overcoat being thrust at me. This gave me inspiration, and I reciprocated by handing him a magazine in the hope that it might keep him quiet. But not a bit of it. He carefully picked out the middle pages and fashioned them into paper boats and cocked hats, which one by one he placed in my lap. It was most embarrassing.

But of this occupation also he soon tired. Presently he was sitting on my magazine with the evident object of preserving it from further mutilation, while his versatile brain appeared to be evolving fresh vagaries.

Apparently wrapped in thought, he puffed out his cheeks and smote them smartly with the tips of his fingers, slowly at first, and then in an explosive accelerando after the manner of a motor-bicycle getting under way. Next he snatched off his felt hat, turned it inside out, placed it firmly over his eyes and commenced to mew gently. But even this did not satisfy him for long, and his ensuing diversion was more alarming than ever.

He drew an enormous knife from his pocket, gazed vacantly round the compartment, opened a bayonet-like blade, delicately cut the middle button from his waistcoat and placed it carefully in a tobacco-pouch. Then the train stopped.

At the commencement of our conversation our fellow-passengers had shown extreme interest, speedily replaced by an alarm which had increased with the intensity of the succeeding situations. Furthermore they had gradually edged away from us until the other end of the compartment appeared to be more than uncomfortably overcrowded. The individual in the seat opposite to me had at no time seemed to

notice anyone save myself; but they were rightly apprehensive that his attentions might at any moment begin to wander, and their glances in my direction seemed to indicate that they were grateful to me for drawing his fire.

I could not blame them for taking the first opportunity to troop out in a body, as they did. Though I was thus deserted I still felt sorry for those who would find only standing-room elsewhere.

When the train moved on I was left with but one companion, and it seemed that he would provide me with further entertainment. Once again he took down his bag, whipped out some scarecrow-looking clothes and commenced feverishly to cast off most of those he was wearing.

"Now *we* can change *too*," he said cheerfully. "Saves no end of time."

"You were splendid, Edward," I replied. "I'm afraid I couldn't have preserved my solemnity much longer. But what about the boot?"

"Wanted mending, anyhow," replied my friend. "But I'm afraid it must be regarded, like your magazine, as a tribute to artistic expression. Lucky you had the rods on *your* rack."

Our transformation was complete by the time we reached the next station. As I looked from the window I saw an anxious-visaged guard pacing up the train. Relief dawned in his countenance when he caught sight of us.

"Ho!" said that official, "I might ha' knowed it was you two gents." As he pocketed the coin Edward tendered he shook his head warningly. "But you mustn't try that one again, Sir. It frightened an old lady into swallerin' 'er ticket."

"No," mused Edward as the train moved on, "we must think out another auxiliary for next week-end's fishing. Whooping-cough, I think. Can you whoop convincingly, William?"

BRAMBLE MAGIC.

There 's magic black and magic white
For necromancers' weird delight,
  According to the fable;
But you can make a witching brew
To call the Autumn back to you
When lamps are lit and shadows fall
  About the nursery table.

When Autumn takes her jewels out
And hangs her beaded jet about
  Her gown of tawny amber,
While ploughs go shearing through the loam,
Then you can bring a harvest home
From up'ands where the peewits call
  And brambles cling and clamber.

When Winter's frosts have come to stay
And Springtime seems as far away
  As golden-gowned September,
Then bramble-jam on buttered toast
Will conjure up for you a host
Of Autumn fairy folks and more
  Than you might else remember.

You 'll see again the bramble-dew
All purple golden and the blue
  Of Autumn mists and hazes;
You 'll hear again the rustling feet
Of elves who found the berries sweet,
And that 's a magic you can store
  Until the time of daisies.



Young Wife (confiding in friend). "Do you know, it 's terribly hard to convince Jack that I 'm always right."

From the report of a speech by the Under-Secretary of the Home Office:

"He was satisfied that the Welsh people possessed all the qualities that a nation required to succeed in serf-government."—*Welsh Paper.*

Has Wales gone Bolshie?

THE NEW COIFFURE.

I have a dreadful feeling that I have started a fashion in women's hair-dressing which will make me loathed by men all over the country.

Every morning I open my paper in fear. Often I imagine that I see headlines announcing the horrible news.

Phyllis is the cause of my terror. What Phyllis did yesterday Mayfair will do to-morrow and Surbiton next spring.

Two years ago Phyllis bobbed her hair. From a mysterious, and at times tragic, woman she changed into a boyish girl.

Early this year she was shingled. She turned then from a boyish girl to an effeminate man.

I was sorry. Before she did this trick she looked as though her name



Uncle. "I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT THESE NEW DANCES, MY DEAR."
Molly. "I FINK YOU DANCE VEWY WELL, UNCLE. SOME PEOPLE TWEADS ON MY FOOTS."

were Molly. Now her appearance almost shouted "Algy"; and a man who is growing to love a Molly does not like to find her suddenly an Algy.

I told her so, and she tossed as much hair as she had left to toss.

Five weeks ago she was obliged, for reasons over which she had no control, to bury herself in the heart of Oxfordshire. I motored over to see her. In that world of tall trees and rolling hills and huge skies the close-cropped back of her head looked more than ever artificial and objectionable.

As we had tea on the lawn I said to her, feeling in a facetious mood, "Going to be poodled?"

"Poodled?" she repeated, arching her eyebrows.

"Yes, haven't you heard about it?" I said. "It's the very latest thing in Town now. You have your head shaved, with little tufts here and there, you know, like a poodle. You want thick rather crisp hair to make it effective really.

"I saw Lady Champflower at Domino's the other night and she had each tuft tied up with a neat little gold brocade ribbon. Some women are adopting the idea of having the tufts cut in some shape appropriate to their interests. Mrs. Roderick Slamme has been poodled in the form of a seven of hearts, while I hear that Diana Thruster has had her hair clipped to imitate a fox's brush and pads.

"Of course only the very smartest women have had it done yet, but I suppose it will soon be in the papers, and it will be taken up by the smart set of Winchmore Hill and East Sheen, and then everybody who matters will be de-poodling, just as they have been de-shingling. Meanwhile I rather bar the idea of gilding the crown of the head between the tufts. I believe Mrs. Freddy Stunter has done that."

I thought it a good joke, and indeed was pleased at my own fertility of wit.

A week later I paid Phyllis another visit. She greeted me in the drive—a radiant and lovely figure in a pale blue dress and a floppy straw sun-bonnet.

She gave me a rather mysterious smile, and then took off her hat and bowed her head.

I started back with a violent exclamation. There was before me an accurate representation of *Felix* having a constitutional, clear and unmistakable on an otherwise clean-shaven head.

"I had a bit of a job to get the hairdresser at Chipping Tudbury to do it," she said gaily. "It's staggered the people round here. It's been thrilling. I may be behindhand at Claridge's with it, but I'm the very first in Oxfordshire I should think!"

I said nothing, but I felt very faint, and left as soon as I could.

What Phyllis did yesterday Mayfair will do to-morrow, and Surbiton next spring, and Phyllis has come back to town—*poodled!*

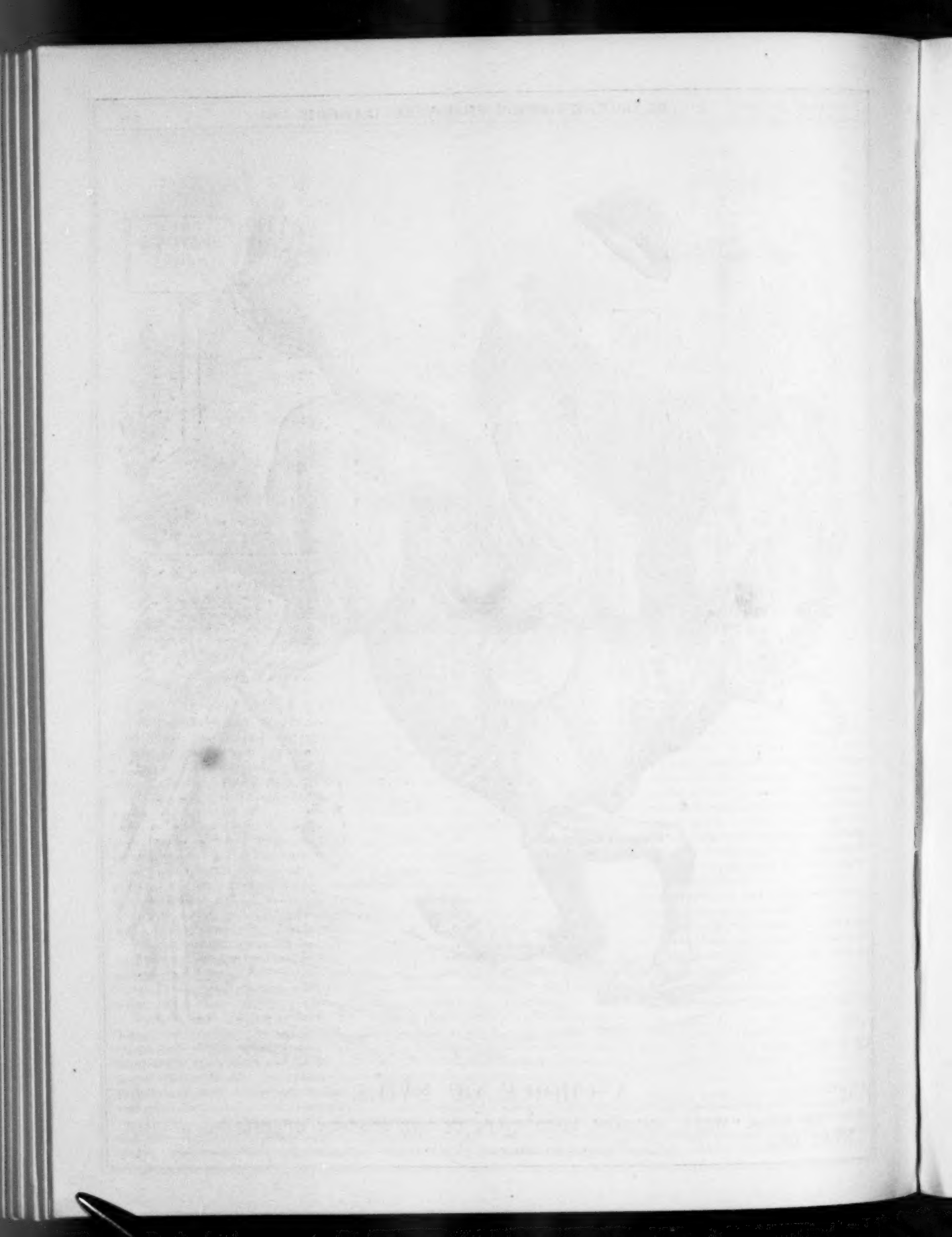
From a literary society's syllabus:—
"Nov. 4th.—Bernard Shaw's 'St. Juan,' Lecture-Recital."—*Local Paper.*
This is the first we have heard of the canonization of the *Don*.

"The best situation for young seedlings is one that is sheltered from very hot sun."
Provincial Paper.
They should do well anywhere in this country.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

The Horse. "WELL, ANYHOW, THAT SAVES US THE TROUBLE OF FALLING AT THE NEXT ONE."





Mother. "DENNIS, YOU WILL NEVER GROW UP A BIG MAN LIKE DADDY IF YOU DON'T EAT PROPERLY."
Dennis (after a long and thoughtful silence while he watches Daddy eating heartily). "MUMMY, WHY DOES DADDY GO ON EATING WHEN HE'S BIG ENOUGH?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 7th.—The House of Lords, after a comparatively idle week, found itself to-day the centre of attraction, the rival Chamber across the corridor being temporarily closed. Most of the leading Peers were present, but there were two notable absentees—Lord BALFOUR, who has forgotten more about Irish politics than most of us ever knew, and would probably like to forget the rest; and his distinguished correspondent, Lord BIRKENHEAD, who, as one of the signatories of the cryptic "Treaty," was expected to tell the House what was in his mind when he signed it.

Two rather pathetic figures on the steps of the Throne recalled the fatal oscillation of British Governments in the past between Conciliation (Sir HORACE PLUNKETT) and Coercion (Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD), either of which, if consistently pursued, might have brought peace to Ireland.

In moving the Second Reading of the Boundary Commission Bill, Lord ARNOLD made a sound workmanlike speech on the pattern of that delivered in the Commons by the PRIME MINISTER the week before. His main point was that, as the refusal of Ulster to appoint a Commissioner was "not foreseen"—a translation of "*casus improvisus*" which brought from Lord CARSON a deep-toned "No"—the Government were bound in honour to bring in the Bill to enable the undoubted intention of the Treaty to be carried out.

Viscount GREY, rising to give "a personal view" (for during the Recess he had handed over the leadership of the Liberal Peers to Lord BEAUCHAMP), quickly made it clear that the situation was not quite so simple as Lord ARNOLD had suggested. The fact was that there were two pledges: the first to Ulster, who would never have given up her age-long hostility to Home Rule but for her belief that the boundary fixed in the 1920 Act would not be altered; and the second and later one to the Sinn Fein representatives in 1921. As both could not be carried out, he thought we should frankly tell the Free State that we could not fulfil the later one. "I would rather face a demand from the Free State to be a Republic than see the understanding with Ulster broken."

After this it seemed a little inconsistent that Lord GREY should have recommended their Lordships to pass the Bill, and not to insist even upon a limiting amendment. Accepting the somewhat cynical conclusion of an authority on the subject who had recently laid it down (1) that the Boundary Question would never be settled without the appointment of a Commission, and (2) that the Commission would never settle the Boundary Question, he was inclined to let the Commission be set up, and then, when its inevitable failure was manifest, leave it to Irishmen themselves to find a settlement.

Lord LONDONDERRY set an excellent example to some other Ulster orators by refraining from threats—"I would infinitely prefer to retire from public life than to employ that method of endeavouring to convince your Lordships or the people of this country"—but for all his moderation of language he insisted on the determination of Ulster to part with none of the territory assigned to her by the Act of 1920, save with her own consent.

Lord SUMNER thought it absurd to suppose that the draftsmen of the

Treaty did not know what they meant, namely, that the setting up of the Commission was dependent upon the consent of Ulster; and Lord MAYO, as a Free State Senator, gave the comfortable, and I hope trustworthy, assurance that inhabitants of Southern Ireland had no intention of fighting about the boundary or anything else.



A MIXED CARD.

COERCION *v.* CONCILIATION IN IRELAND.
SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD AND SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

Wednesday, October 8th.—Conscious that their little Session had had its day and would shortly cease to be, Members asked a good many Questions. One answer must have been particularly interesting to Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, who recently told a Cambridge audience that the unemployed had been diminished from one million and a quarter to "round about a million." The exact figure, according to Mr. THOMAS SHAW, is 1,198,899.

But the most important statement came from the PRIME MINISTER, who apologised for having inadvertently suggested to the House last week that he had no knowledge of the Communist prosecution until it had been dropped. The affair had, in fact, been brought to the notice of himself and his colleagues, and he had expressed a view upon the subject.

Naturally this only whetted the desire of the Oppositions for more information, but this Mr. MACDONALD declined to supply, saying that a full explanation would be made in the debate by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Full it certainly was. In reply to Sir R. HORNE's indictment, Sir PATRICK HASTINGS read out statement after statement—from the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, the DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS and the ASSISTANT-DIRECTOR—to substantiate his plea that he was solely responsible for what was done and that what he did was right. "I am not apologising," he proudly declared; if he had to handle the same situation again he would not alter "the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i.'"

In point of clearness his defence was less adequate. Sir JOHN SIMON, who is credited with an almost feline perspicacity, confessed that it left him "in a complete fog and confusion as to the part which the PRIME MINISTER and other Ministers really played." He moved for a Select Committee of Inquiry, and likened the Government, if they resisted it, to the man who burned down his house sooner than produce a document from his desk.

The PRIME MINISTER quickly showed that he was in fighting mood. The charge against the Government was "one of those twisting, turning, sinuous things with not a particle of evidence," and he refused to submit it to a Select Committee, in which, incidentally, the Government would be in a minority of three to seven.

That objection was met by Mr. ASQUITH, who offered on behalf of his Party not to ask for a place on the Committee. The Liberal Leader, but for whose fostering care the Government would never have come into being, was in particularly jovial mood, and, like a nurse-girl with a troublesome charge, seemed to regard its impending



MASTER PAT TAKES HIS PUNISHMENT STANDING UP.
(THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL).

decease with indifference if not with positive relief.

A frank explanation from Mr. BALDWIN, that for tactical reasons it was necessary for the Conservatives to vote against their own Vote of Censure in order to secure the passage of the Liberal Amendment, brought a biting rejoinder from Mr. THOMAS; but it was of no avail. In the crucial division the Government were defeated by 364 to 198.

Thursday, October 9th.—Labour may or may not be able to rule—after eight



"'If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear,' said Alice seriously, 'I'll have nothing more to do with you.'"—*Alice in Wonderland.*

months' experience opinions still differ on that point—but there is no doubt that it can hustle. In both Houses the announcement was made that there would be an immediate Dissolution, and that the Election—"which is not of our creation," as the LORD CHANCELLOR with some hardihood observed—would be held on October 29th.

The Lords passed the Irish Bill, and in the Commons Mr. PONSONBY made his first—let us hope not his last—appearance as a humourist by reading out with appropriate emphasis a French story of how Ministers had been bribed into passing the Soviet Treaties by receiving jewels concealed in chocolates!

I fear these chocolates must also have contained vodka or some other potent liquor, for in the King's Speech, immediately after the passage relating to the Russian Treaties, the Ministerial draftsman has inserted this paragraph:—

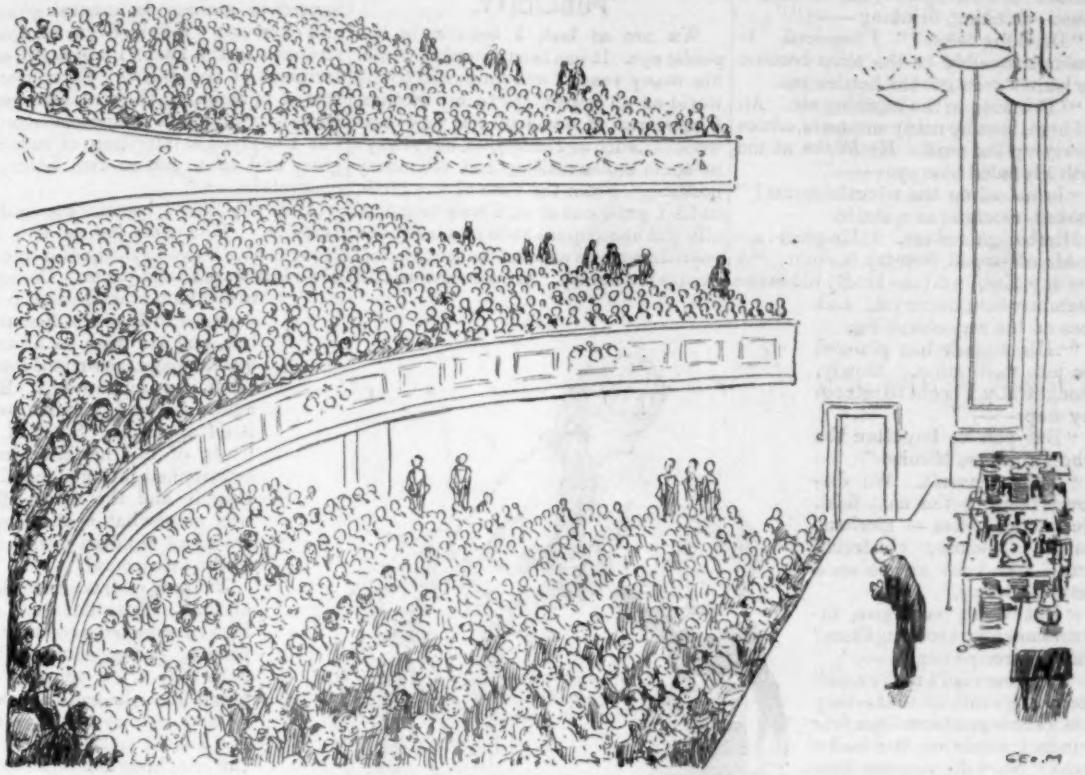
> "Under the terms of the Treaty the question of the frontier between Turkey and Iraq has been referred to the Council of the League of Nations."

What has Moscow to do with Mespot?

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE.

For Sale, 4-valve Euphonium, B Flat, with Case, in good condition; cheap. Also Saw Sharpener and Scissors' Grinder."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It sounds like a jazz-band.



The Professor. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM NOW ABOUT TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO DIVIDE THE ATOM. THE EXPERIMENT, IF SUCCESSFUL, MAY BE QUITE HARMLESS. ON THE OTHER HAND IT MAY BLOW THIS BUILDING OUT OF EXISTENCE. I APPEAL TO YOUR SPORTING INSTINCTS TO GIVE ME A SYMPATHETIC ATTENTION."

A LITERARY FLAVOUR.

Mirabel Saunders is one of those writers who make money by the pen. No, she isn't a "best seller." Her name is not known even to a small section of the great public. Yet she belongs to the most exclusive literary clubs. So great is her output that she employs a secretary to cope with the work.

"Mirabel," I remarked one day, having been admitted to her friendship, "what sort of things do you write?"

This is, of course, a very delicate question to put to any writer. For whenever you are presented to an author it seems the rule to convey the impression that you are thoroughly conversant with his work. This is done by carefully avoiding the topic of literature, thus keeping off dangerous ground. I think that is one of the reasons why books are so rarely discussed at literary gatherings.

Naturally Mirabel seemed to be taken aback at my blunt question. She was momentarily confused. Seeing the door was ajar, she rose and closed it before replying. Then she said almost defiantly, "I write literary cookery recipes."

"Cookery recipes!" I echoed; "but what do you mean by literary?"

"If you read your newspaper you must know that literary cookery recipes are the vogue," she explained. "They must be written up in a style suitable to the leader page. For example, supposing I take for my subject whortleberry soup——"

"I never heard of that," I interrupted.

"Neither have other people; but that doesn't matter. Now, to begin with, I head my article 'Whortleberry Wiles' (they like an alliterative title on the leader page), and I at once plunge into a description of the sunrise."

"But surely the sunrise has nothing to do with soup."

"It makes a good opening. I can say, 'The glorious golden sun of autumn is gilding the roof of the old barn and flooding my garden with radiance as I rise and peep through my lattice window——'"

"Are you supposed to be living in the country?"

"Of course, and the recipes are supposed to be those of my great-grandmother—any relation more recent would not be tolerated. Let me see, where was I?"

"At your lattice-window. But wouldn't it be better to start right away in the kitchen?"

"Don't be absurd. It goes on like this: 'I dress blithely and trip downstairs into the sweet serenity of my old-world garden, now ablaze with sunflowers and late hollyhocks. Ah, my sweet garden with its flagged paths, its bushes of sweet-smelling lavender, its——'"

"Is it where you gather the whortleberries?" I asked pointedly.

"Of course not. They grow in the fields on bushes."

"I see now why you begin your recipe with the sunrise, Mirabel. If you didn't it would be late evening before the soup could be ready, with all this ground to cover."

"Don't interrupt. 'And now I step out of my garden into the sleeping world, passing along silent dew-soaked hedges. Down by the copse where

Farmer Brown shoots his rabbits I pause—drinking, drinking——'"

"Drinking what?" I inquired. It couldn't possibly be the soup because we hadn't even got the berries yet.

"'Drinking in the morning air. An old man, bent by many summers, comes slowly up the road. He blinks at me with his faded blue eyes——'"

"Is he selling the whortleberries?" I asked, catching at a straw.

Mirabel ignored me. "'He greets me in his old-world country fashion. "A fine day, Zur," said the kindly old man; "zummer bain't over yet," and goes on his way chuckling.

"'His remark has plunged me into meditation. Slowly, thoughtfully I begin to retrace my steps——'"

"But you've forgotten the whortleberries, Mirabel."

"No, I haven't. We discover them in the next field. Describing them — glorious, purple, luscious, clustering fruit—I end my article on a note of ecstasy."

"But don't you give instructions about cooking them? Surely a recipe ought——"

"Oh, there isn't really much room to go into all that—they don't allow you more than four hundred words on the leader page. Now do you see how I give a literary flavour to my recipes?"

"Yes," I said; "and I must get some of it for my cook. She would appreciate that sort of flavouring."

Reparations.

"In the event of this ointment not proving successful, I am prepared to exchange it for another medicine of equal value."
Advt. in German Paper.

"These are absolutely new mattresses, and are filled with Government hair."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But you would think from the Cabinet's jauntiness that they hadn't lost any.

"Mr. MacDonald's £200 Gift.

The announcement is made to-day that Mr. MacDonald has contributed £100 to open the £12,000 fund which the Independent Labour Party is raising in view of election possibilities."—*Evening Paper.*

A clear case of *bis dat qui cito dat.*

From the report of a lecture on "Poetry and the Theatre":—

"He repelled the idea that they must use tripe phrases to give actuality to modern dialogue."—*Provincial Paper.*

So do we; but some of our playwrights will go on doing it.

PUBLICITY.

We are at last, I believe, in the public eye. It has been a hard struggle. For many years I was presented to the world as an appendage to my mother. I appeared in some of the very best weeklies, such as *The Regina*, but always in some embarrassing and secondary position. From the time of my birth, until I grew out of it, I was occasionally published quite nude in a bath, and sometimes even without this reasonable excuse for nudity. At six or seven, still as an accessory, I jumped as it were out of the hot bath into the point-lace collar. To a healthy-minded child of seven a point-lace collar is even more obnoxious than a hot bath.



"To a healthy-minded child of seven a point-lace collar is even more obnoxious than a hot bath."

Finally, when my mother forsook Society and took up rescue work, I was flung entirely upon my own resources. All the scorn that a millionaire's son with Fabian leanings has for his father's wealth I felt, in my case, for hereditary publicity.

As I say, and I say it with all the pride of a self-made man, it was a hard struggle. I started unintentionally as an onlooker in a street accident. Then came the War. After a disappointing period of anonymity, during which I figured in various regimental groups, and once as a "A Friend" to an entire stranger in the Park, I appeared as a recipient of the D.S.O. Of course it was a mistake, as the real hero made haste to point out in no uncertain terms, but I enjoyed a fair share of reflected glory and even one or two letters of congratulation.

After the War I became engaged to Isabella. This won for us two unrecognisable blurs in the gossip column of an illustrated daily paper. Contrary to common practice, after being engaged to Isabella, I married her, and we were to be seen, quarter page, leaving the church all smiles and bow-legs. Here again the old trouble made itself apparent. Some of the fruits of my mother's social activity had gathered round the church, and the whole effect was somewhat spoiled by a crowd of children over-acting in the foreground.

But now we have risen above all that. The other day a distant voice hailed us on the telephone. It begged us to allow it to take a few snaps of our home life. Isabella answered it, and was so overcome that she almost refused. I seized the telephone and replied that, unless we had an appointment that day with any other photographer (short pause to consult engagement-book)—no—apparently we had not—we should be pleased to allow the voice to make what use of our humble home it would.

Next morning the voice arrived. It belonged to a little man with a fine head of hair and a floppy tie. He was, in fact, an artist. I too am an artist; not, of course, of his calibre. Isabella keeps my hair much too short, and if I wore a tie like his it would soon be smothered in flake-white, whereas his bore only the faintest traces of gravy. No, perhaps I should call myself a collector. I am making a collection of pictures; one day they may be very valuable. It is quite an original collection because I paint them myself. I shall perhaps offer them to the nation.

But our visitor was a real artist. He gave me his card. It ran thus:—

MICHAEL ANGELO.
Artist Photographer.

You see at once that there was no doubt about it.

He collected his apparatus; we col-

lected ours, consisting of our infant daughter, aged three. I explained to her that she must not count too much on her good fortune in being born, as it were, with an undeveloped plate in her mouth; for her father, who had enjoyed the same advantage, had only reached this advanced stage of publicity by years of toil. We marched about the garden while Michael Angelo worked like a cinema camera. We were photographed gardening, smiling, poultry-farming, sitting and standing. Isabella had a joint roasting at the time, and during her compulsory quick changes from Society lady to cook-general I was taken at work, play, reading, writing and arithmetic.

In the studio he was ruthless. At his request I sat at work upon my latest masterpiece. A faint hope that it might be spotted by some connoisseur as a work of genius lent vigour to my pose.

Michael, having hooded himself twice behind his apparatus, rushed upon my easel. Snatching the masterpiece he flung it upon the floor. In its place he put a drawing-board.

"Too much reflected light," he murmured, running his fingers through his hair.

"This is a bit too thick——" I began to protest. It was also too late. He had regained his camera. A flash of light, a muffled report, an acid smell and the demon had momentarily disappeared in an appropriate cloud of smoke.

He now led me back into the garden, half blinded, dazed and broken in spirit. Under his direction I began to feed the fowls, which I hate.

At this moment my mother, who by some mischance was staying with us, appeared in deep converse with the gardener.

"Who is that?" asked Michael Angelo.

"The gardener's wife," I replied unscrupulously.

They drew nearer; a light of recognition appeared in the photographer's eyes.



"He gave me his card. It ran thus: 'Michael Angelo. Artist Photographer.'"

"I have photographed your mother before," said Michael Angelo acidly.

And he marched off with his remaining plates.

* * * * *

Later.—The results have appeared in *Society Snaps*. Beneath a large portrait of my mother runs the legend:—"Mrs. ——, famous for her activities among the poor of our great cities, enjoys a holiday at her country retreat. (Inset, her Son, who, with his Wife and Daughter—for whom we have no space—shares her holiday among the roses.)"



"'Who is that?' asked Michael Angelo?
"'The gardener's wife,' I replied unscrupulously."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

V.—Prohibition.

Arrived at Savannah, Georgia, the only problem now left to us unsolved was getting back to New York. I told Will that I thought I could walk back but that I knew I couldn't survive another train trip. Before setting out on foot we decided to look into the rumour that there was a boat sailing from Savannah to New York. To our great joy the agent declared on his own positive knowledge that there was such a boat. We engaged a state-room.

"Bath connecting?" inquired the agent.

"Absolutely," said Will and I. We wanted every comfort that money could buy. I was sunk into a deep lassitude from the down trip, and Will complained of sharp knife-like pains in his knees and back. Comfort was no longer a luxury but an essential to life.

The boat did not cast off for an hour or two, but we decided to go aboard at once, and get as near New York as possible.

We stopped in the middle of the side-walk in front of the railroad station and looked up and down the street for a taxicab. A man came up to us with a note-book in his hand.

"Lookin' for a bootlegger, gen'lemen?" said he, unscrewing his fountain-pen.



"So that 's the famous Mrs. Dash?"
"Yes—and that 's her husband, 'inset,' on the right."

"No, thank you," I told him; "taxi-cab."

He took a whistle out of his coat-pocket and blew it. In a moment a cab turned the corner and drew up at the kerb.

"Got some mighty fine Scotch, gen'le-men——"

We thanked him again and took the cab.

"Anything to drink, gen'lemen?" asked the driver as we sat down.

"I think I'll——" began Will.

"No, nothing," said I. "Take us to the New York boat."

"How much is your stuff?" Will asked him.

"Wal," said the driver, turning round in his seat, "we kin make a bargain if you likes. It 'll cost you one dollar to go to the dock and the angels' food 'll cost you two dollars; fer two-fifty we kin call her square."

Will looked at me with enthusiasm.

"Two dollars!" he whispered. "The last I got cost ten."

I reminded him that the last he got was probably not angels' food, and told the driver to go on to the boat.

But he was standing up and removing the cushions of the front seat. A moment later he took from the cavity beneath it a bottle wrapped in news-paper and handed it to us.

I asked him if he had ever tried to run his automobile on it, which he took as an insult.

"She's puo cawn, gen'lemen," said he with some dignity.

"Corn!" cried Will. "I want Scotch whisky."

This nonplussed the driver for the fraction of a second, then he returned the bottle to the seat cavity and brought out another exactly like it.

"Hyer you is, Sah."

But Will refused it.

This disgusted the driver beyond measure, and every brother-driver he saw on the way to the wharf he would signal with his horn, then fling him a sardonic laugh and point over his shoulder at us with his thumb. As this did not seem to have much effect on us he tried to throw us out by taking the rear-wheel off the axle of a passing freight-car, but he missed it. When we finally reached the dock I was quite agitated. I looked at Will and he had gone to sleep. I shook him kindly and helped him out of the cab.

There was so little excitement round the wharf that I thought we must have come down on the wrong day. A couple of negroes were trucking boxes on board, but they seemed to be doing it just to pass the time. Several other negroes were leaning against various articles on the pier. (I don't believe there are any people on earth who can lean against things as scientifically as negroes.) When we came to the foot of the gang-plank I thought we had better ask if they expected the boat to sail within the next twenty-four hours. A man at the gang-plank declared they did and beckoned us aside.

"Any gin, gen'lemen?"

"No, thank you," said I before Will could speak.

"Nothing sold after leaving," the man warned us.

"Don't need any, thank you."

He cast a suspicious look at the porter with our baggage.

"You better look out if you got any in there," said he ominously, turning away.

I hooked my arm into Will's and pulled him up the gang-plank.

When we investigated the state-room we found that the bath-connecting business was an exaggeration. It was true that the state-room was connected with a bath, but the connection was by a long corridor, and there happened to be

about eight other state-rooms connected with the same bath. But it *was* on board, which was a help.

Five minutes after we reached the state-room Will was sound asleep in the lower bunk. Five minutes later I was asleep in the upper.

We were brought up wide awake by the brazen banging of a bell. Through the window I saw that the ship was at sea. There was something alarming in the noise. The gong clanged and clanged; up and down the corridors, round and round the decks, echoing, throbbing and with each pulsation drawing a man's nerves tauter and tauter.

With his eyes still half closed, Will got deliberately out of the bunk, threw a coat round his shoulders and began pitching his other belongings into his suit-case.

"Where are you going?" said I.

"I understand the ship 's on fire," said Will with resignation, coolly reaching under the bunk and pulling out a canvas-covered life-belt.

"I don't smell any smoke," said I, on the floor in an instant.

As I heard the noise coming closer I put my head out of the door. A black demon was rushing down the deck with strides two yards in length, ringing a gong as large as his head. I signalled him to stop.

"What 's the matter?" I asked him.

"Suppah is served," said he.

I closed the door and pushed a button marked "Bath Steward."

"Where 's the fire?" said Will.

"In the galley," I told him. "I 'm going to try this bath-connection."

A negro in uniform with a towel over his arm appeared after a while and raised his eyebrows at us from the door.

"Do you suppose," said I politely in deference to his "presence," "that you could arrange to fix——"

He pursed his lips, nodded before I could finish my request, and instantly withdrew.

After a time there was a knock. I turned the knob and the bath steward walked in bearing a tray covered with a white cloth.

"What 's this?" I asked, thinking perhaps that the Captain had seen our names on the passenger list and was being hospitable enough to serve our supper to us below.

"Hyer 's yo' 'bath,' gen'lemen," said the steward, lifting up the napkin; "she 's pre-war, bottled in bond."

I remember dreaming on the third night out that the crew of the ship had been enlisted from a case of pre-war Scotch and were all shaped like bottles, in which guise they persisted in jumping at me from behind every corner until they had driven me into the bow of the boat, from which they threatened to throw me to the porpoises if I didn't cease being a lunatic. They had got me over the rail, to which I clung desperately, and were hammering at my fingers with White Rock bottles when the ship docked.

That was four days ago, and as far as I can see, though I do not wish to be too optimistic about the matter, it seems as if I were going to recover. Will has been very silent, but I daresay he too will get over it in time. Conversation between us is still rather strained; this I attribute to the fact that there is only one topic we are capable of speaking of, and that topic has been by tacit consent mutually banned. U. S. A.



Absent-minded Barber (shaving himself). "I SEE YOUR HAIR 'S A LITTLE THIN, SIR. YOU SHOULD TRY SOME OF OUR HAIR RESTORER."

A Bit Thin.

From the report of a Child Beauty competition:—

"It must be a matter for local pride that five of the six prizes for India's boniest children have been found in Bombay."—*Indian Paper.*

"Pianist desires room for practice, week-days only; piano not required."
American Paper.

We wish he would impart his method to the girl in the next flat.

"Landaulette, 16 h.p., 1924; only done £66; absolutely as new; cost £900; will accept £200."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

It seems a paying proposition, but before purchasing we should like to know how many pounds it does to the gallon.

THE DIETETIC DIVA.

(By a Student of Melotherapy.)

THE wide-spread and intense interest excited by the advent of the famous *coloratura* singer, Mme. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, is easily explicable on æsthetic grounds. But very few people have so far recognised the deeper issues involved in her triumphant progress, and only dietetic reformers, and very few of them, are conscious of the services she has rendered humanity by overthrowing the old tradition that, in the world of song, bulk of body varies directly with volume and nobility of voice.

The tradition, it must be admitted, was fortified by many striking examples in the annals of vocalism. The great LABLACHE was a man of massive and monumental build. ALBONI, the famous contralto of the mid-nineteenth century, was described as a blend of elephant and nightingale. MUNK and UFFELMANN, in their colossal treatise on Nutrition, give an exhaustive tabular statement of the measurements of the leading German singers from 1848 to 1900, from which it appears that the average weight of a Wagnerian *prima donna* throughout that period was 13 st. 8 lbs. As these patient investigators observe: "In the heroic opulence of their contours these great singers illustrate conclusively the fact that the food-fats that are in excess of body requirements may be stored as body-fat, and the surplus of carbohydrates may also be converted into fat and stored." They also note that salt fat pork, the fuel value of which is only second to that of refined lard, occupies first place in the diet specially affected by these Junonian heroines. It may also be remembered that C. S. CALVERLEY in an immortal ode describes how

> "The *prima donna*, smiling herself out,
> Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout."

WAGNER'S love of luxurious food is well-known, and in the recently published letters which he wrote to RICHTER it appears that he was always running out of beer and asking RICHTER to get it for him. Indeed in one place he goes so far as to say, "Get me the beer or my inspiration will run dry."

Enlightenment and instruction often come from unexpected quarters, and Mme. GALLI-CURCI is a living disproof of the established heresy that great singers must be large and eat largely. The first British journalist who interviewed her on her arrival in London found "not the *prima donna* of the popular conception, but a dainty *petite* woman" and, what is vastly more important, adamantine in her insistence on frugality in diet.

"Singers," she declared, "have no need to be fat. The larynx does not need fat . . . Many singers eat too much. They should think more of what comes out of their throats than what goes down them. I myself am very careful about what I eat. Milk, vegetables and fruit, yes, but very little meat. To be a singer you must be healthy, and fat is not health."

When it is added that she is "not temperamental" and little affected by the weather; that she has a farm in the Catskills and keeps dogs, horses, cows, pigs and chickens, but makes no mention of monkeys or parrots, the gulf that separates her from the *prima donna* of tradition becomes even more pronounced.

There are many signs of the times that cause misgiving and even dismay. Hygienic and dietetic reformers cannot but view with anxiety the increasing addiction of our gilded youth to the cocktail habit, leading in some instances to the distressing complaint known as galliambic sclerosis of the *tendo Achillis*, which renders protracted indulgence in the fox-trot almost impossible. But in other directions evidences of sobriety and sanity are happily forthcoming, nowhere more conspicuously than in the fashionable cult of slimness.

As a modern poet has so felicitously expressed himself:—

> "Though exuberant vivacity
> And unrestrained audacity
> Are sanctioned by the modern social code,
> Excessive adiposity
> Is banned as a monstrosity
> By the *fiat* of the arbiters of Mode."

There is hope for the world when Fashion joins hands with frugality. And that hope is immensely strengthened when the brightest star in the operatic firmament ranges herself emphatically on the side of the Spartans and proves that plain living is compatible with high singing, that bulk is not synonymous with *bravura*.

Since writing the above, I have read with the deepest interest the article, "My Simple Life," contributed by Mme. GALLI-CURCI to *The Sphere*, in which she represents herself as singing on all occasions, "on the train, in the street, in my car, in my boudoir, in my bath even"—not exercises, she is careful to add, but "just snatches of melody. Sometimes a song I know, sometimes a cradle-song of my babyhood, sometimes a little ditty of old Rome." The grandeur that was Rome is thus always present to inspire her, and also the glory that was Greece. For in the course of her article she describes the visit of a young blind composer, and adds, "We spent a delightful afternoon together, and he played and sang several of his compositions, which Homer, my husband, said showed real genius." The statement is startling but true, reference to the American *Who's Who* revealing the fact that Mme. GALLI-CURCI is the wife of Mr. HOMER SAMUELS of Minneapolis.

SONGS WITHOUT SHAME.

III.—THE RHYME OF SIR JOSHUA.

Sir Joshua Ponderby's Party
Has only been formed for a week,
But it 's bound to grow healthy and hearty
Because it 's so simply unique;
For it doesn't believe in Protection,
It doesn't believe in Free Trade,
Its programme is Anti-Election,
And "Down with the hustings brigade."

Sir Joshua jeers at the Bolshies,
He flouts the Conservative whim,
And the BALDWINS, the SIMONS, the WALSHES,
Mean nothing whatever to him;
His hand on his heart he has smitten,
His cry to constituents rolls,
And his broadcasted slogan to Britain
Is "D—n these perpetual polls!"

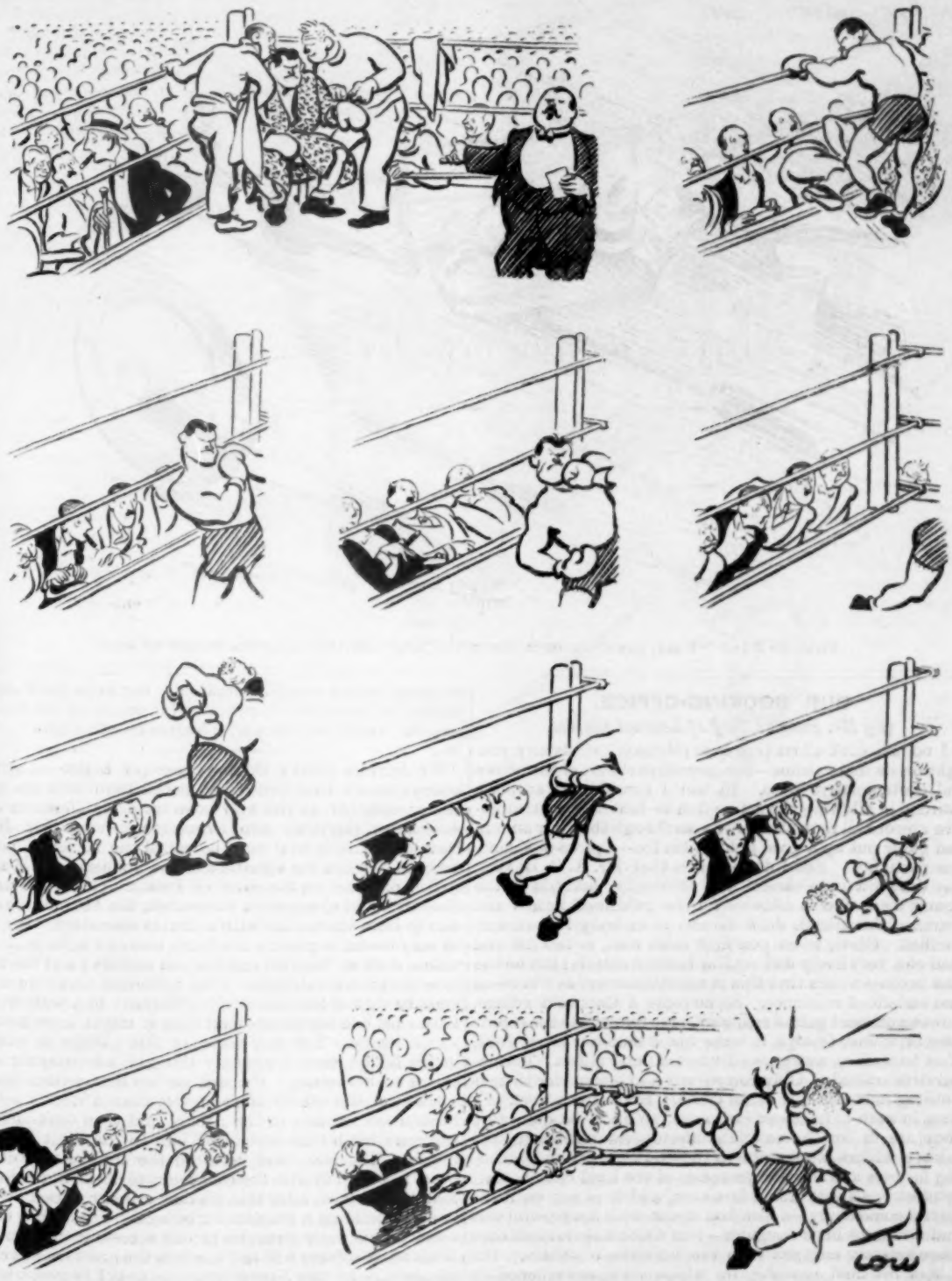
Sir Joshua's only endeavour
And that of the friends of Sir Josh
Is to vote for no Bill whatsoever,
For Bills are unspeakable tosh;
But to spend every sitting in sleeping
And only take part in the din
For the laudable object of keeping
His Majesty's Ministers in.

Though few just at present in numbers,
Sir Joshua Ponderby's crowd
Will impress by the weight of its slumbers,
For these will be frightfully loud;
And when danger arises they 'll waken,
Their leader with plaudits to greet
And to rescue the Government's bacon
Sir Josh will ascend to his feet.

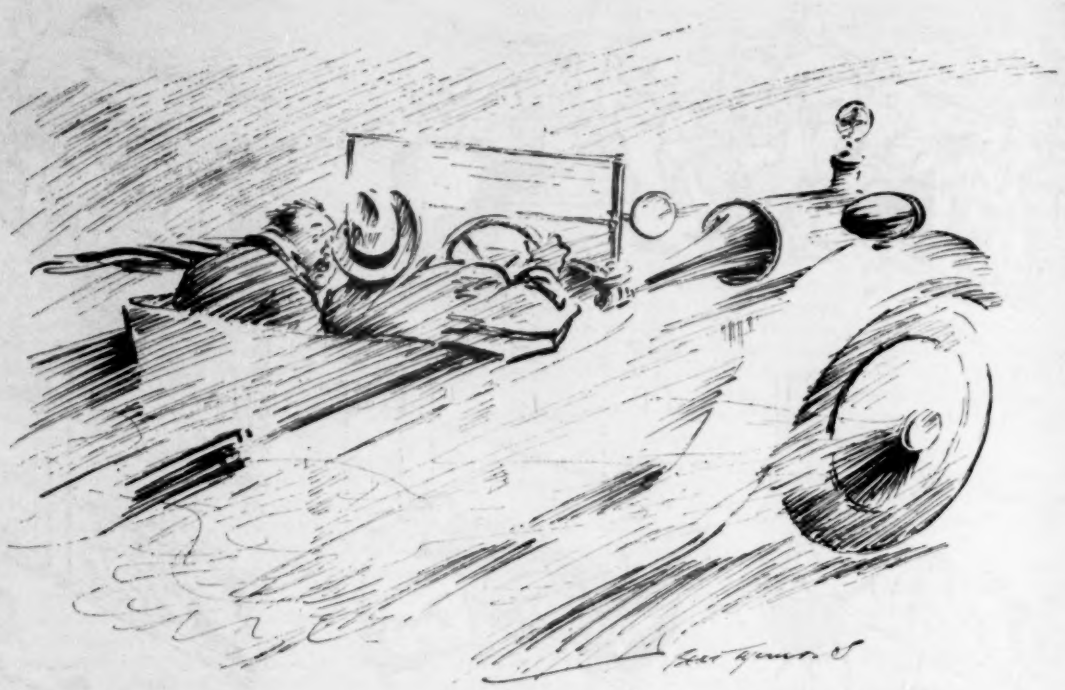
And so soon as their influence widens
Sir Joshua Ponderby's men
Will be looked to by England for guidance
And all be returned to Big Ben;
For their cry in the Press has been written,
Their word to constituents rolls,
And their broadcasted slogan to Britain
Is "D—n these perpetual polls!"

And Sir Joshua Ponderby, reader,
So firm is his line and so strong,
Is surely that national leader
For whom we have waited so long;
For he doesn't believe in Protection,
He doesn't believe in Free Trade,
His platform is Anti-Election,
And he speaks of a spade as a spade.

EVOE.



THE SYMPATHETIC SPECTATOR.



Fresh Air Fiend. "I SAY, CAN'T YOU OPEN THE WIND-SCREEN AND LET US HAVE A BREATH OF AIR?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO not think *Chris Gascoyne* (MURRAY) sheds any real light on its main theme—the respective claims of the active and contemplative lives. In fact I consider its author's attitude in allowing the active lion to beat the contemplative unicorn all round the town—as though the rarer animal had never put up a good fight in his life—a piece of shameless partiality. But I do maintain that Mr. A. C. BENSON has drawn a very careful and convincing portrait of the young man who is allowed (in the published letters and diaries of his friend, *Jack Trevor*) to embody this ancient conflict. *Chris*, when you first meet him, is the life and soul of a very lively and soulful London coterie; but he has just become aware that this is not satisfactory as the be-all and end-all of existence. So he rents a Cotswold grange, hires an efficient pair of retainers, says farewell to the coterie (one of whom, *Gladys*, is more upset than her lover, *Jack*, likes to realise), and goes off "to read and reflect" in comparative solitude. Only comparative, of course, for there is nothing misanthropic about *Chris*. He sleeps a week at a time in each of his three bedrooms, so as to be quite sure they are fit for the coterie's intermittent patronage, and takes a whimsical pleasure in the dialect of the neighbouring farmers and the idiosyncracies of the local clergy. His interest is all very aloof, however, and it is not until the *Bevirs* come along—a drunken squire with a sorrowful wife and a radiant little daughter—that *Chris* finds himself once more actively engaged with the activities of others. The tale of his final arousing, for which *Jack*, emboldened by the affection of *Gladys*, is largely responsible, is very well told; Mr. BENSON, like *Chris* himself, being really happiest in coping with a concrete situation. But even the abstract wisdom of the book is happy when it comes to the top to breathe; and this it does with frequency and gusto.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE comes of a line of artists famous rather with brush and pencil than with the pen. His grandfather, as you may learn from his *Memories and Adventures* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), was that JOHN DOYLE ("H.B.") who may be called the father of polite caricature, while the signature of his youngest uncle may still be observed on the cover of *Punch*. Of Irish extraction, born and educated in Edinburgh, Sir ARTHUR may be said to have started life with a double advantage. It must be very useful to possess the Celtic love of a fight tempered with a dash of Scottish caution and solidity; and the mixture has proved excellent. That forthright narrative of his must be part of the Edinburgh influence; but, without the Irish side, one sometimes feels that it might have become a little heavy. You may notice in this volume as well as in his fiction how frequently the gay adventurous side comes to his rescue. He took on his first serious job as surgeon of the whaler *Hope* at less than a week's notice, tried seven months in the Arctic, and then took another surgeon's berth that introduced him to the West Coast of Africa. You may read here too the true history of his short partnership with the *Cullingworth* of the *Stark Munro Letters*, and how, after this, he took a house in Southsea in order to build up a practice for himself. If you are interested in the early struggles of our successful writers this fascinating volume will tell you how the great *Holmes* came into being—he was *Sherringford*, instead of *Sherlock*, in the first draft—and how the *Study in Scarlet*, which was the first and longest of the famous detective stories, went from

publisher to publisher until WARD, LOCK at length bought the copyright for twenty-five pounds, which is all the author ever made from that book. Sir ARTHUR, however, is clearly a little tired of *Holmes*; he is more enthusiastic when dealing with the vicissitudes of his great historical romances. Curiously enough, he seems to prefer *Sir Nigel* to its predecessor, *The White Company*. But his reminiscences deal with plenty of other subjects besides literature, and make as interesting a volume of its kind as I have come across of late years.

On old *Sam Laycock's* sad decease
His younger sons, named *George* and *James*,
Got sixty thousand pounds apiece
And eke his mills; while, worst of shames,
Roger, his eldest—worthy chap—
Who had till then "thought nowt" of pelf,
Got five mean thou., nor cared a rap
But made a fortune for himself.

W. RILEY tells us how
(*Laycock of Lonedale* is his book)
Roger got wed, put hand to plough,
Prospered in all he undertook,
Scoring, forthwith, the topmost notch,
As may the righteous (Yorkshire) man,
In motors, mills and butterscotch,
And *rôle* of Good Samaritan.

George lost t' brass, *James* happiness,
For greedy brothers prosper not;
Roger behaved as one might guess,
And texts are quoted quite a lot:
Do good and you 'll get rich and great
(So runs the moral I have read)—
In Yorkshire parts at any rate.
From HERBERT JENKINS, LIMITED.



WHY WAIT IN A THEATRE-QUEUE? TRY OUR NEW LOCUM TENENS.

The only clumsy thing about *Raw Material* (CAPE) is the mingled apology and defiance of its preface. Why anyone need blush or bluster who has written anything so enjoyable as the book itself I cannot imagine. And I assure Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD—whose more deliberately architectural efforts have always delighted me—that there is nothing novel, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, in a conscientious endeavour to tread "the strait neutral path of sacred objectivity" and present in a series of sketches what a less temperate imagination might have transmuted into stories. Besides—and I think she feels this as well as I do—Miss CANFIELD has not always been able to resist the chance of playing Providence to her characters. Or perhaps she and Providence have now and then been able to see eye to eye with equal decorative results. Take "The Ideas of M. Brodard," for instance, in which a French Radical editor who has inveighed all his life against the absurdity of inheritances is prevailed upon by his family to accept a great legacy. How neatly the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges! Neither SOPHOCLES nor WILKIE COLLINS could have exploited Nemesis to greater advantage. Certainly *M. Brodard's* case is not quite a typical one. Nor for that matter is that of the heroine of "A Great Love," who is preserved from losing her husband's affections with equal poetic justice. The bulk of Miss CANFIELD's sketches are undeniably sketches, not pictures. "Uncle Giles" is a swift caricature of an ornamental shirker; "Fairfax Hunter" suggests the tragedy of a derelict negro adopted by a benevolent family before the War and involuntarily turned adrift in the course of it; a wicked little glimpse of WHISTLER in Paris is balanced by compassionate reminiscences of an old French philologist; and the pathetic and courageous doings of a gang of French hostages in Germany are gracefully chronicled. European or American, everything in Miss CANFIELD's portfolio has its charm. And, if you prefer an amusing blend of both Continents, try "God's Country."

If any writer of fiction can be considered qualified to throw light on the obscure turmoil of present-day Indian politics, it is surely Mrs. F. A. STEEL. The long succession of her studies, showing East and West in repeated impact without true meeting, is continued in *The Law of the Threshold* (HEINEMANN), a novel in which nearly all the characters do duty as types representative of some particular attitude

towards the problems of the hour, and all the incidents are developed to emphasise its difficulties. If the story as such loses vivacity of movement through being made to carry so great a burden of political and religious consideration, and even at times is lost in the brown fog that smokes and eddies over the whole country, still the individual persons are none the less living realities—one of them, the native heroine, a very charming reality—while the brown fog itself, heavy with the bodeful breath of the tropics, is captured and made serviceable to the writer's own particular genius. As to what her own opinion may be on the dominating *Swaraj* question, or her solution, if she has one, it can only be said that, though she clearly ascribes some part of our difficulties to Russian propaganda and has occasional leanings to a policy of "resolute government," yet generally she does no more than point out—it is as far as most writers seem to get at present—that India has been brought into a melancholy muddle, and Heaven alone knows how it will muddle through. Our intentions, she agrees, are, as usual, fixedly excellent, but all else is in a state of flux. This is a book that would be more powerful if more coherent, more readable if more tangible, but which in both incoherence and subtlety may be said to have the merit of reflecting the country and the period which it portrays. I wish, though—it is a small grumble—that the writer would not persist in talking about tennis "bats," nor add an "e" to the end of the word "sat."

The Grand Duchess (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), dumpy, snappy, altogether bizarre, is not the sort of heroine hitherto provided for the Ruritanian scene; but "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" gives us no other in his latest extravaganza. When the revolution in Dravidia put the Bolshevists in power the wary Archimandrite hid the crown of Dravidia's ancient kings, heavy with emeralds, and sent the clue to its hiding-place to the *Grand Duchess* in an unscannable and entirely obscure hexameter of his own manufacture, of which he was unreasonably proud. Hence the dragging in of a Trinity College Professor (Dublin, of course) and the hectic hunt for the meaning of the word "*Saligia*," which didn't appear in any dictionary, but turned out to be composed of the initial letters of the seven deadly sins. Whereby hangs a tale I won't unfold for fear of spoiling sport. There are, besides the energetic heroine and the reluctantly adventurous Professor, some engaging characters deftly drawn—the ex-King who has retired to Ireland for peace and quiet (forsooth); the English Minister to Dravidia, who was not such a fool as he appeared; the avaricious but unbloodthirsty Bolshevist President. And I liked this *obiter dictum*: "It is a curious fact little discussed by political economists that the less value money has the more the Banks flourish." How true and how mad!

Among the recollections of Mrs. MARY MACCARTHY in *A Nineteenth-Century Childhood* (HEINEMANN) I like best her pictures of Eton and Windsor in the days of QUEEN VICTORIA, when, from the quiet precincts of the house of the Warden, Miss KESTELL (as she then was) beheld the ordered and stately routine of the Royal Household proceeding side by side with the throng and stir of the ancient school. Miss KESTELL was the niece by marriage of Lady RITCHIE, and in a few pleasant pages she records her visit to THACKERAY'S daughter. A painful interlude was Miss MARY KESTELL'S sojourn in a convent school. Her experiences in that morbid atmosphere of piety, incense, smart frocks and home-sickness may serve vividly to illustrate the beneficent change wrought during the next generation in the administration of schools for girls. Not that Mrs. MACCARTHY will admit that the present age displays any virtue; but then she seems to disdain the Victorian epoch also. What would she have? The Victorians at least would have regarded Mrs. MACCARTHY'S candid delineation of the intimacies of family affairs with feelings which are now out of fashion.



Transatlantic Visitor (1.30. A.M. Grand Babylon Hotel). "SAY, BO, IS THERE ANYWHERE IN THIS DOSS-HOUSE WHERE A GUY KIN PARK HIS ARTIFICIAL SNAPPERS?"

To *The Coming of Amos* (LANE) I owe a countless number of quiet and most refreshing chuckles. With such amazing facility does Mr. W. J. LOCKE seem to get his effects that I doubt if he receives all the credit which he deserves. Anyhow, wit and humour are his in abundance, and here he takes a subject that gives him ample scope for their exercise. *David Fontenay, A.R.A.*, who tells the tale, lived at Cannes, was a middle-aged widower and had resolved to spend the remainder of his life as the complete egoist. And then, to interrupt this selfish plan of campaign, came his nephew *Amos* straight from Warraranga (somewhere at the back of beyond in Australia). Of huge bulk, primitive beyond words and totally uneducated, his sudden arrival considerably interfered with his uncle's scheme of life. At the moment of this youth's appearance on the scene *Fontenay* was painting the *Princess Nadia Ramiroff*, a Russian lady who had escaped from her native land. In addition to these Big Three there is *Fontenay's* step-daughter, very much a young woman of sense and of the world, who sold embroidered bags in South Molton Street; and there is a full-blooded villain called *Ramon Garcia*—the five of these making up an admirable collection of contrasted types. Conceivably it may be said that these types are a little exaggerated, and also that the lure of the film has occasionally influenced their creator. But, even if these criticisms are sound, the fact remains that Mr. LOCKE has given us a most diverting novel, written with the ease and grace of style of which he alone holds the secret.

Mr. Punch welcomes the appearance of two volumes of light verse containing many poems reproduced from his own pages: *More Lauds and Libels* (INGLEBY), by Mr. C. L. GRAVES, and *Songs of a Desert Optimist* (NISBET), by Mr. J. M. SYMNS.

CHARIVARIA.

We suppose it is too late to do anything about it now, but we notice that none of the political party manifestos contains any suggestions about stabilising the feminine waist-line.

* * *

Some idea can be gathered of the evils consequent on a General Election when we hear that a Devonshire draughts tournament has had to be postponed as the hall was wanted for political meetings.

* * *

In reference to the collapse of the platform at Cleckheaton when the Premier was speaking, we understand that he is not in favour of setting up an inquiry.

* * *

We are asked to say that the Mr. Lovat Fraser who is contesting Bristol Central as a Labour Candidate is not to be confused with Mr. Lovat Fraser the well-known italic millionaire.

* * *

Herrings are to be dearer. The demand for red ones to go with the red flag is enormous just now.

* * *

In a certain constituency there is a placard announcing an Election speech for a date in November. Somebody evidently means to be in time for the Election after next.

* * *

A Cabinet Minister recently received a letter from an elector threatening to smash his nose. He is said to have replied to the effect that this sort of thing should be done through his secretary.

* * *

Primroses are in bloom at Neston, in Middlesex, we read. Everything seems to be in league against the Premier.

* * *

While preparing a chicken for the table a Montreal woman found twenty-five five-cent pieces in its crop, exactly the amount she had paid for the bird. We understand that the money has been handed over to the chicken's next-of-kin.

* * *

The coal trade announces that there is a pleasant surprise in store for housewives in 1925. Can it be coal?

* * *

A new foot-pump for motorists has been invented. It is just the thing for pumping up pedestrians after they have been deflated.

* * *

In the opinion of Mr. Henry Ford history is "bunk." If we didn't hate slang we should say, "Nix on you, Henry, for being some go-getter when handing out the dope."

* * *

To prepare for next year's Cup Final the Stadium at Wembley has been ploughed up. As it is a new ground no referees were found in the course of the excavation.

* * *

Mr. Tom Newman has drawn up a few suggestions for Brighter Billiards. While he is about it he might arrange to have the pockets where they're wanted.

* * *

A contemporary refers to a man who told a magistrate that he made sixty pounds a week out of rags. A newspaper proprietor perhaps?

* * *

It has been estimated that if all the golf balls used in England in twelve months were placed in a straight line they would reach from Land's End to Hull. Provided of course that all caddies were placed under lock and key for the time being.

* * *

Professor Longworth of Manchester declares that the world will end next summer. We gratefully conclude that it may be years and years before the catastrophe comes.

* * *

According to Professor Wufflecock, the atmosphere on many of the large stars is probably far superior to that enjoyed on this earth. In spite of this statement we have decided to hang on here for a few more Elections.

* * *

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in support of the theory that spirits exist, says he has heard singing of an unearthly sort. We've got a girl like that in the flat above us. She isn't a spirit yet, but she soon will be.

* * *

It is reported that a French engineer has invented a water-pipe made of paper. That's nothing. We know a political party that invented a whole housing scheme made of the same stuff.

* * *

A French professor says that some day we shall be able to live on air. So that it won't matter much which Party gets into power.

* * *

Against our forty-two millions per year the U.S.A. spends more than two hundred millions on education. But then, of course, they need it more.

* * *

"The songs for this year's pantomimes are now being written," declares a daily paper. But why dwell on the morbid?

* * *

A man who appeared before a magistrate recently was described as an O.B.E. The police often know more about us than we think they do.

* * *

At Leeds a burglar broke into a jeweller's shop-window by putting his foot through it. This should help Mr. Wheatley to realise the terrible shortage of bricks.

* * *

A Spanish General has been dismissed on the field of battle because of the inactivity of his troops. This step is understood to have been taken at the instance of the Brighter Moorish War Society.

* * *

Westminster Council is buying a hundred tons of ground rock salt for dealing with snow. Locally this is regarded as an indication of a mild winter.



THE HAMMERSMITH BULL-FIGHT.
Dr. Addison (Lab.) and Sir William Bull (C.).

TO A NEW GOD.

(From one who might have admired the PREMIER *a little more if the* PREMIER *had admired himself a little less.)*

["We found the country in chaos." . . . "We found the name of Great Britain about as low as it could be. We have pulled it up." . . . "I believed we were going to get fair play." . . . "The Labour Party has been ousted by unholy combinations." . . . "Why do they go about sniffing like mangy dogs on a garbage heap?" . . . "They don't want truth; they want votes; and they are not too scrupulous as to how they get them." . . . "They will hit you below the belt all the time."—*A posy culled from the* PREMIER'S *electioneering speeches.*]

CHAOS (if all you say is true)
Lay over Britain plunged in night
Black as the nether pit, till you
Arose and said, "Let there be light;"
And, when—at once—the hideous crust
Of darkness broke beneath your sun,
The scene, I understand, was just
Like Genesis, Chap. One.

The powers of Hell began to squeal;
And he, the Devil whom they dub
STANLEY, arranged to do a deal
With HERBERT H. BEELZEBUB;
By this combine, you 'd have us know,
The dirtiest knocks are being dealt;
Their sense of sportsmanship is low;
They hit beneath the belt.

(Here, surely, your Omniscience nods.
It has escaped you, I suggest,
That belts are never worn by gods,
It isn't done—not by the best;
They 're only worn by gods of paste,
Figures of putty, clay or wax,
To check that sinking in the waist
Or hide the horrid cracks.)

Till now a few had named you saint;
With such I never could agree;
I always told them, "No, he ain't,
He 's just a man, like you and me,
But greater." Now we have your news
That you were all the while Divine,
And those who vented other views
Are beetles, worms and swine.

What though this virtuous self-esteem
Be mocked at as a "morbid" vice?
What though they lewdly call your scheme
A parody of Paradise?
The Only Truth is on your lips,
Those lips, so bitterly abused,
From which more righteous unction drips
Than *Pecksniff* ever oozed. O. S.

"Canon —— then moved the adoption of the report on —— School. Several members of the Synod spoke in very high terms of praise of this institution, and referred particularly to the general manliness, gentleness and courtesy which were characteristic of the boys when away from the immediate influence of the school."
South African Paper.

The headmaster, we understand, thinks that this might have been expressed more happily.

From an account of the PREMIER'S tour in Scotland:—

"At Springburn his car, decorated with the MacDonald tartan and white feather, was held up by the density of the crowds . . . Their opponents, he said, started Liberals and Tories. Henceforth they would go through the fight under the banner of the white feather."
Provincial Paper.

Well, he seems to have set them the example.

LONG ACRE AND LOVERS' LANE.

I HAVE *not yet* bought a car. But very nearly. It has been touch and go.

Choosing a car is rather like choosing a wife. Not quite so quick. You get more escapes from the klaxon than you do from the siren; and friends are franker about locomotion than they are about love. If her back axle is not all it should be, do they hesitate to inform me? They do not. Whereas they might not always tell me until too late about her back hair.

Otherwise, in the matter of choosing, there is not much difference between a car and a consort. Expensive-looking widows ("She *can't* be more than thirty!") first catch the young man's fancy. And oh! those six-cylinder second-hand cars I nearly bought. Oh! that soft purring note ("She *can't* do less than thirty!"). Oh! those slim and lovely lines.

And once again, Oh! the cost of up-keep.

The phase passes. It is the *débutante's* turn. Your lovely bride must be fresh from school. And fresh from the works must be your lovely car.

Here too what pitfalls! See a maid beribboned and bangled. Young man, beware! It is not for these gauds that you should choose a wife; nor should you choose a car because she is decked all over with the thousand gadgets the novice loves so much. Clothes are but vanity. It is not the upholstery that counts, though you must admit that it does make a difference both in Long Acre and Lovers' Lane.

Beautiful body? Maybe; but in the motor market, as in the marriage market, it 's what is beneath her bonnet that matters.

And the peril is, I don't know any more what is beneath the bonnet of the little car you are showing me, my glib motor-salesman friend, than I know what is passing in the mind of the young lady who smiles at me so sweetly beneath her cloche hat over luncheon.

Only this morning I tried a Snobleigh. She was so beautiful. One touch would set her throbbing. I felt I could steer her through life's traffic without a jolt. I almost committed myself. I walked away in a lover's ecstasy. And then I met Smith.

"A Snobleigh?" he said. "My *dear* chap! Don't think I am in the least prejudiced, but——" and then he whispered.

I had made almost a goddess of her; and he told me she had a crankshaft of clay.

He showed me a Jobleigh. Ah! her pretty little nose. One pressure of my hand and the light leapt into her eyes (five lamps). Ah! fascinating combination—fast but cool. I almost committed myself.

What an escape! It was not an hour afterwards that I ran into Jones, who told me the real truth about the Jobleigh. How wise is the old saying that one man's beef is another man's bison! Brakes quite hopeless on the Jobleigh. A good 'un to go, but there's no stopping her on her swift run downhill. I wiped a bead of perspiration from my brow, and he showed me a Nobleigh . . .

I have not *yet* bought a car, but I know I shall. And I am still a bachelor, but only just.

"Madame rested her elbow on the desk and cupped her chin in it."
Story in Weekly Paper.

Rather a difficult feat. Try it in your bath.

"In Milton's 'Il Spenseroso' this is the passage:—

'Any storied windows richly alight
Casting a dim religious light.'"
Letter in Provincial Paper.

There 's far better stuff than this in SPENSER'S 'Il Miltonoso.'



TWO OF A CLASS.

SOCIALIST (*with Red Flags*). "HERE, MATE, STICK THIS IN YOUR COAT. EVERY WORKING-MAN OUGHT TO WEAR A RED FLAG. THIS IS A CLASS WAR."

ANTI-SOCIALIST. "CLASS WAR! THAT'S A FUNNY THING. I'M AS GOOD A WORKING-MAN AS YOU, AND I'M ON THE OTHER SIDE."



Vicar (to his Gardener). "GOING TO THE LABOUR PROTEST MEETING, EH? NOW TELL ME, REUBEN, WHAT *ARE* YOUR GRIEVANCES?"
Reuben. "WOY, ZUR, THAT BE JUST WOT OI BE A-GOIN' FER TEW FOIND OUT."

FUTILE FINANCE.

THE following article is intended for those who through ignorance of financial matters have hitherto hesitated to make an investment on the Stock Exchange.

In reply to the many queries I have received on the subject I can tell my readers that Throgmorton Street and the surrounding neighbourhood is undoubtedly the best quarter of London in which to buy shares. Here during the busiest hours of the day the scene is one of amazing activity. Hundreds of stockbrokers in their quaint native garb may be seen shouting their wares from the picturesque stalls on which are attractively displayed the stocks and shares they have for sale.

No one should miss an opportunity of seeing these honest unaffected fellows as they ply their simple calling. Bronzed by the sea-air of Sussex and scintillating with diamond rings, they leave an unforgettable impression on all visitors.

The two classes of share most usually in demand are known as "Ordinary" and "Preference," the latter being in most cases the more expensive, owing to the fact that they may possibly last a year or two longer. It is almost impossible, however, to obtain from a stockbroker any guarantee as to the lasting qualities of a share.

Having decided upon the kind of share most suitable to his requirements, the novice should set forth on an inspection of the various stalls.

Share certificates are often brightly coloured, and it is a rather curious feature of this quaint old market that the most decorative certificates are displayed for sale at the most attractive prices.

Let us assume then that at length a bargain has been struck, resulting in the purchase of, say, one share in the Dogbody Ivory Concessions. The buyer should demand to have the share wrapped up, and is strongly advised to take it home with him, though some of the larger firms of stockbrokers deliver in their own vans within the Metropolitan area.

At this point it is well that the beginner should pause and give earnest thought to a subtle change which has now taken place in his personality.

Though outwardly the same man as before, he is now a CAPITALIST—a serious matter indeed and one which cannot be lightly ignored. It means that in the opinion of many of his fellow-countrymen he is to be regarded as the curse of modern civilisation. Jointly with other capitalists he is responsible for war, unemployment, the subsidence of Waterloo Bridge and the wet summer. In short, he is a blot upon the scheme of the Universe.

Should he decide however not to become unduly depressed, the shareholder is now free to indulge in that most fascinating pastime known as Watching the Market Movements. This entails turning each morning to the financial page of the newspaper and noting the price of the share in which he is interested.

It must always be remembered that:

Shares can only do one of three things. They can go up or down

or remain where they are. No other movement, such as sideways, is possible.

This is a well-known axiom amongst business men, and the novice will do well to master the underlying principle of it, as no exception to this rule has ever been known.

* * * * *

A word must now be said concerning the relationship between the investor and the company in which he is now a shareholder.

Every company makes a point of keeping a book, in which the names and addresses of each member are carefully noted. This is in order that no one shall be overlooked when invitations are sent out for one of those little functions which are such a feature of limited liability companies.

One of the most popular is known as the Annual General Meeting, which is held with the main object of promoting a feeling of *camaraderie* between shareholders and those who manage the affairs of the company. The general note of these meetings is one of unrestrained gaiety, and it is only in deference to long-standing custom that any allusion is made to the financial affairs of the company, the Chairman rising to announce that the customary annual loss has been maintained and that, as usual, no dividends will be payable. The meeting then breaks up amidst expressions of mutual goodwill and confidence in the Directors.

Finally there will be held a perfectly Extraordinary General Meeting, which is more or less in the nature of a breaking-up party.

A word of explanation to the novice is here necessary. He will be told that it is proposed to wind up his company, and he will not unnaturally assume that, as it has been a little run down, the process of winding it up will restore its original vigour.

Alas! this is not so. If the truth must be told it means an end to all those jolly little meetings, and also that shares in the Dogbody Concessions are worth exactly nothing.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the shareholder that to demand one's money back from the stockbroker is to court a scene as unpleasant as it will be unprofitable. Though men of strong moral and even religious feeling, stockbrokers are apt to get vexed beyond restraint when asked to refund money to disappointed purchasers.

"The liquor squad brought forty-two cases before the magistrate, and eighteen were disposed of."—*Canadian Paper.*

We presume that the jury drank their share.



Customer (in Village Shop). "I WANT SOME WHITE PAINT—BUT IT MUST BE VERY HARD—TO STAND KNOCKS. YOU SEE IT'S WANTED FOR RE-PAINTING HOCKEY BALLS. I BELIEVE THERE IS SOME STUFF ESPECIALLY MADE—I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KEEP IT—NO, OF COURSE—I EXPECT I 'LL HAVE TO WRITE TO THE STORES—BUT I JUST THOUGHT I 'D INQUIRE—BECAUSE——"

Shopkeeper (wearily). "'ERBERT, ONE 'OCKEY WHITE."

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

MAUVE and lavender and red,
Gold and orange, rose and blue
Make a quilt for Grannie's bed,
Diamonded in every hue;
Little ghosts that rustle, lest
She forget the way she dressed,
Rememb'ring not the silken ways
Of gowns she wore in other days.

Misty blues and shadowed greys,
Yellows golden as the broom,
Tawny browns—the latest craze—
Hold their own in Sylvia's room;
Pale organdies cool and crisp,
Chiffon—what a dainty wisp!
All living frocks that lately clung
Round Sylvia, who is very young.

Dare a grandame shake her head
Over youth's extravagance,
When about her carven bed
Ghosts of taffetas might dance?
Shadows which would rustle low—
"You yourself were even so!"
Surely she would be afraid
Of tiny ghosts of rose brocade.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XXV.—The Member for Wembley.

An Epilogue.

"I didn't even know it was a constituency," I said.

"This is the first time, me lad," he replied.

It came as a great shock to me, as it will no doubt to many of my readers, that the Illustrator was about to stand for the Wembley Division of Middlesex. We met near East Africa, and he had been lunching somewhere or other—at the Tibullus, I suppose. He was wearing a cherubic smile and a large white button-hole. He stood very close and began to surround me with the narcotic fumes of an immense cigar.

"What are you going to stand *as?*" I inquired rather anxiously. "A Constitutionalist?"

"Not likely," he told me. "What's the use of standing as anything that you can't say after seven o'clock in the evening? I'm going to stand as a True Blue Conservative."

"Against the No Wembleyites and the Lesser Wembleyites, I suppose?"

"Exactly," he said.

"And your opponents?"

"Don't know yet, and, what's more, don't care. Sidney Webb, very likely. Oswald Mosley. Winston Churchill."

"I think Mr. Winston Churchill is standing for Epping," I said. "Vote for Churchill, you know, and dam the Epping tide."

"Epping or Wembley, it's all one to me," said the Illustrator gaily and with the air of a man who puts geography behind him in the afternoon. "The point is this," he continued; "I want you to support me. There's going to be a procession round the Exhibition. Round and round *and* round, you know," he went on with emphasis, as if he were clearing up a misunderstanding. "Just jot down a few notes to remind me where I am."

"You're on my toes at the moment," I pointed out, disengaging. "All right, I'll rally to the flag. . . ."

* * * * *

There *was* a procession. It was like the Ark. It lined up in Craftsman's Way, opposite the Palace of Industries, and was marshalled, so far as I can remember, as follows:—

Twelve ladies dressed as nurses, spraying disinfectants and having the word Keats written in large red letters on their apron-bibs.

The Burmese elephant, ridden by Lord Stevenson ("Jim").

Five toilers from the Canadian apple-orchards, with apples in their hands.

The band of General Wolfe's army.



Lord "Jim."

John Cabot.

Four West African villagers.

Twelve female toffee-sellers in Turkish attire.

The car of Bacchus flowing with Australian wines.

Sir Travers Clarke.

One-hundred-and-forty turnstile keepers.

Symbolical car representing the Palaces of Industry and Engineering, containing a gigantic soap cascade, the Seven Ages of Gas, and a beefeater, and propelled from the rear by Stephenson's Puffing Billy.

Drake's drum.

Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Four able-bodied seamen from the lake motor-boats.

Symbolical car representing the Palace of Art and containing the Queen's Doll's House, drawn by six cream-coloured ponies.

The Wembley Lion, led by Sir Laurence Weaver and Sir Henry McMahon.

Twenty unglazed Beauties.

Two cocktail-mixers from the Jamaican bar.

One Indian snake-charmer, leading a tame mongoose.

The band of General Burgoyne's army.

Queen Elizabeth.

Two-hundred-and-forty restaurant waitresses carrying tea and buns.

The South African stage-coach, drawn by four bucking broncos and driven by Mr. Barrington Hooper.

A representative of *The Times*, pulling a car from the Giant Racer, positively creaking with supplements.

Massed band of the whole British Army.

Two moas.

The Wembley Fire Brigade.

Choir of ten thousand voices singing a little composition of my own.

Railodok car, drawn by four ostriches and conveying the Illustrator with a roll of paper in his right hand and the left hand on the lapel of his coat.

The Barking Sea-lion.

Myself.

Tut-ankh-Amen.

* * * * *

Round and round *and* round the lake we went and finally stopped in front of the Taj Mahal. The procession then formed a hollow square, into the centre of which the railodok was drawn, and the Illustrator stood up to address his constituents, whilst I stood patiently at his side.

"Friends, Fellow Exhibitors," he began, "and Free Electors of this Imperial Borough!"

It was rather a neat opening. As a matter of fact I had suggested it myself.

"I am intensely gratified by the confidence——"

"Wait a moment!" I shouted.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"I want to move the sea-lion a little nearer the amplifier."

"It is with intense gratification," he began again as I returned, "that I stand here on the occasion of being selected to represent in the Conservative interest——"

"To contest," I corrected him.

"Same thing," he said testily, and in the roar of applause which drowned the close of his sentence I could just catch the words "Wember for Mebley."

"Give me your notes," he said hastily. I handed them up to him. In the pause that followed while he refreshed his memory there was nothing to be heard but the bells of Burma tinkling faintly on the autumnal breeze.

Reinspired, he began again in a rousing voice that swept the stately avenues.

"What, gentlemen, is the issue before the country at this Election into which the Government has so wantonly and so peevishly projected us? A much larger issue, gentlemen, than the pitiful side-issue—I may perhaps say, ha-ha! the pitiable side-show" ("Ha-ha!" I said. "Ha-ha!" said the sea-lion) "which has actually brought it about. The issue in brief is this: Are we to see the greatest Exhibition which the world has ever known continue to flourish triumphantly from year to year, growing in greatness and slowly burrowing—— What 's all this? I can't read it."

"Slowly *broadening*," I said—"slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent. Please the high-brows. Poetry, you know."

"Better leave that out. Or, gentlemen, are we to hand it over to the Abolitionist and the Lesser Wembleyite, who will make us a laughing-stock and a by-word amongst the peoples of the globe? Gentlemen, the sands are running out. The fruit is garnered; the harvest is gathered in. What is that harvest to be? Are we to look down the scenic vistas of prosperity or upon a mouldering heap of ruin and decay? Ask yourselves that question and there can only be one answer, Forward, forward, let us range—— Look here, what 's this? What 's all this? More poetry, isn't it?"

"Never mind, man; go on."

"Forward, forward let us range;
Let the whip whirl on for ever round the ringing grooves of change."

There was another wild tumult of applause, and no wonder. In the midst of it could be heard the loud booming of the Ashanti tone-drums mingled with the sound of the Burmese *kyi-waing*.

"What, you will ask, is my programme for Wembley?" asked the Illustrator, now thoroughly warmed. "It can be put very shortly. The main items are these: I stand for a subsidised Amusement Park. I stand for free railway fares. I stand for the nationalisation of the Wembley coal-mine. But, gentlemen, I stand for something over and above and far more important than any or all of these things. I stand, in a word—I will put it quite simply and shortly—I stand for more cocktail bars. And when I say more cocktail bars I do not mean one or two cocktail bars scattered about here and there and difficult to discover, but I say, and I repeat, with a full sense of the gravity of my words and in the full assurance that you, free electors of the Imperial Borough of Wembley, will give due attention to the solemnity of what I say—I say—I say——"

"You say you want more cocktail bars," I said.

"I say that when we consider the fatigue engendered by continuous tramping around and through the vast pavilions of this immemorial and magnificent show, what we want, what we all want, what I standing on this railodok——"



"'Ha-ha!' I said."

Alas for orators! It was at this very moment that one of the South African ostriches, the near leader, I think, unhappily lifted a hind-leg to scratch one of its own constituents. The railodok gave a sudden jerk forward and the Illustrator ceased to stand upon it. He was flung violently into my arms, and for a moment I was almost stunned by the concussion.

* * * *

To my intense astonishment I found that we were walking unaccompanied in the gathering mist along the Imperial Way. The insubstantial pageant had faded. Leaves were drifting down. The Illustrator's cigar had gone out . . . Evoe.

Authoritative.

"As one finds that true temperance increases, it will also be found that offences through drink will decrease.—Mr. Justice Lush."—*Provincial Paper.*

From the account of a wedding:—

"Both are extremely well-known and popular in the city, the bride's father being the Official Receiver of —— Bankruptcy Court, and the bridegroom the principal of a firm of coal merchants."—*Provincial Paper.*

Notoriously popular classes.

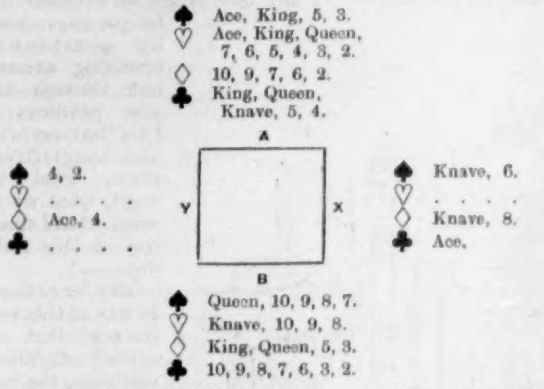
BRIDGE NOTES.

AN UNUSUAL HAND.

By "PORTLAND" (*author of "Bridge for Bridget," "Brighter Bridge," etc.*)

A READER brings to my notice a very interesting game, played last week at a London club, and, as it is rather unusual compared with those I am in the habit of dissecting weekly, I make no apology for quoting his letter somewhat fully.

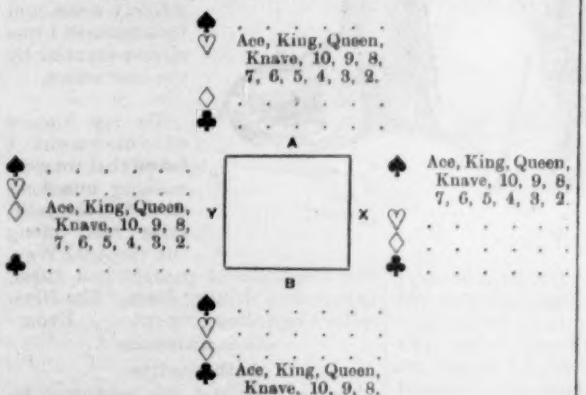
"The cards were dealt by A as follows:—



On counting his cards Y demanded a re-deal, and, after some consideration, this was granted."

(To deal with the letter as we go along, I should say that on this point Y was undoubtedly within his rights in demanding a re-deal, and would, I am sure, have obtained the support of most good judges of the game.)

"A therefore dealt again, this time more slowly, and, though he turned up his opponents' cards on the 2nd, 5th, 8th, 9th and 11th rounds, no objection was made" (his opponents were wrong here; they should have insisted on a re-deal in each case), "and the hands resulted as follows:—



"A called 'one Heart'" (he might perhaps have risked two); "X, 'one Spade;' B, '2 Clubs;' Y, '2 Diamonds;' A, '2 Hearts;' X, '2 Spades'" (the calling might, I think, have been more enterprising), "and so on until A called '7 Hearts,' and X, '7 Spades.' There was no further bidding." (This was quite correct; no further calling was desirable.) "The question I should like to ask is, How should X play his hand?"

At the outset let me say that this is an unusual position. Only once have I seen such hands dealt, and that was at MASKELYNE AND COOK'S, in the Old Egyptian Hall.

X may be considered to hold a very fair hand, which, with careful play, should make a nice showing both above and below the line.

It is fairly safe to assume that B will lead either a large or a small club, and that Y will follow with a small diamond, and A with a small heart. X should then play *his smallest trump.*

The lead is now with him, and he will do well at this stage to make a plan of campaign. I should unhesitatingly advise leading the ace. This will presumably be untouched. He should then follow with the King, Queen and Knave, and by this time he may be fairly satisfied that trumps have become exhausted in his opponents' hands. At this point in the contest he may, if he wishes, say, "Gentlemen (or Ladies and Gentlemen as the case may be), I hold the 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 of trumps. Do you desire to play out the hand?" But if he will act on the advice of an old player, who has seen even the best-looking hands go astray, he will play each card separately, the largest first, and not relax his attention until the last trick is successfully made.

Altogether a very interesting hand.

Answer to Correspondent.

BEGINNER (Balham).—I am glad you find the notes helpful. I regret that I am unable to advise any really good manual on "Snap."

Another powerful article by "PORTLAND" will appear next Wednesday. [Not in this paper.—ED.]

PRESENCE OF MIND.

[A French Professor announces that the best estimate of character can be made from the feet, and advises the lover to study those of his lady before proposing.]

I HAD no doubt that I was wise in speaking;
She was the perfect mate for whom I look,
An ideal partner for a poet seeking
For inspiration and a good plain cook;
My pulse was calm, my nerves were not in pieces,
In fact, I 've never felt so much at ease
As when, oblivious of my centre creases,
I dropped upon my knees.

But then there came a sudden recollection
Of what the doctor bids all lovers do;
Her foot, subjected to such close inspection,
Induced a quick amendment of my view;
Despite the covering shoe (which often bars us
From reading what its contents might reveal)
I saw bad temper in her metatarsus
And harshness in her heel.

With such a one I should forsake for ever
The calm existence that my songs require,
Nor keep alive, despite my best endeavour,
One flickering remnant of celestial fire;
And so, though seldom given to deceiving,
My fond exordium at once I stopped
And went through all the motions of retrieving
A coin I hadn't dropped.

"CITY SHERIFFS ADMITTED TO OFFICE.
GUILDHALL CEREMONY.

The Hustlings, as for the last 800 years, were strewn with sweet herbs, this practice dating from the time of the Great Plague of London."—*Sunday Paper.*

How time does go when you're hustling! Is it really eight centuries since 1666?



Motorist (wishing to have an eye kept on his car while he is away). "WILL YOU BE ABOUT HERE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR?"
Professional Loafer. "ABAHT 'ERE? I SHOULD SAY SO. I BIN ABAHT 'ERE FER THIRTY YEAR. ANOTHER 'ARF HOUR WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE."

THE COAL-EATER.

THE babel of excitement swells to an inarticulate roar, which rises to a climax as the horses thunder past, then dies away in a long-drawn sigh as the jockeys pass the post and all doubt resolves itself into certainty. A complacent minority push their way hurriedly to the bookmakers; others, less quick of movement, throw aside their useless tickets and, ducking beneath the rails, drift aimlessly on to the course.

Some way down the track a dense group has gathered round some central object of interest. Reflecting that an investigation of this may prove less unprofitable than any further study of the bookmakers' boards, I join the outskirts of the group, where I find the focus of attention to be a squarely-built man in a blue jersey, who stands in a clearing in the middle. At his feet lies an inverted bowler hat, flanked by a hammer and some lumps of coal, but for the moment I can find no clue to the mystery presented by these latter objects, the man in the jersey being solely occupied in surveying the spectators with an expression of the profoundest gloom.

"Ninepence!" he ejaculates. "Reely, ladies an' gentlemen, you can't 'ardly expect me to give my performance for that. If my performance wasn't worth more than ninepence it wouldn't be worthy of *you* an' it wouldn't be worthy of *me*."

There is a short silence while he stares bitterly into the hat.

"Come now," he appeals, "I'm waiting to see two shillings in that 'at. I've told you what my performance consists of an' I leave you to judge if it 'd



Stranger (to little man during long wait in theatre-queue). "HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PIECE BEFORE?"
Little Man. "PIECE? WHAT PIECE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS WHERE YOU GET THE 13 BUS."

be right for me to give a performance of that class for less than two shillings. I say it *wouldn't* be right."

He breaks off to pick up a penny which someone has thrown from the outskirts and to place it in the hat.

"My performance," he resumes impressively, "consists of eating lumps of coal and other 'ard objects, after masticating thoroughly with the jaws. If I was to give a performance like that for under two shillings it wouldn't *pay* me."

At this point a man beside me suddenly throws two pennies towards the hat with great enthusiasm, whereupon I awake to my own obligations and hastily follow his example. The man in the jersey regards us with slightly rising spirits.

"What I put in my mouth," he announces with a touch of pride, "I masticate in a way that can be 'eard by the 'ole of my audience. Now then, ladies and gentlemen, I 'm only waiting for what 's in the 'at to be made up to two shillings—— What 's that?"

He has broken off to stare with great resentment at a man near the front wearing a jockey-cap of coloured paper, who would seem to have made some remark.

"Got enough, 'ave I?" he demands. "That 's what *you* think, is it?"

"No offence, ole boy," observes the man in the paper-cap pacifically.

"You think one-an'-sixpence is enough, do you?" urges the incensed performer. "P'raps you think I do my work for *pleasure*?"

"Certainly not," concedes Paper-Cap. "No pleasure to anybody, eatin' coal. Quite the cont'ry."

"Got enough, indeed!" snorts the performer. "'Ow much did *you* put in the 'at I should like to know?"

"Penny," states Paper-Cap modestly.

"Not you!" exclaims the other. "You never put in nothing."

"You 're a liar!" breaks out Paper-Cap with sudden heat. "I tell you I put in a penny!"

"I know you didn't," retorts the other. "I 'appen to 'ave bin watching you."

"Ho!" ejaculates Paper-Cap indignantly. "That 's yer view, is it? Then if you say I never put nothin' *in*, you can bloomin' well give me my penny *back*!"

Apparently the logic of this does not appeal to the performer, who merely turns away in disgust and resumes his incitements to the audience to increase the sum in the hat to two shillings. The man in the paper-cap regards him with intense bitterness.

"Two shillings!" he echoes. "Yes, an' when 'e 's got two 'e 'll ask for *three*."

"What d' you want to interfere with the man for?" puts in a person in a black Homburg beside him. "Man 's got a right to earn 'is living, ain't 'e?"

"Well, wot 's 'e want to call me a liar for?" retorts Paper Cap.

"You started it," rejoins his neighbour, "saying one-an'-sixpence was enough for 'is work."

"So it is enough," maintains Paper-Cap. "More than enough, in my view, for eatin' coal. Eatin' coal can't be expected to command 'igh wages."

"Would *you* do 'is job for it?" demands Homburg. "Would *you* stand

up in the ring there an' masticate coal for one-an'-sixpence?"

"Cert'nly not," replies Paper-Cap firmly. "Masticatin' coal not my line of *work*."

"Would you do yer *own* work for one-an'-sixpence?" urges the other.

"My work 's diff'rent," replies Paper-Cap with dignity. "My work 's a *necessity*. I don't chew coal for *my* livin'—I 'm a plasterer."

"Luxury trades earn as 'igh wages as necessity trades," observes Homburg profoundly.

"Not my ideer of a luxury trade goin' about chewin' lumps o' coal," rejoins Paper-Cap. "Not much luxury in *that*. Why, the man 's nothin' more than a parasite."

Meanwhile the man in the jersey has at last succeeded in collecting the requisite sum. Without paying any attention to his detractor (though I think I notice a gleam of hardly suppressed exasperation in his eye) he once more addresses the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "I will now proceed to give my performance. What I claim to do is to masticate *and* swaller lumps of coal, an' I may say that I 'm the only man in England that does this to the full satisfaction of my audience." And without further delay he whips up a large piece of coal from the ground and, taking a savage bite at it, marches impressively round the circle with much ostentatious scrunching of the jaws and occasional pauses for further fierce bites at the fragment in his hand.

A general murmur of approbation rises from the group, broken only by the dissentient voice of the man in the paper-cap.

"Well, I don't think much o' that!" he announces loudly. "Two shillings for that? Why, it ain't worth it."

"You 'old yer noise," breaks out a woman from the front row indignantly. "Everybody else is *enjoyin'* the performance."

"Why, there ain't nothin' to enjoy *in* it," declares Paper-Cap. "Anybody could do wot 'e 's doin' if they chose to give their *mind* to it."

"I know they couldn't," retorts the woman. "I say the man 's very *clever*. Why, they couldn't do better at a West-End theatre."

"West-End theatre?" echoes the other scornfully. "They don't walk about chewin' coal at West-End theatres—they 've got too much *self-respect*."

Suddenly the performer ejects a shower of coal from his mouth and pushes his way fiercely to his critic.

"Let 's see *you* eat some!" he challenges.

"*Me*?" falters Paper-Cap, squinting uncomfortably at a large lump of coal that the other has thrust beneath his nose. "*I* ain't goin' to eat no coal—I ain't in the *'abit* of it."

"You say anybody can do it," urges the performer with the same ferocity. "Let 's see *you* eat some."

At this interesting point a bell rings somewhere in the region of the grand-stand. The coal-eater, after glaring for a moment or two at his discomfited adversary, returns to the centre and begins to struggle into his jacket, whereupon his audience turn away reluctantly and disperse towards the rails. With an unfavourable glance after his challenger the man in the paper-cap moves off, then, pausing in the middle of the course to relight his pipe, addresses a mounted policeman who has reined in his horse beside him.

"*I* ain't goin' to eat no coal," he announces with decision.

"Not going to what?" demands the policeman impassively.

"Eat no coal," explains Paper Cap. "Why shud *I* eat coal?"

"Wouldn't recommend it myself," replies the policeman without any trace of surprise. "S'pose you get off the course."

"I ain't in the 'abit of eatin' lumps of coal in public 'fore a lot o' strangers," states Paper-Cap with dignity. "That 's not the way I *conduct* myself;" and, hastening to elude the policeman's horse, which is being backed into him, he drifts off and is lost in the crowd behind the rails.



Police Officer. "YOU 'LL GET FOURTEEN DAYS FOR THIS."
Old Offender. "FOURTEEN DAYS! AND THE ELECTION NEXT WEEK. WELL, IT 'S THEIR LOSS, NOT MINE, IF I CAN'T RECORD MY VOTE FER THE PARTY OF LAW AN' ORDER?"

RUSSIA.

IF any of the Parties would care for a speech from me I am ready. I have one speech, but a good one. It is about Russia. It reveals for the first time the whole truth about Russia:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, this Election, the most critical it may be in the whole history of our land—more critical, I say, than any of the three last Elections, each of which, you may remember, was more critical than any which preceded it, and which—— However. This Election, as I say, is about Russia. And I am here, Ladies and Gentlemen, to tell you the truth about Russia.

Russia, Ladies and Gentlemen, is not a country. It is a disease. A madness—a kind of bug in the blood. There is no man or woman, Ladies and Gentlemen, be they ne'er so British, balanced and cold, who can think about anything that is Russian for ten minutes consecutively without going mad. There is not one Russia. There are twenty-nine Russias. And they have this one thing in common, this and no other, the simple capacity for making people mad.

There is, first, that Russia which was discovered some fifteen years ago, a dark-eyed land of Russian dancers, dramatists, dreamers, mystics, fanatics, Russian dancers, singers, seers, priests, poets, charming Cossack dancers, artistic melanchomaniacs, Russian dancers, suicides and souls.

This particular plague attacked the nobility and well-to-do. With one accord the entire aristocracy went mad. Not to have a Russian soul was a form of boorishness. Not to be in love with a Russian dancer was social death. And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the real Russia.

But there is another Russia. There is a vast amorphous place, coloured yellow on the map, bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the south by the Black and Caspian Seas, and entirely covered with snow and ice. In the middle of this snow there are huddled together a few defenceless peasants, miserably cultivating a few poor grains of corn in a window-box, entirely futile and surrounded by wolves. A bestial race, they have neither culture nor education; they boil the *samovar* and, filling it with *vodka*, go out-of-doors and lie down in the midden, where they mutter broken sentences about their souls in a barbarous tongue. For they are a simple people and little better than animals. And presently up come the Cossacks or the minions of the TSAR. They are little better than wild beasts. And if the peasants are not quick enough to hide in the hay-loft the Cossacks trample them to death in the midden, beat them with *knouts*, or send them to Siberia, where they spend the rest of their days breaking ice with their fingers and writing three-volume novels. And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the real Russia.



New Boarder. "THE LOCK OF THIS DOOR IS OUT OF ORDER."
Servant. "YES, 'M. YE 'LL 'AVE TO DO THE SAME AS THE OTHERS—SING IN YER BATH."

Then there is a Happy Russia, where the snow is far less deep and the wolves entirely literary. The peasants contentedly grow corn and jingle through the woods on sledges drawn by dogs, singing songs about Katya. Everybody sings on every possible occasion; everybody goes to church four or five times a day; everybody wears fur gloves, not because it is cold, but because it looks well; and the whole thing is presided over by the Little White Father of the Russias. And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the real Russia.

Then there is Red Russia, where saintly visionaries preside in the place of the Little White Father (who was murdered, by the way, by visionaries in a cellar), and are in every way more satisfactory rulers than the Little White Father. The snow has been swept away, and there are no rich men, with the exception of a few poor visionaries in Government Departments who have feathered their nests through sheer simplicity and ignorance of the world. The happy peasants have as much land to cultivate as they wish, and happily grow corn. It is true that there is generally a famine; but this is not the fault of the visionaries or the peasants, but of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who *will* say horrid things about KARL MARX. The visionaries have killed the wolves, and nobody is executed except for rudeness to the Government. The children run the schools and receive a first-class education. Religion is not allowed, but the Government is extraordinarily good. The citizens are contented and free; the only things they may not do are to make a speech or write an article or contradict the proletariat. The country is so prosperous that the Government spends most of its time persuading other countries to take its methods and give it their money. And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the real Russia.

And of all the twenty-nine real Russias, Ladies and Gentlemen, this particular Russia makes people maddest. As you know, the issue at this Election, this critical Election, is simple enough. On the one hand we have Lord Ramble's striking phrase:—

"THE RUSSIANS ARE DIRTY DOGS."

On the other hand we have the equally vigorous pronouncement of good old Tom Burble of the Manchester Gasfitters, in his speech at Croydon:—

"THE RUSSIANS ARE *NOT* DIRTY DOGS."

That, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the issue. And all I have to say to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, is: "*What in the name of fudge has it to do with you and me?* Can it be possible that you and I, poor men, busy men, and harassed already in the struggle for existence, are being harried once again with pamphlets and manifestos, with speeches and meetings, with challenges, retorts, registers and poll-cards, simply in order to extract from our befuddled brains a simple answer to the question: "Are the Russians, or are they not, dirty dogs?"

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is possible. It is the case. For, let them disguise



Young Wife (who is learning to drive). "I ALWAYS TELL JOHN THAT HE IS SO LUCKY TO HAVE SOMEONE WHO WILL TAKE A SPELL AT THE WHEEL WHILE HE CAN LOLL BACK AND ENJOY HIS PIPE."

it how they will, that is the question our governors have put to us.

For my part, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have never before been able to give a simple answer to any Russian question. To this day I do not know for certain whether train-loads of Russians did or did not flash through our country in August, 1914; whether the Russian soul is more bestial or mystical; and whether LENIN was a German or a pure Polish Jew. But on this occasion I shall answer, and you, I think, will answer, with no uncertain voice at the polling-booths on Black Wednesday—"*Some of the Russians are undoubtedly dirty dogs. Others, on the other hand, are not.*"

And when, with that message, our governors go back to Westminster, no doubt they will know what to do. But what I ask, plaintively and humbly, is, "Was it *really* necessary to dissolve Parliament for this particular inquiry?"

All the Parties are busily complaining that they did not want an Election. Indeed, anyone would suppose that it had been forced upon the politicians by the unreasonable electors. Ladies and Gentlemen, do not believe them. There were one—two—three things, if not more, which might have been done by way, at least, of an attempt to prevent this Election. Not one of them was done. *Not one politician lifted a finger to prevent it.*

But there—it is the Russia-bug. What can you expect? They have all got Russia badly. In the spring they refused to put a tax on tinned fruit to please the Empire; for this would mean dear food. And now we are asked to give thirty million pounds to Russia to please Mr. LANSBURY; this will mean cheap food. What is it all about? Am I mad? Are they mad? We are constantly told to keep the Empire out of politics. Will no one keep Russia out of politics? Will no one *bury* Russia?

A. P. H.

P.S.—I have just read the three manifestos. So far as I can see there is only one reform which is not promised by one or other of them, and that is the conversion of our surplus women into men.

"Lost, Waterman Pen, in a Swan pocket."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

The cuckoo!

"He visited Winnipeg in 1912 with Lord Beaverbrook, then Sir F. E. Smith."
Canadian Paper.

An apology is obviously due, but to whom?

FIJI JUBILEE.

WHILE it 's jubilee in Fiji
We 've elections over here;
Wish I had a flying gee-gee,
Then I 'd go and be a p.g.
Somewhere in those islands, *e.g.*
Suva, where, *silente lege*,
Missionaries used to be ge-
latinised beneath a squeegee
And served up by the local LUIGI.

Taken when VICTORIA (D.G.)
Ruled us; prospering *sub rege*
Georgio, at present Fiji
Has a conduct-sheet that 's v.g.
Such as gratifies a C.-G.
Clearly that 's the place for me. Gee,
How I wish I were in Fiji!
We 've elections over here.

True Tolerance.

"Councillor ——: Every man is entitled to Christian burial, let him be a Mahommedan, a Buddhist, or anything else."—*Irish Paper.*

"Meanwhile the Labour Party rank and file are leaving no stones unturned. They are preparing a huge onslaught on the constituencies, especially in Lancashire."
Manchester Paper.

We ourselves prefer the local tradition of the half-brick.



Son of Conservative Candidate. "We want you to let us speak on the platform with you, Daddy. The Bolshy kids do, and youth must speak to youth, you know."

CRUELTY TO PLANTS.

Did you know that a carrot could contract neuralgia, or that you may one day have to go out and tie a wet towel round the fevered brow of the aspidistra after a late night? Professor F. C. Bose says definitely that plants have nerves, and that it is possible to be cruel to them.

The other evening I fancied that I was in an assize-court. On the Bench sat an irascible old over-ripe tomato, wearing a green wig and scarlet gown. He glared malevolently at me and said, "Now, Sir, you have pleaded not guilty to persistent and wanton ill-treatment of several helpless specimens of the flora of this country. Call the first witness."

I had an opportunity here to notice that counsel for the prosecution was a spiky little green gooseberry, who would have disagreed with anybody, while I was defended by a pale and studious stick of celery. Apparently there was no objection to ladies on the jury, for it included half-a-dozen of the sweetest little peaches that were ever packed together in one box.

The first witness was a lettuce, who deposed that while I was making a salad to which he had been invited I unmercifully "teased" him. He was followed by a tall and willowy daffodil, who said she was a poetess. Her complaint was that I had deliberately and with malice aforethought placed her in a mauve vase. "Consider, your Lordship," she said, "what an affront this was to anybody with nice tastes. And to add to it the brute actually sat in the room wearing a salmon-pink waistcoat his wife had knitted him as a present for Christmas." (Sensation in court, during which the next witness, a full-blown tea-rose, stepped magnificently into the box.)

"I am an actress by profession," she said, "and my agent says——"

"I'm afraid," said the Judge, beaming at her, "that what your agent says isn't evidence, although I can quite believe it."

She continued: "This human in the dock rents the house which serves as a background to me, and it is part of his duty to come out and smoke to me every night to keep the flies off. Instead of using the finest latakia for the purpose, he smokes a vile mixture, and the smell hangs about me for weeks. I never get a chance to throw off a decent perfume."

She was followed by a very pale and sickly vegetable-marrow, who alleged that, in order to further my own nefarious schemes of aggrandisement, I had forcibly fed him in order to increase his size, so that he would take a prize at a show.

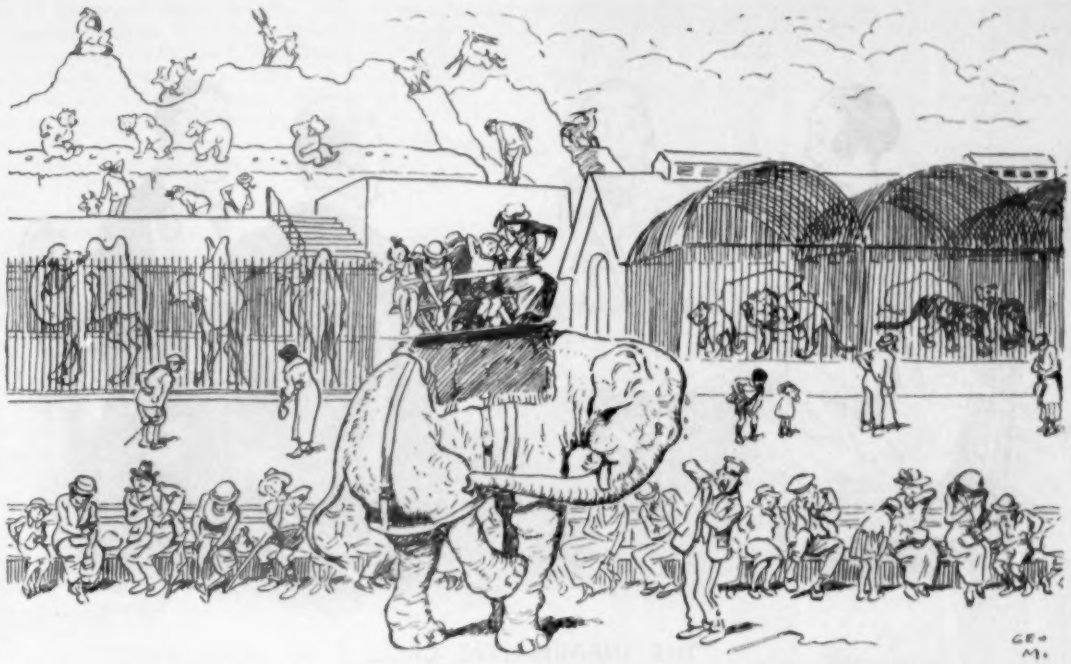
I had begun to feel very sorry for myself, but I was prepared for nearly anything now. I never murmured when my pet apple-tree complained of his wounded feelings because he was an aristocratic Allington Pippin and I had ignorantly labelled him as a common Worcester Pearmain. But when a modest, shrinking little flapper-violet came shyly into the box I was astounded. I adore violets.

"Well, my child," said the Judge, adopting a fatherly attitude, "speak up and tell us what you have to say."

"Only this, my Lord," said the violet; "he is in love with another human, and he constantly tells her, among other untruths, that her eyes are like violets. In point of fact her eyes are cold and



AS THE PREMIER SEES HIMSELF.



RESULT OF A BROKEN WINDOW-PANE IN THE INSECT HOUSE.

hard and shiny and made from some horn-like substance. They have no perfume like mine, and there 's a fringe of hair all round them. I don't think it 's fair to me. Do you?"

"No," said the Judge. "I 'm going to sentence him to——"

"But, your Lordship," said my counsel, "I have a witness to call—the dandelion. He will tell you that my client is not bad all through—merely forgetful. This dandelion has lived in undisputed possession of the defendant's lawn all the season, and has never been molested yet."

"I don't care," said the Judge. "Somebody wake the jury up and tell them to find him guilty. Then we 'll sentence him to——"

I must have woken up then. Anyhow next time I practised on the piano I put the aspidistra out in the hall.

"Prof. D——, by his expletive talks on Rome given in the evenings at hotels, &c., has set up a good example which should be followed by all those who care to give some mental pleasure to visitors in general."

From a Prospectus of Lectures.

He has disciples.

"Wanted Sell, urgently, 5-roofed Bungalow, nice locality, near town; will consider £100 down."—*New Zealand Paper.*

But with five roofs to maintain would not the "overhead charges" make a rather heavy addition?

HORSE-SENSE.

If anyone would like to know
The character of So-and-so
Of our battalion, let him wander
About the horse-lines over yonder.

This is the Colonel's, sweating slightly;
You mustn't twist his tail too tightly.
His eye is wild, his manners blunt,
He longs for everyone to hunt;
He bites whenever you dismount;
For what he 'll do you can't account.

Here 's an enthusiastic horse—
The Second-in-Command's, of course;
Follows the Colonel's everywhere;
His tail is rather short of hair,
Like master's head. It is his pride
To teach young officers to ride.
His eye is blue and very wise;
He 's active for his age and size.

This one belongs to Major Tate,
Commanding "A." He carries weight.
His legs slope outward from the knee,
He 's full of solid dignity.
He doesn't jump—he pushes through,
But gets to where he 's going to;
The call to meals he 'll always heed
And softly slobbers in his feed.

This is the Quartermaster's nag—
His surcingle will never sag.
Once (in a cart) he drew the stores
As now his master. Though he roars,
He 'll work for you with all his might,
If only you will treat him right.
He views the daily corn supply
With Quartermagisterial eye,
And with his tail, when in the stalls,
He "slaps it up and down the walls."

The Doctor's horse is purest white—
So clean and quickly found at night.
His tail is long, to swat that fly,
As doctors must—else soldiers die.
He spends his time when out of doors
In licking other horses' sores.

Lastly the Adjutant's—a mare
Who 's regularly on the square.
She never bucks, she never jibs,
Whoever digs her in the ribs.
She treads on no one's toes, in fact
Her whole deportment reeks of tact.
When on parade, if others play,
She calls "Attention" with a neigh,
Resuming at a whispered "Whoa"
Her own unruffled *status quo.*

From a registry-office advertisement:

"Ladies suited promptly; good positions for all asses of maids."—*Daily Paper.*

We fear this is only too true.

"For Sale, new brick and slated Bungalow containing 2 bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, indoor sanitation, sceptic drainage."

Church Paper.

Thanks, but we always like our drainage to be strictly orthodox.



THE INFORMATIVE CALL.

Bridge Player. "ANY CONVENTIONS, PARTNER?"
Young Lady. "YES. IF I SAY 'NOPE,' INSTEAD OF 'NO BID,' IT MEANS MY HAND'S ABSOLUTELY ROTTEN."

THE PARCEL.

AT last I was notified that the long-awaited parcel was at Biarritz station, to which of course I was instructed to repair in person.

I went there without delay—but not without delay a slightly pained official pointed out a faint rubber-stamped amendment on the form to the effect that my parcel was at Bayonne station.

A little grieved I took the tram to Bayonne. It was a hot and dusty day. It was not a pleasing tram. However, I reached the station at Bayonne, to find official attitude a shade more cheery because they were able to dismiss me almost at once. I must fill up a form (purport of the vaguest), pay three francs, and go to the municipal *douane* which was "*loin d'ici.*" Truly it was. I toiled thither by devious and dusty routes, finishing up by passing through the horse-lines of the entire French cavalry, which still seems far from demobilization. I inquired often; needless to say the *douane* I sought was invariably "*là-bas.*"

Eventually I saw a large shed marked "*Octroi,*" and hastened happily towards it. Here I interviewed a worried but sympathetic lady who gave me a form to fill up, debited me fifty centimes and directed me through a maze of passages, at the end of which, "*au fond,*" I found the real office, in which the parcel presumably lay. Here were two particularly resplendent gendarmes and a "gentleman." The gendarmes appeared to dislike the "gentleman," and the "gentleman" was palpably bored with the gendarmes. The uniformed ones dealt with me first.

"But yes, there was a parcel for Madame. The parcel found itself here. But so great were the difficulties attending the formalities that the 'gentleman' had rendered himself present at grave personal inconvenience solely for the purpose of guiding Madame. But first of all what did the parcel, if there should be a parcel, contain? Shoes? But why did not Madame bring the shoes in her baggage? How could a lady introduce herself to France without shoes?"

I pointed out that I had entered their beautiful country in March; it was now September, and I had foolishly neglected to bring enough shoes of this particular kind. They were hurt and a little dubious, but at last they conceded that I had some faint right to have shoes sent to me. So they produced forms to be filled up in duplicate, in which, by divination or clairvoyance, I was to state the precise appearance, shape, size, condition and colour of the shoes, with further reference to the ancestry of the animal from whose skin the leather was obtained. Assisted by the "gentleman" I did my poor best. The forms seemed adequate and the parcel was produced. But at a glance I saw that it could never contain shoes. My feet are reasonably small, but not so small as that. With a growing horror I realised that an appeal to England for some anti-mosquito stuff had been answered far more promptly than I had expected. Retreat seemed impossible; there was no use in blenching. I faced France.

"That parcel does not contain shoes," I said.

Horror and consternation shook the gendarmes. About the "gentleman" there was an air of faintly malicious satisfaction. But the resplendent ones could not grapple alone with the newly-created situation and called the "gentleman" into consultation. A long debate ensued, and then they took a momentous decision. They asked me what the parcel did contain. Briefly I replied "Medicine." That was a deadly stroke. It seemed it would have been far better if I had said dynamite or anti-French propaganda. The uniformed officials delegated to the civilian the task of explaining the situation to me.

Assuming that the parcel did contain medicine, assuming that I received it

and opened it, I might have to pay a duty of twenty to thirty francs; but again, after analysis, it might be found to contain drugs forbidden to introduce themselves to France. In such case the parcel would be sent back. Was Madame prepared to open the parcel on such terms? If so here was a form on which she might authorise herself to do so.

But by now I was hot, bothered and desperate beyond words. I wanted the medicine, but I did not want to pay thirty francs for two-pennyworth of remedy. I asked if I could go away and have some tea while I thought the matter over. But certainly I could. I would please hasten myself because affairs pressed the "gentleman."

I went away. I had some very pale tea—"tea-milk, English"—and I returned. I asked what would happen if I refused the parcel altogether, though mosquitoes should batten on my defenceless body. They all brightened up and said that that caused itself no difficulty. The parcel would be returned forthwith to the sender and all the preliminary payments I had made would be refunded.

"I refuse the parcel," I said.

We all shook hands, the "gentleman" destroyed the last few forms I had made out so laboriously, we shook hands again, and I then retraced my steps through all the offices. I did not call for my fifty centimes. I went back to Biarritz and sadly entered my hotel. In my room was the parcel of shoes. It had come by letter-post, without delay or comment.

From a haberdasher's advertisement:

"Clerical Silk Socks.

In black corded silk, of very good quality, with stiff band to slip up under collar."

Provincial Paper.

Suitable for nervous preachers who when they get up into the pulpit feel like sinking into their boots.

From a speech at the Labour Party Conference:—

"Communists should work out their own salvation, but let them not ask to come into the Labour movement, because the Labour party could only limit their activities and put a milestone round their necks."—*Scots Paper.*

With "To Moscow, 1,000 Miles," engraved on it?

From an account of the Rockefeller Foundation:—

"During 1923 the International Health Board . . . continued or began anti-bookworm work in conjunction with twenty Governments in various parts of the world."—*Daily Paper.*

An endeavour, we suppose, to undo the fell work of the Carnegie Libraries.



AIDS TO GENTILITY.

"The silver clip attaches the serviette to the top waistcoat button, Madam, and makes a very useful present. It 's a thing that no gentleman should be without."

SONGS WITHOUT SHAME.

IV.—The Dreamer.

Gone is the vision splendid
And vanished into air;
The days of dreams are ended,
The glorious days that were.

We dance to newer measures,
We list to livelier themes,
But who shall bring the treasures
Of old delirious dreams?

The acorn husks are scattered
Beneath the oaken bough,
The chestnut rind is shattered,
And none shall heed it now.

The last late rose of summer
Has drooped its crimson head,
The woodland choirs are dumber,
And dreams, ay, dreams, are dead—
Dreams wondrously created,
Dreams out of memory's store,
Untimely dissipated,
The dreams that are no more.

The world, serene, unhurried,
Spins on through pathless void;
No one but me seems worried
About this slump in Freud.

Evoe.

"The 'All Blacks' beat Cheshire at Birkenhead Park on Saturday. For the greater part of the game the home forwards were as good as, if not a shade superior to, the visitors, but in a period of inspired play after the interval the South Africans made victory secure."

Liverpool Paper.

Their coming to the rescue of the New Zealanders furnished a striking example of Imperial solidarity; but what will the Rugby Union say?

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON VII.—THE NATURE STORY.

THE nature story, we must admit at once, is not altogether an easy one to write. As far as essentials go, the task is not hard, a copy of some natural history work being all that is required. But there is a difficulty which strikes at the very roots of nature story writing. I refer to the question of animals.

A nature story deals with the life-history of an animal; it is in fact a brief biography of the animal under review, hung upon the framework of a stereotyped plot. Note that, please. All nature story plots are exactly the same. It is only the animal that varies.

And that is the difficulty. *Nearly all the available animals have already been used up.*

The only solution is boldness. Dismiss at once all ideas about tigers, stags, bears, gulls, salmon and such ordinary creatures; they are all *vieux jeu*. Your only hope is to strike out on entirely fresh lines. Search carefully through your natural history book until you come across an animal about which you may be quite certain that nobody has written before; then go straight ahead.

Having got as far as the B's, I think we may safely stop at "bandicoot." Very well; we want to write a story about a bandicoot.



Little Girl (as express dashes through station). "THEY DIDN'T NOTICE US, NURSE."

The next thing to do is to see what our learned work has to say about bandicoots. Skipping lightly over some pithy remarks regarding Diprotodonts, we arrive at the following:—

"The bandicoot is a small fur-covered animal of fossorial habits, living on insects and worms and a mixed vegetable diet. It is readily recognised by the structure of its hind feet and its long and sharply-pointed nose. Bandicoots are chiefly nocturnal, and pass the day in holes, hollows or logs; some of the species also construct nests."

With these data we can plunge into our story.

Now the form of this is very strictly defined. We trace our bandicoot hero from birth to adolescence, and thence to the leadership of the tribe. The end of each of these two periods is marked by a fight. In the second, which is a Fight Homeric, the hero must vanquish an animal of another species several times larger than himself.

But before we begin our story we must find a name for our hero. This always embodies some reference to his appearance. A salmon, for instance, is called Silverscales; a wolf, Padfoot. We will call our bandicoot Parker, because of his nose.

A nature note is the correct opening:—

Sand, sand, sand! Everywhere burnished yellow sand, gleaming, burning, dazzling. In fact, sand.

By the way, one of the most useful things about choosing an animal like a bandicoot is that so few people know if your local colour is right or not. This saves a great deal of trouble. I, for instance, always had a vague idea, until I began this story, that a bandicoot was some kind of bird.

Well, we introduce Parker in the parental nest with his mother, Brownie, and his father, Nosey, and a pleasant domestic atmosphere is created by way of contrast with the grim happenings which are to follow. We also use this part of the story for sketching out Parker's character.

And this is another point which must be remembered. All our bandicoot *dramatis personæ* — hero bandicoot, heroine bandicoot, vamp bandicoot and the rest—should each have as distinctive a character as if they were not bandicoots at all, but human beings. They must even talk, curiously enough, like human beings. For this is the real essence of the nature story; the interest of all your characters is entirely human. They are simply persons masquerading as bandicoots. This simplifies things very considerably.

Well, we follow Parker through various juvenile adventures and see him gradually developing his fossorial habits and learning to mix his vegetable diet properly, until at last adolescence sets in. So now for the Fight Preliminary, which is usually concerned with food.

Rooting about in a hollow one day, Parker surprises a bush-worm yodelling to its mate. The mate flees, but the bush-worm turns and bays savagely.

Parker's first instinct was to flee too. The fact that the bush-worm had turned seemed significant even to his inexperience. Generations of bush-worm-hunting ancestors were warning him that a turned bush-worm is better left alone.

Yet the pangs of hunger were paramount and would not be gainsaid. Gnashing his hind feet characteristically, as do all true bandicoots when about to attack, Parker rushed into the fray.

Like lightning the bush-worm shot out one of its venomous claws, laying open Parker's flank from ear to tail; but the impetus of the latter's charge carried him forward, and his sharp nose sank deep into the bush-worm's unprotected midriff.

"Foul!" gasped the bush-worm, exhaling a cloud of poison gas—the deadly weapon of the bush-worm at bay.

But now all Parker's ancestors were fighting his battle for him. Instinctively he rolled on his back and, using his hind feet as a fan, wafted the gas away. Then, dashing in once more, he fastened his teeth in the bush-worm's hairy snout and, ruthlessly, savagely, in the primeval way of the wild, smacked it to death and devoured it with relish.

Henceforth the bush-worm menace held no terrors for Parker.

The next thing he does is to fall in love.

Tootsie her name was, and she had the daintiest little hind feet of anyone in the tribe. Parker came upon her one morning at dawn, just as she was disappearing into her family log for the day. Gripping her by the tail, he dragged her out again and gruffly informed her of his intention to make her his mate. But appearances must be kept up, even by a bandicoot.

"Really, Mr. Parker!" she exclaimed, shrugging her tail provocatively. "But how do you know I want to marry *you*? Are your habits truly fossorial?"

"Miss Tootsie, my habits are more fossorial than those of any other bandicoot in the tribe," returned Parker proudly. "Also my nose is longer and sharper, and the structure of my hind feet more utterly characteristic."

"My bandicoot hero!" murmured Tootsie, biting him savagely in the neck—the bandicoot equivalent for a kiss.

In due course Parker is elected to the leadership of the tribe, and for a time all goes well. Then alarming reports arrive concerning the massacre of outlying bandicoots by some ferocious beast of tremendous size and strength. Panic seizes the whole community; but Parker gallantly sets out to tackle the monster single-handed.

So now we come to the Great Fight. This is, to all intents and purposes, the be-all and the end-all of the nature story now-a-days. (Mr. KIPLING did not know how to write nature stories, of course; with him the Great Fight is quite incidental. This is a pity.) The rules which govern it are adamant, the chief of them being that your hero must be at least seven times smaller than his opponent. In fact the greater the discrepancy between the two the better for the tale. The ideal nature story would show a blue-bottle slaying in deadly combat a whale. Here is our version of the Great Fight:—

Arrived at the scene of slaughter, even Parker shrank back for a moment appalled. In a clearing in the jungle stood a gigantic bull-elephant, a dead bandicoot impaled upon either tusk; in his trunk was another, which he was in the act of transferring to his mouth. Weighing at least a couple of tons, it seemed that he must prove more than a match for Parker's half-dozen pounds.

Yet to a bandicoot vengeance is a spur which allows no fear. With lips drawn back and fur a-bristle, Parker charged.

The fight rages furiously, with Parker always escaping destruction at the crucial moment and Flapears doing all the wrong things, till suddenly fortune changes and Flapears gets a grip with his trunk upon the elusive Parker and whirls him round in the air preparatory to dashing him upon the ground.

Yet even at this terrible moment Parker's iron nerve did not desert him. As the relentless trunk approached the top of its swing he suddenly closed his teeth in the flesh of it.

All happened as he had foreseen. With a scream of pain Flapears loosed his hold, and Parker shot up, up, like a rocket, until even the tremendous bulk of Flapears himself became only a little grey spot on the landscape.

But the spot was large enough. Carefully adjusting himself when at last the supreme point of his flight was reached, Parker tucked his paws away beneath him, pointed his nose for that vulnerable place just behind Flapears' left shoulder and dived.

Down, down he dropped, gathering momentum with every yard, till at last he sped, so true had been his aim, straight into the spot behind that great left shoulder. Through the tough hide his sharp nose pierced, and Parker followed his nose. Straight through the gigantic body it led him, till he came out unscathed the other side.

With a shudder throughout the whole length of his immense bulk, Flapears tottered and——

Well, if you can't write a nature story after this I 'm no use to you.



Bluejacket. "WOT CHER, OSWALD! DIDN'T YOU AN' ME 'OB-NOB IN 'ONG KONG?"
Horrified Chinese. "NO, NO! WILL YOU PLEASE TO MAKE ME GO? IT IS THE MISTAKE."
Bluejacket. "AH, THEN IT MUST 'AVE BIN SOMEBODY RATHER LIKE YOU."

THE BREAKING POINT.

HAVING received from an eccentric elderly friend, who was more or less confined to the house and therefore unable to act in the matter for herself, a rather curious commission, I had been walking about London with a new interest and watchfulness. A flower of the old school, where punctilio was still honoured, she found herself distressed by the free-and-easy behaviour and the general tendency towards self-gratification of our day, and it was with the idea not only of rewarding good manners, but possibly, in a very small way, of promoting them, that she had authorised me to go to as much as a tenner (her own words were "a ten-pound note") if I came upon any startling example of public courtesy. Naturally it would be among the poorer performers; I was not to proffer any such guerdon to a Duke or a Duchess, even were they eligible. Nor was I to concern myself with such common and mechanical manifestations of chivalry as the surrender of a seat in omnibuses or railway compartments. The deed must be remarkable and I was to be the sole judge.

I don't pretend that this odd service was always on my mind. Perhaps if it had been I might sooner have found an opportunity for disbursement. But, as it happened, many weeks had passed before anything occurred unusual enough to satisfy my critical taste.

I saw some opportunities missed, I will admit. There was the incident of the hat blown from the head of the girl in an open car on the new Great West Road, which none of the three cars following hers stopped to pick up. That was a bad break; but, on the other hand, it would hardly have concerned my almonry: you can't offer a polite motorist a ten-pound note. Such virtue as his, when found, must surely be its own reward. Moreover, I was in one of the cars that didn't stop.

Were I a satirical person this difficulty in finding a recipient for my old friend's bounty might move me to sardonic mirth. Fortunately I am not. How many fruitless weeks passed I can't recollect, but at last the search yielded results, for one afternoon in Sloane Street I saw an errand-boy pick up a lady's dropped parcel and return it to its owner, and I knew at once that here was the qualifying deed. But to pick up a parcel and return it, you will say, is an automatic matter; it would be almost impossible *not* to do it. True; but there are different ways, and there was something of courtliness about this boy that was wholly unexpected and engaging. He was about fourteen, neat but rather threadbare, wearing a bowler; and when he had handed the parcel and the owner was thanking him he took his bowler off. It was that touch which decided me in his favour as a worthy competitor. Errand-boys in such circumstances would not ordinarily remove their hats; indeed I doubt if errand-boys' fathers, with more experience of the world, ordinarily would. Nor is it necessary that they should: to perform the act of civility were enough. But when this extra bloom of deportment is added it is gratifying.

With the thought in my mind that the boy had been carefully brought up, and wishing that there were more like him, I hurried after him, overtook him and asked if he would be so good as to give me his name and address. You see, I had not the tenner on me.

He looked at me with his batteries instantly unmasked, all the suspiciousness of young London's hard-bitten children in his cool gaze.

"What for?" he asked.

It is always a difficult question and was never more so than now.

"I saw your politeness to that lady," I said, "and I should like to make you some little present of appreciation. Such courtesy is very rare, and in fact there is—ah—a fund for the purpose. But I shall have to send the—ah—gift—by post."

As I spoke his look had grown harder, and I thought I detected that fear of irony which haunts so many simple minds. There was no doubt as to his hostility. A Bayard, yes; but a Bayard at bay.

"A fund for the purpose," I repeated with a lack of fervour, for I could see the improbability of such a story in ears like these. "But I shall have to send it on by post."

He still gave me no help. "If I might have your name and address?" I said again, vowing to myself that this was the last occasion on which I would ever meddle with people's public demeanour, good or bad, and also realising that for this kind of embassy someone with a long white beard was probably necessary; someone, anyway, who looks more serious than I do.

He listened, retreatingly, and then he delivered his reply. "Who are you getting at?" he asked angrily. "What's the game? Can't a feller be polite to a lady without you making a song and dance about it?" He began to run. "Go and boil yourself!" he shouted back over his shoulder. E. V. L.

From an account of some Roman discoveries:—

"Some bones of the Ovis Aries and the Boss Longifrons."—*North-Country Paper.*

Whose long face was due, no doubt, to labour-troubles.

PUNCH'S GREETING TO THE "PROMS."

[The Promenade Concerts, attended last Wednesday by the KING and QUEEN, are now in their thirtieth season, having been continuously conducted since 1895 by Sir HENRY WOOD.]

THIRTY full seasons, unbroken when war
Added the grim *obbligato* of bombs,
Thirty not out, so the musical score
Stands to the credit of WOOD and the "Proms"—

WOOD the black-bearded, the butterfly-tied,
Guiding us safely in calms and maelstroms,
Supple, magnetic, alert, Argus-eyed,
Master-magician and Prince of the "Proms."

Some in the lore and the lure of the past
Follow the excellent way that was GOMME'S;
Others may hope that the best is the last;
Both are encouraged alike at the "Proms."

Highbrow and Philistine, magnate and clerk,
Communists, generals, privates, non-coms,
Nullities, nobodies, persons of mark—
All are on excellent terms at the "Proms."

Many prefer the diversions of print,
Studying screeds in italics or "roms;"
Articles ruddy or yellow in tint—
Give me the blameless delights of the "Proms."

Bibulous folk may resort to the bowl,
Binge up their courage with cocktails and DOMS,
But for the finest refreshment of soul
Nothing can equal the fare of the "Proms."

Some in the films recreation have found;
Others may worship their Pekies and Poms;
I 'm of the class that, as Autumn comes round,
Faithfully, gratefully flocks to the "Proms."

Here is no cult of ear-shattering cracks,
Saxophone snorts or delirious whimwhams,
Yet there is room both for BACH and for BAX,
SCHUBERT and STRAUSS, at the catholic "Proms."

Here, to sum up, is a union of hearts
Linking the Throne with Dicks, Harrys and Toms,
Thanks to the purest and gentlest of arts,
Thanks to Sir HENRY and thanks to the "Proms."



THE VERSATILE MODEL.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE PETER" (PRINCES).

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON'S new play is concerned with the conflict in the soul of a strong, stoutish, talkative man between the claims of England, Home, Beauty, kiddies and Christmas-trees of the one part, and Nassawara, flies, tomtoms, pagan arrows in the arm, malaria and "living off the counter"—a euphemism—of the other.

In a spirited prologue, with the native parts played by actual natives in our scrupulous modern manner, *David Hunter*, mining engineer, is imbibing hot lime swizzles (*off*), while his friend *Formby*, a cynical dog, reads relevant passages from the paper and interpolates details of his own philosophy of freedom—a philosophy not really acceptable to a man who is just getting ready to go home and marry the most adorable of women. *David* is the sort that goes about saving the lives of the sons of friendly native chiefs from hordes of pagans, and is frightfully embarrassed when you mention it. "Oh, that!" says he. Chiefs, eternally grateful, offer with profound salaams the pride of their harems. *David*, *Formby* protesting, tactfully waves away the proffered gifts and turns to his hot lime swizzle (or swizel) which is to sweat the fever out of him. Sudoriferous interval . . . Then low sinister rumble heard. The pagans are considerately advertising their stealthy approach; and a young rotter who has left a friend to their mercy staggers in. An arrow sings through the window into *David's* arm. And there follows a terrific fusillade, with entrance just in the very exact nick of time of a calm policeman with an Oxford manner and twenty stout fellows, and all 's well.



THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

Serakin Donko . . . . . MR. AINGO BARBAHJABA.
A Native Girl . . . . . MISS M. BOMBABASHI.
David Hunter . . . . . MR. GEORGE TULLY.
Edward Formby . . . . . MR. CHARLES KENYON.

And then we are transplanted to Liverpool. *David*, partner in a firm of mining engineers, finds that four office walls do in fact a prison make; that, though you couldn't have a finer wife than *Emma*, nor finer kids than *John* and the babe, nor a more discerning mother than old *Mrs. Hunter*—well, there 's something more that a hundred-per-cent. he-man needs. It is our old friend, "the call of the wild." He wants to go away. The Blue Peter puts him off his home-grown oats.

And the sight of "five hundred fat men at the luncheon hour shovelling food into their mouths to the music of a band playing for its living"—five hundred seems an unnecessarily large number certainly—goads him to the bursting point. As soon as he comes from the office he stealthily gets out his gun, fondles it, points it at imaginary beasts and bad men lurking behind the aspidistra, snaps the trigger (so bad for the gun, *David!*) and feels just a little bit better—or worse—as the case may be. And that man *Formby* is home on leave with talk about a valuable gold-mine, and—well, *Emma* has a chill at her heart. Her *David* will be going, not for gold—what 's gold, anyway?—but for freedom. He 's tired of her? Not at all, says *David*. But the Blue Peter at the masthead of a Mombasa-bound boat just makes him drunk with *Wanderlust*.

The rest of our play is concerned with this conflict between *David* and the giant Blue Peter. The naughty Philistine, *Formby*, takes him off to a disreputable waterside inn with sirens hooting without and sirens dancing within—among them the very direct daughter of the landlord in search for a "man who *is* a man." *David* emphatically fills the bill, and within five minutes of his entrance and the consumption of two large whiskies-and-sodas our *David* is paying the forfeit of a kiss in exchange for a passage out, which the girl has wangled for him. *David* shows us a new side of himself. Perhaps it was the two large whiskies.

How all ends happily and the chagrined *Formby* re-enters just in time to see *David* rushing back to his Christmas-tree you will no doubt go to the Princes Theatre to find out.

MR. THURSTON is well served by his cast and his producer, MR. REGINALD BACH. The play goes with a swing and there are no absurdities in action. Even the attack on the hut in the First Act was plausible enough. But I don't think our excellent *David* would have given in so respectably. Sirens *sans merci* as well as Blue Peters have him in thrall. But we like happy endings at the theatre; and the author does discuss his problems with intelligence and candour, even if his solutions are a little too easy.

MR. GEORGE TULLY as the hero was a lovable fellow. This competent actor is not only supremely natural in method but has a great range of effects and a jolly round voice, so that he doesn't become tiresome. MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT perhaps never quite looked as if she was living in a Liverpool suburb, though no doubt this is a shallow criticism, and Liverpool suburbs are probably bulging with *Emmas* and husbands stealing down to the docks looking wistfully at Blue Peters.

MR. CHARLES KENYON, as *Formby*, very bluff and breezy, looked anything but the sinister-cynical fellow he was supposed to be. MISS MARY BARTON was very wise and wan as *David's* mother. MISS KATHLEEN BLAKE should go far. She has the quintessential root of the matter in her—repose and poise. Few young actresses would have cared or dared to present her capable and poignant wordless study of a sorry little drab of a street-walker without "acting" just to show they could act.

MISS DOROTHY MINTO has another essential quality, personality, and held our attention in the part of the unscrupulous sensual *Rosie Callaghan*, conversant with all the vices of men, from drink to dope brought in by furtive Chinese and sold by her shark of a father in this den of thieves. MR. FRED O'DONOVAN as *Mr. Callaghan* gave us a pleasant echo of the best playing of that skilful fraternity, the Irish Players. MR. HENRY OSCAR was effective as the unsatisfactory young man who left a friend in the lurch and all his pay in *Callaghan's* grasping hands and his heart in *Rosie's*. A good enough show, in short.

T.



Mistress. "I'm sorry to hear that your Albert has thrown up his engineering work and is drawing the dole"

Charlady. "Well, you see, Mum, it 's such a certainty, ain't it? A man may get shoved out of a job, but 'e can *depend* on the dole."

HEDGEHOG.

Where wild October winds have strowed
The red leaves as they fell,
I meet the Things that Cross the Road
When dusk is in the dell—
The little things that stoop and run
And hop and creep and glide,
That walk behind the setting sun
And use the dark to hide.

The weasels and the stoats that go
On strange and secret quests
And in the magic moonlight show
The white shirts on their breasts;
The moving things that may be mice
That flick and dart across;
The long ears—vanished in a trice—
Of furred things in the moss.

But best of all the Folk-with-Fears
That walk when dusk is down
I love the little Bunch-o'-Spears,
So businesslike and brown,
That pads along the trodden track
Alert yet undismayed,
With all his armour on his back
And every point displayed.

When he and I walk side by side
Beneath the shadows' screen
He leaves, as levelly we stride,
A courteous space between;
And as the cars dash past unslowed
The thought occurs to me
That there are hogs upon the road
Less likeable than he. W. H. O.

HISTORY IN THE RE-MAKING.

She was the most instructive woman I have ever travelled with. Her mind was a complete compendium of inaccurate information. And the trouble was that the other lady drank it all in so eagerly. I seemed to be compounding a misdemeanour by my silence.

By the time we reached Dunkeld I was acutely uncomfortable. Was it or was it not my duty to declare, for instance, that the building just pointed out as Blair Castle was the dairy farm erected by the late Duchess of Atholl?

I let it go, and after that it would have been straining at a gnat to object when the Pass of Killiecrankie was pointed out as "the place where the great battle was fought."

That too I let go, and the train emerged from the pass on to the plateau.

"And *there*," went on the instructress—"come over here and stand on tip-toe, and you will just be able to see—that stone by the roadside is put to mark the place where Graham of Claverhouse was killed."

There she was again! *Must* I interfere to say that Claverhouse was shot as he watered his horse by Urrard House, away up the hillside, and that the stone she was showing was a Pictish relic?

Lady Number Two turned a face mottled by eager pressure against the window.

"A motor accident, I suppose?" she asked in sorrowful sympathy.

"A demonstration of drying crops by hot air was given yesterday."—*Daily Paper.*

This is the best excuse for the General Election that we have yet seen.

Of a Labour Candidate:—

"He is the best-dressed man who ever denounced the luxuries of the comfortable classes. He would harmonise perfectly with Pall Mall, but in Poplar he would be as exotic as a lily on a cider-heap."—*Daily Paper.*

We should like to see him in the apple-orchards of Poplar.



Stalker. "TAK' PLENTY TIME, SIR. DINNA SHOOT TILL YE 'RE QUITE COMFORTABLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SEE that Mr. J. A. STEUART's publishers announce his *Robert Louis Stevenson* (SAMPSON LOW) as "undoubtedly . . . the definitive biography of R. L. S."; and if sheer inclusiveness be the test—inclusiveness of outlook on the part of the writer and of material as regards the subject—there is certainly a good deal to be said for the pretension. Mr. STEUART has refused from the outset to rest content with piecing out STEVENSON's own portrait of himself—a trap so lavishly baited with letters and self-revelatory documents that most biographers have been glad to fall into it. And he has consequently, I feel, done truer justice than is customary not only to STEVENSON but to all the primary planets of the STEVENSON system. In handling "TUSITALA" two things "fall to be considered," as they say in the novels: his contribution to letters and the moral and material ups and downs of his life. The former I think is too casually dealt with here. Perhaps Mr. STEUART feels that STEVENSON's art has been analysed to the bone. Some interesting first drafts of poems are the only literary treasure-trove in the book; but personal revelations abound, and these (as is natural now) are often the last that their subject's idolaters would wish to see discovered. Details of "VELVET-COAT'S" Edinburgh days absurdly and pathetically justify the "lover and sensualist" of HENLEY's famous poem; while an unsparing portrait of Mrs. R. L. S. serves at least to put poor HENLEY together again as the loyal friend of STEVENSON if not of his wife. THOMAS STEVENSON is bravely rehabilitated; in fact Mr. STEUART reaches the height of his grasp in his dealings with that much-tried father. He has also found a real French ancestor—but a long way back—to replace the mythical barber-surgeon of LOUIS' genealogical dreams. Over-concern for the niceties of pedigree impart a trace of tediousness to his first volume, but the second "marches" from start to finish. Altogether a grimmer story than most of us knew; but for that very reason I think a greater and a more convincing one.

Mr. GERALD CUMBERLAND, in his staccato manner, has written another novel—*Striving Fire* (RICHARDS). Like most of his books, whether fiction or reminiscence, it makes very good reading. By now, I take it, Mr. CUMBERLAND has a reputation as a skilful dissector of feminine character; like Mr. W. L. GEORGE, he is in danger of being ranked as an Expert on Women; and it may be admitted that few writers can make them more unpleasant when they are unpleasant. The particular character in this book whom he selects for his attention is *Eileen Spain*, generally known to her family as *Aunt Eileen*, though she was in fact their step-mother. Some of the women in *A Lover of Forty* were terrible enough, but this singularly unamiable lady beats anything I remember in the earlier book. She is the incarnation of selfishness and jealousy, posing as a martyr while seizing every opportunity to inject poison into the minds of all around her. There is not a redeeming point discoverable in her, and I can easily understand how her suicide at the finish, a dramatic gesture, failed of its purpose. Everybody was relieved rather than shocked at the news. The men in the book are decidedly pleasanter than the women. *Derek* and *Guy* and *Charles*, the three *Spain* brothers, are all normal and jolly enough. True, we have in *Mr. Porson* a not very desirable man of business, but he is, after all, just a common rogue, the sort of man who will not stick at a little bit of forgery if he thinks it necessary for

his own advancement. But the women, except possibly *Mrs. Dunn*, are all touched with abnormality. Possibly this is the secret of Mr. Cumberland's success. He makes his women inscrutable; he does not merely call them so. They are always liable to do the unexpected thing, even after they are safely married and, by all the rules of fiction, should be sobered down a bit. And with each other they are wonderfully frank in their explanations—almost embarrassingly so to a modest reader. By the way, I never discovered why *Striving Fire* was selected as a title for the book. But it is a good general label, and the curling flames (red against pale yellow) look well on the jacket.

Neither in his manners, which were commercial, of the New York variety, nor in his conduct, which was abominable, can I perceive that *Andrew Croy* earned his title to the measure of gentility which, in *A Gentleman of Sorts* (Duckworth), is ascribed to him by Mr. Everett Young. *Andrew Croy*, the smart young lawyer, equipped with the usual "brilliant hard eyes," having made New York uninhabitable for himself and for his unhappy little wife, went to France. There, by reason of his French ancestry, he was immediately received into a society which, the reader is given to understand, was at once immensely aristocratic, profoundly immoral and (beyond a certain point) austerely virtuous. While *Andrew Croy* conceives it to be his duty to expiate his sins by consistently alienating his wife, *Mrs. Croy* is preoccupied in the complicated task of trying to save another lady's reputation at the expense of her own, in the best melodramatic manner. Happily melodramatic also is the conclusion; and, while I am not persuaded that the endeavour to improve a bad business by doing worse is likely to be attended with a fortunate result, I feel that any settlement of the affair was better than none. It is difficult to believe, by the way, that the conversation of polite French persons can be accurately translated into American slang.

The theme of the service-man back from the War
  Is one not remarkably new,
But aspects which I 've not encountered before
  Appear in *It Might Have Been You*.

Mr. Bretherton's novel (from Arrowsmith) shows
  A man of the business type
Who, leaving his partner as manager, goes,
  At the call, to manipulate "hipe."

A charming unpractical person whose cares
  Were wont to weigh lightly, he finds
That pre-war and post-war commercial affairs
  Are things of two different kinds.

The problem he faces is hardly less grim
  Than that of the dole-drawing mob;
It 's not that the job is not ready for him
  But that he 's out of touch with the job.

A story well-studied, restrained and sincere;
  There 's a knack in it (would it were mine!)
Of giving, in chronicle, rather small beer
  And making you think that it 's wine.



Mistress. "Well, Lily, what did you hear at the meeting?"
Maid. "Please, 'm, the missionary told us about black men what was fair starved, an' when they beat their tum-tums you could 'ear them miles away."

When I first knew Venice, at the enterprising age of eleven, there were no means of getting about but your legs or a gondola, and the Lido consisted for the most part of sand-dunes interspersed with booths for the sale of coral and dried sea-horses. Now . . . but I won't go into that tale of decadence, beginning with the fall of the Campanile (ascended by Napoleon and myself) and ending with the motor-boats. I will only urge such of my readers as can get there to see what is left of Venice without delay; and those who cannot to make the most of such vicarious vistas as are provided by Mr. Cecil Roberts' *Sails of Sunset* (Heinemann). Beginning and ending in the city of St. Mark, the intermediate story is mainly staged in Chioggia;

and here *Peter Neville*, the roaming younger scion of an English banking-house, loses his heart to *Lucia Delfino*, heiress to a palace in the Corso and twenty-three fishing-boats. It is a difficult business on both sides, for *Peter* does not envisage matrimony as the price of assignations and kisses, and *Lucia's* father has already pledged his daughter's pretty hand to *Paolo Finghetti*, his fleet-master. Obviously *Lucia* is the only person with a whole-hearted interest in luring her wayward lover to the altar; and this she is doing with a delightfully Italian blend of the *rusé* and the trustful, when *Peter's* elder brother dies, and *Peter* goes back to England, the bank, an amorous sister-in-law and a dying mother. Personally I would rather have followed the slightly-indicated fortunes of *Lucia* in Venice than watched her sobered cavalier painfully coping with his three English problems. However, we get back in due course to the Adriatic littoral, and I profess myself Mr. ROBERTS' debtor for a very pretty curtain. Altogether a most likable novel, with at least two portraits—those of an old doctor and a young fisherman—that deserve a warmer adjective.

Mrs. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN) will, alas, write no more of her pleasant romances. *The Gold Cure* (HUTCHINSON) appears a little more than a year after her death. She gives us a charming heroine, *Betty Van Allen*, vivacious, original, efficient, rich; and for hero the now usual impoverished British aristocrat. But whatever his mother may be—and the chief industry of English ladies of title is, according to American novelists, the quest of dollarful daughters-in-law—Captain *Roddy Trenchard* is no fortune-hunter. That sorry *rôle* was played by a young American stockbroker, who also incidentally tries to make *Betty* help sell a pup to the young British boob. In flight from impending marriage with such a crook she goes to Europe, steerage, with her maid's passport, gets a job as a stenographer in an Anglo-American hotel, and is then wooed by the faithful *Roddy*, who thinks her so wonderfully like a certain *Betty Van Allen*, beauty and heiress of New York, with whose photograph he had fallen headlong in love. A pretty little fairy-tale competently told.

Mr. JOHN BUCHAN, in an introduction to *The Northern Muse* (NELSON), tells us that he has made this anthology of Scots vernacular poetry with no other purpose than to please himself. I bow before such a direct statement as this, but I hope that I shall not be intruding on his preserve of pleasure if I say that he has incidentally given considerable enjoyment to me. Those of us who know Mr. BUCHAN'S work will not need to be told that his selections have been widely and wisely chosen. No chronological order is maintained, for which mercy many thanks; but there is an arrangement according to subjects, such as "The Hearth," "King and Commonweal," "Sport" (I wish this section could have been longer) and "The 'Human Comedy." I am particularly glad to see that Mr. JOSEPH LEE'S fine war poem, "The Green Grass," is included. Of the making of anthologies there is no end, so this is not the last word in such collections. But it is a very good word.

I feared the worst from *Groups and Couples* (METHUEN), for on its jacket I was faced by the words "sprightly sketches of family life." "Sprightly" happens at the best to be a word I detest, and when applied to family life it made me shudder. My fears however were groundless. Mrs. FRANCES LESTER WARNER'S American essays do not strike a particularly original note, but their author has the gift of throwing the gentle light of a quietly humorous mind upon every subject that she touches. She is never very profound, but she is always pleasant and companionable. "Breaking and Entering" is an excellent example of Mrs. WARNER'S humour, and "Do Not Open Before Christmas" reveals her as able very clearly to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. But "Couples" is my favourite of the collection. In this last essay she writes: "It is little enough that we can be sure we see in any married life—its general direction and its masthead lights and the swiftness of its progress in point of time. Acquaintanceship, even with ourselves, is an approximate changeable affair." These seem to me to be words of wisdom, and I hope to remember them. It is a friendly little volume.



OUR TRAFFIC.

Lady. "YOU GET INSIDE THE BUS AND SIT DOWN, MOTHER. I'LL GO AND DO MY SHOPPING AND JOIN YOU AT THE NEXT JAM."

Mr. H. BEDFORD JONES, in *The Trail of the Shadow* (HURST AND BLACKETT), evidently believes that nasty untidy casualties, and many of 'em, are the stuff that's wanted in a "shocker"; the result of "a wicked uncle's schemes to murder his young and beautiful niece" (see jacket) working out as follows:—

KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
Friends of heroine	3	Friend of heroine	1
Supporters of same	9	Supporters of same	2
Heroine's maid-servant	1	Villain's son	1
Villain	1	Dago	1
Villain's wife	1	Hero's servant	1
His overseer	1		
Chink servant	1		
Dago	1		
Japs	4		
Half-breeds	23		
Total	45	Total	6

Not a bad mixed bag for the author to have secured in 256 pages (8 blank)!

CHARIVARIA.

The great men of politics are only human, we read. It would be interesting to know what the Premier said when he read that, but we hope the statement has been kept from him.

Mr. Wheatley says that in twenty-five years we have brought Socialists from the soap-box to the Treasury box. The dirty behaviour of some of their hooligans in the present Election seems to confirm his view that they have abandoned the soap-box.

We have an Election every now and then, but somehow it seems more often than that.

In the opinion of Dr. Nicholas Semashko, of Moscow, kissing should be banned. For ourselves, we never kiss Communists.

If kissing is to be banned over there the romantic young Russian will in future place a revolver tenderly on the cheek of his *fiancée*, saying, "Will you be mine?" and she probably will.

A motor-car the springs of which are made of solid rubber, enabling the driver to run over obstructions without vibration, was one of the exhibits at the recent Motor Show. This will come as a blow to those who thought it only fair that when a pedestrian is run over the driver should get a bit of a jar.

The Secretary of the Vocal Therapy Society writes to *The Daily News* stating that his organisation not only encourages people to sing, but encourages them to learn to sing. We hope this frank confession will be accepted in the spirit in which it is made.

A newspaper states that during the Crystal Palace Dog Show one of the exhibits had a litter of puppies. What did they expect? Kittens?

One of the questions put to a number of poets by Professor E. W. Scripture is, "Why do poets write poetry?" It has been felt for some time that if there is an explanation the matter should be cleared up without delay.

"I never talk unless I have something to say," says Mr. Sidney Webb. This sweeping assertion lacks the corroboration of *Hansard*.

In a London cinema a member of the orchestra smashed a violin over the conductor's head. Musicians should only play what is on the score and not improvise.

Blackpool is to have a park with forty-four tennis courts, seventeen football grounds, a golf course, a cricket pitch and a lake. It sounds just like the house-agent's description of our garden.

It is reported that counterfeit sixpences are circulating in London. Visitors from Scotland are not easily deceived owing to their habit of banging them.

A girl who left a newspaper in a public park has been summoned for depositing rubbish. Every paper is wondering which of its contemporaries it could have been.

We are asked to deny the rumour that the monkey which escaped at Camberwell did so in order to get shingled.

Great indignation has been caused amongst bricklayers, we understand, by Mr. Tom Mann's prophecy that some day we shall all work four hours a day, four days a week, nine months a year.

It is pointed out by a contemporary that the population of England remained stationary between 1700 and 1751. That must have been some traffic block.

Domestic servants are to talk on "Domestic Service" through 2 LO shortly. We are hoping to arrange for the public to have an opportunity of listening in to our cook.

Dr. W. C. Poole regrets that there is no substitute for beer. Then what have we been drinking all these years?

It is suggested that public-houses ought to be named after authors. We can guess the one they mean by the "Blue Boar."

Although the hop harvest is announced to have been a record one there has been a marked absence of enthusiasm in beer-drinking circles.

Sir Lees Knowles has been elected Master of the Plumbers' Company. The name of the new President of the Society of Plumbers' Mates is not yet announced.

"Camembert," says an article on cheeses in a daily paper, "has travelled to almost every corner of the earth." Its wandering disposition, in fact, is one of its drawbacks as a pet.

Twice lately Brighton has been plunged into darkness. Some defect in the Brighter Brighton Movement is suspected.

A duck at the London and North-Eastern Railway's Bentley Farm has laid 210 eggs in 210 days. But what else could she have done with them?



MODEL CANDIDATES

(in the view of our Parliamentary Artist, who would hate to lose them).

Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Winston Churchill.
Lord Hugh Cecil. Lt.-Comr. Kenworthy. Sir Alfred Mond.
Mr. G. R. Thorne. Mr. Tom Shaw.

"Semi-detached villa, containing three public and seven bed-rooms, kitchen, bath, scullery, large garden and two conservatives; rent £75, feu £89s. 7d. (casualties commuted)."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

As a matter of purely sporting interest we should have liked to know whether the casualties were caused or suffered by the two Tories.

HOW IT STRIKES A NATIVE.

It may have been my whereabouts at birth,
Or else the fancy of a mind deluded,
That made me love this little plot of earth
Better than Europe (Russia not excluded);
Say that my early teachers taught me ill
Or that with local prejudice I 'm bitten,
The fact remains—explain it how you will—
That I 've a rooted preference for Britain.

I even kept it firmly through the War:
I much preferred my own side to the other;
I could not rise to Ramsay's level or
Regard the Boche as my beloved brother;
When he would urge my blinded eyes to see
That Freedom soared above all nationality,
For England (which was good enough for me)
I still retained this curious partiality.

I fear I am incurable of soul;
My bones are fixed; my skin is past correction;
And, when my duty calls me to the poll
To indicate the man of my election,
I shall not sing "The Red Flag" or recite
The Moscow creed (where blood supplies the flavour),
But simply mark his name with all my might
Who 's prejudiced, like me, in Britain's favour.

O. S.

CAT *v.* DOG.

It has always seemed to me to be a point against a dog that he surrenders himself absolutely to the first human being to take him in hand; whereas a cat will soon throw up a situation as a pet if the people who are to share his home are uncongenial and not likely to afford him the amenities of good society.

Thus, from the presence of a dog in a house little may be inferred as to the character of the owner, except perhaps where the animal is plainly one of Nature's freaks (such as are eagerly foisted off by fanciers towards the end of the licensing year), when it is safe to assume that the owner knows as little of human guile as he does of pedigree stock. On the other hand, a cat sprawling in abandon on the hearthrug is more than illuminated addresses on the walls. Wherever you find a cat confidently established, even if it be but a black mongrel with white paws and shirt-front—a cat, so to speak, wearing tennis-shoes with a dress-suit—you may be sure that in that household they are comfortable praiseworthy folk.

It is difficult to respect a dog, because a dog does not respect himself. He suffers gladly any indignity to his person. What is more nauseating than to see a French poodle, newly trimmed like a privet hedge, frolicking around in lick-spittle admiration of his owner's debased taste? Is there a cat that would not eat the person dead who had shaved him naked in patches to obtain a capricious ornamentation in tufts of fur?

Again, the dog is pliable not only in spirit but in structure. There may be seen at any dog show an appalling variety of mis-shapen and distorted forms which morbid breeders have been able to fashion from the frame of the natural dog. If pussy had yielded to the Frankensteins in the same way we should have cats with hirsute Bolshevik faces, lop-eared cats, cats creeping along under an ambush of hair, dachshund cats with pigs' snouts and a long body slung like a hammock, and so on. There would be fully-grown grimalkins the size of a small rat, and the unlucky reveller returning in the small hours might find his doorstep occupied by a black cat as large as a Shetland pony. As it is, the worst the fanciers can do, after five thousand years of patient endeavour, is to turn out a white Persian with blue eyes.

Here I must digress to answer those who, deploring the warped and unsymmetrical dogs which are designed for the ladies, are grateful for the outdoor dogs with specialist instincts. Far be it from me to discourage any who are pleased to have their clothes and their dogs of the correct style for every kind of sport, but I take leave to doubt whether the points in a sporting-dog are any more certain indications of prowess than, say, plus-fours are in a golfer. At any rate it is notorious that professional sportsmen, such as rat-catchers and poachers, usually go to business with a nondescript but uncannily efficient tyke such as would be laughed out of a dog-show or passed on to the cat section, to be displayed, satirically, in the class for Likely Mousers.

Instinct is, I believe, the one thing in a dog beyond man's control. Take the bulldog. Here is a brute constructed on aggressive lines and in every way admirably thought-out by the breeders; but it has the temperament of a conscientious objector. If you want implacable ferocity and bite-at-sight tactics you will find it in some of the lesser lap-dogs of the 1924 models. Again, if you want a bloodhound as a bloodhound, that is, not for show-points but for performance, the best bloodhound is the Alsatian wolfhound.

* * * * * * *

These stars represent the ten minutes during which my work has been held up while I have been obliged to listen to Hardy's dog barking at the young man who calls for grocery orders. I am now unable to pick up the thread of my argument. I can only sit listening for Hardy's dog to bark at the butcher's representative. After that there will be the baker's and the greengrocer's. Strange that, in spite of the much-vaunted sagacity of the dog, this one of Hardy's, after three years, should be unable to recognise these people as legitimate callers.

Hardy's dog also barks—

(*a*) When he is shut out.
(*b*) When he is shut in.
(*c*) In answer to some other dog.
(*d*) Until some other dog answers him.
(*e*) At the moon.
(*f*) At stars of the first magnitude.
(*g*) For practice.
(*h*) For reasons not ascertained.

Hardy boasts that the beast is a splendid watchdog. When I asked him what the dog would do in the event of burglars trying to break in, Hardy said that he supposed it would bark. I should think it would, too, more likely than not; but it seems to me that unless Hardy's people spend nearly all their lives at their alarm posts they are running a grave risk of missing the burglary.

Actually, I believe that Hardy keeps his brute not as a sentinel but as a flatterer. A cat would keep Hardy severely at a distance; but in spite of his corpulence, shortness of breath, clumsy tread and an irascibility arising from gouty tendencies Hardy is accepted unquestioningly by his dog as a god. And a mistake like that, burglary or no burglary, must be worth far more to Hardy than the seven-and-sixpence he pays for his dog-licence.

"Returns made by the German Minister of Posts to the Reichstag show that since Feb. 1, 1924, receipts have exceeded revenue by 50,000,000 marks."—*Daily Paper.*

The Postal Department, we infer, has been imitating the methods of the Unjust Steward.



A HOT-AND-COLD WOOING.

The Premier. "AND YOU, MY LIBERAL FRIENDS, MEANING IN PARTICULAR THOSE MISERABLE WORMS WHO HAVE NO CANDIDATE OF THEIR OWN, I COUNT ON YOUR LOVING SUPPORT, CURSE YOU!"



Friend. "SO GLAD YOU GOT YOUR DIVORCE, DEAR."

Actress. "YES. BUT NOT A WORD IN THE PAPERS—THEY 'VE NO ROOM FOR ANYTHING BUT THIS STUPID ELECTION. *I MIGHT AS WELL NEVER HAVE HAD IT!*"

CLEARING THINGS UP.

I WISH Maynard had not come home on leave from China or, alternatively, that I had not met him after lunch at the Golf Club; for then I should not, after cordial greetings, have made the senseless remark: "You 're just the person I wanted to see. Now what *is* all this fuss about in China?"

A clear pure light shone in his eyes and he said eagerly, "Thank goodness I 've found one person who takes an intelligent interest in Far Eastern affairs. Sit down, old thing."

Fool that I was, I sat.

"Now in the first place," he began, "I want you to understand that the situation isn't as simple as doubtless it appears to you."

"It doesn't appear simple," I said plaintively.

"Even the elementary facts are worth rehearsing. Just pass that ash-tray——"

I did so.

"—and the penwiper and your pipe—your coffee-cup can remain where it is—and we 'll get the hang of things better. Now, supposing the coffee-cup is Nanking——"

"It 's Burslem really," I corrected.

"I mean, supposing it represents the town of Nanking, in Kiangsu, and the pipe is Pekin, then we have this interesting situation: CHANG-TSO-LIN, the Manchurian War Lord, and WU-PEI-FU, the Dictator of Pekin, are going for each other like blazes on the Shanhaikwan front; and may the best man win, say I. But in the South, round about your coffee-cup, so to speak, we 've had a more complicated state of things. There, in Kiangsu and Chekiang, LU-YUNG-HSIANG, the Chekiang Military Governor, has been fighting CHI-HSIEN-YAN, commanding the Kiangsu forces. But unfortunately for LU, PAN-KUO-KUNG, with his native forces, defected comparatively early on and proclaimed the independence of the Ningpo-Shaohsing district, roughly represented by this penwiper, which I 'll place here. At the same time General CHEN-YAO-SHAN, on the sector west of the Taihu Lake, transferred his allegiance; while, to aggravate LU's position, SUN-CHUAN-FANG and PEI-PAO-SHAN massed their troops at Kashing. You can guess what the result of all this was."

"I can't," I said.

"Why, it 's obvious. LU's left flank was in the air; the road to Shanghai suddenly opened, and the only thing for LU to do was to beat a precipitate retreat, to get aboard the *Shanghai Maru* and to make for Nagasaki at full steam."

"I expect he was sea-sick too," I said commiseratingly. "He seems unlucky."

"But, you say," continued Maynard, "you have forgotten SUN-YAT-SEN."

"I didn't say that," I protested.

"I mean you might say that—and you would be wrong. I have not forgotten SUN-YAT-SEN, nor CHEN-CHIUNG-MING, the former Governor of Kwantung. I know their influence, but honestly, old chap, I don't think it will make the difference you think. The interest has now transferred itself to the North entirely. Look at this pipe."

"I have been looking at it," I said; "I 'm dying for a smoke."

"Practically it represents Wu's headquarters. Now what has Wu to fear? No intriguing that Chang may do with Karakhan, the Soviet representative, should affect the ultimate result. Let Wu take his courage in his hand——"

"Somebody ought to tell him to," I said.

"—let him get into negotiation with Li-Lieh-chun, mass his own forces here at Shanhaikwan"—Maynard rose from his chair and his voice rose with him—"attack with every ounce of his force and drive Chang back into the recesses of Manchuria, from which he should never have emerged."

He gave a dramatic wave of his hand, and most unfortunately it caught my coffee-cup (Nanking) and drove its contents into the recesses of my plus-fours (not on the map).

From this final damper my intelligent interest in Far-Eastern affairs has never quite recovered.

THE DUTIES OF FOOTBALL-SPECTATORS.

The Battle of Waterloo may or may not have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, but unquestionably League football matches are won or lost in the shilling enclosure. The moral support given to the players, who are merely pawns in the game, is a very real thing, and the mass psychology of forty thousand spectators is a far greater factor in the success of a team than the speed and precision of the forwards. Chelsea, for example, were not let down last year by their half-backs, but by the inferiority complex of their supporters.

Astute directors will soon realise this, and, instead of paying a huge transfer fee for a unit of brawn and muscle that may be out of action in a week owing to a sprained ankle, they will negociate a block of the men who have shouted their rivals to victory, and they will fear nothing but an epidemic of sore throats. In any case due prominence ought to be given to the efforts of these devoted heroes in the reports of the games. Something like this:—

"A smart run down the wing by Fulham was cleverly baulked by a wave of disapproval from Hull's rooters. Presently, however, combination told, and the home crowd began to wear down their opponents. They cheered the ball past the half-backs and defeated the backs with a yell of derision that sounded like a gas explosion. All that remained for the centre to do was to tip the ball in, when unfortunately Fulham's best howler broke a blood-vessel and the opportunity passed.

"During the interval the Hull men were refreshed, and began again in great form. In spite of their efforts a Fulham forward got the ball, but just as he was about to shoot he was stunned by a yell of 'Off-side!' and retired hurt. Once a dangerous raid into enemy territory was made by a forlorn Fulham band of hope, but, with only the goal-keeper and fifty or sixty demoralised spectators to beat, a dog-fight at the back caused a diversion and the effort fizzled out. Eventually the game ended in a draw of no goals, although Fulham's concerted shouts were as five to their opponents' three, and they are entitled to the moral victory.

"We understand that Alf Smithers of Hoxton will be turning out for the 'Spurs next week, and a win is confidently expected. Lovers of the game will remember how his cry of 'Foul!' at the crucial moment a fortnight ago hypnotised Newcastle into inaction."

It must be realised that watching a game is a highly skilled exercise, and a true sportsman will do his best to make himself a fit member of his side. With hard work and attention to detail even the most insignificant member of the crowd may hope to shout himself into the Cup Final in April.



Fond Parent (as Candidate advances to kiss baby). "Don't 'ee trouble, Zur. I was agoin' to vote for 'ee anyhow."

AT THE COLCHESTER FEAST.

RAIN . . . It seems a little—well, what shall I say?—to be making a long journey on a rainy day, during a political crisis, for the sole purpose of feasting upon oysters. What is the correct wear for oyster feasting, anyhow? Don't know. Shall put on mother-of-pearl sleeve-links in the hope of getting the right *motif* without ostentation . . .

I go up to a Liverpool Street railway official and say, "I say." He says, "Yes, Sir?" I say, "The fact is I want to feast upon oysters. Can you tell me which platform to go to?"

Rather as if one of the platforms was an oyster bed. He doesn't seem surprised. Feel he might well have remarked, "What, with England on the edge of the abyss?" . . . Like NERO fiddling, you know. But at Colchester, of course, it was Old King Cole. And perhaps, after all, we aren't on the edge of the abyss . . .

Rain continues . . .

Colchester is such a very old town that it is said to have existed before London began to be built. This may very well be so, as, viewed from the railway-carriage window, it looks at least a couple of months more wet . . . Station crowded . . . Further difficulty arises about procedure in getting out of the train. Don't like to button-hole ordinary citizen and tell him I have come to his city to feast upon oysters. Gluttonous, somehow. Almost as if I were carrying a fork in one hand and a pepper-pot in the other. Might say, "I want to look at your beautiful town-hall, where I am told, by the way, that an oyster feast is about to be held."



THE LOYAL NATIVES OF COLCHESTER GREET THE DUKE OF YORK.

Manage at last to find an agreeable gentleman in a cocked hat and gown who takes me under his wing and puts me in a motor-car . . . Flags are flying in the street, and there is a guard of honour. This convinces me that there is something patriotic about eating oysters after all . . .

Inside the hall the high table, so to speak, is loaded with roses in silver bowls. I remember that Colchester is also famous for roses. Why not have a Colchester rose feast? Equally patriotic, but not quite so sturdy, perhaps.

I find I am sitting almost underneath the lady Mayor of COLCHESTER and the Duke of YORK. Every time the Duke of YORK peppers his oysters too hard I shall be heard to sneeze. As a matter of fact I have a cold already. It occurs to me that, this being the Duke of YORK, the roses ought all to be white. Funny how other people don't seem to think of things!

I note for the first time an interesting tendency to militarism on the part of the flashlight fiends. One fiend takes charge, gives a preliminary caution and then shouts, "Caps *off!*" Whereupon the batteries fire. It's a pity there aren't any microphones about. I foresee a day when public feasting in England will be made really public. Following the flashlight photograph, we shall feast, as it were, into microphones, so that nothing may be lost to the broadcatcher, not even the noise of eating.

My neighbour on the right—on my left is a sheer damask wall—comments on the wane of oyster-eating powers amongst the aldermen of to-day. He says that twenty years ago, when he first came to the Colchester oyster feast, one alderman ate eight dozen. A *laudator temporis acti*, I'm afraid. All the same, I am not doing so badly, because I am sitting opposite the Town Clerk, and he has discovered a kind of secret *cache* in the damask wall, from which he produces new plates of oysters and presses them upon me.

My real trouble about oysters, though, is the accompaniments. There are too many of them. There ought to be continuation classes or academic courses in oyster eating. Many a young oyster-eater becomes so baffled and bewildered by the number of different condiments in front of him that he squeezes a little lemon on his first oyster, pours chili-vinegar over the second and sprinkles a mixture of cayenne pepper and stout on the third. Blushing and confused, he then nibbles furtively a piece of brown bread and butter. Thinking oyster-eaters, in fact, are set in opposition to each other like armed camps over this problem of condiments and no satisfactory solution has been evolved. We need a clear voice, crying . . .



MYNHEER BIBBELL.

Meanwhile the abyss with which England is confronted has prevented several prominent oyster-eaters from coming to the feast. Mr. BALDWIN is not here. But there is no lack of speakers. Some of them are inclined to base their speeches upon the fact that an oyster is called a native; others upon the fable of Old King Cole. The gentleman who has handsomely illustrated the programme with pictures of famous Colchester women, in honour of the lady MAYOR, has been obliged to leave out Old King Cole, who for all we know may have been a bachelor or worse. Nor is there any definite statement in the poem that

Old King Cole was much of an oyster-eater. Perhaps we want a variant:—

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
A thoroughly merry old gemman;
He called for his pepper
And vinegar bowl
And he called for a slice of lemon.

Or else—

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He swallowed his oysters
And swallowed them whole
To the number of seventy-three.

Might send these along with a note to Lord Darling or Dean Inge. Consider Dean Inge's reputation and decide not to.

The Toasts that we drink, besides Royalty and Parliament, are Literature and Art and International Peace. One sees the connection of Literature and Art with oysters, or, if one didn't, Mr. Birrell makes it abundantly plain. Mr. Birrell, in fact, has been inspired, and easily makes the best speech of the day. He declares that he only likes the Dutch School of painting because in that school alone is justice done to the oyster. He sings a pæan to the Colchester oyster-shell found in the ruins of the Forum at Rome, "a peace-offering, presumably, sent by some Roman General either to his mistress or to his Emperor, whichever of them possessed the things he held most dear."

Even Dean Inge finds it difficult to be as radiantly enthusiastic about oysters as this. But then perhaps he didn't get as many as Mr. Birrell.

The connection of International Peace with oysters is not quite so obvious, and I do not think that Professor Gilbert Murray makes out a very good case for it. Agreeing entirely with his view of the functions of the League of Nations, what, I cannot help asking, is that body going to do for oysters? With the historical precedent of the Roman Emperor before us, can it be seriously maintained that a strong arm by sea and land will not spread the influence of the Colchester native as effectually as—nay, even more effectually than—an International Council of Arbitration? Does the oyster flourish on the shores of the Lake of Geneva? To this important question it is significant that no answer was made either by Professor Gilbert Murray or by the Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Personally, I had boiled carp the only time I was there. . . . Never mind.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, however, does add a valuable contribution to the debate. He was one of a Committee—or Royal Commission perhaps it was—formed to arbitrate between the merits of the Whitstable and the Colchester oyster. Opinions were equally divided, but, since he voted for Colchester, Sir Frederick can and does claim that he helped to save this great and ancient borough from disgrace.

All this time, however, no one has done anything to solve my own personal perplexity about the *condiments* of the oyster. I had hoped to glean the opinions of all these eminent speakers on the subject, and here I was left as much as ever at sea. I had, in fact, written out a kind of schedule on the back of my programme, after this manner:—

—	Red Pepper.	White Pepper.	Vinegar.	Chili Vinegar.	Lemon.
Duke of York.					
Lady Mayor of Colchester.					
Lord Cowdray					
Dean Inge.					
Lord Darling.					
Mr. Birrell.					
Prof. Gilbert Murray.					



In 1447 the fair Constable of Colchester charmed everybody in her picture-hat.



And in 1924 the Lady Mayor keeps up the old tradition.

This schedule I had intended to fill up as the feast proceeded, so that the verdict of a body of instructed opinion might be placed upon record and constitute a guide to the oyster-eating public at large. But it was not to be. The damask wall on my left was too high to permit of ocular evidence, and the speakers themselves were singularly, not to say suspiciously, silent on this all-important theme.

Back to the Oyster Special . . . Rain continues . . . Doubt, on seeing London again, whether Colchester is really the older of the two towns after all.

Evoe.

"MINISTERIAL CRISIS AT HOME.
Government Defeated on Campbell Prosecution Case.
Parliament already Provoqued."
Headlines in Egyptian Paper.

But not so provoqued as the Premier.

"Critics still disagree as to whether Charlotte or Elizabeth Brontë was the supreme genius of the family, and one critic a little perversely has even given the crown to Anne."—*Daily Paper.*

While quite a number of others think that the claims of Emily should not be altogether disregarded.

"It is said that she was of a quiet, industrious character and when she left home apparently had no intentions of being away for long, as she wore no clothes save what she was wearing."
Provincial Paper.

We often put the same limit on our clothes.

"In a few days' time our range of Sensible Christmas Toys for Children will be on view. Our Saxophone at 1 guinea is a real knock-out."—*Lancashire Paper.*

Thanks for the warning.

THE COFFER.

THE coffer was delivered three days before the wedding by a railway-van, in company with another present. The other present, a dresser, came from Derby and had the usual "with best wishes" card attached. The coffer bore neither label nor card—both apparently had become detached in transit.

And yet, had the card become detached? Had it not perhaps been intentionally omitted? Thus thought Prunella—Prunella being the bride, you understand—as she surveyed the new arrivals in the hall. The coffer was a perfect specimen, small, with a richly-carved front—just such a coffer as would have appealed to The One She Had Sent Away. He must have given it anonymously so as not to distress her. A not wholly unpleasant melancholy seized her as she stood there regarding it. And when she heard The One She Had Not Sent Away coming, she remained there in a not wholly unconscious reverie.

The One She Had Not Sent Away, whose name was Reginald, asked briskly who had sent the coffer.

"I don't know—for certain," said Prunella dreamily.

"Well, who do you think?"

But she did not answer, her thoughts far away, or apparently so. Reginald was a little peeved—an unusual exhibition, for he was a good-natured fellow.

"Poor old Reggie! he's jealous," thought Prunella.

It was all rather beautifully sad and romantic.

Reginald hurried her away from the coffer, to which he had already taken a firm dislike, and in the excitement of the arrival of three sugar-sifters and four egg-boilers the matter passed from her mind for the moment. But in her new drawing-room the coffer had a prominent place.

It thus came—one can see just how it came—that, on occasions when Reginald was perhaps a little annoyed or the least bit petulant, Prunella's eyes would seek the coffer. They would dwell there with a far-away look, her mind going back, no doubt, to the day when The One She Had Sent Away had been sent away. Her eyes still on the coffer, she would at first fail to notice Reginald's next remark, and only answer it after bringing herself back with an effort.

Reginald was a good-natured fellow, as I have said, and he made real efforts not to be annoying or petulant, so that Prunella's eyes should keep off the coffer and retain their normal brightness. But how he hated the thing!

Once, when he stubbed his toe against it, he consigned it to perdition with extreme frankness. Prunella's hand rested lovingly on it for a moment, and her shocked eyes rushed back into the past. He never swore in the drawing-room again.

Things went on thus for two or three months, the power of the coffer tending to increase rather than decrease, so that at length Reginald seemed to himself to consult the wretched object silently before saying anything that Prunella might dislike.

It was a difficult position. My own opinion is that something was bound to happen soon. Either Reginald would one day smash the coffer into little pieces, while Prunella wept and cried that The One She had Sent Away would never have done such a thing (though perhaps secretly pleased that Reginald should feel so strongly about it), or he would become a nervous wreck.

But Fate intervened. One evening, when an overtired Reginald had been slightly irritable and the eyes of Prunella were turning towards the coffer, the door opened and the maid informed them that a gentleman from the railway had called to inquire about a chest.

"Chest?" said Prunella. "Chest?" said Reginald.

And then at the back of his mind there dawned a possibility. He rose and left the room with some alacrity.

Yes, it turned out that the coffer had been delivered by mistake. It had come from Derby and, having lost its label, had been associated with the dresser.

All hope of tracing it had been abandoned, the gentleman from the railway said, but, having himself just been transferred to the Strayed Property Department, he had made a further effort, the upshot of this being that he took it away with him there and then.

Reginald and Prunella returned to the drawing-room. She was very pensive, while about him there seemed an indefinable air of authority which up to now had been lacking.

Commercial Candour.

From a house agent's advertisement:

"Inspect these before buying, or you may be sorry."—*Manchester Paper.*

"Another appointment on the transfer of the Mediterranean Flag is that of Captain T. J. Mallett to be Captain of the Fleet. I have already referred to the probability that this officer would be thus appointed, and my only reason for mentioning the confirmation of forecast is because there appeared to be a conspiracy on the part of the Press in making the announcement to call him Captain Mallett."
Weekly Paper.

Our contemporary appears to have joined in this dastardly plot against Captain HALLETT.

MUSA LACTEA.

["The early milk boy at Wimbledon is now whistling excerpts from Mozart and Mendelssohn (heard on the wireless), instead of popular airs from music-halls."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE Wimbledon milkmen,
In Common and Park,
Begin operations
While still it is dark;
And, to keep up their *cauda*
Or tail, to the mark,
While they rise with *alauda*
They sing like the lark.

But, unlike other milkmen
Who scatter the thin
Rear of darkness (see MILTON)
With clashing of tin,
Mere discord disdaining
They temper their din
With the fruits of their training
In "listening-in."

For the jodelling carol
Of "Milk-O!" gives place
To classical pieces
For tenor or bass;
And, aroused from their slumbers,
Their customers trace
Mendelssohnian numbers,
Mozartian grace.

As the milk in their milkcans
Their minstrelsy's pure,
Undiluted, immune from
The music-hall's lure;
Negroid syncopation
They cannot endure,
And lax modulation
They strictly abjure.

The whistlers of SCHÖNBERG
As yet, I'm aware,
On Wimbledon Common
Are certainly rare;
But already at Tooting,
Reporters declare,
The milkmen are fluting
His *Pierrot Lunaire.*

The milkman of old time
Was minded to bilk,
But now he's an artist,
Like DOROTHY SILK;
For singers and players
And all of that ilk
Acclaim the purveyors
Of music and milk.

Commercial Candour.

From a publisher's advertisement of a "best seller":—

"First edition (40,000) rapidly exhausting."
Daily Paper.

"Again, if you ever see anybody dropping a hot plate and shaking his fingers in agony, it is almost certain to be a man."
Sunday Paper.

We agree; and if it were "her" fingers it would be almost certain to be a woman.



"I shall vote for Labour, Mrs. Green. Yer see, when the Labour Government gits in, we 're all to be equal, an' then I shall 'ave a servant to do me work for me."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

VI.—Dinner in "The Village."

"Come on," said Will, "it 's getting late."

"Come on?" said I.

"Yes; I feel like a little Greenwich Village."

Will, being a bachelor, occasionally feels like a little this or a little that. I remember the time when he felt like a little Coney Island, because I felt like the devil for two days afterward.

"I don't like Greenwich Village," I told him positively. "Those people embarrass me."

"But you 've never been there," said he.

And I told him, which is perfectly true, that you don't have to go there to be embarrassed by them—they can embarrass you through the newspapers.

"Don't be absurd," said Will, and put on his hat.

This settled the matter and we set out.

I remember thinking what a quiet pleasant evening it was as we crossed the park in Washington Square. I continued to think so up to a point about half-way down a narrow side-street. Here four full-grown men disguised as pirates, with red and yellow handkerchiefs round their heads and rings in their ears, swooped ferociously up out of the cellar of a stable and boarded a Ford car moored at the kerb, and I realized that I had exaggerated the qualities ascribed to the evening.

"Jolly fellows," said Will, unperturbed, as they clattered round a corner. "Off on some merry escapade. We 're in the Village now."

I was glad to hear it; if we hadn't been in the Village I might have thought they were demented.

There were many other stables along

the street besides the one from which the pirates had made their exit. But there was not a single horse. I remarked on this curious fact to Will and he explained it to me.

No one apparently can live in the Village very long without acquiring a passion for remodelled stables; everybody that amounts to anything socially sleeps in a manger. Well, not everybody either, because there aren't enough stables to go round; genuine old cobblestone stables are hard to get, as the Village aristocracy has long ago turned out all the horses and taken over the stables to work in. Many people, being unable to find a stable to remodel, and knowing perfectly well that their careers in society are doomed without one, have followed the plan of building a stable and subsequently remodelling it, believing that in a couple of generations nobody will know the difference. The result of this rustic urge is that the horse, having no place to stay, has almost completely disappeared from the streets of the Village.

After pointing out to me some of the more aristocratic stables, Will asked me where I should like to dine.

"There are all sorts of places," he said. "Here's 'The Chessboard'; let's look in and see if you like it. This is all for you, you know, and I'll go anywhere you say."

This was an original way of regarding the expedition, but I didn't protest. I couldn't protest, because in a second he had thrown back the door, and I could not have protested loud enough to get a hearing above the din. A cornet and a saxophone were fighting it out in a corner beside a piano, taunted on by a drummer, who kept making all kinds of irritating noises to keep their blood up.

Everything was painted in red and black squares two feet to a side, except the Pierrot costumes of the shadow-boxing musicians, which had squares only about one foot to a side. Even the music that came out of the horns seemed to be painted in red and black squares. One or two unappreciative couples were dancing in a space among the tables, but the majority sat in their chairs and watched the contortionists. I began to feel embarrassed.

"How about it?" Will shouted in my ear, at the same time handing his hat and coat to the check-room girl.

"Don't like it," I cried, not too loudly, as there were apparently those present who did, and I didn't wish to make them think I felt superior. And then there was the possibility that the proprietor, if he heard me say so, might not like my not liking it.

"Splendid!" said Will. "I knew you would. Leave your things here; I'll get a table."

I made a grab for his arm, but he was gone after a negro waiter. There was nothing I could do but check my hat and coat and follow him. Several people near the door had already begun to frown at us for making too much noise, and there is nothing I hate more than a scene. I should never have got over being put out of that place for making a disturbance.



Master. "BE CAREFUL, ESTHER. ARE YOU AWARE THAT THAT VASE COST *THIRTY-FIVE* POUNDS?"
Esther. "LOR, SIR, YOU SURPRISE ME. I THOUGHT IT COST ABOUT TEN TIMES THAT MUCH."

I found Will seated at a table on the edge of the dancing floor.

"Isn't this rather conspicuous?" I shouted to him mildly.

"Don't you like it?" cried Will, disappointed. "I'll sit anywhere you wish. There's an empty table over near the orchestra, but it spoils the harmony if you get too close."

This was a point to be considered, and I sat down.

A negro waiter cast a few knives and forks about on the squares, filled a couple of unbreakable tumblers with ice-water, and handed us two pieces of porous paper in case we should need napkins.

He then threw in the middle of the table a pair of menus written in indelible pencil and went away for a while, his attitude showing that he took it for granted we were damn-fools or we shouldn't have come in there.

Later on in the evening he dropped round again to see if we had any choice about the dinner. There wasn't any use trying to make him hear anything, so Will did the ordering by pointing to an item on the card and then holding up his fingers, one or two fingers according to how many of us volunteered. This was apparently the accepted way of going about it, for the waiter misunderstood perfectly.

Not long after we came in the drummer by some patented process of his own kicked over all of his kettles and bells at the same instant. The resulting insult seemed to be the signal for ending the round, for the cornet and the saxophone called it a draw and retired, pretty well winded, to their corners. The riotous applause that immediately followed prevented the quiet from bursting upon us too suddenly. The dancers went to their tables to rest, and the musicians' seconds brought them something in a coffee-cup.

Being of a suspicious nature, I turned to call Will's attention to this move.

I found Will gazing steadily across the dancing floor, and, following his stare, saw that it was surveying two dangerous-looking young females who had an air of being accidentally unattached.

"Come, come, Will," said I, the very thought bringing perspiration to my forehead; "eat quickly before the music starts and makes the food disagree with you."

"Yes, I guess we'd better," said Will; "it's not much fun dancing on an empty stomach."

"Dancing?" said I very calmly.

Will nodded his head at the females described above.

"Impossible," I said; "I don't know them. And I don't wish to dance anyway. I'm about ready to go home."

"I'll introduce you," said Will. "Let's go over now before the music starts. Come on; it's getting late."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Will. Eat quickly."

The appeal not to make a fool of himself had a quieting effect, but I



Son of very new Owner of Castle. "WONDER WHY THE GUVNOR TOOK ON THE LAST PEOPLE'S BUTLER? LOOKS SO CONFOUNDEDLY PLEBEIAN COMPARED WITH OUR FELLOWS."

knew him too well to think it would last. And I knew that, when the impulse returned for the second time, the floor was as good as crossed and the dangerous females as good as invited to dance.

I had crossed my floor and invited my dangerous female to dance when I was nineteen, and, if a vaccination is effective for seven years, this sort of inoculation should last at least fifteen; in short, I didn't intend to cross any more floors, etc. But, if anything could be worse, it would have been to have Will go across alone and invite *one* of the dangerous females to dance, leaving the other looking me over through half-closed eyes. Will must not be allowed. . . .

With a concerted onslaught the orchestra knocked another chord up against the wall. I felt my napkin flutter as it went by. It startled the whole room to its feet.

Then, having laid the first chord panting over the ropes, the various members of the offence went for what remained of the notes on their own. The cornet seemed to think that the main attack was coming from the air and swept his automatic back and forth along the ceiling, in the meanwhile pumping ammunition into his magazine with rhythmic movements of his left foot. E flat *in alt.* was giving the saxophone some little trouble, and he had to return to it again and again before he could finish it. At last, hitting it with short quick jabs for half a minute without cessation, he stretched it out on the mat and started in to do the same thing to a C sharp. The drummer went at it in the most logical way by simply throwing things.

Will looked at the dangerous females again and I saw that the time to act had come. I leaned close to his ear and shouted at him:—

"This place is a bit tame, don't you think? Aren't there any wilder ones?"

Will looked at me and I knew I had won.

"Have you ever been to 'The Pirates' Hole'?"

"Can't hear you," I shouted. "Let 's get out."

On the sidewalk I took his arm and pulled him in the direction of Washington Square.

"It 's this way," said Will.

"What is?"

"'The Pirates' Hole.' Come on."

The next moment, having resolutely refused, I came on. But I have too much regard for my readers to take them with me. U. S. A.

"An inquiry is refused and an election precipitated merely because something somebody said has wounded Mr. MacDonald's ridiculous *armour propre*."—*Evening Paper.*

Tin, of course, is very liable to puncture.

"Stepping on a full-grown fox asleep beneath a bush, whilst out rabbit shooting, a sportsman dispatched it with a blow from the butt of his gun."—*Labour Paper.*

"Sportsman" is good.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"Band: 'Entry of the Goods' (Wagner)."
Daily Paper.

Opinions may vary as to the merits of WAGNER, but he is evidently still able "to deliver the goods."

LITTLE DOLLOPS OF DEMOCRACY.

The Backbone of the Party.

Old Mr. Sturdy is one of those admirably earnest politicians by whose demeanour you may gauge the progress of the campaign. Meet him some fortnight before Polling Day and you would think him some quiet old gentleman with a faint indifference to the bickering of party politics. On Nomination Day he becomes a little excited. That evening he discovers dirty work on the other side. Two days later he has taken off his coat and is sticking on stamps for the preservation of the Empire. By Wednesday he is licking envelopes for Church and State and muttering maledictions between licks. By Saturday he is a little incoherent in his speech. On Sunday he tells you that the fight is as good as lost, and lost, mind you, by the apathy and incompetence of everyone concerned in it; nor would he be a bit surprised if we lost India, Australia and South Africa as well before the week was out. Also, the entire organisation will have to be reorganised, and the Central Office are little better than wild goats.

By Monday his eyes have a wild red light in them and he strikes you with a walking-stick as he makes his points from sheer enthusiasm. On the Tuesday he explains that, quite apart from the reorganisation of the entire organisation, he for one will not be content till he has a new Leader, a new Cabinet, a new Policy and, for that matter, a new Candidate. On this day he walks about with his waistcoat undone and occasionally stabs the lying posters of the other side with an umbrella. By dawn on Polling Day he has lost his voice and abandoned hope; by noon the fight has been lost four or five times over by the apathy of the Candidate and the complete absence of enthusiasm and energy among his five thousand voluntary workers. The streets are impassable for motor-cars labelled "Vote for Gurney"; but poor old Sturdy tottera round the town wailing hoarsely of the dearth of cars. By tea he is raving of a poor old widow, an out-voter, dying far away in a remote house, and how her vote has been lost to the forces of Right from the lack of organisation.

By evening he is quite mad. And it takes a couple of days to restore him to the condition of a quiet old man with a faint indifference to the bickering of party politics.



Wife. "You've changed awfully, Herbert dear. Before we were married your kiss used to last three miles. Now you get it done in a hundred yards."

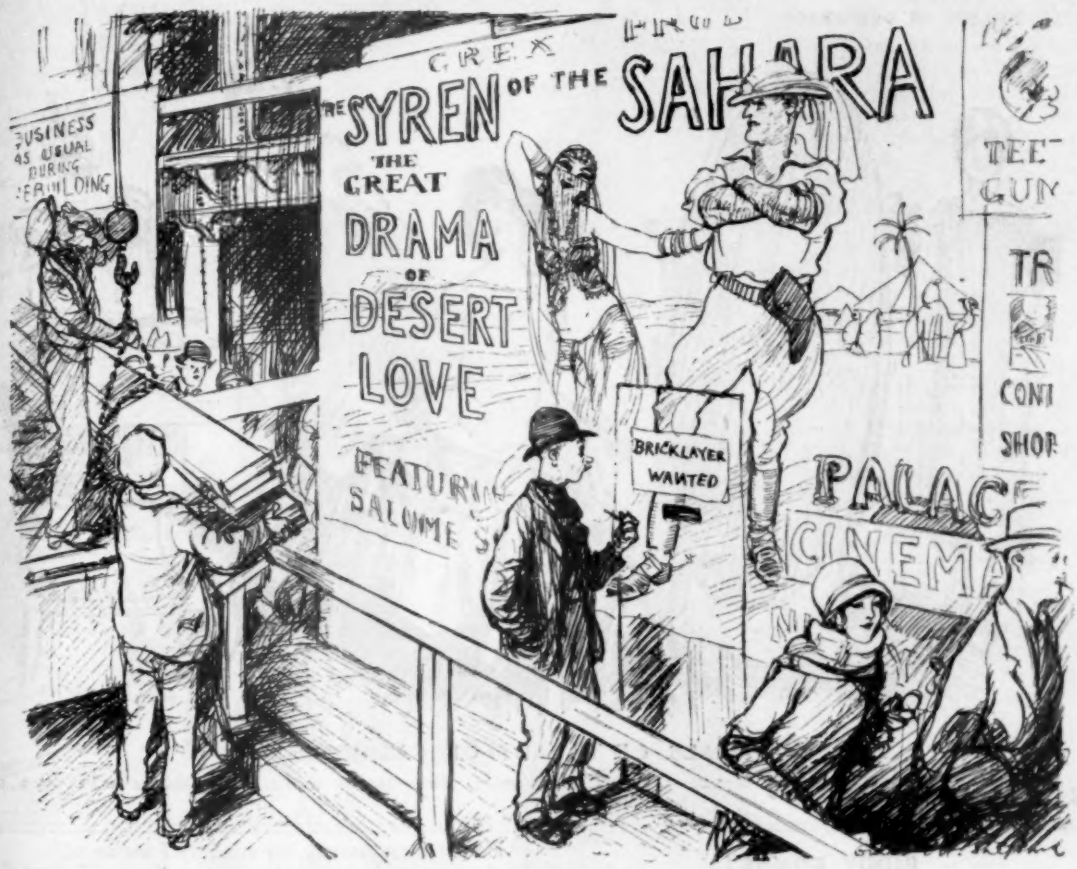
The Chairman.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," says dear old Brigg, the Chairman, "our honoured Member—I *should* say Candidate—will not be with us for a few minutes yet, as 'e is addressing another meeting. But while we are waiting for the Candidate we are to 'ave the privilege of 'earing a few words from a gentleman from London, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Byles—who, I understand, is a very good speaker and 'as kindly promised to say a few words. (*Mr. Byles, whose name, as a fact, is Stokes, hurriedly scribbles a note to the Chairman, hands it feverishly to his neighbour, who turns and passes it excitedly in the wrong direction towards the back of the hall.*)

Now I know very well that none of you 'ave come 'ere to listen to *me*. (*A faint, faint murmur of deprecation.*) But before I call upon Mr. Styles to talk to us—(*Mr. Styles, whose name, as a fact, is Stokes, hurriedly writes another note to the Chairman*)—I should like to say just *one* word about the present situation. For the last ten days, Ladies and Gentlemen, we 'ave seen the Socialists' 'earts bleedin' *all* over the country. Their 'earts bleed for India, for Africa, for Australia; their 'earts bleed for their sufferin' comrades in Germany and Egypt, in Ireland and Austria; but what I want to know is—why don't their 'earts never bleed for their sufferin' comrades in *Russia*, who are worse off than any of em? (*Thunderous cheers, during which Mr. Stokes at last gets his note into the Chairman's hand.*)

"Well, that 's all I 'ave to say. But before I call upon Mr. Riley—eh? Ah, thank 'ee. I beg 'is pardon—Mr. Sticks, 'is name is—and 'e knows much more about these things than I do—*before* I call on Mr. Stocks I 'm sure you would all wish to 'ear a *few* words from our dear old friend, Councillor Robinson. (*Mild cheers.*) You all know Councillor Robinson. If there is one man who 'as done more for our Fire Brigade than another it is Councillor Robinson. Two years ago, Ladies and Gentlemen, we lost this ward to the Reds—and lost it, mind you, through apathy an' nothing *but* apathy—two years ago we 'ad *three-'undred-and-forty-nine* fires in this city. This year, as you know as well as I, we 'ave 'ad three-'undred-and-twenty. And if you send our men back again on the 1st of November—as you will, I know—I see no reason, no reason at all, Ladies and Gentlemen, why we shouldn't improve on that figure. (*Cheers.*) Meanwhile, if the fires of this great city are better conducted than the fires of any other city through the length and breadth of the land, you know who it is you 'ave to thank. (*Cheers.*)

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know you are all waitin' anxiously to 'ear what Mr. Stocks 'as to say about the political situation during the interval that must elapse before the Candidate arrives. But after Councillor Robinson 'as addressed us, I should just like to ask our valued colleague and ex-Treasurer, Alderman Bowles, to give us a very few words. Ladies and Gentlemen, as *you* know, I am not in the 'abit of mincing my words; I call a spade a spade, and I don't care who 'ears me. (*Cheers.*) I 'm not going to come any 'oomboog over you, nor am I going to practise the arts of chicanery in this 'all to-night; but I say to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, as man to man, the way that gentleman 'as been vilified and cajoled by Councillor Thomas in the matter of the Tickletree Park seat is a scandal and a dudgeon to our public life. (*Loud cheers, the entire audience rising to their feet and waving their hats.*)



BATHOS.

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Candidate will be with us soon, I 'ope, but meanwhile, as I say, we must do our best to keep the meeting lively till the Candidate arrives. Mr. Stukes, as I told you, 'as come down from London to give us 'is views on the political sitooation, and I 'm sure you will give 'im a fair 'earing. First of all, then, I shall call on Councillor Robinson; then, if he will be so obliging, Alderman Bowles will address us; and after that Mr. Stork will tell us—— (*A cheer without—a commotion at the door—the Candidate enters.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen, your Candidate 'as arrived. Without further ado I 'ave much pleasure in calling on Mr. John Jolly to give us 'is policy. (*Loud cheers. The Candidate rises. Mr. Stokes collapses.*)

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE.

. . . . I stand, my friends, for the toiling marsses of the people against the hosts of privilege, the forces of oppression, the swollen armies of reaction. I will be a trumpet for the voice of the people, I will be the standard-bearer of democracy and freedom in this great city of yours, this noble city festering with the sores that centuries of cruelty and wrong have left upon her. I will bring back the roses to your cheeks, the happy faces to your hearths, the chubby children to your cradles. I will be a champ-i-on for the toiling marsses of this city. I will take away the slums. I will blow away the smoke. Whom have you now to champ-i-on the toiling marsses? What manner of men do you send to Parliament? The friends of the rich, the parasites, the exploiters, the embezzlers, the drones, the tricky partisans, the friends of war, the twisty politicians, the boobs, the bung-heads, the filthy scuts! But I will be the apostle of peace, of human fellowship and brotherly goodwill. I will be a light in the darkness to the toiling marsses. I see the Dawn. I see a new horizon. I see the top of a high mountain. I see the end of a tunnel, the mouth of a river, a break in the clouds. I see the other side of the moon. I will be a trumpet and a bugle for Liberty; I will be the French-horn of Freedom; I will be the People's oboe! It is true I am staying at the "Hotel Majestic" with the parasites, the exploiters, the drones, the bung-heads, the filthy scuts; it is true, my brothers, that, if you ask me for any practical solution of any particular political problem, the answer is a lemon; but, O my brothers . . . *et-cetera, et-cetera.* A. P. H.

The Lord Chamberlain has licensed 'Profession,' by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Warren, after many refusals."

Australian Paper.

This concession may leave Mr. SHAW indifferent, but it should greatly advance the lady's reputation.

From a football report:—

"Nairn have so far had little luck. A few weeks ago Caledonian only beat them by a single lucky goal scored shortly before the game."—*Scots Paper.*

When, of course, there was no referee to disallow it.



TRIALS OF A LADY OF FASHION.

Milliner. "A LITTLE MORE OVER, MADAM—A LITTLE MORE—STOP! THAT IS THE EXACT ANGLE MADAM MUST WEAR HER HEAD TO GO WITH THAT HAT."

BIDDY BONNET.

NICE-SPOKEN old party called Miss Biddy Bonnet
Had a little small cottage like lots that you 'd meet,
Except for its porch with the roses upon it,
Except for its garden—a fair little treat;
For the flowers it was set with
Would scarcely be met with
At Windsor, they *did* smell so wonderful sweet.

And over the paling you 'd see people peeping,
"Oh me!" would say people an' likewise "Oh my!
Just a boy once a week to do weeding an' sweeping—
She 's the secret for gardens," said people, "sure*lie*;"
But nobody knew it,
An' "How do you do it,
Miss Biddy?" I asked her; "'tis pretty as pie."

"Why, bless 'ee," she answers as pleasant as pleasant,
"It ain't done o' delving an' digging ding-dong;
That monkey as comes, why, he idles incessant,
An' what with rheumatics *I* 'm hardly spade-strong;
But they *do* look up nicely,
Like flower-shows precisely,
All since that old pike-padder happened along.

"He stopped by the gate an' 'Good morning, Miss Biddy'
(Now how in the world would he know it was me?);
'I was just passing by when I comes over giddy—
'Tis walking so far, dear Miss Biddy,' says he.
'Set down in the garden,'
Says I; 'bench be hard 'un,
I 'll fetch 'ee a cushion an' make 'ee some tea.'

"He perks up directly, for strongly I brews it;
Says he, 'I *knows* gardens;' then keeks all about;
'I had one myself till I happened to lose it,
An' I 've still got the habit o' getting chucked out.
When folk sees a stranger
They mostly sees danger;
I mowt be a *sarpint* I 'm viewed with such doubt.

"'Good-bye,' says he, 'daughter, Miss Biddy, dear madam,
I ain't got my card-case but, solemn, declares
What I mightn't say sooner, I 'm old Father Adam,
An', if into gardens he 's bid unawares,
Their plots an' their posies,
Sweet-Willyums an' roses,
They blows ever after with Eden's own airs.'

"An' that 's all I knows on 't," said Miss Biddy Bonnet;
"They might or they mightn't; but where would you meet
With a porch same as this an' the roses upon it?
October!—in *June* they 'd be baddish to beat;
Well, leave it or choose it,
Accept or refuse it."
"However one views it," said I, "they 're a treat."

"Lady would like nice young Lady Friend for outings, one about 85 years."—*Australian Paper.*

Young ladies seem to run rather old in the Antipodes.

"St. Alban's, Westbury Park, has been built and equipped in sections. What they most require at the moment is an organ equal to the size of the church."—*Bristol Paper.*

It sounds a little congested.



ON THE LOAN TRAIL.

[In a document just disclosed by the British Foreign Office (apparently after considerable delay), M. ZINOVIEFF, a member of the Bolshevist Dictatorship, urges the British Communist Party to use "the greatest possible energy" in securing the ratification of Mr. MACDONALD'S Anglo-Russian Treaty, in order to facilitate a scheme for "an armed insurrection" of the British proletariat.]


VOTE
FOR
MACDONALD
AND
ME

THE IMPENITENT.

This is a favourite dream of mine; I come so well out of it.

I have got myself into trouble—it doesn't matter how. Some dispute begins it, and then, in a moment of exasperation, I have hit an interfering policeman. Nothing disgraceful, but on my arm is that terrible thing, a policeman's hand, and I am being urged towards that terrible place, the station. (It is another illustration of the poverty of our language or our disregard of verbal colour that the word for the crowded excited places where we take our tickets and enter trains for holidays in the country or abroad should be the same as the black sinister headquarters of suspicious, inquisitorial and implacable inspectors. Anyway the hand is gripping my arm and we are irresistibly moving towards the station).

In a quiet spot I induce the policeman to stop a moment. "Look here," I say—"I'm sorry I hit you. I apologise. But to arrest me like this is too absurd. Now what can I do for you? Name a sum. Will you take a fiver?"

He won't. "None of that," he says, and the grip tightens. "None of that. And what's more, I shall report this conversation to the inspector in charge."

"But look here," I say. "Just one minute. Be reasonable. I've said I'm sorry. I've offered reparation. You know perfectly well it's only revenge on your part; to arrest me is ridiculous. You don't realise what this is going to be for me. I'm known——"

He remains inflexible.

"Ten pounds," I say, "and heaps of Sunday Zoo tickets for the children."

He quickens the pace.

"All right," I say. "But you might be a sport. You know perfectly well that this is all rot. I'm not the kind of person you're out to arrest. Losing one's temper isn't a crime, and I've already apologised, and I've been punished enough for it. But have your own idiotic way."

He has it. He is full of that terrible thing, the virtuous indignation of the Force, and on we march until at last the station is reached. Why we have no cab I can't explain. I suppose it is to make the atmosphere of humiliation more intense.

At the station there is the usual routine. The constable prefers the charge; the inspector records it, writing with extreme deliberation; friends are telephoned to, and in course of time I am free—if that is a word to apply to a peaceable, normally law-abiding and very retiring man with a decent reputation who has before him the ordeal of police-court proceedings. Free!



Overwhelming Personality. "Hello, Brown, haven't seen you since that little dinner that Simpson gave us."

Brown. "Oh, so that was Simpson's dinner? I quite thought it was yours."

I pass a wretched night.

The next scene of the drama is the police-court itself.

I am in the dock, and in the witness-box, kissing the book, is the policeman. He tells the story; he tells it with a dull dreary intonation of self-righteousness. It is practically correct. The gravamen of the matter is that while in the execution of his duty he was struck by the prisoner.

"Have you anything to say?" the magistrate asks me.

I fancy I have seen him playing Bridge very testily at a club. "Did you attempt," he goes on, "to bribe the officer?"

"Of course I did," I say. "I did what any sensible man would have done."

The court ripples into excited interest. The policemen, who have been walking about, nominally on tip-toe but really on flat resounding soles all through the proceedings, stop and stare at me. Clerks forget to whisper. I am a "phenomenon:" I have admitted an offence.

"Do you mean to say," the magistrate asks, with what is meant for an awful sternness, "that you are proud of attempting to corrupt a member of the Force?"

"I didn't say I was proud," I reply. "But as for corruption—good Heavens! where is the corruption? He was exceeding his duty; there was no mortal excuse for taking me to the station; the incident was closed. My intention in offering him a present was to give some practical proof of my regret and to avoid these foolish police-court proceedings



Ghost (right) to Ghost (left). "HULLO, SIR HUGO! GLAD YOU 'VE FOUND TIME TO GIVE ME A CALL. BUT YOU 'RE NOT LOOKING WELL. STILL WORKING AT THE MOATED GRANGE?"

Ghost (left). "YES, AND THAT 'S THE CAUSE OF MY TROUBLE. THEY 'VE DIVIDED THE PLACE INTO MAISONNETTES, AND NOW I 'VE GOT TO DO TWO HOUSES A NIGHT."

and all their unfortunate and very damaging publicity. In short, I did, Sir, just what you would have done. Wouldn't you?"

"Silence!" roars the magistrate. He is shocked beyond bearing by the suggestion that he is a man of the world.

"This is monstrous," he resumes. "That anyone in your position should enunciate such doctrine, such appalling anti-social cynicism, is monstrous. I will consider your punishment."

"My punishment," I reply, "is nothing to do with you. The garbled accounts in the Press constitute my punishment. I will stand down with pleasure, but before I go let me say that, if ever the need again arises to endeavour to bribe the police, I shall again do my best to bribe them. Just as you would. Wouldn't you?"

He scowls and becomes more purple.

"Wouldn't you?" I repeat. "Wouldn't you?"

I wake up in a glow of self-esteem with the words "Wouldn't you?" in my ears. E. V. L.

"For Sale, Airedale, good pedigree; also her 3 doz. pups."—*Scots Paper.*
Something like a litter.

"TWAINS" WITH MICHAEL.

WHEN I went recently to see my married sister and her husband I suspected that Michael would be paraded for my benefit.



"MICHAEL IMPORTANTLY LUGGED FORWARD A CARDBOARD BOX."

He appeared after tea, a grave fellow of four.

"How are you, old man?" I said.

He stared solemnly, while his parents maintained a running fire of "Who 's this, Michael?" "It 's Uncle Hugh, Michael," "Shake hands, Michael," "Say 'How do you do, Uncle Hugh?' Michael."

"He 's grown," I discovered.

"He wants you to play with him," said Betty. "Darling!" she added vaguely.

"What at?" I asked.

"Twains," said Michael. With this he toddled away for a short time.

"He means trains," Alec explained. "Sure you don't mind?"

"Dear old boy, of course not. I love playing with children."

Michael now importantly lugged forward a cardboard box, from which he produced some rails (gauge 0), a signal and an engine.

I got down on the floor and joined the rails in a large oval, while Alec and Betty sat pleasantly near each other on the sofa. Evidently I was to be butchered for a parents' holiday.

"Nenjin," said Michael, handing it to me.

I examined the engine. Patently of foreign origin, its tender bore the fine old legend GREAT WESTERN. In colour it was a hideous carmine. When I wound it up it buzzed in my hand.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee-ee, Expwess," Michael announced.

"Signal's up," said Alec, heavy-father fashion.

"Signal's down," said his son and heir, making it so. "Whee-ee-ee-ee-ee."

"Right away," I cried heartily, depositing the engine on the rails; "off she goes!"

After a preliminary lurching off she went—crash into the signal. Having upset this she overturned herself on to her key and began to whirr and heave. A bad start.

"Axtent, axtent!" shouted Michael joyously.

"He means accident," Alec explained.

"Does it always run off the line?" I said.

Alec and Betty assured me that it did so with unfailing regularity. They pointed out that the key made it top-heavy. They seemed quite resigned to this dismal state of affairs.

I re-wound the foolish locomotive. During the re-winding process there was a quiet but ominous click. I stopped winding and set the engine on the line. It did not stir.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee-ee, Expwess," whooped Michael.

I gave the engine a gentle push. It instantly fell over, but there was no sound from its clockwork mechanism. Something must have gone wrong. I put it on its legs again. It stayed put.

"Hullo, why, what, won't it go?" queried my brother-in-law keenly.

I began to feel annoyed.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee," Michael persisted.

"Oh, it'll go all right," I said; "only the signal's against it."

Michael speedily gave the train its "rights through." Fumbling surreptitiously, I played for time.

"There's a railway strike on just now," I informed my audience, "and the driver's been and left the engine. So you see it can't go."



"'AXTENT, AXTENT!' SHOUTED MICHAEL JOYOUSLY."

Michael settled the strike with commendable promptitude.

"Dwiver's back now," he said.



"DURING THE RE-WINDING PROCESS THERE WAS A QUIET BUT OMINOUS CLICK."

"Ah, but there's the guard," I objected. "He's gone too. The train can't start without *him*."

"Guard's back now," Michael decided.

His father indulged in a little heavy humour.

"Guard's in his carriage all right with the train, eh?" he suggested. "Let her go, Hugh."

Desperately I pressed portions of the engine, but to no purpose. The game was up. If Michael had smashed the strike I had effectively smashed the only available locomotive.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee-oooo," howled my nephew in justifiable impatience.

"Have you got the brake on?" inquired Betty.

"Brake?"

"It goes on by itself sometimes," Alec said. "Let's have a look. Yes, it's on now. *Voilà*."

He did something underneath the engine and to my joy the wheels revolved. Gratefully I grabbed it and set it running again. It careered into the signal in quite its old form. Hurrah! As Michael was picking things up and contentedly gurgling, "Axtent, axtent," I turned to the fond parents.

"Do you know," I said—"stupid of me, but for the moment, I thought I'd—er——"

"No, did you?" Betty said demurely.

Alec hit me affectionately on the back. He is a hearty brute.

"Just like you, old boy," he declared, "to say nothing about it."

"Twain coming," Michael announced. "Whee-ee-oo-oo."

"Whee-ee-oo-oo," we chorused.

And again the signal fell.

"GOLF SURPRISES.

He'zet and Miss Leitch started we'l enough, and were 2 up at the first hole."—*Evening Paper.*

The prowess of these golfing giants is astounding.

Mr. C—— was on his motor-cycle and Mr. S—— was on his cycle. Nearing the corner they both collided."—*Provincial Paper.*

An extraordinary coincidence.

THE AUTHOR'S CROWNING HOUR.

I READ the letter through carefully; then I read it through again. After that I laid it down beside my plate and beamed at Marion.

"Marion," I said when I had finished beaming—"Marion, I shall not be here to luncheon next Thursday."

"This is a very severe blow," said Marion. "Why not?"

"I have to go up to town," I replied with dignity.

"Not to *London*, surely?" Marion exclaimed admiringly. "You are getting a little gadabout, aren't you?"

"Marion, your flippancy is ill-timed. This is a very important occasion. In fact next Thursday is destined to mark an epoch in my life, and therefore in yours."

"But you've been up to London before, darling, haven't you? *And* alone. I remember it distinctly. It may have been rash of me to let you, no doubt; but in these matters I believe in perfect trust between husband and wife. And you see how my confidence was justified; you came back to me. And now you're going up again. Well, well, well."

"I was not referring to the fact of my going up to town," I said coldly, "but to what I am going to do when I am up there."

"You're not going to try to rob the Bank of England or anything, are you?" Marion asked anxiously. "Because, believe me, it's no use. Better men than you have tried and failed. And if it's for my sake there's really no need. I'm quite contented to go on like this, with just enough money to go round. Though I admit that it would be a relief if some of it could go round to Fernhurst's. I'm sure they must nearly have exhausted their literary invention for those pithy little remarks on the bottom of their bills; and then they'll proceed to action. And I should hate to see you led off in chains to some gloomy dungeon. Really I should. For one thing I shouldn't know what to wear for the occasion."

"Marion, will you kindly cease to side-track the issue like this? I've given you your cue. What you ought to have been saying all this time is, 'And what are you going to do in London on Thursday, then, darling?'"

"And what are you going to do in London on Thursday, then, darling?" Marion asked.

I drew a deep breath. "I am lunching with my publisher," I intoned reverently.

Marion thought for a moment. "Well, that will be nice and economical for you, won't it?" she said brightly.

"I think you are rather missing the point. The important part is, not that I am eating a lunch at somebody else's expense, but that the person with whom I am lunching is my *publisher*."

"My prospective publisher," Marion corrected.

"Well, yes, if you like to put it that way."

"Still, we needn't *really* put that bit in, need we?" Marion remarked kindly.



Diminutive Head of House (to burglar fumbling at door). "ISN'T—THAT—D-DOOR A—D-DEVIL?"

"'Lunching with my publisher.' Yes, it does sound rather nice and important, doesn't it?"

"Well, that was certainly the impression it gave me. By the way, we hadn't any previous lunch engagement for Thursday, had we?"

"Oh, no; you're quite free."

"Y-e-s; but that isn't what I was meaning exactly. You see, if you *had* had to put anybody else off on my publisher's account, it would sound rather—— Well, I mean it wouldn't be a bad——"

"You mean, 'I'm *so* sorry, but my husband is lunching with his publisher'? Yes, it would, wouldn't it? I hope lots and lots of people ask us to lunch on Thursday. I suppose tea wouldn't do as well, would it? So few people ask us to lunch on Thursdays."

"Certainly not. Nobody ever has tea with his publisher. It simply isn't done."

"I feel most frightfully honoured. Fancy being married to a man who lunches on Thursday with publishers!"

"Yes, it does sound well," I said complacently. "As long as one doesn't go into their reasons."

"And what are their reasons?"

"It is their object to overawe him," I explained with some reluctance, "by means of a terrific lunch and their own tremendous condescension, into being satisfied with very much less favourable terms than he would have stuck out for if—if he *had* only been asked to tea with them, for instance. Still, we needn't insist on that side of it. Suffice it that your husband is lunching with his publisher."

"I see," Marion meditated. "A sort of lamb to the slaughter?"

"Something like that," I admitted.

"Never mind," said Marion; "it will be a glorious end for the lamb. And what an epitaph—'HE LUNCHED WITH HIS PUBLISHER'!"

GENERAL (ELECTION) PAPER.

(*For Use in Socialist Schools.*)

(1) Explain the constitution of the Samovar and discuss the feasibility of its introduction on the Clyde as a means of maintaining rectitude and invigorating the soul at breakfast.

(2) Show how the general use of vodka in place of beer or whisky is calculated to facilitate the inauguration of the Proletarian Dictatorship, and discuss the respective claims of "UNCLE ARTHUR," ARTHUR PONSONBY and GEORGE LANSBURY to be the first occupant of that office.

(3) Describe the hygienic results which would flow from the free distribution of *caviare* among the unemployed of Poplargrad.

(4) Draw a map indicating the position of the Tural-Ural mountains, and give statistics of the output of gold, diamonds and International propaganda from the mines in that district.

(5) Distinguish between RYKOFF and RAKOVSKY, LARKIN and MORDKIN, CHALIAPIN and CHARLIE CHAPLIN, Soviet and Serviette, Pogrom and Program.

"Agent wanted, able to influence potatoes on commission."—*Yorkshire Paper.*
For their good, we trust.

THE NEW WALK.

A NEW walk is to be introduced with the latest autumn modes for women, and, from the illustrations of mannequins practising it which have appeared in the daily Press, it seems that the effect aimed at is the impression produced on a Cook's tourist by the Leaning Tower of Pisa, as seen from the train. Well and good. Anything likely to distract attention from the architectural lines of our London streets will be welcome, providing that it leaves the observer with sufficient breath, presence of mind, aplomb and *savoir faire* to cross them, when necessary, without getting run over. I could suggest a few improvements, such as a predatory curl to the extended fingers of the right hand for treasure-hunters, and a more pronounced chin action for the very young and bright.



AUTUMN MODES: THE NEW WALK.

What I resent, and should like to see remedied, is the lack of enterprise shown by gents' outfitters, men's wear departments and my own tailor in these matters. Why should women ransack every age and clime for their fashions, ranging at will between Victorian frills and the styles favoured by NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S great-niece or HEROD'S stepdaughter, while my tailor merely murmurs, as he runs his tape round my waist, "Lapels are being worn a quarter of an inch longer this year?"



"RANGING AT WILL BETWEEN VICTORIAN FRILLS AND THE STYLES FAVOURED BY NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S GREAT-NIECE OR HEROD'S STEPDAUGHTER."

Why should not I be encouraged to discard my prosaic Anglo-Saxon pass-along-please-plenty-of-room-at-the-end gait for, let us say, Assyrian angles? The Assyrian was more or less of the same type as the present-day Sheik, so that my popularity with the opposite sex would be assured. It is true that the high-stepping action characteristic of these warriors must involve a considerable expenditure of energy, and I should probably lose even more buses than I do at present. Nor was their habit of looking in the opposite direction to that in which they were going altogether consonant with the principle of Safety First. Possibly a Neanderthal crouch would go better with rough tweeds and be more practical.



"ASSYRIAN ANGLES."

Let some of the leading firms of tailors follow the example of the dressmakers and engage young men of attractive appearance to parade before their customers in elegant lounge suits, impeccable plus-fours and faultless evening-dress at any slant decreed by fashion, and I will engage to—well, at any rate I'll think it over.



"POSSIBLY A NEANDERTHAL CROUCH WOULD GO BETTER WITH ROUGH TWEEDS."

AT THE PLAY.

"OLD ENGLISH" (HAYMARKET).

"ISN'T he the grand old sinner?" inquired (rhetorically) the Irish parlour-maid. She was speaking of *Sylvanus Heythorp*, Chairman of the Island Navigation Company. She admired him; so did his manservant, his clerks, his secretary, his granddaughter (not by marriage), and, more reluctantly, one or two even of his creditors. So, I think, and also perhaps with just a shade of reluctance, does Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Sylvanus, at any rate, was a splendid specimen of the hard old school. He had drunk Jolyon Forsyte under the table in his time. On a January day of 1905 you see him in the Board-room of the Island Navigation Company, though for some reason or other, like all the other gentlemen in the play, he wears the clothes of 1924, whereas the ladies of the piece are dressed in those long Edwardian skirts which I scarcely imagined I should ever see again. *Sylvanus* still drinks port and smokes cigars, but he cannot rise from his chair without help. The tram-conductors know him; the policemen stop the traffic of Liverpool when he crosses the street. He can dominate a Board meeting and buy up the fleet of his withered old friend, *Joe Pillin*, for sixty thousand pounds, taking six thousand as a commission on the deal in order to provide for his mistress's grandchildren. I like these stage business deals. I would have more of them. They let me into the romance of business life, which means far more, I feel certain, to most Englishmen than the softer kind.

One would not care, however, to see any actor except Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL in this particular part. Considering that *Sylvanus* can only totter, though stiffly upright, across the room; that he has to sit for long periods silent and alone on a chair; that he has to make a speech in such a husky voice that even the shareholders—on the stage, mark you—cannot hear it; that he has to consume—

1 bottle of Perrier Jouet,
1 bottle of port,
½ a bottle of brandy,

sipping and savouring them all; that he has to totter right across the room for that brandy bottle, and, being too drunk to take it in his hands, clasp it in his arms and stagger back to his arm-chair with it, and then, still without using his hands, place it upon the table by his side—considering all these things, I say, and the fact that he rivets our attention the whole time, and that nobody sniggers, one may say that Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL has made, even for him, a fairly creditable show with the part.

Oh, and I forgot to mention that Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL dies. He does that after the last brandy. It is the old man's way of defeating his enemies at the last, for one of them, a hound named *Ventnor*, is hard on his trail over the shipping deal. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL is perhaps a thought too rosy in death; but one must make allowance, I suppose, for all that good wine. In any case, it was the only thing he had to do which he did not seem to me to do perfectly.



A GAY OLD FELO-DE-SE.
Sylvanus Heythorp . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

It was not to be expected in a play of this sort—after all, it is really a character study—that the other persons of the drama would be given much of a chance. They also suffer to a certain extent from having to figure as light relief. *Sylvanus*, for instance, announces that the motto for the Company's policy should be "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" When the Company's secretary (Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR), quite a competent secretary, reads this out he makes a hash of the Latin. When a creditor of *Sylvanus* (Mr. CHARLES GARRY), unctuous and florid in the extreme, repeats the motto, he makes another and quite different hash of it. Just after *Sylvanus's* cheeky grandson has tied a dead rat to the coat-tail of his sister's suitor—but this happens, providentially, off the stage—*Charles Ventnor*, the nosy solicitor, comes in and says, "I smell a rat," referring, of course, to that little matter of the commission. Here's tragic irony for you! Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY has this part and does what he can with it. But it's a crude part for a solicitor, to my mind.

As for *Joe Pillin*, who sells the ships, he is withered, as I said, but Mr. H. R. HIGNETT can't make him much more; while his son *Bob*, who was played by Mr. REGINALD BACH, might have had another *o* between the *b*'s, so little is he allowed to shine.

Old *Sylvanus* had a severe and pious daughter in his home who made life a burden to him. This was Miss LOUISE HAMPTON, who looked severely pious but had a little difficulty with her long Edwardian skirt. And then there are *Rosamund* and *Phyllis Larne*. *Rosamund* was the widow of the old man's natural son, and a lady novelist in a suburban home with pink satin bows on the cushions and a chronic debt to the gas. Miss IRENE ROOKE writes novels and dodges the gas very nicely; and Miss JOAN MAUDE, who is *Phyllis*, behaves quite charmingly, dries her hair at the fire and pets her grandpapa. She is supposed to have a bad cold, but she doesn't really act that well. I never for a moment thought it was nearly as bad as mine.

I hope we shall see many more of these hard-bitten apoplectic old business heroes of eighty odd years. They are just what is wanted to rejuvenate the English stage.

EVOE.

"THE PELICAN" (AMBASSADORS).

THE pelican, so our naïve forefathers declared, feeds its young from selflessly self-made wounds in its own breast (pelicans, it must be admitted, don't look quite like that); and Miss F TENNYSON JESSE and Mr. H. M. HARWOOD have made a very skilful and at times an unexpectedly moving play on the old theme of the mother who sacrifices everything for her child, even her own deferred happiness and that of her lover. And you see the young, who don't know the real nature of wounds, especially the wounds of the old (people

of thirty-eight or so!), gobbling up the blood so very casually.

The *Heriots* are of ancient stock, deathly proud and very much concerned with the handing on of the *Heriot* torch of life. And young *Marcus Heriot* is so hopelessly indiscreet as to go and marry a Canadian (this was at the time of the Great War and before Wembley). *Lady Heriot* makes the poor girl's life such a burden that she flies from the house and hides herself for four months, at the end of which time she has a child. Of course it can't be *Marcus's*, though the family solicitor, with evident memories of a *cause célèbre* in his mind, points out that of course it can. But in the Divorce Court *Wanda* admitted—why, we are told later—her love for another man, and the jury thought that sufficient evidence to convict her of infidelity.

Into a discussion of whether or no there shall be a new action to declare the child a bastard bursts *Wanda* to make an offer to *Marcus*. "The child is yours. You can take him and I will never see him again. If you reject him now he will belong altogether to me." *Marcus*, with the weary air of the dishonoured man, makes his stern choice, rejects his own child, and *Wanda* goes off supremely happy. She felt bound to make the offer, she explains, in case the boy when he grows up would really like to lead the intolerably stuffy life of British aristocrats. Glad that that 's all over, she will go out and earn a livelihood in her robust Canadian way.

And she does, of course. Seventeen years have elapsed and we are now in 1936. We find her right-hand man to a Franco-Jewish financier, and after five years exclusively devoted to business the two have fallen deeply in love. Young *Robin*, educated in France and ignorant of his parentage, believing his mother a widow, is just coming over from England, having been on a holiday with the sons of that well-meaning solicitor who had always had his doubts as to the justice of the verdict in *Heriot* v. *Heriot and Montgomerie*. He now knows that his doubts were justified—*Robin* at seventeen is the image of his father at that age. And when the boy arrives all he can think of is that he must forthwith go to Sandhurst. The persistent *Heriot* bias towards soldiering leaves him no choice. Such, let Darwin, Lamarck, Reid and Pearson explain it if they can, is heredity.

Meanwhile, in London, *Marcus*, having married again for convenience and unhappily, is Adjutant-General, having to his credit a brilliant frontier campaign.

Robin must of course have what he wants, says *Wanda* to the diplomatic solicitor. But how can it be managed? You have to show birth certificates at Sandhurst; they are very particular, aren't they? "Yes," says the sober man of law, bursting for the moment into humour, "which is odd, considering the kind of men they do let in, men rather too evidently the sons of their father." But there exists an old-established pastime in England known as wangling. Now if the *Adjutant-General*, an old friend of his (and indeed no other than *Robin's* father), were approached in the right way perhaps something might be done.



Charles Cheriton (*Mr.* Charles Cherry) *to Wanda Heriot* (*Miss* Josephine Victor). "I certainly think that in your case a course of Pelicanism is indicated."

"But you won't tell him who *Robin* really is?"

"Not if it can be managed without, word of honour. But you must leave me discretion."

So off goes *Robin* to the *Adjutant-General's*. Old *Beadon*, the butler, guesses the truth in one, because he knew *Marcus* at seventeen, whereas the *A.-G.* had not that advantage. And old *Sir John Heriot*, who is suffering from loss of memory and living in the past, thinks *Marcus* is his brother and greets the boy *Robin* as his own son. Even Adjutant-Generals can put two and two together with a lead like that.

And so the train is laid for our poor *Wanda* to play the pelican. You see, of course, as everybody would see, that the conquering *Heriot* blood must be served. It is the Canadian *Wanda*, not in the stock-book, who must give up her St. Martin's summer happiness that *Robin* may have his pick of the regiments and his own name and place in Scotland, instead of merely being pushed into some obscure crowd.



General Sir John Heriot (*Mr. Fred Kerr*) *to Robin* (*Mr. Robert Andrews*), *whom he mistakes for his son.* "Why, it 's Marcus—Marcus and Bismarcus—eh, what?"

A very well-made play; not exactly modernist in conception, but logically proceeding from the stated premises to this inevitable conclusion. And quite brilliantly presented. Miss Josephine Victor is a name unknown to me (doubtless to my discredit). She showed by a hundred skilful and indeed subtle touches the sterling character, the fighting quality, the passionate maternity, the capacity for passion, the indignation and puzzlement of an alien, insufficiently armed, fighting against an entrenched position; and by keeping herself well in hand carried through the difficult passages towards the end, when the breaking-point was reached, without an effect of uncomfortable over-emphasis. This seemed to me a very sincere and capable piece of playing. Mr. Fred Kerr, as the old Baronet, looking astonishingly like Bismarck made kindly in retirement, gave us a quite delightful performance—as good as anything he has done in a career pointed with many successes. Mr. Herbert Marshall, particularly in the Third Act, came back into his old

excellent form. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN skilfully avoided the easy and obvious in his study of the financier, and played with a tenderness and perception which served his authors well. Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS' *Robin* was a quite admirable piece of work. There was much more in it than the exploitation of an attractive personality or easy natural manner.

Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS was effective as a cold, hard and indeed entirely inhuman *Lady Heriot*. It is never quite fair to authors to say that the players flattered their work—that's what players are *for*—but they certainly carried the piece, with its rather unlikely assumptions and situations, over shoals on which with less skilful playing it might have run aground.

T.

HOW TO HELP SCIENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest Mr. PETT RIDGE'S address on the "Modesty of Authors" to the Livery Committee of the Stationers' Company. The proofs which he advances are overwhelming, and his suggestion that authors should keep in front of the public by having public-houses named after them has much to recommend it. Unfortunately, though the specimens which he selects are admirable, the scheme will not always work unless it is intended to embrace temperance hotels as well as those which provide alcoholic refreshment. Then and then only would it be possible to render justice to one of our most distinguished poets under the sign of "The Jolly Drinkwater." This difficulty however might be evaded by substituting the titles of authors' works for their names. "The Shropshire Lad," for instance, has a fine ring about it. "The Green Man" we know, but why not "The Green Goddess"? The popularity of one of our most illustrious writers would be far more effectively promoted by the appearance on a sign-board of "The Golden Bough," with an appropriate design, than by the inscription, "The James Frazer."

But it is not in the world of letters alone that practical measures are needed to remedy the disastrous results of this excess of modesty, coyness and shrinking from publicity. Nothing, for example, is done to keep leading men of science in front of the public. It is an extraordinary and deplorable fact that none of them are or ever have been known by their Christian names or by endearing diminutives. No one ever spoke of CHARLIE DARWIN or TOMMY HUXLEY or 'ERB SPENCER. To break down this aloofness, to bring science home to the heart of the people, we must revise the method of nomenclature on the lines adopted with such signal success in the world of politics. The statesmen who count to-day no longer dwell in ivory towers. Their appeal to the people is enormously fortified by the fact that they are known, not by their surnames, but as Toms and Bobs and Jimmies and Joshes. I would suggest therefore that the Press should take the lead in extending this admirable practice to the luminaries of the laboratory, the pioneers of research, the unriddlers of the universe. Think of the advantage to the Royal Society if its President were known, not as SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON but as "Sherry"! We have our RONNY KNOX, why not RONNY ROSS? "SIR OLIVER LODGE" is but a lodge in the wilderness; as "Olly Lodge" he might serve as the name for hundreds of suburban residences or rural bungalows. To sum up, the scheme is (1) in keeping with the spirit of the times, (2) calculated to humanize and sweeten life by promoting fraternal familiarity between eminence and obscurity, (3) capable of realization without the expenditure of a farthing. On all these grounds I count, dear Mr. Punch, on your benevolent and powerful support.

Yours faithfully, HUMANITARIAN.

TRUE TO TYPE.

"QUICK!" cried Helen, as a large lady loomed before our carriage window. "Put her under the seat."

I seized Tzu Hsi (commonly called Zu Zu) and shoved her behind my heels.

And none too soon. The large lady was indeed coming in. "Iniquitous!" she stormed at the porter who was stowing away her gear. "*Guards' van!* I've never heard of such a thing." (Zu Zu at this moment tickled my leg.) "As for taking a special ticket——"

"Not allowed to travel without," said the porter.

"Since when, my good man?"

"My good man" was not giving away dates. He jumped out and closed the door as one experienced in transporting tigers.

"Monstrous!" went on the lady, glaring at me.

"Ah—quite," I agreed timidly.

"They are such—so essential to one," began Helen pleasantly.

"So you have one? Do you take it about with you?"

"Not always," I replied guardedly.

"Ours is only a little thing," added Helen.

I am sure I heard Zu Zu sigh.

"Little or big, such a rule is ridiculous."

"What kind is yours?" I inquired.

"A Berlange."

"Oh—really. I haven't come across them. French, perhaps?"

"No, American."

"There are so many different kinds over there," put in Helen.

"None to beat a Berlange. You don't see much in the papers about them—yet; but when they *do* come over——"

"What size are they?" asked Helen.

"Oh, not toys, of course. Nothing fanciful. Very easy to manage; so clean, and wonderfully quiet."

"Perhaps," I said, "there are no cats in your neighbourhood?"

"Cats do not disturb *my* peace."

"But his?" I ventured.

"*His?* I am unmarried. Unmarried I mean to remain."

"Of course," murmured Helen tactlessly.

"We thought——" I began.

"I may remind you that the time is long past when marriage was considered the end of women."

"Sometimes it is only the beginning," said Helen shyly.

"Not for women with *vision*. *They* cannot slack about. There's too much to be *done*. Reforms to put up, abuses to put down."

"Put up, put down," I heard myself repeating.

"Take dogs now. On toy dogs alone there are people who spend more than a poor man's income."

"Really?" said Helen faintly.

"Look at the number of dogs carried about by idle women. You see them in shops, buses, taxis, trains—in any compartment you please, mind you, *without* a special ticket. But we are putting a stop to all that. You may know Mr. Blum?"

"Y-e-s," I said, "I think I have heard the name."

"Stephen Blum, the man who waged war on silk stockings—*of course* you've heard of him. Well, there will be precious few left when *he*'s done with them."

"With—er—silk stockings—and perhaps socks?" I added sadly, feeling a warm tongue roaming a bare spot over my heel.

"I mean pet dogs," returned the bewildering lady, "particularly those repulsive, sniffling, snuffling, expensive, horrible Pekinese! I'm on my way to Mr. Blum now."

She rose as the train ran into a station. Towering above me, she pulled a black case off the rack, and, swinging it over my head, she said, "*This* is my Berlange—and in what other country would railways be allowed to charge extra for a folding typewriter?"

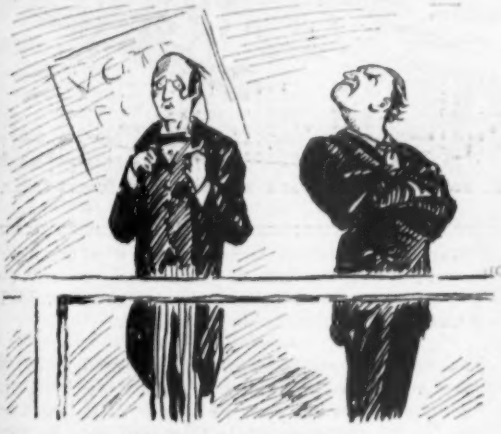
A Candidate who feels himself weak in facial expression might engage a cinema-actor to register his emotions for him. Thus:—



"I am *delighted* to be here to-day.



Though our opponents have hit us *below the belt*—



I *scorn* to be intimidated.



I *love* old England.



I *hate* her enemies—



And I feel *perfectly confident* that you will return me by an overwhelming majority."



Dealer (inspecting horse with a view to purchase). "'ERE, YOUNG FELLOW, LET 'IM STAND NATURAL. I'M BUYING 'OSSES, NOT WEMBLEY LIONS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO not feel that Mr. HUGH WALPOLE is quite at his best in *The Old Ladies* (MACMILLAN), though passages of the book have given me acute and memorable pleasure. It is the happy ending, of course, that lets it down, an ending which jostles out of court the whole volume's redeeming philosophy while leaving its material oppressiveness unchallenged. It is one old lady's perquisite, this happy ending. Only *Mrs. Amorest* enjoys it. And there are two other old ladies, *Mrs. Payne* and *Miss Beringer*, who have the air, all along, of expecting something of Mr. WALPOLE'S ultimate generosity. *Mrs. Payne* and *Miss Beringer* have no spiritual resilience; the former is a slattern and a sensualist, living entirely for sweet food and bright colours; the latter a foolish, nervous, sentimental old maid, slenderly bound to life by the memory of one friend and the affection of her dog. Spiritual resilience, on the other hand, is *Mrs. Amorest's* strong point. When the story opens it has already survived the death of her husband, the revelation of his insolvency, the departure of her boy, *Brand*, for America, and *Mrs. Amorest's* own withdrawal (out of mingled pride and necessity) to entire seclusion in a Polchester garret. Two other garrets in the same gaunt house are occupied by the two other old ladies; and the trio is staunchly shepherded by *Mrs. Bloxam*, an overburdened but kindly charwoman. Three great interests agitate the three old ladies: the possible return of *Mrs. Amorest's* son; the possible inheritance (by the same lady) of her mean *Cousin Francis's* money, and the possible reversion to the more or less demented *Mrs. Payne* of a glorious amber dragon, the property of *Miss Beringer*. What happens to the son, the money and the dragon it would not become me to divulge; but, if you keep your eye on the fate of the second, you will enjoy (I think) the most charming and characteristic work in these new annals of the inimitable Polchester.

You may reasonably expect a slightly bookish flavour about a volume of short stories by Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, the more especially when you see that it is called *The Grub Street Nights Entertainments* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). They are quite good stories, and the author has the advantage of knowing the world of which he writes: but there is, perhaps necessarily, a certain similarity about his subjects and the manner in which they are handled. He works the "irony of life" idea rather heavily. Here, for example, we have the critic who out of sheer pity gives a dying novelist a two-column notice on the day of publication and persuades two brother reviewers to follow his example. Of course the novelist recovers and flourishes exceedingly, while the kindly critic finds his reputation for sound judgment slowly perishing. Then we have in "The Cemetery" the poet who is entrusted with all the obituary notices for that great daily, *The Sun*, including his own, and wins for himself a century or so of fame, though not precisely by the way you would expect. There is generally a touch of the farcical element, a pleasant exaggeration, about Mr. SQUIRE'S conclusions. He is not afraid of pouring millions into the lap of his favourites, as with that amiable little bibliophile, *Mr. Mackenzie Wile*, hero of "The Golden Scilens." Probably you have seen this and several of the other stories in the pages of a magazine "whose editor had no option," as the author explains in a prefatory note. They are all quite worth reading, from "The Man who Kept a Diary"—or rather who became a personality by allowing the world to

think that he did so—to "The Man who Wrote Free Verse" with the praiseworthy intention of coming forward in due course and explaining that it was all a joke. His sad fate is adumbrated in an effective cover design, but some of his verse, free and constrained, is fortunately preserved for future generations in these pages.

Sixteen tales of the shorter breed
  Are *Leaves from Arcady*;
Very Arcadian tales indeed,
  Simple as A B C;
Out of the Forest of Ys are they—
  Forest of Ys is but the New one
(That 's what I found a foreword say,
  Hinting many a tale 's a true one).

Manly Jack and maidenly Jill,
  Modestly here go both,
Kisses are rarely accomplished till
  There is a plighted troth;
Virtue ever comes out atop;
  Vice has none of its usual habits;
Some of the actors seem to pop
  In and out of the *Leaves* like rabbits.

Sport and comedy help the themes,
  Dancing and doughty deeds;
How to ticket 'em? "Charming" seems
  Surely the tag one needs;
"*Perfectly* charming," I 've no doubt
  Many a forester free will vote them.
CASSELL AND COMPANY bring them out;
  HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL wrote them.

Do you remember the WILLIAM MORRIS hero who "thought Hector the best knight a long way" because his whole career was a "striving well to hold up things that fall"? That is just what I feel about Mr. ALFRED NOYES and his critical exploits. Tall Troy 's on fire and he comes too late to play Laocoön. The walls are already divided and the animated entrails of the wooden horse are contesting every street corner. Old wisdom meets the fate of Priam and young innocence is carried away with Cassandra. "*Tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis.*" But this particular Hector is not at his rival's chariot-tail yet. In fact, as regards *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), it is rather the other way about. Yet I should give a false impression of a book full of constructive enthusiasm if I let it be imagined that Mr. NOYES exhausts himself in polemic. Only "Some Characteristics of Modern Literature," the last of his fifteen essays and lectures, is aggressively pugnacious. And how sensitive to spiritual excellence, how full of patient technical discernment, is the greater part of his book! How genial, yet how justly deferential, are his essays on STEVENSON, HENLEY and AUSTIN DOBSON! and how happy is his zest for "the Horatian tradition of English light verse" when he encounters it (as he naturally does) in his study of "Some Cambridge Poets and Poetry"! His paper on JAMES THOMSON, who ate the sunny side of his own peaches as they hung on the tree and wrote one inimitable line to a wallflower as well as "Rule, Britannia," is very pleasant reading; and the more academic essays—especially "Tennyson and Some Recent Critics"—are all bravely argued. But I do feel that Mr. NOYES is extreme in deprecating all revolt from the Victorians, for, though reaction is not in itself a fruitful thing, it is undoubtedly purgative. In the case of TENNYSON, all one can say is that it has gone on too long, and that the whole body of contemporary English verse is the weaker for its continuance.



BALLROOM MANNERS.

WEARY DANCING-MAN COVERS A YAWN.

That familiar scheme of romance in which two together, hero and heroine, drift down an idyllic river by way of idyllic adventures to an idyllic coast and joyful ever-after, has always something so fascinating about it that one can almost forgive Mr. ALDEN BROOKS the ugly mechanism he applies to bring it into being in his first novel, *The Enchanted Land* (FISHER UNWIN). Insanity, even though it be clearly

temporary and perhaps not to be taken too seriously, seems always too grim a subject to be made use of in this way. It must be allowed, all the same, that, once the author has supplied himself with a hero who breaks away—at a moment's notice, across country and scantily clad—from the meshes of business to follow art, and with relatives and gendarmes in pursuit, it is only necessary to add a charming gipsy ally who will assist the escape in a punt, and clearly the idyll may develop as satisfactorily on a river in Brittany, where it is actually placed, as, say, on the waterways that lead to Southern seas. Mr. BROOKS is often quite successful in detail. I don't know when I was so pleased by positive criminality as by the gipsy girl's theft of the tubes of paint, for instance, and his descriptions both of the middle-aged artist stifled in uncongenial surroundings and of the same man, after the repressed impulse has burst its way through, lost to all things except the faculty he is now at last indulging, have both psychologic power and human pathos. On the other hand he carries the spasmodic style of writing altogether too far. Strictly speaking, very few of his sentences are actually sentences at all, and where they do chance to include a verb his grammar not infrequently is still deplorable.

Lord MEATH is now, I believe, in his eighty-fourth year, and in the course of a long and useful life has done an immense amount of solid work in the twin causes of patriotism and philanthropy. In *Memories of the Twentieth Century* (MURRAY) he carries on the story of his manifold activities, bringing them nearly down to the present day. Simply to enumerate the many societies with which Lady MEATH and he were concerned would be a considerable task. The greater part of this book is devoted to correspondence with various eminent persons on these organisations, or with excerpts from Lady MEATH's diaries when travelling on their behalf. It is only fair to add that Lord MEATH has done his best to lighten the serious side of his work by inserting an amusing story whenever he thinks of one. Perhaps he has included almost too many; for certainly there are half-a-dozen in this book that I never expected to encounter again in the most gossipy of reminiscences. Here we have retold, as though it had happened yesterday, the story of "a certain M.P." who smelt a rat, etc. And here also is that ancient story, which makes a world tour every few years and must now have appeared in every language under the sun, of the Englishman in Italy who was so determined not to be robbed that after being jostled in the street and finding his watch missing he pursued the aggressor, seized him by the throat and retrieved his treasure—only to find on returning home that he had left his own watch on the dressing-table. Still, there are others not quite so hoary as these and almost as amusing, and anyhow it is good to find an Irishman of eighty-four who still professes to regard the political situation of the world with unimpaired hopefulness.



Very Polite Victim (whose face has been trodden on). "SORRY. I HOPE I HAVEN'T DAMAGED YOUR BOOT."

Granted the extreme innocence of the seventeen-year-old *Terry Desmond*, who is its heroine, there is nothing impossible in the plot of Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON'S novel, *Name the Woman* (METHUEN). *Terry* has adored *Miles Sheridan* since her childhood because of the careless kindness which he showed her at their single meeting. Thus when her half-sister, "The Million Dollar Doll" of the New York *demi-monde*, tells her that *Miles* wants to take a girl for a long cruise in his yacht in order to give his faithless wife cause for a divorce, *Terry* is able without any misgivings to accept the part as a chance of serving her childhood's fairy prince. *Miles* has stipulated that he should have nothing to do with his guest save the necessary flaunting of their connection at Monte Carlo and similar resorts; but no intelligent reader will expect him to maintain that attitude throughout the cruise. It seems amazing that he should have to be told that *Terry* is seventeen, not ten years older, and that her innocence is the real thing, no assumption of the *ingénue*; but long before he knows he has fallen in love with her, and is happily looking forward to marrying her after his divorce when his very unpleasant wife, forsaken by her own lover, decides against taking advantage of his chivalry. This is a bolt from the blue indeed, but a timely murder, very disgusting but very well planned, brings things to a satisfactory conclusion. Of the type of book where the sheep are pure white and the goats so black that no one minds what happens to them so long as the sheep benefit this is a very pleasing example, and quite good reading.

On the jacket of *Mockbeggar* (HARRAP) I have found this illuminating description of Mr. LAURENCE W. MEYNELL'S novel: "A not entirely unveracious history concerning several gentlefolk of degree, wherein is discovered, like a vivid scarlet thread in the drab pattern of Life's carpet, the story of Miss Rachel Massinger. Of how she attracted all men, was loved by many, understood by few, comforted by none." Mr. MEYNELL set himself a difficult task when he started out to persuade his readers that *Rachel* was so beautiful and attractive that men were as wax in her hands. If he has failed of complete success the fault is to be found in his style, which is irritatingly artificial, and in his strained efforts to be clever in and out of season. Some day he may recognise that such a remark as "holidays consist in an infinite capacity for being pained" is not worth making. I ought to add that this book is one of the publishers' six prize competition novels.

Things that one might have Arranged more Tactfully.

"The Rev. —— commenced his ministry on Sunday, as Rector and Rural Dean of ——. At the evening service, the choir sang the anthem, 'Save us, O Lord.'"—*Evening Paper.*

From the story of a shipwreck:—

"Captain —— did not notice the boom of the surf which might have warned him of disaster."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Sometimes described as "the call of the land."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. MACDONALD is sorry now that he disturbed the arrangements for the Cambridgeshire.

* * *

Every good sportsman regrets Mr. ASQUITH's defeat. Up to the time of going to press, however, no confirmation has been received of the rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is going to offer him his safe seat.

* * *

Mr. HARRY DAY, the well-known revue-producer, has been elected Member for Central Southwark. It is rumoured that he will press for the introduction of the two-houses-a-night system at Westminster.

* * *

During his campaign, Mr. F. O. ROBERTS, Minister of Pensions, played his fiddle. NERO!

* * *

In spite of the fact that M. ZINOVIEFF denies that he wrote the famous Red Letter, it is possible he didn't.

* * *

Le Petit Journal states that M. ZINOVIEFF intends visiting European capitals and will travel incognito. He 'd better if he comes to London.

* * *

Eyes, according to Sir LINDO FERGUSON, were not made for reading, but for searching for wild animals. Perhaps this is why Mr. MACDONALD saw a red herring in that document from Moscow.

* * *

A movement is on foot to obtain an eight-hour day for women. The only difficulty seems to be in explaining this to the twins.

* * *

It is hoped some day to broadcast electric power as well as messages. It will be lovely when you can cook a rasher by the Children's Hour.

* * *

Our sympathy is with the American golfer. Think what the eighteenth Amendment has done for the nineteenth hole.

* * *

We hear that one of the American baseball players in London who made a mighty hit and was greeted by a cricket enthusiast in the crowd with the cultured cry of "Oh, pretty play, Sir!" is getting on as well as can be expected.

* * *

At a North London christening a baby boy was given nine Christian names. We wonder how long he will remain a Christian after he finds this out.

* * *

A defendant told the Lambeth magistrate last week that a Scotsman gave him a glass of whisky and it made him drunk. There may be a Scotsman like that, but there is no such whisky.

* * *

The latest notion for smart weddings is that of the prospective bride who intends to have her waist-line carried by a page.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

Parent (who has been asked by his son for money to buy fireworks). "FIREWORKS! HAVEN'T YOU JUST HAD A GENERAL ELECTION? WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

A woman who recently appeared in a London police court cried for fifteen hours without stopping. At one time it looked as if she had discovered the secret of perpetual emotion.

* * *

A contemporary mentions that the POET LAUREATE makes a practice of keeping his verses in his desk for a long time. We have often wondered what he did with them.

* * *

We gladly give publicity to the rumour that the Free State has offered to give way on the Boundary question if Ulster will only keep Mr. DE VALERA.

* * *

The withdrawal of all the Mexican Consuls in Great Britain is announced. We are asked to state, however, that this does not entail the discontinuance of Great Britain.

* * *

It is predicted that golf by electric light at midnight will be the next American craze. A similar novelty that occurs to us is golf by sunlight at midday in this country.

* * *

A revolving garage is projected in the West End of London. It won't be long now before a driver who runs over a pedestrian will explain that his car was still giddy.

* * *

A method of making newspapers into bread has been discovered. The editor of a certain daily who shortly expects to have to eat his words looks like having a good square meal.

* * *

Certain Socialist Councils in London are providing more lamp-posts. They don't want the present ones to be over-crowded when the revolution comes.

* * *

A fisherman at Leicester who claims good results from using beer as a bait says that the majority of the fish he catches are male. Experiments are now to be tried with lipsticks for the females and cigarette cards for the young.

* * *

Señor BLASCO IBANEZ proposes to drop copies of his next book all over Spain by aeroplane. What is the League of Nations going to do about this?

* * *

Alcohol is being produced from cocoa. It was felt that something ought to be done to popularise the latter beverage.

* * *

An advertiser guarantees to keep athletes in training through the post. When necessary, we suppose, he would send them a telegraphic massage.

* * *

A professional golfer is the conductor of a London choral society. Those impressive preliminary waggles should stand him in good stead.

* * *

The total number of Red Indians in the United States is 346,962, an increase of 2,619 on the previous year. TROTSKY said it would spread.

* * *

A man recently left nearly half-a-million, all made from asbestos. It is not generally known that asbestos is the stuff they print *The Daily Herald* on.

"KIM" AT LOS ANGELES.

IT is surprising that the great film possibilities of Mr. KIPLING'S famous romance, *Kim*, have been so long ignored. A story which not only allows but demands profuse employment of Oriental "atmosphere," frequent "shots" of mountain scenery and a character whose main business is riding horses over difficult country, was bound to appeal to enterprising film-producers, and we are able to state that Mr. Grippeth will shortly release a screen version of Mr. KIPLING'S masterpiece, with one or both of the sisters Gosh in the leading *rôle*.

It is unnecessary to state that this film, in common with all others, creates a new record for beauty, verisimilitude and artistic unity. Genuine natives of India have been engaged in San Francisco for several of the smaller native characters. A full-sized replica of the Taj Mahal has been constructed as background for the opening scene—this being obviously a more suitable venue than Lahore. Several remarkable mountain scenes will be leased from the Everest expedition, unless it is found that the usual pictures taken in the Rockies give a more realistic impression of Himalayan scenery. In short, every resource of the motion-picture industry has been pressed into Mr. Grippeth's service, and even Mr. KIPLING was very near to being consulted.

The adapter, Mr. Al Plunk, one of Mr. Grippeth's stenographers, was early confronted by two important difficulties in the story, namely, the absence of a love interest and the extraordinary way in which the great American nation is ignored throughout. Both have been skilfully overcome, and the revised plot provides a magnificent opportunity both for the all-star cast and for Miss Philadelphia Cinch, who has surpassed herself in the haunting wistfulness of the sub-titles.

Needless to say it was impossible to follow the book and plunge into the middle of the story. The opening reel displays how *Kimball O'Hara*, a broken-down New Yorker of Irish extraction, offers his services to an Irish regiment serving in India, and how, barely a year after his romantic marriage with a Simla waitress, husband and wife die in each other's arms in a great cholera epidemic. The gripping realism of the scenes which depict the ravages of this disease has afforded keen satisfaction to the art experts. *Kim*, thus orphaned, grows up in the love-scented gardens of the Shalimar, under the shadow of the Taj, and in his mind floats the story of the deathless passion which created that marvellous monument. The gorgeous representation of this immortal romance is one of Mr. Grippeth's finest achievements. After a fruitless application to the chaplain of his father's old regiment, *Kim* meets an American missionary, who, discovering his nationality, undertakes his education. It may be remembered that in the book this Christian act was performed by a Buddhist lama—an obvious incongruity. This person occupies a great deal of space in Mr. KIPLING'S story; but, as one of his principles of life was to "abstain from action," he was obviously unsuitable for screen treatment, and, while his picturesque figure adds considerably to the atmosphere of several scenes, his part in the story is properly small.

As *Kim* grows to manhood in the old-world atmosphere of the American Mission, love comes into his life in the person of *Maisie McBride*, the winsome daughter of the missionary. Reading the unspoken pledge in her misty eyes, he goes forth, in native disguise, to combat the Bolshevist propaganda that, under the eyes of indolent officialdom, riddles the length and breadth of India. In the companionship now of the sinewy Pathan, *Mahbub Ali* (whose equestrian feats surpass anything previously seen on the film), now of the cultured Bengali, *Hurree* (a character of the most brilliant screen comedy), he finds adventure in Bombay and Benares, in Delhi and Darjeeling, and everywhere goes with him the image of the tender maiden who waits for him in Lahore. No expense has been spared in presenting these scenes. For the representation of the great religious festival at Benares forty thousand actors and a specially constructed scene, measuring half-a-mile square, were employed; and a strip of country ten miles long was specially devastated to represent the effect of the floods caused by the sudden rising of the Ganges.

Kim's steps are dogged through India by the beautiful Bolshevist emissary, *Sonia Vampirevski*, who spares no effort to entangle him in the net of desire, and in Peshawur he becomes involved in a welter of passion and intrigue. A tribal war is in progress (several ex-officers of the U.S. Army have carefully examined and approved the equipment and other technical details of these war-pictures), and *Sonia*, having infatuated the credulous *Captain Strickland*, of the Intelligence Service, is about to lay her hands on secret documents of vital importance. *Mrs. Strickland*, a sweet-natured girl of semi-New-England extraction, appeals to *Kim*, who, with the assistance of *Mahbub Ali*, instantly checkmates *Sonia's* allurements and restores two loving hearts to each other.

Then, at the moment of triumph, he learns that riot and rebellion are abroad in Lahore, and that even the American flag that flies over the Mission is not sacred. Clinging to the Pathan's stirrup he starts to the rescue, and next day, anticipating the tardy arrival of the troops, the pair stagger into Lahore and beat back the surging mob that seethes around the Mission. And as the sun sinks behind the Himalayas and *Mahbub* mounts once more to quarter his lonely mountain trail, the ageless flower of love blossoms to maturity in two faithful hearts.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Grippeth has not found it feasible to place the story in a purely American setting, but short of this he has done everything possible to meet the tastes of film enthusiasts, and no one should miss this triumph of the motion-picture-maker's art.

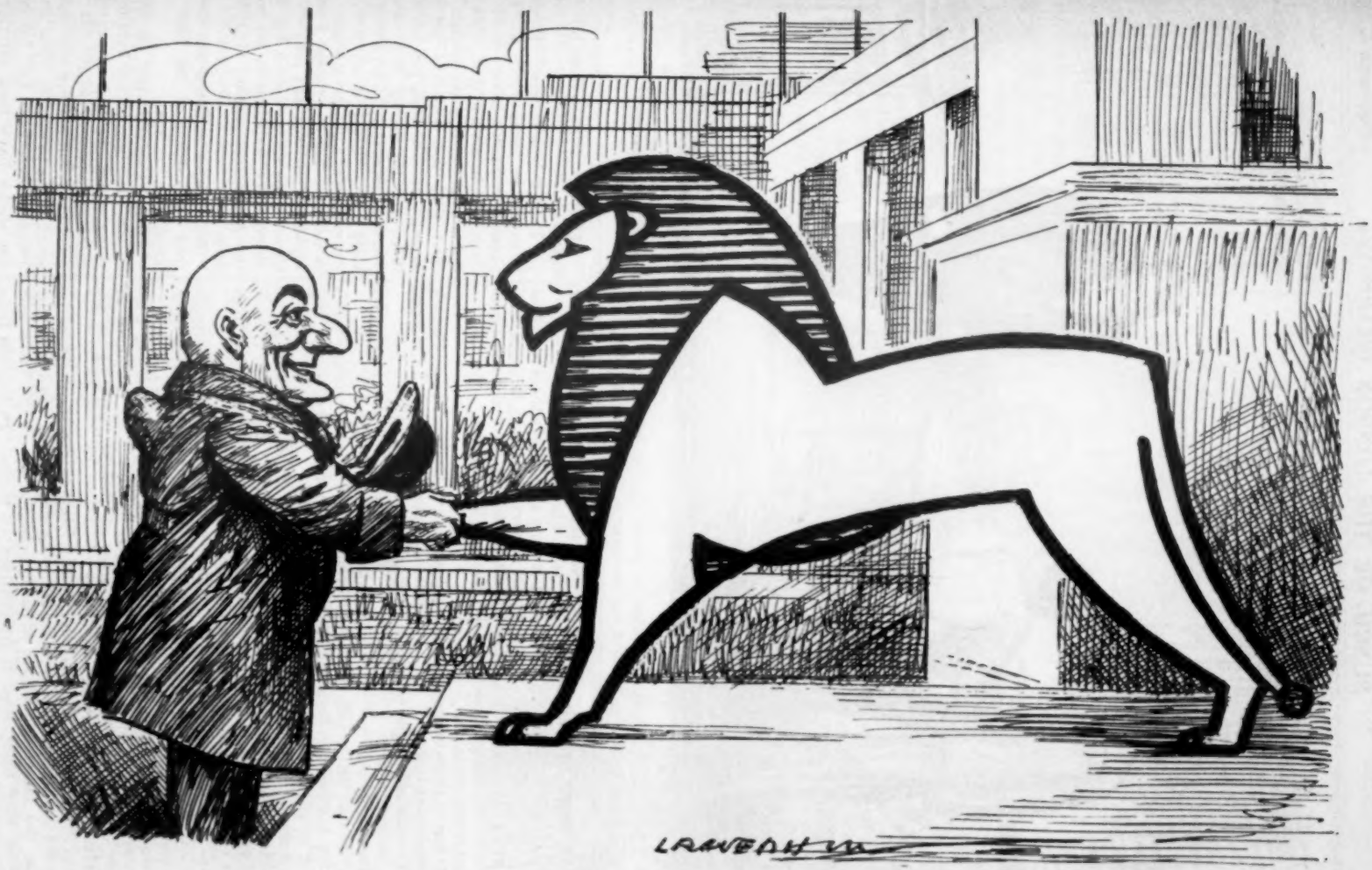
THE RIVALS.

[Critics and amateurs are divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Mme. FRIEDA HEMPEL and Mme. GALLI-CURCI, who in private life is Mrs. HOMER SAMUELS.]

DESPITE the grave importance of Elections
There are indubitably certain sections
Of the community quite unconcerned
With Candidates, rejected or returned.
Just now, *e.g.*, in Music's charmed
domain,
Where stars rise suddenly and shine
and wane,
The rival merits of two queens of song
Preoccupy the melomaniac throng.
And while one party find their *favorita*
In GALLI-CURCI, agile AMELITA,
The other group in Music's inmost
temple
Seek to enshrine the gifted FRIEDA
HEMPEL.
I, who have never heard a single note
Proceeding out of either diva's throat,
Am clearly not entitled to a vote.
I learn at second-hand that AMELITA
Is dark and slim and graceful as a
cheetah,
While blonde and golden-haired is Madame FRIEDA,
A mixture of a Siren and *Armida*.
But, on the whole and from a due regard
For Greece's glory and the Chian bard,
I am prepared to back the singer's claim
Whose husband's honourable Christian
name
(Though "Christian" would be counted
a misnomer
By *Mr. Pecksniff*) is no less than HOMER.

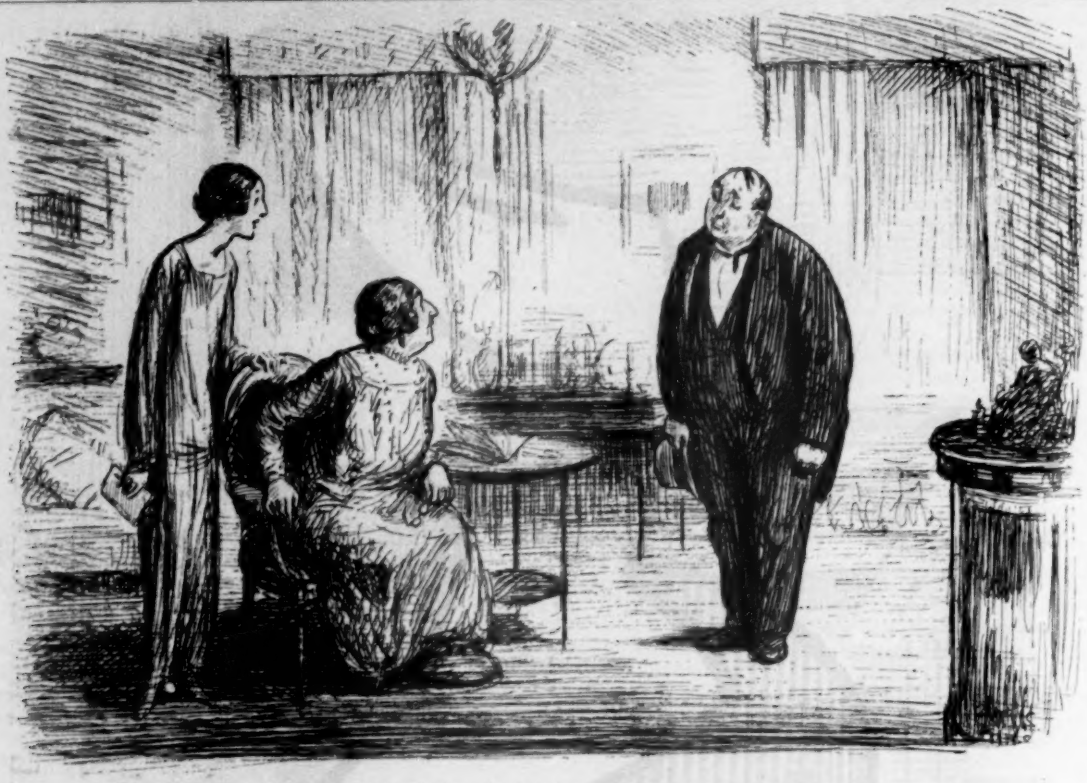
"After a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death he can easily hire another to die for him; and it is believed many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."
Indian Paper.

Not a permanent living, of course.



AN IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

Mr. Punch (*to the Wembley Lion*). "AU REVOIR. WE ALL WANT YOU BACK AGAIN NEXT YEAR, INSTEAD OF ANOTHER ELECTION."



Wife of Conservative Candidate (to Butler who has been out to see the results). "WELL, SOAMES?"
Butler. "WE 'VE GOT OUR MAN IN—THAT IS, OUR *GENTLEMAN*, MA'AM."

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON VIII.—THE MARRIED LOVE STORY.

THE married love story is a great favourite with the better-class magazines. It has several variations, but these all fall into one of three categories:—

(*a*) Misunderstandings.

(*b*) An ill-matched couple who have a passion for one another.

(*c*) The neglected wife.

I think we had better take each of these in turn and examine its possibilities. First of all then the Misunderstandings story.

This usually resolves itself into a comedy of errors. It must however be kept upon a fairly serious basis in order that it shall appear credible at all. It should be told with a tender and sympathetic smile, and the two protagonists must be charmingly human, which is another way of saying that they go deliberately out of their way to misunderstand each other, wilfully and baselessly, upon every conceivable occasion and draw the most impossible conclusions from the most insignificant of data. What they really need is for some person with two grains of sense to come and bang their heads together for half-an-hour every day.

The story should take them to within a few inches of parting for ever, and then bring them swiftly together again. Something like this:—

With an exclamation of joy, Proctor Murdock flung his hat into a chair and swung his young wife off her feet.

"Well, darling," he said, kissing her fondly, "had a good day?"

Irma smiled at him tenderly—this great big man-husband of hers. Her very own!

"Yes, dear," she replied as he set her down again. "As good as it could be without you. And who *do* you think I ran into in Piccadilly?"

Proctor was idly turning the pages of a new book which lay upon the table. "I don't know, darling; tell——" Suddenly he stiffened. "Irma, what does this mean?" he demanded in a voice of thunder, pointing at the book.

Irma followed the direction of his quivering finger. On the blank page at the beginning of the book were written the words, "To dear old Irma, with love from Frances."

"Oh, that!" she said easily. "Why, that's——"

"I don't believe you," Proctor interrupted in tones which shook with passion—"I *can't* believe you! Why do you lie to me like that, Irma? Oh, but the answer is plain enough. It is clear that you love me no longer. More, it is clear that you never have loved me. More still, it is clear that you are desperately in love with somebody else. I see it all now. Our marriage was a ghastly mistake. But it is not too late. At least I will not stand in your way any longer. I will throw some things into a bag and go off to shoot wallabies in the wilds of the Australian jungle. Good-bye for ever."

Irma's eyes hardened and the innocent explanation of the fatal words froze upon her lips.

Proctor's speech—nay, his whole attitude—had opened her eyes to something which she had never even remotely suspected before. It was a cruel blow, but bravely she braced her small frame to bear it. Not only had Proctor never loved her, but he must for weeks have been carrying on a vulgar intrigue with a dreadful little

chorus-girl. What other explanation could there be? It was only too abundantly obvious that he was simply seeking an excuse to leave her.

Very well. What must be, must. She disdained to plead with him. At least her pride should not allow her to stand in his way now that he had made his wishes so terribly clear.

"Good-bye, Proctor," she returned in even tones.

Proctor darted one look of amazement at her. He had never dreamed that she would take him at his word. So it must be true, then. His little Irma! Oh, God, what a cruel blow! But he must meet it bravely. He must not show how terribly he cared.

With a stiff lip he swung on his heel and strode from the room.

For a moment Irma listened desperately to the sound of his retreating footsteps. She had never dreamed that he really would go. So it was all true then. Her big Proctor-man!

Her knees gave way beneath her and she fell, a little crumpled heap, under the table.

And so on, until Proctor can't find his spare collar-stud to pack, and so misses the first train for Australia. Whereupon Frances duly arrives for dinner, having been invited by Irma in the Piccadilly book-shop, and turns out to be a girl and an old school-friend of Irma's.

"Irma," said Proctor shakily, and his face was very white—"Irma, I was on the verge of making a hideous mistake."

"Then you don't love her after all?" Irma cried, a world of shy delight dawning in her brown eyes. "You're not going to Australia with her?"

"With whom, dear?"

"That other horrid woman." Her lips fluttered and the end of her sensitive little nose trembled ever so pathetically.

Proctor opened his arms and she flew into them like some homing bird.

Reverently he kissed the roots of her hair. "My darling," he murmured, "there has never been any other woman in my life but you. I fear there must have been some foolish misunderstanding between us."

Which is about the only sensible thing the Proctors in these stories ever do say.

Over (*b*), the ill-matched couple who have a physical attraction for one another, we need not waste very much time. This kind of story should only be undertaken by a master of the craft, for its interest is purely psychological. All we need say here is that the husband is invariably a stupid, well-meaning amiable dolt; the wife a sensitive, highly intellectual, quivering little mass of nerve-ganglions.

The husband inhales his marmalade through his moustache at breakfast till his wife simply doesn't know what to do about it. She broods intensely for four or five thousand words; but whatever she thinks of doing she remembers their passion and can't do it. So in the end she does nothing. That is the best of psychological stories; nobody ever does anything except brood. But it 's not a bit of good for you to try them. You need a big name for the outside cover to enable you to get away with that sort of thing.

So now we come to the Neglected Wife story. This is the commonest of all the married love stories, and is a very tense affair indeed. It must be treated with deep and earnest seriousness, and will well repay the trouble.

In this case the husband is usually some rather eminent person—a leading barrister, a big business man, a Harley Street surgeon, or a well-known authority on this, that or the other. He is middle-aged and of a somewhat stern unfrivolous disposition. His wife is always young and beautiful, and was generally carried away at first by the glamour of his fame. He loves her devotedly in his quiet unobtrusive way; but his work makes pressing demands upon his time, and it does—let us face the fact squarely—interest him very much indeed.

Naturally his wife resents this frightfully. She can't understand why he should want to have anything to do



LOVE'S RECORDS.

Newly-married Wife. "DARLING, THIS IS OUR TWENTY-SEVENTH MEAL TOGETHER."

with work when he 's got her about the place. She begins to wonder discontentedly whether she is after all the main thing in his life; whether he does not actually care more for his work than he does for her. Not that she would be so silly as to be jealous of his old work, of course. Nothing so ridiculous. But really it does seem a little unfair—and here we get to it at last—that he should always be neglecting her for it to this extent, doesn't it?

Then along comes some handsome and unscrupulous young man and points out to her very forcibly indeed that her husband is in reality totally unworthy of her, and wouldn't it be ever so much better if she came along and eloped somewhere with himself instead? Though whether this is intended to prove once and for all the completeness of her husband's unworthiness, the unscrupulous young man always omits to state.

Regretfully, but none the less firmly, the wife realises that under the circumstances there is really nothing else to do, and off she goes to make her preparations for the journey. A few sentimental touches come in rather nicely here, but the general tone of the passage must be terribly ruthless. At the last moment however some trivial and quite fortuitous remark or action on the part of her husband shows her in a vivid flash that he really has been madly in love with her all the time, and is actually most awfully worthy of her. Thus all ends happily—especially for the unscrupulous young man, did he but know it.

The difficulty of writing this sort of story will be apparent at once. It is that the wife, although always acting like a congenital idiot, must yet retain the sympathy of the reader. Apparently this can be done, however, for no story is more popular with editors. I think their idea is that the theme appeals to women. If I were a woman I should bitterly resent this view.

Next week we will examine a model for the Neglected Wife story.

Humours of the Election.

"The Premier has a winderful effect upon his supporters."—*Newcastle Paper.*

"Whoever is sent back at the moment, the Liberal party in this country owns alone the means of bringing back the whole world to vanity."—*Manchester Paper.*

"GLAMORGAN (Aberavon)—Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald (Ltd.)."—*Glasgow Paper.*

"Mrs. —— having had lessons on up-to-date cookery, will visit good houses for luncheon or dinner."—*Provincial Paper.*

Without having enjoyed Mrs. ——'s educational advantages a good many of our New Poor would be prepared to do the same.

WHITE SOX *v.* GIANTS.

AN HOUR AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

AT either end of the ground stood the goal-posts and nets which were used



"I THOUGHT HE WAS OVERCOME BY PAIN."

last year (they tell me) by the opponents of the Chelsea Football Club. Somewhere in the middle of the field a man dressed in a sort of humorous golfing-suit and a jockey cap went through the



"DEFYING THE STORM."

complicated motions of a new dance. He raised one knee, put his clasped hands above his head, spun round and turned his back to the audience. I thought for a moment that he was overcome by pain. Then he faced round and imitated the action of a man throwing a ball; but I could not see any ball.

Whuck! Oh, there *was* a ball, then. It was hit by that man holding a nine-pin in front of those two men with masks. It went high up into the air, descended and was caught with consummate ease. Another gentleman jockey took the nine-pin and there was another step-dance.

Whuck! And the ball came like a stone from a catapult before the gentleman jockey, who had thrown away his nine-pin, had time to reach the canvas pad.

Amidst the pile of pea-nut shells which grew round my feet—I was sitting between two Americans—I peered through the netting which protected the unmasked spectators from the mishits. And the most astonishing part of the performance was certainly this: that half those human catapults seemed to be hurling badinage at each other.

"No, no, no," I said to myself, "these Americans don't understand the Idea of a Game. They confuse it with fun. They think it is a merry romping affair. Far otherwise is the truth. We were not surely sent into the world to take our pastimes lightly. No decent English boy after the age of eight will permit himself to see any fun in a game. Consider the noise and laughter of 'Here we go gathering nuts and may' in the years of original sin, and compare it with the solemnity of a private school cricket-match. Fun, by that time, is relegated to the form room; it is not allowed to intrude on the serious business of life. At the age of forty to take a light view of a mashie-shot is little better than Bolshevism. . . ."

Whuck! A good hit that. Several people running. The jabbering among the players grew fiercer still.

"This is terrible," I said to myself again. "Is there no sense of reverence in America? These gibes, these repartees might be all very well on the Stock Exchange, in the House of Commons or in the Upper House of Convocation, but try to imagine them at Twickenham or at Lord's."

Nevertheless I did my utmost to find excuses for these Americans. Things might not be so bad as they seemed. This hilarity, after all, might not be wholly spontaneous. It might be a part of the rules. . . . And I attempted, whilst the whucking and jabbering went on, to imagine a conversation between two proud American parents, whose boys might eventually, if Heaven prospered them, rise to be pitchers or catchers for their native town.

They meet—shall we say?—at the Rotary Club. They talk first of all, as in duty bound, in a shamefaced manner about little Willie's and little Tommy's place in school, which is pos-

sibly top of the form. But they soon glide from this unpleasant topic to a consideration of their son's chances in the great game of life.

"I am a good deal worried," says the one, "about my Willie."

"Why?" says the other. "He pitches beautifully. Can't he fox a base?"

"Yes." (Or "Yep," or "Yeh," or "Yeah." I am not very good, you know, on the niceties of American dialogue.)

"What 's the matter, then? Can't he throw? Can't he catch?"

"Like sin, Sir."

"What 's worrying you, then? Can he bunt?" (I believe that when an American baseball-player hits the invisible ball with his nine-pin, he calls it a bunt.)

"Sure thing. He 's the cutest bunter in his class, is my little Willie."

"What 's biting you, then?"

At that the American father heaves a long sigh, the wrinkles gather on his forehead and a shadow passes over his fine proud face.

"Persiflage," he says. "The boy makes no headway with his persiflage. I tell you, my Willie can't root worth a row of beans."

Here again my phraseology may be all wrong. I am trying to give you a general human picture, you understand, so that you may see the intolerable pathos of the thing. If you want mere pep in dialogue you must go elsewhere.

And then the other American parent, pretending sorrow for his old friend, but secretly elated because his own boy, Tommy, is one of the cutest vituperators for his age (Yes, Sir) that the school has ever known, recommends a persiflage coach for the holidays to put little Willie through an examination course in back answers and bring his chipping and chaffing into line with the rest of his scholastic work.

And in the end little Willie becomes the catcher of his college team, wearing a mask and pads and gauntlets as he crouches on his hams behind the base-plate (?) and never missing the invisible ball. . . . . But is it for his looks that he wins the smile from Maisie's bright eyes? Not on your life. It is because he can sass the unfortunate batter who is bobbing about in front of him with such a stream of well-chosen invective that the poor fellow makes a half-hearted bunt and dashes blindly and vainly to the first base to hide his grief and despair.

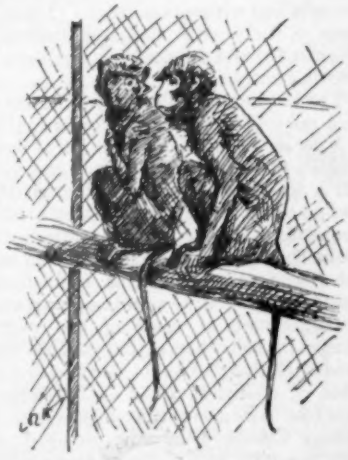
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Meanwhile the pile of peanut-shells about my feet grew deeper still. The Giants seemed to be winning. The *facetiæ* of the catcher became excruciatingly funny. The Americans on either side of me were getting excited. They were rooting, I supposed, like the players on the field. They appeared to be fans. I wished to be a fan too. I wished I had some elementary notion of the rules, and turned with a faint hope to the large free pamphlet which had been pressed upon me at the gate.



"'BABE RUBE' TOUCHES THE SPOT."

I found nothing about the rules there, but I found enough to assure me that America was sound-hearted after all. Her levity about the national pastime, as I had already begun to hope, was assumed. The photographs of the men in the book were not the photographs of *flâneurs*, but of men who understood Reality, as we understand it over here.



"WHERE ARE ALL THE MONKEY-NUTS TO-DAY?"
"AT THE BASEBALL MATCH."

"Charles A. Comiskey," I read, "known all over the baseball world as 'The Old Roman,' is the popular owner of the White Sox . . . John J. Evers is widely known in song and story as the pivot of the Tinker to Evers to Chance combination of the old Club machine . . . John J. McGraw takes full responsibility on the field, and does not hesitate to bear the blame if one of his pet plays turns out badly" . . . (How unlike our mere Premiers over here!) . . . "while Hugh Jennings, the man who made famous the great coaching cry of 'E—e—e—eah,' starting as a player in Louisville, Ky., in 1891, was traded to Baltimore in 1893."

And then there was "The Man of the Hour—Judge Kennesaw M. Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball, who was elected to the new and highest position in baseball by unanimous vote of the sixteen major League Clubs for seven years. He was also endowed with absolute power without appeal." (Hear, hear.)

I gathered also that the object of these gentlemen in undertaking the present tour was to popularise baseball throughout the world, "as the foreign world in the last fifty years has been taking and adopting America's inventions for their commercial progress, beginning with steam as a motive-power, then to telegraphy, sewing-machines and farming implements, and last, but not least, the inventions of the electric wizard of the world, Tom Edison."

Whuck!

"See that guy over there?" said the American on my left, touching my arm and pointing to one of the gentleman jockeys. "He 's one of your Britishers. He comes from Quee-bec."

Rising triumphantly amongst the pea-nut shells I made a feeble attempt to root.

EVOE.

The Moscow Plot.

The latest theory about the "Red Letter" is that ZINOVIEFF forged his own signature to it.

"Voice straining and singing."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

We have long suspected that some of our vocalists did not know the difference.

"Perth (W.A.), Saturday.
Betting all day on a perfect wicket, the M.C.C. . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

The odds are not mentioned, but they would have been pretty long if this had been in England last summer.

"John —— and Michael —— were stopped by a policeman as they were walking away from the British Empire Exhibition.
John had in a basket nine bottles of whisky, cigarettes and £77 9*s.* 11*d.* in notes and silver."
Sunday Paper.

Apparently JOHN had reckoned without the copper.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

THE coming of the dark indoor weather has made *thinking* rather popular. I consider it to be, on the whole, a *thinking* autumn. In the mornings, of course, there 's too many other things to do, and in the evenings there 's dinner and dancing; but in the afternoon quite a number of people are thinking quite a lot. I 've altered the name of my Trifling Teas to Thoughtful Teas—just for the present.

Not that we bother about psycho-analysis any longer. No; we 've quite, *quite* done with unburying complexes and our subconscious selves have become simply insufferable bores. Our thinking is on better lines. Dear Professor Dimsdale has been giving us a wunnerful series of little Tea Lectures about this *Atom* that 's having such a social success just now. It seems there 's an atom in almost everything, and if some of the things circling round the thing in the middle are displaced or taken away the atom will explode and almost *anything* may happen then! Some people are so obsessed about it that in sending out invitations they add, "If the Atom hasn't exploded."

Everybody 's chasing after the Famine Figure or Starvation Silhouette; but Jane Joliffe's chase has all but ended in tragedy. Poor dear, she 's more adiposity to fight against than most of us, and in vain she left off her favourite nicies; in vain she picked imaginary things off the floor for hours together; in vain she ran round and round their ballroom wrapped in blankets; her outline only grew more so. If "*il faut souffrir pour être belle*," *il faut souffrir* ever so much more *pour être svelte!* Jane bought one of those instruments of torture, a patent "Slenderiser," from "Beauty and Grace, Limited," and one afternoon she got into it, and her maid fastened her in and kept tightening and tightening it according to directions. The poor brave thing actually bore it till it was time to dress; they were expecting some of Sir John's political friends, the Save-the-Country party, to dinner. "Let me out now, Parker," she gasped to her maid. The maid tried to, but something had gone wrong with the fastening, and she couldn't. She kept on trying, and time went on; Sir John came home; their guests began to arrive. *Quelle scène!* Members of the Save-the Country party waiting for their host and hostess and their dinner; Jane screaming in the "Slenderiser"; Sir John working at it in vain and demanding furiously what the something-something she meant by playing such something tricks with herself; Jane, between the screams, saying good-bye to him and asking him to think of her at her best and to remember that it was as much for his sake as her own that she lost her life trying to improve her figure.

At long last they got her out and into a nursing home.

And now for the burning question (no, no—nothing to do with silly old politics or General Elections). *Who* was it he expected to meet at the Prehistoric Pottery? Let 's begin at the beginning. We 're all tiger-cats more or less this autumn, big-cat peltry all the rage. But the tigerest of all are Delia Easthampton and Frederica Forfarshire. These twain, as everyone knows, are much the same height and figure and both fair, and there all likeness ends. Frederica looks, and is, a demure little saint, and Delia doesn't and isn't. Frederica seems to have no thought but for Forfarshire, and Delia—well, well, 'nuf said. On the whole we 're all proud of our good girl, whose attitude towards her faultier sisters' amusements has always been, "I don't judge you, my dears, but that sort of thing doesn't appeal to me." Now Delia and Frederica by some mischance have almost exactly similar *toilettes d'automne*, one from the Dernier Cri, the other from Silhouette's; black velvet with collar, cuffs and flounce of baby tiger, and a heavenly little black velvet cap with a narrow band of baby tiger round it and his eyes and whiskers in front. (There's been a holy row about it between Dernier Cri and Silhouette's, but that 's another story.)

The Exhibition of Prehistoric Pottery, in a poky little gallery tucked away in a side street north of the Park, was quite a frost, and people didn't go there till a whisper went round that people *did* go there, though not to look at the prehistoric pottery. So one afternoon Delia thought she'd stroll round and see who was not looking at prehistoric pottery. She found nothing doing and was glancing at some of the weird things herself when a voice behind her said, "Darling! You *have* come again, then!" Whirling round she found herself face to face with that dear beautiful thing, Claude Clitheroe, beloved of matinée girls and of many others who are neither matinée nor girls. He lost his face for a moment, and Delia said, "So I ought to be someone else, ought I? And pray who is the other half of this *rendez-vous*, you bad boy? Well, as it seems I 'm your darling for the afternoon, you may take me somewhere to tea." And he did; but, though Delia tried all the subtlest ways of finding out *who she wasn't*, he was more than a match for her and she was baffled.

And now what are we to think? There *is* someone who is much the same height and figure as Delia and who is also wearing black velvet and baby tiger just now. But no, no; it can't be.

At my last Thoughtful Tea we were skating discreetly round the subject when Pixie Dashmore said, "I vote we put an ad. in the Lost column of the dailies." Frederica Forfarshire came in just at this point and asked, "What 's that about an ad. in the Lost column? Another jewel robbery?" "No, dearest," answered Pixie, "something much more difficult to be replaced than any jewellery. The ad. I thought of putting in was, 'Halo Lost at the Prehistoric Pottery—of no use to anyone but the Owner.'"

Frederica didn't turn a hair; she sipped her tea and said, smiling, "What 's the key to your enigmatic nonsense, Pixie?"

And now, again, what are we to think? Is our good girl deeper than the deepest soundings? or is she just our good girl?

Sarah Delamont 's gone simply crazy on politics, and, when she blew in last Wednesday—the day of the Election—in a rabid state about the prospects of her party, I told her, "These nonsensical trifling things don't interest me and my friends, Sarah. For us the great question of the moment is, *who* was it Claude Clitheroe expected to meet at the Prehistoric Pottery?"

Now that we 're all, in the language of the circus, performing the barebacked act, the problem confronts us of the nickiest way to dispose of the long-handled back-puff, especially when dancing. Delia Easthampton solves the difficulty by giving hers to her partner and telling him to puff her back once in every round-the-room.

Amphibious.

"The tide of Conservative triumph which began last night became to-day a landslide."
Evening Paper.

"£5 Reward for Return of Black and Brindle Scotch Aberdeen Terrier; answers to name 'Whisky.' Easily identified by timid, shrinking disposition."—*Daily Paper.*

Post-war Whisky, no doubt.

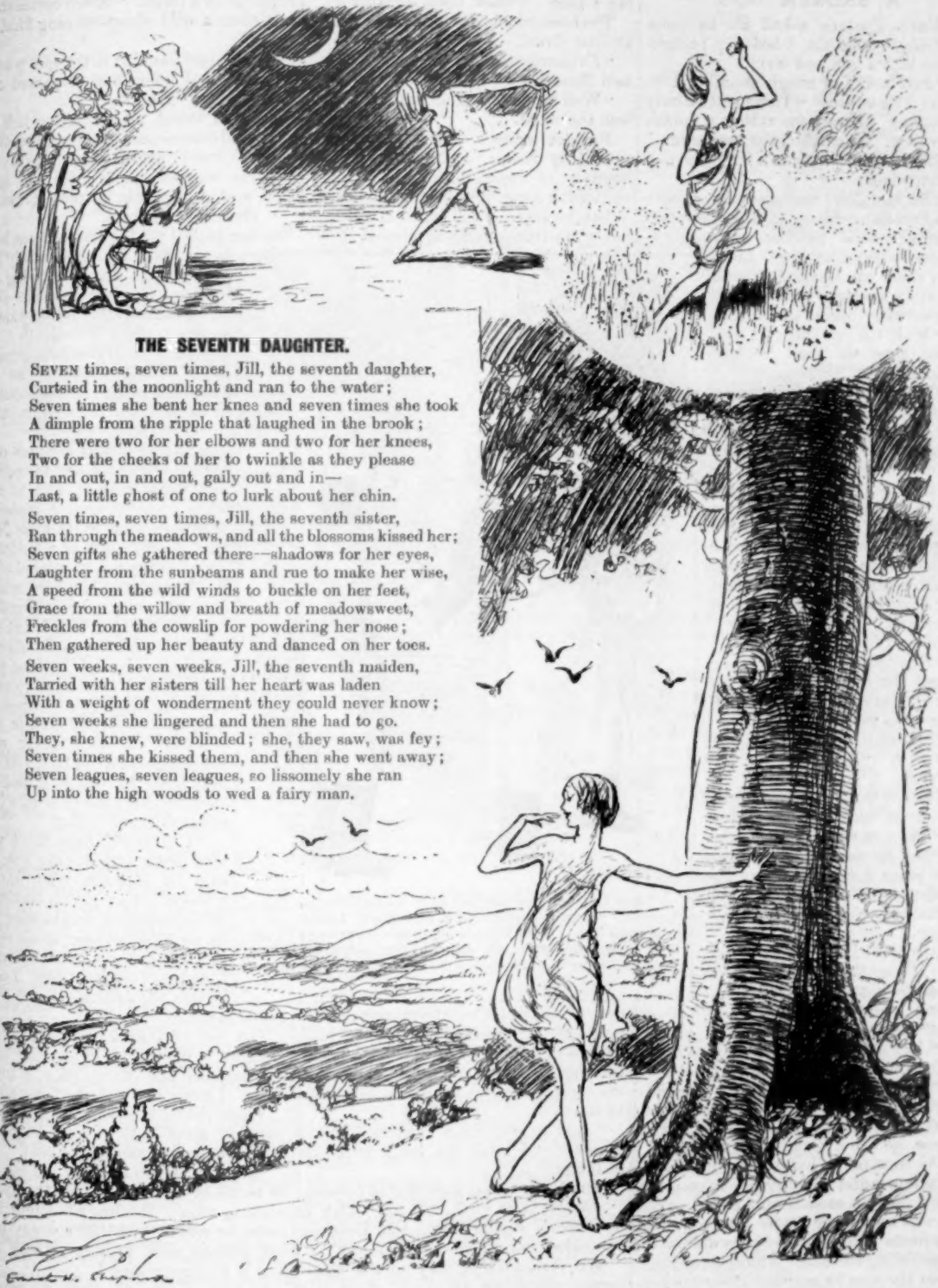
From an article on motor-cars:—

"——'s send out a rather unique brochure divided—like Ancient Gaul—into two parts."
Weekly Paper.

So JULIUS CÆSAR was wrong.

"We hope the time will come when we shall see established in our Universities domestic science tripods."—*Scots Paper.*

Our cook says that may do for the dons, but give her a gas-ring.



THE SEVENTH DAUGHTER.

SEVEN times, seven times, Jill, the seventh daughter,
Curtsied in the moonlight and ran to the water;
Seven times she bent her knee and seven times she took
A dimple from the ripple that laughed in the brook;
There were two for her elbows and two for her knees,
Two for the cheeks of her to twinkle as they please
In and out, in and out, gaily out and in—
Last, a little ghost of one to lurk about her chin.

Seven times, seven times, Jill, the seventh sister,
Ran through the meadows, and all the blossoms kissed her;
Seven gifts she gathered there—shadows for her eyes,
Laughter from the sunbeams and rue to make her wise,
A speed from the wild winds to buckle on her feet,
Grace from the willow and breath of meadowsweet,
Freckles from the cowslip for powdering her nose;
Then gathered up her beauty and danced on her toes.

Seven weeks, seven weeks, Jill, the seventh maiden,
Tarried with her sisters till her heart was laden
With a weight of wonderment they could never know;
Seven weeks she lingered and then she had to go.
They, she knew, were blinded; she, they saw, was fey;
Seven times she kissed them, and then she went away;
Seven leagues, seven leagues, so lissomely she ran
Up into the high woods to wed a fairy man.

A BROKEN DOG.

WHEN Eustace asked me to shoot partridges with him I beat my ploughshare into a gun and went.

"Just a bit of rough shooting I've taken," he wrote. "There will be only ourselves. I've gone rather a splash on a dog. We ought to see some fun."

Eustace met me with a long face and a short dog.

"No birds," he said dismally, expatiating on the subjects of June thunderstorms, second hatches, mowing-machines and farmers' dogs. I bade him cheer up, because there is always a shortage of birds until one actually begins shooting.

"Wait till we start," I said, "and then we shall be busy enough."

The short dog followed at Eustace's heels. Its shortness lay in its legs; they were just long enough to reach the ground. Its ears were far more adequate. Its colouring matter was laid on in the erratic manner of a home-spun tweed. Whenever Eustace stopped, the dog sat down; when he moved on again, it continued to sit, registering utter misery.

"Jenkins," said Eustace, "Jenkins."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Nothing. I am just trying to get the dog used to his new name; the one he brought with him is no use to me at all."

Eustace turned and looked at the dog. "Jenkins," he said severely.

The dog wormed up to him and lay on its back ingratiatingly.

"Did you train him?"

"No, he was thoroughly broken when I bought him. One of the Agatestone cockers: dam, Aquamarine Agatha of Agatestone."

"Why? Did she bite you?"

"His mother, you ass. Sire, Champion Ampelopsis of Agatestone. You must have seen him at CRUFT'S."

"And has—er—Jenkins done anything wonderful?"

"Oh, no. I bought him for work—trying him to-day for the first time. But, of course, as Anastasius of Agatestone, he has a stupendous pedigree."

As soon as we had emerged from the farmhouse and shouldered our guns the short dog got more behind us than ever. It was some time before Eustace could persuade him that his duties did not lie in guarding the base. When he did come, from the way he crawled along his legs seemed to have grown shorter still.

"We begin here," said Eustace, opening a gate. "Seek, then, Jenkins!"

The cocker looked at him pathetically and sat down.

"Evidently trained not to run riot," said Eustace.

"Well broken," I said. Yes, "broken" was the word.

Eustace made a whole series of encouraging noises, on the principle, I suppose, of hoping to hit on the right one to suit Jenkins's peculiar mentality. When he reached the hunting noises a covey of partridges got up almost at our feet. Eustace pulled at his trigger with no result; I managed to down a bird with my second barrel. Then I heard the click of Eustace's safety-catch and the rapid discharge of two barrels close to my ear.

"Just to encourage Jenkins," he explained. "I knew the birds were out of range."

But Jenkins was nowhere to be seen.

"Mark your bird, but don't pick it up, there's a good chap," said Eustace. "Jenkins—*Jenkins*—ANASTASIUS!"

We retraced our way to the farmhouse, where we found the short dog sitting under a table.



Local Butcher (who has not been re-elected on the Town Council). "THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YER! AFTER ALL I DONE FOR 'EM. WHY, I 'AD A BILL OUT 'ERE WITH 'VOTE FOR STEBBINGS, WHO HAS SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY FOR TWELVE YEARS' ON IT, AND SOMEONE PUTS UNDERNEATH, '*WITH FOREIGN MEAT*'!"

"He'll get to know me," said Eustace, slipping on a leash. "Much better that sort than a wild sheep-running kind of a dog."

He dragged Jenkins to the spot where my bird had fallen and remarked encouragingly, "Hie, lost!"

Jenkins found an attractive tuft of grass and commenced to chew it heartily.

"Hie, lost!" said Eustace again, and Jenkins wagged his tail for the first time and ate a whole lot more grass.

"There's the bird," I said; and Eustace picked up Jenkins and put him down by it. He immediately lay on his back in an imploring attitude, and when Eustace chid him patiently he rolled tentatively on our first fruit.

"Perhaps he's better at ground game," said Eustace as he pocketed the bird. "There ought to be a hare or two in this clover."

By some means Eustace persuaded the short dog to walk a few yards ahead; and at the same moment that I espied a hare squatting in its form Jenkins caught sight of a butterfly and commenced to gambol after it. It flew past the hare, which Jenkins never acknowledged as he cantered by. We almost had to kick the hare up, and it started off with a bound, butting into Jenkins's latter end in its alarm.

Jenkins gave one despairing yell, tucked his tail well in and—bolted. I have never seen short legs travel so fast. At the first fence he was still leading, then the hare followed him into some standing barley.

"I hope the hare don't pull him down and savage him," I said to Eustace, who, having frittered away all his breath in futile whistling, was looking just as the Colonel used to do when the battalion got mixed up under the eyes of the Brigadier. Lucky it was for Jenkins that he was out of range.

The rest of that day was calm and peaceful. We got on splendidly without Jenkins and shot quite a lot of birds. I never saw the short dog again.

When next I met Eustace I inquired tenderly after Jenkins. "I hope you gave him a nice funeral," I said.

"No," answered Eustace; "I ran him to earth at the station—in the ladies' waiting-room. Holding a bloomin' henlevée, he was! And then a doggy-looking woman said to me, 'Surely that dog is an Agatestone?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'but no use for shooting.'



Guest (whose shooting has caused considerable anxiety, pointing to boundary cairn). "AND WHAT IS THAT FOR?"
Host. "THAT 'S SAID TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE THEY BURIED THE LAST MAN WHO WAS KILLED IN THE TOP BUTT."

"'Shooting!' she snorted. 'Is *that* all you want a dog for? Then an Agate-stone is wasted on you!'

"'But surely that 's what a cocker-spaniel 's for?'

"'Haven't you heard of shows?' she said pityingly. 'Poor little chap! did they want to turn him into a nasty rough ditch-hunting dog then?'

"And Jenkins, who seemed greatly to prefer his new friend to his lawfully-acquired master, turned out his toes, held up his head as I had never seen him hold it, and smirked. Acting on the lady's hint, I polished him up and sent him to a big show, where they plastered him with coloured labels. You never saw such a fuss made of a dog.

"And then," concluded Eustace, "hang me if an American didn't come up to me and say, 'That 's *some* dawg! Name your figure, Sir. I *must* have that dawg for stud purposes.' And before I had recovered from my astonishment I was fumbling with a three-figure cheque . . . But it was robbery, sheer robbery; and for the sake of his breed I *ought* to have shot Jenkins."

"Wanted . . . 2-ton monkey . . . must be in good condition."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
It sounds like a new departure in the search for a champion heavyweight.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XI.—THE STORES OFFICER.

WITHIN his comfortable den,
Well hidden from the eyes of men,
The Officer in Charge of Stores
Sits snugly by his stove and snores.
He deems it tactful and discreet
To let the fleeting moments fleet,
And, though he would disdain to shirk
A piece of really pressing work,
He 's freely willing to admit
He rarely goes in search of it.
His Sergeant says you could not find
An officer more truly kind
And less obsessed with foolish fads,
Providing—this he always adds—
That no unfortunate mishap
Disturbs his after-breakfast nap.

But do not rashly take the view
That his is just the job for you.
I think it only fair to say
He well and truly earns his pay.
From First Parade till set of sun
He cannot claim his task is done.
He dare not quit the Stores for fear
Some wretched airman should appear
(With Form YZ879)
To draw perhaps a ball of twine.
Whereas the officer who flies,
Unhampered by restrictive ties,
Performs his early morning stunt,
Then slips away to shoot or hunt,
Or, clad for golf in gay plus fours,
Goes whistling blithely past the Stores,
Whose O. i/c., with dour grimaces,
Is issuing supplies of braces,
Or sorting pairs of Service boots
To fit the feet of new recruits.

And this it is that galls him most,
To know he may not leave his post
When on a bright autumnal morn
He hears the huntsman wind his horn
And sees his lucky fellow-looties
Abandoning their daily duties.
With muttered words I can't repeat
He seeks his innermost retreat,
And, having firmly barred the door,
He flings his hat upon the floor,
Stirs up the fire until it glows,
Then settles down to warm his toes.
And who, I ask, can grudge the chap
The consolation of a nap?

From a physical culture testimonial:
"I am more than satisfied. . . . My height has gone up to 3½ in."—*Weekly Paper.*
This midget seems to be easily satisfied.

"R.M.S. MAURETANIA.
Chaliapin, the tenor, surprised and delighted an audience at a concert on board last night."—*Daily Paper.*
Did they expect him to sing soprano?

MARE'S NESTS;

OR, THE APPELBAUM AFFAIR.

IN public life, as everybody knows, nothing is quite what it appears to be, and it is clear that in the matter of the ZINOVIEFF or, to give the little fellow his real title, the APPELBAUM, letter, almost everything is something else. I am now in a position to tell you what it is.

That much-misunderstood man, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, did not exceed his customary moderation of language when he described the whole episode as a Gunpowder Plot and a mare's nest. "The Election," he said, to a company of Welshmen, "began with a mare's nest ('the CAMPBELL case') and ends with a mare's nest" (the APPELBAUM episode). "Two mare's nests make a stable Government," as the old proverb has it, but we will not dwell on that. The Ministerial view of the second mare's nest appears briefly, up-to-date, to be as follows:—

(1) APPELBAUM never wrote APPELBAUM'S letter.

(2) APPELBAUM'S letter being a forgery the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS did well to have a sharp Note sent to Russia about APPELBAUM'S letter.

(3) The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS had nothing to do with sending the sharp Note. The Civil Servants did it behind his back.

(4) The Tories thought they would publish APPELBAUM'S forged letter first. But the Government were too quick for them.

(5) The publication had nothing to do with the Tories. It would have been made anyhow.

(6) No previous Liberal or Tory Government has ever sent a protest to another nation about a letter which they knew to be a forgery with such businesslike efficiency and despatch.

(7) The Civil Servants honestly believed that APPELBAUM'S letter had been written by APPELBAUM. Poor boobs, they would.

(8) The Civil Servants believed no such thing. They did it to down the Government.

(9) Nevertheless the whole of our Industry, Trade and Commerce should be placed in the hands of Civil Servants.

(10) The Government were giving other parties a lesson in the maintenance of friendly relations with foreign countries. One of the best methods is to send a foreign country a sharp Note about a letter which is believed by the whole Cabinet to be a forgery.

(11) The whole thing is a Tory plot. In other words, the Tories wrote APPELBAUM'S letter; the Tories captured the letter from themselves and handed it to the Foreign Office; the Tories then stood over the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS and hypnotised him; and, while in this defenceless condition, he was forced to mark APPELBAUM'S letter "Publicity"; they also hypnotised him into ordering a draft Note to be prepared; and some days later they pursued him into Wales, where they made him carefully correct a draft protest about a forged letter at the height of his election campaign.



ROUNDING THE BUOY.

Skipper. "STAND BY, JIM! DOWN HELM WHEN I YELL."

New Lady Owner (whose crew consists of paid hands). "SURELY YOU 'RE NOT GOING ON STRIKE *NOW!*"

In the opinion of Ministers this was dirty work. But even now, poor innocents, they have not plumbed the foul depths of this affair. Much of the above explanation, plausible though it be and hideous the light which it throws on the standards of honesty in our public life, is simply not correct. The truth is far, far worse.

I wrote the APPELBAUM letter!

Not from any honest political motive, mark you; not to eject the Government with a counterfeit document, but out of pure devilry and mischief. Nor was I alone. There were leagued with me in this conspiracy Lord BALFOUR, the Bishop of LONDON, the Governor of the Bank of England, and Professor GILBERT MURRAY. I wrote the letter and they corrected the grammar. At the last moment, however, some germ of conscience stirred among us (I think it was the BISHOP), and for the sake of APPELBAUM we deliberately inserted in the draft those little discrepancies and oddities which have enabled the APPELBAUM circle to say quite definitely that the letter contained internal evidence proving that it could not have been written by APPELBAUM.

To introduce the letter into the Foreign Office was easy work. I have many friends in the Office, and I had only to call on one of them and leave the letter on his table. The simple fellow saw at once that it was genuine and took it straight to the SECRETARY OF STATE, this being the ordinary routine of the Foreign Office in the case of postcards, valentines and other correspondence from APPELBAUM.

The SECRETARY OF STATE said doubtfully, "Is this authentic, think you, Mr. Twist, or are we in the presence of a mare's nest?"

My friend Twist is one of those partisan Tory Civil Servants who notoriously infest the Foreign Office, and Twist replied without a moment's hesitation—

"This is no mare's nest, Mr. SECRETARY OF STATE. The thing stinks of authenticity."

"You are right," said the SECRETARY OF STATE. And without more ado they put the letter in the OUT tray and forget all about it, in the ordinary course of Foreign Office routine.

That was on the 16th. On the 24th I noticed that APPELBAUM'S letter was being neglected and for all practical purposes was dead.

I therefore summoned my committee and we met at the "Cheshire Cheese;" the BISHOP, I remember, could not attend, but we had a quorum without him, and a lark-and-oyster pie.

And now comes the ghastly part of the story.

Not only did I forge the APPELBAUM letter, but I forged the sharp Note as well.

That Note was never drafted by any Civil Servant; that draft was never corrected by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS; it was never signed by Mr. J. D. GREGORY. It was composed by me at the "Cheshire Cheese" in the company of Lord BALFOUR, the Governor of the Bank of England and Professor GILBERT MURRAY, the Bishop of LONDON being absent. I typed six copies on some of Twist's Foreign Office note-paper and handed it to the Press; and Mr. MACDONALD, rather than



Scene—*Dining-Saloon on Liner.*

Steward. "Do try a little soup, Sir, extra special—a secret of the chef?"

Passenger. "No good. Never could keep a secret."

let down the Civil Service, loyally accepted the entire responsibility.

I cannot defend what I have done; I can only repeat that I had no political axe to grind; I merely did it out of cussedness. And I offer here and now the fullest apology to everyone concerned. When I think what pain must have been caused to the honest heart of Appelbaum by the mere suspicion that he could have written such a letter; when I think of the vile insinuations put about that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was in any way responsible for the Foreign Office Note, I burn, I say, I burn with shame. I can only plead that it never occurred to me that any Briton could harbour such ungentlemanly, nay, such un-English suspicions.

Meanwhile a very similar Appelbaum letter has been received in Germany. *As a matter of fact I wrote that too.*

And now this is the fifth of November and my contrite thoughts turn to perhaps the first in that long line of the Great Misunderstood who stand so proudly across the pages of our history. I refer to Fawkes.

The younger Fawkes, it is commonly believed, was taken in a cellar in the act of blowing up the Houses of Parliament. I like to think that the truth may not have been so simple. For all we know poor Fawkes, like Appelbaum, was the *victim* of the plot, the innocent occupant of a mare's nest. The lad was found, it is true, with the gunpowder and the fuse. *Aye, but who gave him the gunpowder?* Catesby? Never. It is my belief that some unscrupulous Members of Parliament deliberately arranged to have themselves blown up by Guy for the sole purpose of discrediting the man.

A crooked, mean device. It only shows how careful we should be before we believe ill of a fellow-creature.

Appelbaum, old man, I apologise.

A. P. H.

Fashions for Candidates.

"Councillor ——, wearing only a white chrysanthemum, arrived on foot."
Provincial Paper.

From a racing article:—

"Red Ronald has been fried and blistered preparatory to being indulged with a rest."
South African Paper.

Poor beast! No wonder he went Red.

The Knut Settles Down.

"For Sale, Pair of Spats, Bowler Hat, Silver-mounted Stick. What offers? Will exchange for Pram."—*Provincial Paper.*

"In the old opacous days of Queen Elizabeth."—*Daily Paper.*

It looks as if the writer had confused them with "the dark ages."

"The Conservative successes cannot be called a landslide."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Our contemporary seems very hard to please.

A novelist, wedded to scenes
Disapproved of by orthodox deans,
Observed, "It is true
That my stories are blue,
But they're told to the ultra-marines."

From a broadcasting programme, October 28th:—

"Orchestra: Ballot music from 'Faust.'"
Ulster Paper.

Very appropriate for the eve of the poll.

"A large open-air gathering in the school was presided over by Major ——."
Provincial Paper.

The roof evidently needs attention. We trust the Major did not catch cold.



MORE TRIALS OF A LADY OF FASHION.

"GEORGE, CAN YOU HELP ME? I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER A STRAIGHT OR ARCHED EYEBROW GOES BEST WITH THIS FROCK."

KOKONOR.

["The President has ordered the immediate cessation of hostilities, and dismissed Marshal Wu Pei-Fu, who is appointed 'Chief Commissioner for Kokonor,' a large salt-water lake in North-East Tibet."—*Reuter's Peking Telegram.*]

We often talk of China in a patronizing way,
Contrasting Western methods with unchangeable Cathay;
And yet our admiration is invariably increased
By studying advices from the immemorial East.

They 've had a Revolution, but they haven't gone it blind
Or acted in a manner that 's ferocious or unkind;
For Marshal Wu, so active in the recent civil war,
Is appointed the Commissioner-in-chief for Kokonor.

This elevated office—though the Marshal may regret
Migration to the highlands of the North-East of Tibet
Ten thousand feet above the sea—seems certain to ensure
Its occupant a bracing and a briny sinecure.

For Kokonor, of which great Wu has now been given charge,
Is a blue and spacious salt-lake, very fine and very large;
Its breadth is eighteen miles or so; its length is sixty-five;
And in its frozen waters many hardy fish survive.

Good men are always worth their salt, and *merum sal* may best
Describe the special quality of China's latest jest;
For, though the wage might not assuage the yearnings of a Gish,
The "perks" comprise immense supplies of huge and self-cured fish.

O wise and happy China! When a general or chief
Betrays his trust or goes a bust or comes to utter grief,
You don't see red, chop off his head or wallow in his gore,
But you make him Chief Commissioner for salty Kokonor.

The fact that Wu has not so far proceeded to his post
Or shown a disposition to disband his martial host
Is wholly immaterial—the appointment is the thing;
It may be just a symbol, but it has a deadly sting.

We haven't got a Wu, but still we 've many frauds and freaks
Whom we might send away to tend high mountain lakes and peaks,
Or fire across the Jordan to develop the Dead Sea,
Or lend to Salt Lake City for a reasonable fee.

And, though we have no Kokonors in England's pleasant land,
There 's Droitwich, close to Worcester, which is ready to our hand,
With plenteous store, deep in its core, of therapeutic brine
To pickle rods for our tin gods who claim the right divine.

"It was complained by the President that wireless, the youngest of the human arts, is having a serious effect upon the habit of study . . . The President of the Association is running the danger of being classed with the famous character of Dickens who tried to sweep away the Atlantic with a broom."—*Provincial Paper.*

Or with Sydney Smith's equally famous creation who would imbibe nothing, not even new ideas, until she "was so dispoged."



JOHN BULL "REMEMBERS, REMEMBERS."





THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

UNDERWRITERS OF THESSALY WITH THEIR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS GREET THE SAFE RETURN OF THE *Argo* (CAPTAIN JASON) WITH THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

WAR MEMORIALS.

WHEREVER I go I always visit the War Memorial. I love to see the Names shine. They do shine with a soft starry glow—if you look for it. But not everybody remembers to look for it.

In one Midland town the Memorial is in the shape of a small temple, roofed in; and a seat runs all round the interior, with the Names above it. As I read them two men came in. It was raining, and it seemed they came for shelter only, for they did not raise their eyes or, incidentally, their nice new Homburg hats.

They looked prosperous, wearing lordly watch-chains across comfortable stomachs, and they sat on the seat and smoked.

"Now I call this a useful sort of thing to put up," said one.

"So it is," said the other. "I'm all for something useful myself."

He struck his pipe against the sole of his boot and the ashes fell out in a little heap on the floor.

But the Names still shone.

In another town the Memorial is just a rather clumsily designed block of stone with the Names on the sides; and while I read two women passed, furred and feathered and expensive things.

They glanced at the Memorial.

"Perfectly hideous, isn't it?" said one.

"What can you expect?" asked the other lightly. "No one can call us an artistic race."

They laughed a little together as they went.

But the Names still shone.

In one small village the Memorial is just an oak-framed picture hanging on a stone wall in the village street. A picture of our ST. GEORGE with a scroll in his hand. On the scroll are the Names.

While I read a boy and girl passed, swaggering proudly arm-in-arm. She looked at me sideways from under her amazing hat and the picture caught her eye.

"They say there's goin' ter be another war 'fore we know where we are," she said.

"Well, if ther' is, I ain't goin' fer one," answered the boy.

He spat noisily into the dust beneath the picture and they went their way.

But the Names still shone.

And in another village the Memorial is a slender cross upon the village green, with the Names at the foot. I was there quite late in the day when the folk pass home from work. They passed in the road below, one after the other or in twos and threes; but no head was bent, no hat was raised to the Cross.

And then a woman came. One of those queer-shaped, bonneted, rusty-black figures familiar to our villages. She was bent with years or toil, and walked hardly in her broken boots. Something held me a little breathless as I watched her come. Somehow I knew that the Cross was her goal.

Before it she stood, bonnet and all, momentarily erect, and saluted as a soldier salutes. Perhaps she had been the mother of soldiers.

Presently she went back the way she had come. And the stars came out, and shone upon the shining Names.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"BE SINCERE!

'If to thyself thou prove but true——' You know the quotation."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

No, we don't.

"ROME, Oct. 28.

That bone of contention, the National Militia, was much in evidence to-day, the anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome. By 9 o'clock a mass of grey-green troops, tipped at top and bottom with a black line of boots and fezes, were drawn up in the meadows near the old Porta Capena."—*Daily Paper.*

Standing on their heads, apparently.



Lady (who has overrun the hole badly). "HEAVENS! WHAT DID I DO THEN?"
Caddie (helpfully). "YOU 'IT IT TOO 'ARD."

BOY-SONGS.

II.—CLAY WARRIORS.

B.C. 399.

THIS little man of clay
Was Hector yesterday,
Hector the tamer of horses, the swift in pursuit;
Along the marble path
I made him run in wrath,
But I made him run too hard, and he chipped his foot.

Poor little smiling man,
I loved him better than
Warriors whose arms won't wag but are stiff like those;
He still wags *his*, I know,
But how could Hector go
Forth to fight the Achaians with broken toes?

No more he is Hector; yet
A parchment tent I 'll set
Here by the side of the place where he tumbled down;
I wish he would not smile
For just a little while;
He is Achilles now and must stand and frown.

But now what shall I do?
I have not got a new
Warrior to take his place on the wall of Troy;
Myself I built that wall
So well, it will not fall—
Unless it be pushed down by some other boy.

Who will be Hector now?
I have a goose, a cow,
And a man that rides on a swan instead of a horse,
Two rabbits and a ram:
A luckless boy I am;
Lacking a Hector, what is my Trojan force?

The swan-man I must take,
But gently, lest he break;
Rather a warrior who rides on a swan than none!
Since better may not be,
Hearken, swan-man, to me:
You are Hector, the tamer of horses, the valiant one.

D. M. S.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —— will sing during the prologue at 8 o'clock only. To avoid disappointment patrons are advised to avail of the earlier performances if possible."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

"Any Person Found Trespassing on the following Estates will be prosecuted after this date, with Dog, Gun, Ferret, or otherwise."
Manx Paper.

"Otherwise" meaning, we suppose, that if none of these punishments is effective they will loose Sir T. HALL CAINE at him.

LIZARDS AND LILAC.

IF GERTRUDE STEIN had not founded a school the thing would not be so important. But she has imitators, she has annotators, and my face is covered with hot blushes when I remember that only a few days ago I had never read a line of her work.

"Do you react to GERTRUDE STEIN?" I was asked by a lady whom I met in the High Street outside the grocer's shop.

"The vibrations are only just setting in," I said, wishing I knew who GERTRUDE STEIN was.

But now that I have been lent a copy of *the transatlantic review* I not only know but I feel constrained to tell the world.

One would say, on the first reading of a sentence by GERTRUDE STEIN, that the SITWELLS would have to look to their laurels. On a second reading one would say more than that. One would imagine that the SITWELLS must be giving up the game with a sigh.

"We 'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The boughs are bare of bay
That once the Chap book wore."

And on a third reading one would feel inclined to doubt whether, in the whole shrubbery of the Muses, obscurity had

ever been completely triumphant until GERTRUDE STEIN began to pluck her garlands there.

We will take a sentence from GERTRUDE STEIN, quoted by one of her disciples, who has the audacity to claim that she understands it. And we will put the sentence, if you don't mind, in italics:—

"*Handing a lizard to anyone is a green thing receiving a curtain. The change is not present and the sensible way to have agony is not precautions. Then the skirting is extreme and there is a lilac smell and no ginger. Halt and suggest a leaf which has no circle and no singular center, this has that show and does judge that there is a need of moving toward the equal height of a hot sinking surface.*"

I wish I had read that paragraph a week or two earlier, for if I had I would have sold it to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD as an explanation of his conduct in regard to the ZINOVIEFF letter, and I feel certain that the electors of Great Britain would have been satisfied.

Have you already begun to react? If not, listen to GERTRUDE STEIN's disciple and learn how it ought to be done:—

"To interpret her description of the lizard you have to place yourself in the position both of GERTRUDE STEIN and the lizard at once." (I spent a couple of minutes on the hearth-rug trying to do that.) "So intimate is the *liaison* of her observation with the sheer existence of her objective that she invites you into the concentric vortex of consciousness involved in the most trifling transactions of incident."

(I pretended the sofa was a vortex of consciousness and went and sat down on it.)

"How much beauty she can make out of so little! After '*the green thing receiving a curtain*,' this comparison of a lizard to a leaf.

"'*This has that show and does judge*,' again the inversion. She is turning the lizard outside in, its specular aspect fuses with its motor impulses, and now she represents the palm of the hand to you as a land-surveyor might a prospect."

(I began to sob softly to myself from sheer relief.)

But now we come to a most remarkable admission. There *is* some kind of obscurity in those sentences, after all.

"I must confess," goes on the disciple, "that the line '*Then the skirting is extreme and there is a lilac smell and no ginger*,' is not clear to me."

One would not have expected a disciple of GERTRUDE STEIN to check at a little fence like this. However, she scrambles over.

"The immediate impression I receive is that the puffing of the frightened reptile's belly is being likened to a billowing skirt that the lilac shadow on the flesh of the hand shunts into the smell of the lizard . . . But why the ginger? Something suggested ginger to the author and escaped her, so she denies the ginger."

Something, as a matter of fact, suggested poppycock to me, but I strangled the idea.

"The greatest incertitude," concludes our annotator, "experienced while reading GERTRUDE STEIN is the indecision as to whether you are psycho-analysing her or she you."

I think she me.

* * * * *

I said that GERTRUDE STEIN had imitators as well as annotators, and I would like to quote a litt'e pie.e of one, a little piece in verse:—

"The mind of the priests of the oracle. A delicious inquiry into the next event but one.
A game of chance, a game of chess, a chess-game.
The thing-in-itself is represented by the pairs of opposites.
To be weighed, to be divided, to be chosen. To be
represented by the possibilities of cities and the notable
vagaries of Oriental kings.
There were the iron spits:
Cold water:
Mice."

There is a lot more of the poem; but I think that is a pity, for it never again quite rises to the sublimity of the line which I have quoted last.

I can imagine of no better recreation for hunting-men during the long winter evenings than an hour or two of quiet reaction to GERTRUDE STEIN and her school.

K.



THE LANGUAGE OF FASHION.

"WOULD MODDOM ENTERTAIN A FEATHER?"

TEA DRAMA.

I DOUBT if there has ever been any member of my club more prosperous in general appearance than Carruthers, the young and rising dramatist. He was, I think, our only specimen of the tribe, or, at any rate, the only specimen that you could take at all seriously. We had fellows who wrote plays, but Carruthers was the only one who ever got them produced.

When a dramatist is prosperous I have often noticed that he shows it almost indecently. Your successful novelist in general dresses quietly enough. I have even seen him affect a sort of shabbiness. But the playwright has a sense of the theatre. He would feel as if he were defrauding somebody if he did not wear white spats or an expensive fur coat according to the season. This was what attracted my attention to Carruthers one morning last May when I was walking in Kensington Gardens. He was turned out in the very best spring style, and stood in a graceful attitude on the path contemplating the tulips. I do not know which looked the more self-satisfied.

I slipped my arm into his as I came up.

"Edward, my lad," I said, "how are things? Didn't I read of your bringing out a new comedy the other day at the Euterpe? How is it going?"

Edward beamed on me. "My dear boy, it's tremendous!"

There was a sort of awe in his voice, as of one who felt that it was almost too much. He could not be expected to keep it up like this. He was a modest young fellow really at heart.

"Splendid notice they gave me in *The Thespian*, didn't they?" he asked.

I smiled at his assumption. I had not seen it. Notices do not greatly interest me, but I was glad he had scored another gigantic success.

"Now, I suppose, you're hard at work on the next?" I suggested.

"I roughed it out last night," he said, as we began to walk. His eyes brightened with anticipation. "Rather a good idea, I think," he added modestly.

"But how do you manage it? Here you are, still young, with four plays to your credit, and each of them a howling success. How is it done?"

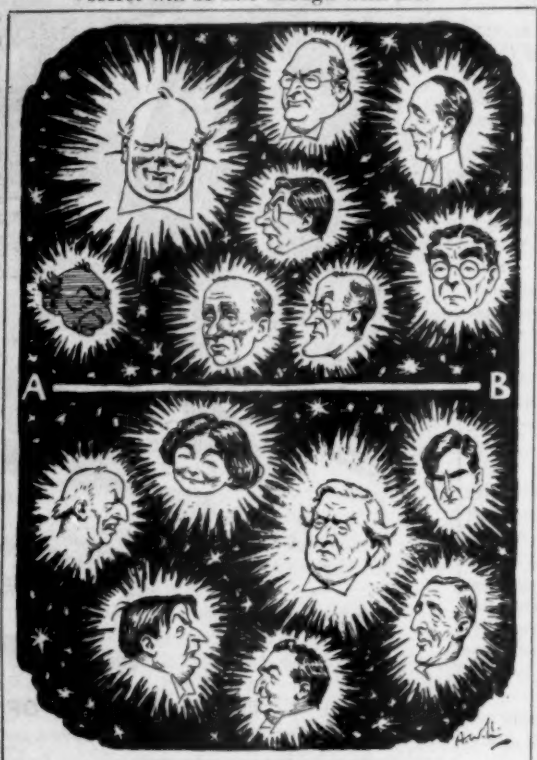
He stopped to contemplate an especially gay border, smiling in reminiscence.

"I suppose I have a formula," he said at last, looking at me sideways, a little craftily, I thought.

"I wish you'd pass it on," I said.

"Shall I? Well, I don't mind. You are not a dramatist, are you?"

"Never tried it and don't mean to. I believe I could do the dialogue all right, but the stage directions always bother me. These modern fellows explain too much. No, Edward, your secret will be safe enough with me."



GALAXIES NEW AND OLD.
(The line A—B represents the horizon).
Stars that have risen:—
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, MR. RUNCIMAN, MAJOR BOYD-CARPENTER.
MR. SAKLATVALA, SIR ROBERT SANDERS, COMMANDER HILTON YOUNG, SIR H. SLESSER.
Stars that have set:—
DR. MACNAMARA, MISS BONDFIELD, MR. ASQUITH, MR. FRANK HODGES.
MR. MASTERMAN, MR. PRINGLE, GENERAL SEELY.

He looked round hastily. Have you noticed how any association with the stage always tends to produce a conspiratorial manner?

"Tea," he boomed in a hollow voice.

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"I said 'tea,'" he repeated a little sharply. "Tea is my formula. You may not have noticed it—in fact, the critics appear to have passed it by; but there is always a cup of tea somewhere in my plays. That is really all the secret. You can't think what a difference it makes. The audience feel a sense of confidence as soon as the chink of a spoon on a saucer is heard. They recognise that they are being shown a true mirror of life. Once get them like that and your stuff is bound to run three hundred and sixty odd nights."

"I see. And so you're bringing in the tea *motif* in the new piece?"

A slight frown passed rapidly across his brow.

"No; I'm giving it a miss. The fact is, dear boy, I intend to prove myself artist enough to manage without it. My new play is not going to contain a single drop of tea."

* * * * *

It was late in July when I next ran up against Carruthers. He was sitting in the Park, gazing intently at a patch of discoloured grass, and I thought from a distance that there was something unusual about his appearance. When I got close I saw that his air of prosperity was not quite so obvious as it used to be.

"Hullo, old thing!" I greeted him cheerily. "Finished the new play yet? When is it coming along?"

His eyes turned slowly in my direction. All the fire seemed to have gone out of him.

"I don't know," he stammered weakly. "I haven't finished it yet. In fact, I haven't even made a start."

I confess the man surprised me. The more I looked at him the more clearly I saw the great change that had taken place in his appearance.

"Why, what's the matter?" I said. "What's wrong? Tea shares still booming, aren't they?"

He gave a shudder. "For Heaven's sake, don't mention the stuff," he implored me. "It's got on my nerves. I said I wouldn't bring it in, and I won't; but you've no idea how difficult it is to dodge it. The other day I'd schemed out a new First Act, on the seashore. Bathing costumes, you know. Thought that ought to be safe enough. But I'm hanged if the heroine didn't ask first thing after the thermos flask. I found myself writing it down before I knew what I was doing: '*Harold dear, you haven't forgotten the tea, have you?*' Blast the stuff!"

For the moment I couldn't think of anything to say. Poor Carruthers seemed to take it to heart so much that any jesting reply might have had fatal



Mother. "I WANT YOU TO BE UNSELFISH AND GIVE ME SOME OF YOUR BROKEN TOYS FOR POOR CHILDREN. WILL YOU, DEAR?"
Jacky. "RA-THER! I'LL START AND SMASH UP A FEW NOW."

results. But I thought about it a good deal. And it soon became clear that something drastic would have to be done. We could not afford to lose a promising young dramatist merely because of an absurd scruple. And Edward was going from bad to worse. There was no longer any sign of a crease down the middle of his trousers. He had taken to wearing soft collars. He tried to avoid me when we met in the High Street.

"Look here, Edward," I said firmly, "this won't do. We've got to stop it or there'll be trouble."

He spread his hands open in a pathetic gesture. His manner was still slightly theatrical.

"What's the use?" he said in a broken voice. "I'm a ruined man. It seems to have got worse and worse. I simply can't get the beggars to do anything at all now. When you come to think of it, how *can* you get any action into a piece without bringing in a tea-tray?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, if you must, why not?"

He became voluble, almost hysterical.

"Hang it all, I must keep some self-respect. I'm not going to allow myself to be beaten by a cup of tea. I swore I wouldn't—and I won't. Even an artist may have a sense of honour, I suppose."

"Certainly," I assented cheerfully. "Why not make it coffee?"

* * * * *

In the new piece at the Thalia—*Belshazzar*, by Edward Carruthers—coffee is handed round three times. I believe one of the critics referred to it in a Sunday paper. But he did not know that the idea which probably saved the author's life was mine.

Now that Edward has proved that he can produce a play without a tea interest there is, as he says, no reason for sticking to his vow, like a vendetta. He can revert to tea in his next play with a clear conscience.

The Crowning Touch.

"Lady —— wore a long tunic of green and orange over a black fur-trimmed hat."
Daily Paper.

"The 'local option' question was propounded about 9.45 p.m. 'If Mr. Jackson is returned, is he in favour of local potion?' asked a gentleman in the body of the hall."
Provincial Paper.

That way of putting it, of course, made it an easy one for the Candidate.

THE TURNING WORM.

'Tis vain, good wife, reminding me
That fashion-scribes suggest
That it is always wise to be
Appropriately dressed;
That she who would escape her fellows' strictures
Must have the proper garb for ball and rout,
Concert and play, the country and the pictures,
Bun-fights and dining-out.

'Tis all in vain, that injured air
You've hastened to display,
For, even if you really were
As dowdy as you say,
Though I may yet be driven to supply you
With certain of the things on which you dote,
I can't regret that I refused to buy you
A hat in which to vote.

On Election-day:—

"The rain continued to pour down on those with umbrellas and on those without."
London Paper.

We have often noticed that rain has this quality of impartiality.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DUENNA"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

IF the theme of *The Duenna*, though dexterously handled, seems a little commonplace when compared with that of the *The Beggar's Opera*, the simple charm of its musical numbers is at least as great. I am not in a position to estimate how much of this charm it owes to Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS' arrangement of the LINLEY settings, themselves arranged from popular airs and folk-songs of the day, but I gather that the debt is a heavy one; otherwise it would be difficult to understand how *The Duenna* could have lapsed into the obscurity from which Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR has retrieved it.

Much, of course, of the success of the revival was due to Mr. PLAYFAIR himself, whose hand was recognisable everywhere, not only in those whimsical gay touches of fancy which gave distinction to the "business" of it, but in certain niceties of interpretation—here and there an affected artificiality, or now and again a restrained burlesque of theatrical behaviour as hallowed by tradition.

The acting honours would, I think, be assigned by most people to Mr. FRANK COCHRANE for his performance of *Isaac Mendoza* (*Mendoza's* father was a Jew, but he, in the old phrase, "had chucked it," and so recently that he had not yet settled down to Christianity, but, as *Donna Louisa* put it, was "like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament"). And indeed it was a remarkable character-study. But for myself—and it grew upon me at the second time of hearing—I admired even more the performance of Mr. GUY LEFEUVRE as *Don Carlos*, the companion of *Mendoza*. His sketch had the air of being created out of his own personality. It owed little to the text and nothing to any observed type, racial or other. Also it never relied on any of those elementary antics which impaired—unavoidably, of course—the attractiveness of Mr. COCHRANE'S part. Detached from all direct interest in the intrigue, and a mere accessory to the plot, *Don Carlos* imposed himself by a happy resourcefulness which found him always prepared beforehand with "something he had studied for the occasion." From his side-pocket he would produce scrolls of appropriate song and hand them round. There was one delightful episode when the words on the front of the scroll ended with :—

"Never may I happy be
If in aught I 'm false——"

and the singers had to turn over and look curiously at the back for the obvious conclusion—"to thee." It is no reflection on Mr. LEFEUVRE'S originality to say that his manner a little recalled Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD'S. Even in his most reserved moments this master of light opera never did anything better than Mr. LEFEUVRE'S performance of *Don Carlos*.



A BACKWARD SUITOR.

Isaac Mendoza . . . . . MR. FRANK COCHRANE.
The Duenna . . . . . MISS ELSIE FRENCH.

As *Donna Louisa*, in the most fascinating costume, Miss ELSA MACFARLANE looked like a blend of those two beautiful EVELYNS, Miss MILLARD and the unforgettable Miss D'ALROY. Her speaking accent may have had a suspicion of affectation and her pretty voice may at times have been a little sharp at the edges; but it was a very charming and gracious performance. As a foil we had the black-toothed *Duenna* of Miss ELSIE FRENCH, who played her ugly part with the greatest gusto and seemed to revel in its grotesqueries. Miss ISOBEL MCLAREN (as *Donna Clara*) has a simple and natural charm, but her singing suffered from an excess of tremolo.

The two young lovers, Mr. DENYS ERLAM (*Antonio*) and Mr. MICHAEL COLE (*Ferdinand*), sang extremely well. The former made the gayest of popinjays and the latter mitigated the comparative seriousness of his part with some pleasant touches of burlesque.

To the character (if any) of the bibulous priest, *Father Paul*, Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL brought a fine rotundity of voice and figure. It was SHERIDAN'S fault, and not his, if the spectacle of the marriage service conducted by him in front of the sacred altar immediately after an outburst of vinous mirth jarred a little on one's sense of decency.

Finally Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR who, as *Don Jerome*, had most of the good things to say, was content to get his words home without troubling much about assimilating the manners or gestures peculiar to a Don of Seville. He surprised the audience by his unsuspected gift of song, and delighted them by pretending to accompany *Mendoza* on the penny-whistle and engaging with him in a non-competitive game of musical chairs.

The minor parts were all admirably played. Mr.



PAGES 1 AND 2.

Sancho . . . . . MISS ELSA LANCHESTER.
Lewis . . . . . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.
Don Jerome . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

ALFRED HARRIS gave an excellent sketch of *Lopez*, servant to *Ferdinand*; and I liked Miss JOAN PITT CHATHAM as *Donna Clara's* maid—a part so small that it doesn't figure in the programme. The uniformity of the well-drilled pages (Miss ELSA LANCHESTER and Miss ANGELA BADDELEY) in their marionette movements was a source of much innocent diversion.

The motives of the dance-intervals were obscure, and so was the intention of the coryphées' coiffures, which apparently included the wig of an African negro. I once assisted at a private exhibition of the School of Ballet in a friend's *patio* at Seville, and, apart from the obvious castanets, there was very little in the performance of the Hammersmith *corps* that corresponded to my recollections of that delightful entertainment. These English dancers, however, were not troubled by any such comparison, but seemed to get as much satisfaction out of their spirited exercises as if they had thoroughly caught the local colour.

The scenery, neither too economic nor too formal, was just right; though here again I suspect the artists of not having hampered themselves by reference to the actual locality. Certainly I have no personal remembrance of a green hill rising abruptly from the middle of Seville. I think too that *Donna Louisa's* window was much too low in the wall. One marvelled that her serenader did not take more advantage of its easy proximity to the street.

For the rest, I should be hard indeed to satisfy if I felt anything but grateful admiration for the best entertainment I have yet been given at Mr. PLAYFAIR'S little home in the West. No man could say more than that.

O. S.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN" (NEW).

ACTOR-MANAGERS ought really to have intelligent consultants (or nurses) on their staffs. What induced Mr. MATHESON LANG to produce this gorgeous absurdity nobody who isn't an actor-manager could ever find it possible to understand. The most probable assumption is that he fancied himself as a starving man in the First Act with a lot of pathetic business, which indeed he did extremely well, blossoming into the great Prime Minister, Dictator and Saviour of his country, smoking his cigarette while masked Knights of St. George poke revolver barrels into his chest. Poor Signor MUSSOLINI! If the idea of all this was taken from his career, he has a lot to answer for.

Had the whole thing been played in a fine, free, forceful, transpontine manner, it might, I conceive, have been vastly entertaining. I suggest that before it comes off, as shortly it certainly will—not even Mr. LANG's admirers will stand for this, especially with memories of much better things, such as that charming Mexican bandit which he presented to us some little time ago—the experiment be tried. But to play it solemnly to the preposterous end—well, well, well!



THE BAD QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AND THE MAN.

Julian Wear. "I 'M SURE YOU 'RE TOO MUCH OF A SPORTSMAN TO KILL AN ACTOR-MANAGER IN THE SECOND ACT. IT SIMPLY ISN'T DONE."

Julian Wear . . . . . MR. MATHESON LANG.
Major Boyle . . . . . MR. HENRY C. HEWITT.
The Hon. Muriel Fortescue . . . MISS JESSIE WINTER.

First Act: A noble room in a Gloucestershire country house, stiff with Lords (one, a new man, drunk), Ladies, Baronets, Honourables, gramophones, tantaluses and soda-water siphons. Bridge interrupted by dancing. Into this bursts a starving man; "one of us, by Jove"; ex-colonel; out of a job for six years; no food, drink or tobacco since the day before yesterday. Down and out, and ready to smash the world in revenge. A Bolshie? Exactly. "Can't we see what we can do to get you a job?" No. "Can't I lend you ten pounds?" No, certainly not. Daughter of the house, a lovely die-hard bursting with health, beauty and breeding, offers food and drink—a sensible move.

Then a collapse; and, to the dismay of the coarser aristocratic natures there assembled, the lady insists on the wanderer being put up for the night.

Next morning a changed human being; breakfast in bed; clothes brushed, shoes cleaned, a light in his eyes answering to the interest in the fair eyes of the die-hard virgin. He will make good. He will not destroy. He will be ambitious if she cares. He will build.

Two years later (Act II.); the Patricians' Club; some dummy figures representing various types of stage patricians are discussing the Great Movement. The Hour has struck. The *Man* is at hand.

The man is, needless to say, our depressed friend of the First Act, *Julian Wear*. Out of London, to the martial noise of gramophones, half-a-million of its inhabitants are "tramping" to Bristol. From every other city proportionate contingents are "tramping." All to hear a speech from the great man on Clifton Downs. Words like "transport," "efficiency," "organisation," "commissariat," float about the room to explain this idiotic trek. (Incidentally a dud bomb is flung through the window and removed in a fire-bucket by a terrified waiter.) The patricians look on slightly apprehensive but preserving their good form. What Bristol has done to court this attention or why some more central place for the tramping has not been chosen, or whether it is likely that the detached men and women of the island race are likely to set out on such a walk to Bristol in English weather—to none of these questions is a satisfactory answer vouchsafed.

Then we are switched off to the offices of *The Era*. Enter the great man with the high-born die-hard lady. They have been to a *Thé Dansant*. The *Hon. Muriel Fortescue* has, for love of country, elected to play DELILAH to his SAMSON, or, as one of the patricians observes more than once, CHARLOTTE CORDAY to his MARAT.

In the spirit of "Curfew shall not ring to-night," she is prepared to sacrifice her honour (fortified a little by inclination, it would seem) to save her class. *Wear* shall not speak at Bristol at 7 A.M. next morning, the scheduled time of the speech. He will drive her home to Gloucestershire. "Put the clock back," she says in a letter to her father, which she sends by the Dummy Major, agent of the Knights of St. George, who are

an injudicious blend of the Ku Klux Klan and the Fascisti—"put the clock back two hours and trust me!" But surely there are other ways of making a man miss an appointment at Bristol when you have got him into a house full of enemies than surrendering your honour? Perhaps not. The sacred laws of hospitality, you know. However this is clearly the *Hon. Muriel's* affair.

The Dictator duly arrives at midnight; is sorely tempted; behaves like a gentleman; declares he hasn't slept for three days—too busy, you know, preparing for the great speech and dancing during meals—is quite obviously much too sleepy for any gallant adventures, wakes, is deceived by the clock, discovers the heroine tampering with his car; finds the Major's motor-bike conveniently parked on the verandah, buzzes off to Bristol. The Knights of St. George are foiled, DELILAH (or CHARLOTTE) spurned, speech delivered—whether or how heard by the odd twenty millions gathered on Clifton Down is not disclosed—duly appears in glossy silk hat and kerseymere trousers in Act IV., Prime Minister and Lord High Everything Else of England.

By this time we have had enough. It only remains to be disclosed that no other than he is the mysterious unknown Grand Master of the Knights of St. George, who have nourished the pleasant illusion that they are saving their country from the British MUSSOLINI; also that there will be a wedding at St. George's, or possibly in Bristol, so that the twenty millions can tramp there again to shout Hurray about it. A wonderful play. As to the players they did more than could reasonably have been expected of them. It would not be fair to embarrass them with criticism. T.

An error of omission in the programme of *The Blue Peter* at the Prince's Theatre caused me to attribute the excellent playing of the silent part of a depressed daughter of joy to the wrong actress. It is Miss MARY NEWNHAM-DAVIS who should have the credit.

Things One might have expressed more Tactfully.

"HELP YOUR HOSPITALS
By taking
A FLIGHT IN AN AEROPLANE
ON NEW BRIGHTON SHORE."
Poster on Ferry-boat.

"MATRIMONY.

Bachelor (Catholic), life abstainer, good means, desires early Marriage, good young girl, bright red hair, blue eyes, pipe player, preferably name Mary Patricia Fitzpatrick."
Irish Paper.

The secret of successful advertising is to aim at a definite objective.

SCIENCE AND SONG.

["Small things too have been a source of inspiration, witness the Skylark, the Nightingale, the Daffodil—yea, 'the meanest flower that blows.' And if our knowledge were greater, I doubt not that the intricacies of the atom and the play of molecular forces could become and may yet become, as popular knowledge increases, the theme of poems beyond those of Lucretius."—"*Making of Man*," *by Sir* OLIVER LODGE, *p. 134.*]

THE poets of the older schools
Were unaware of molecules;
They maundered of eternal hills
Or dallied with their daffodils,
But knew as much of physics as
CATO the Elder did of Jazz.

The bio-chemistry of cells
Laid not its high romantic spells
On minds that were content to note
The magic of the song-bird's throat,
But were completely in the dark
About the larynx of the lark.

To me the smallest tiniest dab
Of protoplasm in the "lab"
Is far more excellently bright
Than any phantom of delight;
For there I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine.

O purblind poets, cease your praise
Of birds and flowers in childish lays,
And help us as we bravely probe
The composition of the globe;
Wake from your enervating dream!
Up, bards, and atoms be your theme!

A VILLAGE PEGASUS.

I AM always rather afraid of children, remembering how I regarded grown-ups in my own childhood with a critical judgment that knew no mercy. So it was with some anxiety that I undertook to look after Betty, a ten-year-old niece, for the holidays. How could I entertain a child who had been a traveller from her infancy, who was as much at home on a P. & O. as I am in an A.B.C.? My old-fashioned fairy stories would bore her, my simple amusements be out of date. Even the Zoo would be a tame affair to one who had seen lions and elephants in their native haunts, who had met a snake in her bedroom, who had had a succession of monkeys for pets.

Even motoring was no treat, for, as her father was concerned in some motor company, Betty knew all about the different makes of cars, and, if she had but been allowed, would not have hesitated to drive one even in London.

A woman of the world in miniature, what could one offer for her amusement? The problem was solved at once when Betty saw our local butcher with his pie-bald mare. Then her one desire was "to go driving behind a real gee-gee."

All other modes of transit seemed flat and poor. Steamers, trains, even aeroplanes, were commonplace to this. So now I have gone back a few decades and, hiring the one shabby gig our village boasts, take Betty for long slow drives behind an old, old horse, which has for her all the wonder of a wide-winged Pegasus.

At bedtime any story with a horse in it—there is nearly always a noble steed where there is a hero worth his salt—is welcomed with enthusiasm by this sophisticated ten-year-old of to-day. Through the butcher's pie-bald mare Betty has discovered fairyland, and by-and-by may venture on to poetry, romance and even history.

NAME THIS HOUSE.

I HAVE lately become the owner—or at any rate I have paid the first deposit on it—of all that messuage hereinafter known as—— And that 's where I 'm stumped. It hasn't got a name yet.

Opposite the eighth puddle from the oasis at the corner of the road there is an unfinished erection of red bricks and planks, in the combined Gothic and Disposals Board styles. That is the house. Now, supposing you had a house like this, what would you call it? It must have an official designation to go into the Directory or the moneylenders won't know where to address my circulars.

The more I ponder the matter the more I am convinced that it is a serious one. The effect of giving a dog a bad name is well known, and no doubt the psychology of a house is similarly affected. A house called "The Hut," for example, would never be dignified, even though you added two more wings and a garage.

I take it that you don't mind my asking for advice, because everybody else to whom I have mentioned the matter seems keen to help me. Of course I shall be told that whatever name I select I am liable to offend somebody. But an idea has lately occurred to me which may meet this difficulty. If all these people are taking the task so much to heart, why not let them act in the same capacity towards my house as they would towards my child? I know several who would make ideal godfathers for 4 bed, 2 rec., bath h. & c.

I am aware that a child's sponsors do not always choose its names, leaving the onus of this to its parents for fear of meeting the child in after life. Their duty is to supervise its morals. But a house has no morals to speak of, being intimately connected with house-agents,



AN ECHO OF THE ELECTION.

"FELLOW MEN! ON THE 'ORIZON I SEE THE DAWN OF A NEW ERROR."

bricklayers and lawyers. And my house in particular, if I may judge by the rakish tilt to its roof, will be a bad lot. So that in place of that duty I can accord them the privilege of choosing its name.

Then again—and this is where the attraction of the scheme comes in—when Uncle acted in the capacity of godfather to the baby he turned up with a massive silver christening mug. Who knows? If the house had a godfather who was sensible of the honour I was paying him he might do his part with a kitchen-range or a vacuum-cleaner.

Moreover, if a baby can have three or four names, why not a house? And why limit its supply of godparents? Given sufficient friends and relatives one might almost furnish outright.

A house named "Lyndhurst Bellaggio The Laurels The Dandelions The Aspidistras Mon Abri Mon Désir Mon Dieu" would, it is true, cost a good bit in telegrams; but you can't have everything.

"I have this to add that has been ommitted by the experts in their criticisms."—*Scots Paper.*

The experts, we feel, would have omitted something their mentor has added.

"MEN THAT HEAD THE POLL."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Far better than these shingling women who poll the head.

From a book-catalogue:—

"*Chameleon (The).* Half calf, back worn, joints weak, 5s."

To us it sounds more like a chimæra.

From a publisher's prospectus of an abridged "Life":—

"So far as possible he has . . . omitted nothing which should be left out."

We see nothing very unusual in this.



SKIRTS AND WAISTS.

AT THE MOMENT WHEN AN EXTRAORDINARY CONVOCATION OF THE COUNCIL OF SUPREME FASHION-DICTATORS DECIDES THAT SKIRTS MUST BE SHORTER, THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF GRAND VOGUE PANJANDRUMS DECREES A LOWER WAIST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE British public, Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY and the *Forsyte* family are all, I feel, to be congratulated on *The White Monkey* (HEINEMANN): the public because it will be all the better for the kind or caustic admonition conveyed in this enjoyable story; the author because he has amply vindicated his reputation as a great domestic annalist; and the *Forsytes* because, after three hundred odd pages of encouragement and pressure, the latest of its brides is at last persuaded to take a hand at continuing the family. The reopening of the legend finds *Fleur* the wife of *Michael Mont*, with a Pekinese dog, a house in Westminster and *Wilfrid Desert*, her husband's best man, as the most important side of the amatory triangle. *Soames*, now "old *Forsyte*," and "old *Mont*," father of the bridegroom, are heard comparing their opinions of the new age; and these opinions are summed up in the more obvious symbolism of a Chinese picture—"a large, whitish, sidelong monkey holding the rind of a squeezed fruit." According, however, to *Aubrey Greene*, the painter, the gist of the picture's meaning is expressed in the animal's eyes. "He thinks there is something beyond, and he 's sad or angry because he can't get at it." To Mr. GALSWORTHY this union of the predatory paw and the visionary eye is the riddle of civilisation. It is a riddle he embodies many times here, and not only in terms of gentility. There is the *Bicket* variant, *Bicket* being a packer in *Michael's* warehouse who steals stray volumes to pay for his wife's pneumonia. There is *Mrs. Bicket's* version, she being the secret employée, for reasons which do her honour, of *Mr. Aubrey Greene*. And there is *Soames'* own blend of the acquisitive and the idealistic as evinced in his handling of a reckless insurance society. All these examples, artfully welded together and relieved by sallies of humour (that on modern music is one, but only one, of the happiest), make up, in my judgment, as notable a novel as anyone has a right to expect—even from Mr. GALSWORTHY.

The young New Zealander, as well as the young Australian, has begun to appear in British fiction. Long, lean, athletic, blue-eyed, chivalrous, wealthy, at once adorably innocent and miraculously shrewd, he is simply invincible. He bestows his affections, in an instant, upon a charming lady, and neither she nor any other earthly power can prevent him from marrying her. It was perhaps that consideration which prevented Mr. JOHN OXENHAM, in his *Chaperon to Cupid* (FISHER UNWIN), from taking the trouble to interpose useless obstacles between *Mr. Terry Burke, V.C.*, New Zealander, and *Mademoiselle Yvonne Gerard*, except a little temporary misunderstanding concerning the lady's brother, speedily resolved by a benevolent Colonel and an heroic Major. Thus the mind of the reader, relieved from all anxiety as to the future of the pair of lovers, is free

to appreciate Mr. OXENHAM's happy picture of his holiday in Brittany, during which, as he says, he played the part of chaperon to the engaging pair. The weather was delightful, the people were charming. Mr. OXENHAM's unaffected enjoyment of the ordinary incidents of travel and his unfailing interest in tepid conversation should captivate the most sophisticated reader.

If you 've a hankering for work
That brings no profit or renown,
And, whether you stick close or shirk,
Invariably lets you down;
If, I repeat, you yearn to try
This species of quixotic strife,
Buzz off to BLACKWOOD's house and buy
L. C. M. LOCKHART's *Fire of Life*.

The author doth a tale unfold
Of farming in the Cape, a spot
Where, when you want it hot, it 's cold,
And, when you want it cold, it 's hot;
Where crops and stock for all your care
Succumb to veld-fire, flood or drought,
And, when you 're fit to tear your hair,
Malaria comes and lays you out.

So runs the narrative, and yet
It 's told with such distinguished grace,
Its shrewdness and its fun are set
So far above the commonplace,
That, though I 've no desire myself
To test its subject-matter, I 'm
Housing the volume on a shelf
For books I read a second time.

The cleverest thing Lady MILES has done in *The Fanatic* (HUTCHINSON), and very cleverly she has done it, is to make the action of her story spring entirely from the temperaments of her characters. Of course, except in battle, murder and sudden death and a few similar instances, that is how it generally happens in real life; but most of our novelists find this method a little too slow. *The Fanatic* is a beautiful girl, deeply religious and deeply in love with her husband—a painter—of whose feelings about his art she has not the remotest glimmer of an understanding. It is shown how they drift apart, how neither can break down the barrier which divides them until, at last, the husband goes to another woman, and the wife, because of her religion, refuses to give him his freedom. I must admit that I don't quite understand what happened in the end. I think that the poor dear *Fanatic* had a vision and, moving towards it, fell into the sea and was drowned, much to the husband's satisfaction and not at all to mine; but I am not sure about it. Anyhow it is a poor ending to a book that is full of sharply drawn portraits and shows, as I 've already said, a rare appreciation of the pressure of personality on personality.

If *The Land of St. Francis of Assisi*, published by the Médici Society in English and by M. ARTHAUD of Grenoble in French, is a fair example of the quality of "The Picture Guides"—as I have every reason to suppose it is—I can promise the whole series a warm reception at the hands of past, present or potential travellers to the Continent. In this one volume over a hundred-and-fifty illustrations delicately reproduce characteristic pictures of the cities of Assisi, Perugia, Montefalco, Spoleto and Foligno, from photographs by ALINARI and ANDERSON, and water-colours by M. PIERRE VIGNAL. Such generosity allows not only for the usual monograph's quota of views of monuments and works of art, but a glance at the countryside as well; and I congratulate everyone responsible on having had the good sense to include so unusual a percentage of typical Umbrian landscapes. I think that the full-page view of "The Sources of the Clitumnus," with its shivering poplars and intricate melancholy waters, is perhaps the most beautiful thing in the book. In any case it is a very telling foil to so many sunny façades of churches and reiterated vistas of rock and masonry. Most of BAEDEKER's stars, and many less popular cynosures too, are depicted and described; the not too well known examples of BENOZZO GOZZOLI at Montefalco being particularly well handled both in illustration and text. M. GABRIEL FAURE is responsible for the letterpress. It is interesting and competent in its own fashion; but I doubt if a French cicerone is exactly what an English traveller wants. I cannot imagine any of my compatriots



Lift-man of R.M.S. "Gigantic" (to ex-skipper of sailing-ships). "LESS OF IT, OLD 'UN. I KNOW JUST AS MUCH ABOUT THE SEA AS YOU DO. I'M A SAILOR MESELF."

dallying over quotations from RENAN and vestiges of CHATEAUBRIAND at this time of the day, or seriously eager to ascertain that, "though not always sufficiently appreciated, the women [of Perugia] are handsome and elegant." A few words about food perhaps—if we must descend to sub-Ruskinian levels. But Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is the only Englishman who appraises the women of a foreign town *en bloc*.

Elsie and the Child (CASSELL) is the opening story of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S new book, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the *Elsie* mentioned in the title is the same remarkable woman who was once maid-of-all-work in *Mr. Earlforward's* bookshop at Riceyman Steps. Now she and her husband, *Joe*, are working in the kitchen of *Dr. Raste's* house at the corner of Myddelton Square and Cheval Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.1. This particularity of postal address is characteristic of our author, as also is the picture of the obscure hot kitchen, with all its impedimenta faithfully noted, and the tremendous metallic clangour of the bell from above with which the story opens. For Mr. BENNETT notices things and is determined from the start that the reader shall be aware of it. This first story of his is by some way the best of the baker's dozen that make up his volume. It is a finished study, and we feel when we have read it that we are not only pleased to have met *Elsie* again, but that we know her now better than we did before. All the characters are admirably touched in, and with strict economy. In fifty-nine pages we have *Elsie* herself, *Dr.* and *Mrs. Raste*, *Joe* and *Eva*, even *Miss Huskisson*, *C.B.E.*, the visitor, drawn so that we begin to feel we are quite intimate with all of them. Some of the other sketches have more story to them, it is true, but none more acute observation. I like of the rest "The Perfect Creature" and "The Limits of Dominion," in which Mr. BENNETT returns for a while to his "Five Towns'" atmosphere. But all the studies are wonderfully good—so good that one is a little surprised that the author has not worked them up into something more important.



"WHAT 'RE YOU 'ANGING ROUND THERE FOR? TRYING TO PINCH THEM APPLES?"
"NO. I'M TRYING 'ARD NOT TO."

When *Sir Adrian Wentworth-Spukes* was entertaining a house-party his butler, *Wellington* by name, produced a burgundy which had been lying forgotten in the cellars of Wentworth Hall. This wine was called *Sincérité* (LONGMANS) and its influence over those who drank it was astounding. Once or twice, indeed, I was so baffled and bewildered by the intricacies of Mr. MORTIMER DURAND'S story that I may be excused for wondering whether one could be expected to write (or possibly to read) of this wine without succumbing to its potency. But long before I reached the end of this strange tale I discovered that there was considerable method in what I had lightly considered to be the author's madness. It is difficult to say more without giving away the secret, so I will content myself with saying that Mr. DURAND has devised a great jest, which I commend to those who find amusement in being bamboozled.

There are a few more than three hundred pages in Miss JOAN SUTHERLAND'S new novel, *The Circle of the Stars* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), but somehow it gave me the impression of being a remarkably long one; perhaps it was that, compared with the frugality of most of our novelists, there are so many people in it. *Norma*, the heroine, is married to *Edward Dundas*—incidentally it is difficult to believe in his particular brand of nastiness—and has four grown-up step-children, in whose affairs the reader is expected to take considerable interest. *Robert Carson*, the hero, has two quite important sisters and several friends and enemies in Africa, where he is British Resident at Llongwe. Then there are the large family at the vicarage near the *Dundases'* country house, and *Lord Claude Raynham*, an elderly Society angel, and the various people married or making love to most of these people, besides a horde of young men and maidens, natives, servants and villagers. There are also some very good descriptions of scenery, African and English, and plenty of fighting and dancing, family jars and love-making of the less attractive sort, to fill up any odd corners. *Norma* (married) and *Robert* are pleasing persons who will stoop to no shabby compromises, preferring to remain apart; and the last page brings them together in unexceptionable circumstances. Perhaps the reason why I found the book so easy to lay aside was that Miss SUTHERLAND belongs to the perfectly competent rather than the even partly inspired. The title is quoted from the "Book of Wisdom" and sounds well, but I fancy she has left the sense of its application to take care of itself.

I accept Mr. BOYD CABLE'S assurance that *Chick Summers* was one of the smartest journalists in Australia, though, judging from *A Double Scoop* (HUTCHINSON), I should scarcely have guessed it. *Chick* was engaged in trying to get the "story" of the "Greater City" case for his paper, and his efforts to track down the criminal sent him careering over the world. It was a long chase, but, when I tell you that it was conducted largely on the sea, you will accept it as good news, for Mr. CABLE no sooner gets his characters afloat than they become gloriously alive. I have thoroughly enjoyed the voyages, which, at small expense and without the risk of sea-sickness, Mr. CABLE has allowed me to take with him. In return I shall refuse to reveal the "story" for which *Chick* so assiduously hunted as a detective. I do not place him in the first class, but he is a cheery and resourceful companion.

At a wedding celebration:—

"Mr. and Mrs. —— were the recipients of numerous presents, permanent amongst them being a magnificent cake."—*Local Paper.*

We fancy we have met that cake.

CHARIVARIA.

As a reward for their efforts during the Election Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is giving his workers a medal. Those who wish can have nuts instead.

* * *

A gossip-writer recalls the story that Mr. CHURCHILL once kicked his headmaster's hat to pieces. Probably he wanted to remould it nearer to his heart's desire.

* * *

We learn that an ardent worker in the cause of a successful Parliamentary Candidate was so flushed with victory that he very unwisely went home after the Election and heckled his cook.

* * *

Some people think that the ZINOVIEFF letter should not have been answered by the Foreign Office at all, but that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON might have been given his chance.

* * *

What with elections in Chili, Serbia, Germany, and several other places, ZINOVIEFF must have writer's cramp by now.

* * *

We understand there is some talk of arranging a mass-meeting of Liberal leaders in order to appoint a follower.

* * *

The moral effect of Rat Week was such that at Wapping one rat walked into the local police-station and gave himself up.

* * *

It is pointed out that there is now a rat for every member of the population of Great Britain. Anybody can have ours.

* * *

In an account of a baseball match, which he found less tedious than cricket, Mr. G. B. SHAW mentioned that the batsman occasionally executed a masterly drive to square-leg. Another stroke peculiar to the American game is, of course, the late cut to mid-on.

* * *

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is growing a beard, we read. The news was kept from Mr. BALDWIN until after he had formed his Cabinet.

* * *

A centenarian who died in Russia the other day was formerly a well-known anarchist. It is said that he can remember the good old days when bombs were three shillings a dozen.

* * *

Imitation jewellery is not popular just now, we are informed. This is the stuff that has driven many a deserving burglar to the dole.

* * *

A man charged at Thames police court told the magistrate that there was only one way to get locked up, and that was to hit a policeman. Those who want to make quite sure should hit two.

* * *

An Aldershot Army Order points out the necessity for a more strenuous campaign against the house-fly. Military experts are now inclined to favour the use of the butt rather than the bayonet in operations of this type.

* * *

Peace negotiations are now going on between General FENG YU-HSIANG and General WU PEI-FU. All we can say is that if they want peace they must have it at their own risk.

* * *

The Automobile Association has issued a warning to its members regarding the danger of skidding on fallen leaves. The habit that sympathetic robins have of covering up stricken pedestrians with beautiful autumnal foliage constitutes an added danger to the motorist.

* * *

In America, bootleg whisky is sold in glass-stoppered bottles. It has been found that it eats away ordinary corks.

* * *

Many New York restaurants run their own baseball teams. If the idea catches on in what the papers call the "West End" we shall doubtless hear a lot of the Soho Grey Shirts.

* * *

A prize poem has been written by a seventeen-year-old waitress. So now we know where they disappear to when we want food. They're closeted with a rhyming dictionary.

* * *

"Cambridge draws with Chelsea," said a recent headline. This sort of intercourse is just what is wanted to promote interest in the Fine Arts at the Universities.

* * *

TROTSKY says that the cinema is the best education. It's comforting to think that all these crook dramas are appreciated somewhere.

* * *

A correspondent who recently picked some primroses in his garden says that this foreshadows a severe winter. Why couldn't he leave the things alone?

* * *

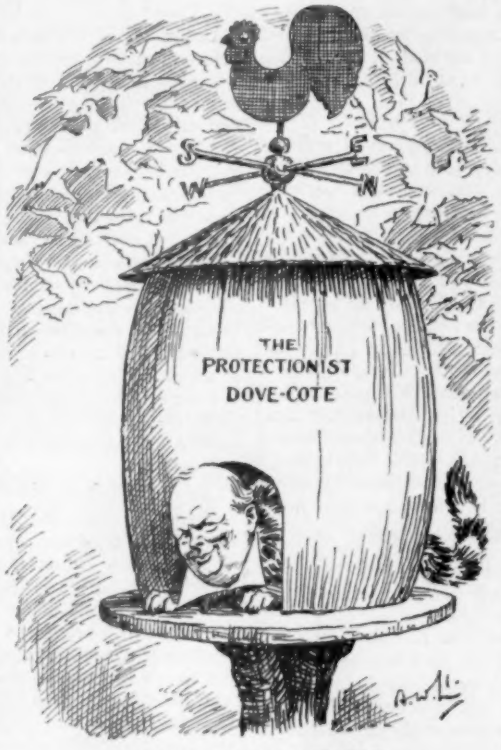
The premises formerly occupied by Cox's Bank are to be put up to auction shortly. It is a fine opportunity for an ex-subaltern to secure a memento of his overdraft.

* * *

A motorist who was arrested in Paris for furious driving turned out to be a burglar. Even when such men are driving to a burglary they should have a care for the public, who, after all, are their clients.

* * *

The Americans have been experimenting with long-range guns lately. Their idea is of course to develop ballistics to a pitch that will enable them to intervene in the next European war without leaving their own country.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF
(with a difference)

"WHEW! THE CAT IS AMONG THE PIGEONS WITH A VENGEANCE."—*From a letter written by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on his resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Dec. 23, 1886.*

"In the poultry business in Ireland the Dutch have outclassed you. They specialise in raising altogether the Barnevelder variety of poultry. This hen lays a superior colour egg and markets same always fresh, and gets the best price anywhere."
Letter in Irish Paper.

Of course the unsophisticated Irish hen cannot compete with a commercially-minded fowl like this.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

By our Unparliamentary Critic.

REACTION.

SOMETHING will have to be done about the word "reaction." It has too many meanings. I understand that in its primary sense it means a force exerted in opposition to another force. Or it may mean the very reverse of this, namely a response to stimulus. But in the jargon of politics reaction has come to have the sinister meaning of resistance to progress. Yet there are kinds of progress which it is a very sound thing to resist. Thus, when you are progressing down-hill towards the verge of an abyss, there is a good deal to be said for the reactionary application of a brake. And it is in this sense and no other —Socialism being the abyss—that I am content to describe myself as belonging to "the party of reaction."

DIEHARDISM.

Here again we are playing with the jargon of politics. My own idea of a Diehard has always been a man who fights with his back to a wall or (failing this structural support) in the last ditch, and sells his life as dearly as he can. In the end (I thought), however hard he dies, he does die. But it seems that I was in error, if I am to accept the considered statement of a certain section of the Press that the Government of the country has been delivered into the hands of Diehards. In that case not only must these Diehards have put up an amazingly good fight before dying, but they would seem to have survived in considerable numbers. I should be sorry indeed to believe this paradox. For personally I am, like all good Conservatives, in favour of the total extinction of that alleged body, in whose existence, except perhaps as a negligible anachronism, I don't for a moment believe. And, if I happened to be on the Socialist side, I should be careful not to admit that my party had been hopelessly beaten by a lot of moribunds.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

It is not for me, as a member (very humble) of the victorious legions, to criticise the conclusions of the *Vox Populi*. I hope that I should never be so ungracious (not to say profane) as to cast reflections upon the logic of the Divine verdict which it has just pronounced. But, as a Liberal friend pointed out to me, if the last two Elections have proved anything, they have proved these two things: (1) That the country is against Protection; (2) that the country is against Socialism. Now the only party that has shown itself in agreement with the country on both of these dominating questions is the Liberal Party. By all the rules of reason, therefore, the Liberal Party should at this moment be in overwhelming power, instead of in a state of overwhelming impotence. Instinct, in the case of the nobler sex, being a stronger force than reason, I take it that the credit for the defeat of this irresistible argument must be largely assigned to the Women of England (bless 'em!).

THE SOCIALIST PRESS.

It has been argued that the Socialists can never get a fair chance so long as they have only one morning paper of their own colour, as against the pluralist Press that is run for the benefit of the bloated capitalist. I cannot understand this view. If, in my own single morning paper, I read a statement of fact—as that Mr. COOLIDGE has been elected President of the United States of America—will it do me any good to read this statement in five other morning papers, even with five photographs of the gentleman thrown in? If I really want to impress its facts upon my memory I can always read my one morning paper over and over again. Of course, if you take your opinions, as well as your facts, from your morning paper, that is another matter. You may feel that you would like to have them confirmed by other morning papers which hold exactly the same opinions. But such an attitude of mind proclaims you a member of one of the older parties—the stupid ones; it exposes you as incapable of thinking for yourself. If you were a Socialist (and therefore a thinker) you would not need to go to *The Daily Herald* for your opinions; and if you did it is inconceivable (*The Daily Herald* being so worthy of your confidence) that you should feel the want of another all-red paper to endorse it.

CLASS WAR.

A member of the late Government promised us a dirty Election, and in certain quarters his hooligan admirers saw to it that this promise should be kept. And now I understand that in the same circles we are promised a Class War. But, while the throwing of dirt at an Election can be confined to one side (I don't say that it ever has been) a Class War, or indeed any sort of war, cannot be conducted unless both sides agree to engage in it. You cannot play a Soccer match if the other side is playing Rugger—still less if it is playing Cricket. In this connection it is curious that the younger and more aggressive school of politics (as of poetry) should be so far behind the times. The doctrine of "class-consciousness," as taught by the Socialist party in its infant seminaries, has long been *démodé* in other quarters and only survives there among people who have ceased to count. Or rather it has reappeared in a new form; and the very party which once had a bad reputation for legislating on behalf of its own class is now proposing to be chiefly concerned with legislation that shall benefit a class not its own.

THE EX-PREMIER'S APOLOGIA.

I see that Mr. MACDONALD, in a speech delivered at a complimentary dinner given to him by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and others, made a violent attack upon the Press for conspiring against him. Yet he knows well enough that if there has been any conspiracy in the Press with regard to himself it was a conspiracy, at the beginning of his administration, to make no capital out of his record in the War, but to treat him generously and give him his chance. I shall have more to say about this. At present I note that in his apologia the EX-PREMIER made the unprecedented admission that the record of his Government was not absolutely flawless. Here we mark a distinct advance. But he still seems to labour under the impression that it is a cleaner record than his predecessors left behind them. This, of course, if it is true, should be a great boon to Mr. BALDWIN; which makes it the more surprising that Mr. MACDONALD should be so sorry for him. "The only man I sympathise with at this moment," he said, "is my successor." (Laughter.)

I was not present at this honorific meal; but if I had been I think that I too should have laughed. And if I had heard him go on to say, "This Government will find that every problem that faces it will have to be tackled, if it is to be tackled successfully, in exactly the way we tackled it," there would have been renewed laughter on the part of one banqueter (instantly suppressed). O. S.

"It is delightfully acted, with a pleasant rapidity which is often missed in West End—or, as I am speaking about the latitude of Hammersmith, East End plays."—*Evening Paper.*

We don't mind a critic allowing himself a little bit of latitude, but he ought to be more careful about his longitude.



THE COMING TEST.

John Bull (*to Labour Party*). "DON'T THINK I 'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU DID WELL IN OFFICE. FOR THE REST, YOU HAVE A CHANCE OF MAKING GOOD IN OPPOSITION."



Visitor. "WHAT A PRETTY FROCK, VERA! DID MUMMY MAKE IT FOR YOU?"
Daughter of New Wealth (scornfully). "MADAME DRUCILLE DRESSES ME."

MILITARY RAT WEEK.

ON Saturday week the Adjutant received the order from Command H.Q. that we were to co-operate in the National Campaign against rats during the following week. The order further stated that traps and bait might be had from the Barrack Officer, and that at the end of the week a complete return of all rats destroyed was to be rendered on a special form.

The Colonel having decided that for the honour of the unit we must make a good showing, the Adjutant sent out instructions to the Company Commanders, while the Quartermaster indented for bait and traps.

Zero hour was at nine on Monday, but by the afternoon a serious hitch in the staff work became apparent. Not only had the traps and bait failed to materialise, but it had dawned on us that there were no rats in the camp. Our camp is a wind-swept collection of huts on a desolate moor, and, though we have to live here, the rats don't. While in private agreement with the rats' commonsense, we could not help feeling that they were an essential part of the programme, and on Tuesday therefore a corporal with two men was sent to a neighbouring village, returning later with a sack containing twelve live rats. It being against the British Army's instincts not to give them a sporting chance, they were forthwith set at liberty in the camp for the purpose of extermination. After looking round for a moment in a dejected bunch they disconsolately went to ground in a bank behind the cook-house.

The next morning the bait arrived, but, owing to a hitch at the Ordnance Depôt, not the traps however. The Quarter-master, a stickler for discipline, was not deterred. He had been issued with "Bait, rat-trap, portions—20" and "Traps, rat (to follow)—20," and had had definite instructions to place them both on arrival near the rat-holes. So he carried out his orders to the letter as far as he could, with the result that when the "Traps, rat" arrived on Wednesday the rats had eaten all the "Bait, rat-trap."

On Thursday, as the week was slipping by and the Colonel was already asking the Adjutant if we had reached double figures yet, O.C. "A" Company ordered a *battue*, in which No. 1 Platoon was the first wave. Armed with sticks and rifles, they carried out an encircling movement round the cook-house, and the platoon-sergeant was detailed to smoke the rats out. He burnt a lot of brown paper without result, and finally, acting on the advice of the crowd, tried his pipe, which had been so effective in the case of our bees.

This was more successful. For about three minutes he puffed smoke down a hole leading into the bank; then suddenly there was a sort of an earth-tremor and greenish vapour began to leak from every aperture, while the crowd on the leeward side drew respectfully back. A vague coughing noise was heard inside the bank, and at last an elderly rat, with the air of a sole survivor, staggered out, pale and shaken, and instantly disappeared into the cook-house.

With yells of triumph No. 1 Platoon surged forward after it. From the cook-house came a confused noise of hobnail boots on concrete, rifle-butts on pie-dishes, and sticks on shins, mingled with the Sergeant-cook's heated injunctions to "Put that —— cake down."

No. 1 Platoon being evidently opportunists. After a few minutes the rat reappeared slightly invigorated, and set off at a steady lope up the road to the Officers' Mess, where it again took shelter. O.C. "A" Company, restraining with difficulty No. 1 Platoon, who wished to repeat their raid, called off the chase. During the evening all the holes in the bank behind the cook-house were stopped up, with the remaining eleven rats presumably dead inside it, and the first day's fighting ended.

On Friday the rat was seen by the Officers' Mess caterer, who reported by 'phone to the Adjutant that it was proceeding S.S.E. in the direction of the guard-room. No. 2 Platoon was at once detailed for the assault, but, despite standing patrols, the rat was not seen again that day. Hope, however, ran high in the camp, for, since we had never had any rats before, there were no rat-holes for him to hide in.

By Saturday the camp rat had been seen twice more and was becoming quite a favourite. He was referred to by the troops as Rudolf, and there was a strong party in favour of taking him alive to serve as a regimental pet.

On Saturday afternoon a full strength hunt was organised with the camp pack of dogs in attendance. The camp pack consists of ten couples and forty-five breeds. There are long thin hairless dogs like an inch lashing, short dogs standing two feet above ground, dogs wearing four coats of hair, and dogs that look like terriers but can mew and run up a tree. There was once a dog that was nearly true bred, but he was killed by the rest of the pack as something abnormal.

The hunt started in strength and, after guard-room covers had been drawn, hounds sighted Rudolf in the ash-bin. He led them on a good line past the Sergeants' Mess, where hounds were stopped on a wrong scent (the Mess kitchen). They were whipped off, and the hunt continued down into the camp, Rudolf going gamely. At the cook-house he was nearly caught; but hounds stopped to kill a cat and he recovered his lead. They soon picked up the scent and ran Rudolf strongly up to the Married Officers' Quarters. Here he turned suddenly to bay and bit the pack leader, a fine dachs-greyhound, in the leg, at which the pack dispersed for half-an-hour.

The chase was resumed by the field in an officer's garden, where, after a spirited finish, Rudolph was killed, amid the regrets of all, by the Senior Major's wife, armed with a tennis-racquet.



Manager (engaging actor). "GRANTED, THE SALARY IS NOT EXCESSIVE; BUT REMEMBER YOU EAT A COUPLE OF QUITE NICE APPLES IN THE SECOND ACT."

So ended Rat Week. Our return went in next day as follows:—

RETURN OF RATS KILLED DURING NATIONAL RAT WEEK, 3.11.24—9.11.24.

Barracks or Hutments.—Shortdown Camp.

Number of rats destroyed.—One. (Missing, believed killed: eleven.)

Methods used.—Bait, traps, smoke, gas (Platoon-Sergeant's pipe), sticks, rifles, dogs, tennis-racquet.

Remarks as to effectiveness of methods.—The tennis-racquet has proved undeniably the best weapon for dealing with rats.

"UNIVERSITY OF WALES.
LIBERALS WIN BACK SEAT."
Welsh Paper.

On the contrary, it seems to us one of the few cases in which Liberals won a *front* seat.

"The major, whose follow-through suggested Achilles defying the lightning, smiled sheepishly."—*Weekly Paper.*

While Ajax, we suppose, sulked in the club-house.

THE REAL HORROR.

["Paris.—When Jackie Coogan arrived here from Tours he was asked his impressions of French girls, and replied: 'They 're just like girls everywhere; they all want to kiss me. Gee!—it 's terrible!'—(British United Press. Copyright in the U.S.A.")]

AY, John, you 're right to take amiss
The way in which your boosted graces
Subject you everywhere to this
Embarrassment of fond embraces.

'Twill give your sane admirers joy
That you remain through all temptation
Sufficient of a human boy
To prove averse from osculation.

But, though to you such ways may seem
Quite terrible, 'tis more affrighting
To know that there are folk who deem
This sort of thing worth copyrighting.

A Single-Minded Man.

"Last night Ald. —— (Labour) accepted unanimously the invitation of the —— Town Council to be Mayor next year."
Provincial Paper.

THE STRANGE TALE OF HENRY BLYTH AND WILLIAM JONES.

AN EPISODE IN THE NIGHT LIFE OF LONDON.

LITTLE did the gay and glittering throng—— But wait a minute. Before I go on to that I must ask you to look at a couple of newspaper cuttings:—

"UNPROFITABLE BURGLARY.

The following is a full list of articles removed by burglars in four small cases of housebreaking last week:—

1 silver candlestick,
2 inkstands,
1 Tibetan dagger studded with blue stones,
1 set fish-knives and forks,
1 overcoat,
6 shillings,
a number of cigarettes."

The second cutting is as follows:—

"RAID ON A LONDON NIGHT CLUB.

"EVIDENCE OF THE POLICE.

"P.C. X. said he visited the club from time to time on the instructions of the Superintendent . . . They went to the bar on the ground floor, where he ordered two whiskies, for which he paid three shillings, and gave sixpence tip. Later he had another drink, for which he paid also . . .

"There were dancing-mistresses, and he danced with one of them and paid her thirty shillings. He was asked to treat the lady, and he had a bottle of champagne, for which he paid thirty-five shillings, and two-and-sixpence as a tip. He also had some chocolates . . .

"When he was having breakfast, two women came over to where he was sitting and asked him to treat them. He left the club at about 2.45 A.M. . . .

"The latest time he left the club was 3.45 A.M., and dancing was going on then. . . .

"P.C. Y. was introduced to three men and three women. That was rather an expensive introduction, costing him ten shillings for drinks. Later he had a bottle of champagne, for which he gave thirty-five shillings, and two-and-sixpence tip. Witness was served with two whiskies at 4.15 A.M."

And now we can get back to the gay and glittering throng . . . .

Little did the gay and glittering throng at "The Smoked Haddock" realise who were the two men sitting together at a table sipping champagne and listening to the syncopated music of the band. One of them, the big man with the sun-tanned face and the genial air, was no other than P.C. Henry Blyth . . . .

P.C. Henry Blyth was perhaps the brightest jewel of the Metropolitan Police. No man for years had passed the peculiar tests insisted on by the Force with such flying colours as he. His dancing was superb. In tying a white tie he had no equal amongst the constabulary in the land. At the ball-room conversation test with dancing instructresses he had come out an easy first. No minion of the law however experienced had such a head for old brandy and vintage champagne.



Mother. "LATE AGAIN, BOBBY. WHY DIDN'T YOU GET UP WHEN I CALLED YOU?"

Laggard Son. "BUT, MOTHER, YOU DIDN'T CALL HYSTERICALLY."

And now here he was, supping at "The Smoked Haddock" with William Jones. What was the profession of the little shy man with the furtive expression, obviously ill at ease amongst the music and the lights and the ladies in their gay attire?

He had been a friend of Henry Blyth in early years. They had been at school together. He had admired the gay, reckless and debonair manner which Henry, even as a boy, had possessed; and Henry in turn had extended a half-tolerant liking to his hero-worshipper. Himself obviously cut out for the dashing life of society, he had pitied his dull and insignificant schoolmate, doomed evidently to a life of drudgery and routine.

That very night, as he was strolling round to "The Smoked Haddock" in his faultless evening attire, he had come suddenly upon Bill. Each had recognised the other with a start of astonishment, and Bill had unfolded to his school-fellow a sorry tale.

For William Jones—have you possibly guessed it?—was a burglar.

Reduced to penury by the depression in his miserable trade, he had now reached the end of his tether, and, on learning Henry's exalted position, he had immediately asked to be taken in charge.

"What do you think I have collared to-night?" he said in a quavering voice, and produced from his overcoat pockets a thermos flask, a bent fork and an imitation apostle spoon.

The magnanimous heart of Henry was touched as he listened to the details of William's struggle with fate. Bemused by popular fiction, the public scarcely realises how hard a modern burglar's lot may be. Householders are so poor nowadays that the diamond necklace, the rope of pink pearls, the emerald from a maharajah's turban, are seldom to be found. If such things exist they are usually locked up in elaborate safes.

"And how," asked William plaintively, "is a small housebreaker like me to afford the post-war prices of dynamite and electric drills? Practically prohibitive, they are. Besides, the receivers would take their sixty per cent. . . ."

There is no insurance for such as William. He cannot cover at Lloyd's the risk he runs of total loss of swag, nor even take out a combined policy against accidents from dogs, traps, firearms, personal violence or damage to clothing from barbed wire and bottle-glass on walls.

Even the newspapers do not cover losses incurred in housebreaking.

Unprotected by insurance, exposed to the rapacity of middlemen, the small burglar is equally outside the benefit of the State. His nerve or health may fail him. He may live in a district where residential houses are rare.

"I wrote to the Ministry of Labour," said William, "and all I got was this;" and he handed Henry a type-written sheet:—

"*DEAR SIR,*" *read Henry,—"I am requested by the Ministry of Labour to inform you that in no circumstances is a burglar, registered as such, entitled*



Weighty and important Parishioner. "VERY GOOD OF YOU TO HAVE GIVEN ME YOUR HELP ALL THIS WAY. I 'M AFRAID YOUR ARM MUST HAVE SUFFERED."

Curate (whose arm is completely numbed). "NOT AT ALL. I ASSURE YOU I HAVE NO FEELING IN IT WHATEVER."

to apply for unemployment pay at a Labour Exchange."

Altogether, William went on to say, the times were so bad that often as he went his weary rounds he had longed to be lagged, to be safe in the warmth and security of jug. But even that crowning mercy had not come in his way. There did not seem to be any policemen about. But, now that he had met Henry in all his glory, his mind was made up; and would Henry oblige?

Henry's magnanimous heart was touched, as I said before, by this pitiful appeal. It was a waste of his time. Nevertheless he consented at once.

"But before I take you along to the station with me," he said, "I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll give you one taste of the gay life. You shall come with me to a night club."

"But my clothes?" suggested William, looking at the frayed cuffs of his disreputable suit.

"Don't worry about *that*," replied Henry. "I have plenty of spare suits of evening togs."

And so it came about that little did the gay and glittering throng at "The Smoked Haddock"—etc. (See above.)

* * * * *

It was 3.30 A.M.

"I must have one more dance," said Henry. "It will be the last I shall have here for some time."

"How is that?" asked William.

"We raid it to-morrow night," said P.C. Blyth casually as he moved to another table, from which a beautifully gowned lady rose to accept his proffered arm. Together they glided across the polished floor.

It was the first time William Jones had been in a night club. It was the first time that he had drunk champagne. He finished the bottle and sighed.

* * * * *

The fact that Henry Blyth failed to find William when he returned to his table seemed to have some connection with the fact that he could not find his cloak-room ticket either, and that his opera hat and silk-lined overcoat had also disappeared.

"The other gentleman said he was taking them for you," explained the attendant. William Jones had evidently changed his mind. He had determined to go back to his life of drudgery.

"Poor devil!" thought P.C. Blyth, puffing at his Havana as he strolled bareheaded into the street. EVOE.

MORE MIRACLES.

["Drugs," according to a report of the opening of a centre for electro-therapeutic treatment at Liverpool, "could be made to pass through the body by electricity and . . . the horrid taste of medicine taken through the mouth would thus be avoided."]

WHEN little Willie used to jib
At powder, draught or pill,
With offers blandly phrased and glib
We had to work our will;
With jam we sought the lad's consent,
With toffee too we played,
And promises of pennies lent
Their mercenary aid.

A long—and sometimes tearful—task
It was, it was indeed!
But now we have a better mask
To serve us in our need;
To science, that astute ally,
Our wiser faith we pin,
And dose the patient on the sly
What time he listens-in.

For guileless Willie has not guessed
That, while the music plays,
The crystal-set and medicine-chest
Are linked in subtle ways;
We need no jam, we need no bribes
The lad's distaste to foil,
For as he listens he imbibes
A dose of castor-oil.

FOREIGN OPINION.

COMMENTS in the foreign Press on the change of the political situation in this country are of a more than usually interesting kind. Newspapers all over the world are practically unanimous in pointing out that by obtaining over four hundred seats out of a total of six hundred-and-fifteen, the British Conservative party will be assured of a considerable majority in the new Parliament. Comments on the whole are nevertheless biassed to a certain extent by the local political views of their writers.

Thus *The Lapland Times* observes in the course of a long and able article:—

"The British electors have given a lead to Europe which Lapland Conservatives will do well to follow."

And moderate Balkan newspapers in the main are equally enthusiastic.

The Sofia Mercury considers "the fact that the anti-Bolshevists have won in England will greatly encourage the anti-Bolshevist party in Bulgaria."

"Sir Rumsey Macgregor," declares the Roumanian *Batik*, "has only himself to thank for the predicament in which his party now lies. All opponents of revolution in Roumania will welcome a stable British Government with the Lord Chamberlain at its head."

American Conservative opinion also expresses itself on much the same lines.

"All good Republicans," begins the third leading article in *The Bear Gulch Expectorator*, "will be vastly confirmed in their faith by the result of the British General Election. Democrats, as usual, will think punk . . ."

The Smolensk Blast, on the other hand, takes a far less rosy view of the situation. "The British bourgeoisie," it thinks, "may be permitted to wallow for a few years longer in the slime of its own degradation."

While *The Svorsk*, in discussing the overthrow of the Labour Government, contents itself with the laconic criticism:

"Ur—r—r—r—r—r—rh!"

From which we are disposed to think *The Svorsk* must be another of these Communistic news-sheets.

In China the trend of opinion seems vague. "What with this war and one thing and another," says *The Wung-feifoo and General Intelligencer*, "we cannot be worried with the result of the British Elections. But it seems clear that the Liberal Party is totally extinguished."

Even this conclusion, however, is contradicted by *The Li-chin-chow*.

"The British Liberal Party," it announces, "was never so full of energy as in the moment of its seeming decay. It may be compared to the late gallant army of Marshal Wu Pei-fu."

The personal conflicts attending the Presidential Election at Havana have prevented the Cuban papers from giving much space to English affairs, and the Esquimaux Press is equally indifferent.

"The blubber crop," says *The Greenland Advertiser*, "seems to be fairly satisfactory . . . Sealing men will not look further afield for news of interest to them at this particular juncture . . ."

The Nicaraguan *Corroboratore*, on the other hand, throws an interesting light on the way in which the struggle has been regarded by Conservative opinion in the Spanish-American countries.

"The redoutable Señor Baldwin," it says, "has gained a glorious triumph in England over the detestable enemies of civilisation and progress. He shall march leading his ever-conquering army with loud huzzas towards the goal of Independence, Freedom and Dawn. Señors Philip Wheatley, Sydney Snowdon and Zinovieff Clynes have been hoisted with their own petardos."

Perhaps the calmest and in some ways the sanest view, however, is that expressed in the simple words of *The Solomon Island Mercury*: "The inevitable has occurred." We venture to think that this is a verdict with which most thinking politicians in Great Britain will readily agree.

AIDS TO EMINENCE.

IF you wish to shun fiasco
When you 're asked your views of
BLASCO,
GAUGUIN, CROCE or MAGNASCO—
Asked to give your frank opinion
Of the Muses' latest minion,
Or the prose of MARCEL PROUST,
Or the fantasies produced
By the very latest Russian
Masters of divine percussion,
Or the "urges" of PAPINI,
Or the aims of MUSSOLINI—
Though you cannot sing or spout them
(Knowing next to *nil* about them),
Never mind; a phrase or two
Boldly turned will help you through.

Say, for instance, that in Glasgow
Onne ignotum pro MAGNASCO;
Say that GAUGUIN is too styptic
To be quite apocalyptic;
Say that CROCE'S *tessitura*
Savours of Estremadura;
Say D'ANNUNZIO and PAPINI
Are tin trumpets *con sordini*
When compared with MUSSOLINI.

Do not be precise, specific,
Analytic, scientific,
Or descend to crude detail—
That 's where banal people fail.
Thus, although an ignoramus,
You may end by being famous,
Vanquishing the man who knows
By the panoply of pose.

THE STAMP OF TRUTH.

IN addition to the fact that she buttons up her coats with the left lapel underneath, my wife's mentality differs from my own in many ways. One is that I do not always trust anything that I see in the newspapers. On the contrary. I never considered the possibility that TROTSKY might be a decent fellow until the leader-writers began to call him an assassin. On the other hand, my wife believes implicitly everything she reads. Cold print is to her like a certificate signed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Yet she has a very low opinion of her husband's intelligence. Men of established position in the Club gather round and hang on my lightest word, but, if I venture to suggest anything concerning the direction of the household to her, she smiles tolerantly, as one might at the incoherent gurglings of an infant debauched with milk. Many women are like this. They appear to think that no man would have married at all if he had had any sense.

My wife has a passion for vegetable marrow. She would prefer it, I believe, to ambrosia, whereas in my opinion it is tasteless and unsubstantial. It soaks up all the gravy, retaining none of its flavour, and is no better than boiled fog to eat. I have spoken about it, although I have not, as she suggests, talked and talked and talked about it. Meanwhile, when vegetable marrow is in season we have had it baked, stuffed, boiled and steamed. If I attempt to let the cat have my share of it she says, "You must eat it, dear. It is good for you. It says so in the *Daily* ——."

But one day last week a masterly article appeared in that paper on the subject of vegetable marrow. Without being actually libellous, the writer shattered the clay feet of this horticultural impostor till it hadn't a leg to stand on. He pointed out that it contained no vitamines, and that it was composed of 99·999 per cent. of water. An eminent Harley Street physician, who chose to remain anonymous in spite of the recent decree of the British Medical Society, had said in an interview that prisons and lunatic asylums were overcrowded with people addicted to the vegetable marrow habit, and our cemeteries were being enlarged in order to cope with the evil effects of over-indulgence in this poisonous vegetable.

My wife saw the article. She said nothing to me, but marrows will never appear on our menu again.

It was a good article, and for all I know it may have been true. Anyhow, I shall buy her a new hat when the editor sends me the cheque for it.



First Stout Party (up for the Brewers' Exhibition). "SHALL WE SPLIT A TAXI?"
Second Ditto. "I'M AFRAID WE SHOULD."

A GREAT TRADITION.

["Never was there a dirtier, filthier, more unscrupulous and more corrupt Election. The Glasgow Labour Members were going to alter their tactics. . . . They had hitherto treated their opponents as gentlemen. Now in the House they would treat them with contempt." *Mr. NEIL MCLEAN, M.P., on the occasion of a "Great Victory Rally" at Glasgow.*]

OF all who hold their country dear
He surely must be hard to please
Who would not glow with pride to hear
Such simple manly words as these.

Not seldom comes the shrill complaint
That Labour, in these later days,
Has been infected with the taint
Of alien modes and foreign ways;

Losing its British poise and tone
For manners bred in dubious haunts.
The ringing words above have shown
How idle are such foolish taunts.

Here is it, forcibly expressed,
The fine old spirit, the British style,
Which teaches men to fight their best
And meet their set-backs with a smile.

Undaunted in the thickest press,
Cool-headed in the battle's heat;
Not too exultant in success
And *never* whining in defeat.

Well done! He keeps the code intact;
He likes to play the game and can;
He knows his Party's fairly whacked
And takes his medicine like a man.

The Result of the Wet Season.

From the description of a country estate:—

"Beyond lies a park of 300 acres with a lake of sixty acres and a nine-hole golf course. The latter is good both for boating and for coarse fishing."—*Weekly Paper.*

Brighter Athletics.

"H. F. Bagnall, who just missed his Blue last year, was prominent in the Cambridge athletic trials on Tuesday. He got over 21 ft. each time in the long jump, winning his heat, won his heat in the 150 yards, and both ridden by W. Gurney."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is understood that the award of a half-blue for jockeys in pick-a-back events is under consideration.

MISLEADING CASES.

IV.—THE SAGACIOUS DOG.

Soak Riddle.

A PATHETIC story was unfolded yesterday at a coroner's inquest on the body of Professor John Barr, the well-known biologist and author of *Animal Intuition, The Instinct of Animals—Is it a Fake?* and other works. Professor Barr, it will be remembered, was found dead in his drawing-room with his wolf-hound standing over him and a battered loud-speaker at his side.

Dr. Struthers, who is well known locally as an after-dinner speaker and unsuccessfully contested Soak West in the recent Election, conducted the inquiry and unfolded the pathetic narrative at considerable and indeed excessive length.

"The jury," said Dr. Struthers, "will of course frame their verdict in accordance with the evidence; but in this case, from my personal acquaintance with the deceased and his habits of life, I am able perhaps to give you guidance to an unusual degree. Be that as it may, I do not propose that the deceased should occupy the entire stage at this inquiry. No one will deny his exceptional gifts and character; but what is the use of publicity when a man is dead?"

Continuing, the Coroner said, "You have heard of the experiments on which the defunct scientist was engaged concerning the instinct and intelligence, if any, of the Animal Kingdom. You have been told of his purchasing, some months ago, an expensive bi-valve wireless set. This act, this—as it now appears—fatal act, was in the first instance in no way connected with his scientific researches, though by one of those strange accidents which warp the destinies of mortal men it was to play a major part in the final drama. At the time, I am compelled to say, I myself attempted to dissuade him from the purchase. That raucous voice from the outer world, I impressed upon him, must certainly introduce an alien note into that quiet house in Soak Bottom, that house devoted to the silent pursuit of knowledge and truth, that lonely house so familiar to you all, that house where to-day the drawn shutters record so poignantly for all of us——"

At this stage two of the witnesses, women, were overcome with emotion and withdrew.

Continuing, Dr. Struthers said, "The Professor, however, though he honoured me with his confidence and regularly invited my opinion, paid curiously little attention to anything I said. He bought and installed the set, not, I think, for his own entertainment but for the pleasure of that wife, helpmate, play-mate, nay, work-mate, who is to-day in all our minds and whom——"

At this point the Foreman of the Jury burst into tears.

"That poor woman has told you," proceeded the Coroner, "how day by time at the appointed hour they would adjust the instrument and, hand-in-hand, enjoy those gems of literature and flowers of song which are nightly scattered abroad among the people of our land. After a week or two, however, both wearied of the practice, and the Professor at least would have abandoned it but for a singular circumstance which must now be considered.

"The Professor noticed, we are told, that, however fleeting the pleasure of himself and his wife in the nightly programmes, they appeared to give substantial and enduring satisfaction to the dog Wolf, the fierce and massive hound which for many years was the constant companion of the Professor in his scientific experiments. And he continued for some weeks, in that spirit of sacrifice which is the core and kernel of research, to submit himself to the nightly ordeal of radio dance-music, radio oratory, radio lectures, and so forth, in order to observe and record the reactions of the dog.

"The reactions of the dog, it appears, were various; and these variations seemed to be governed, not by any haphazard impulse or momentary preference, but by the general character of the different items of entertainment apprehended through the loud-speaker—this suggesting, in the Professor's view, a higher degree of æsthetic discrimination and general intelligence than had previously been suspected in the lower animals.

"For example, on hearing the Savoy Havana Band the hound would betray the utmost nervous excitement, moving restlessly about the room and biting the furniture with his powerful fangs. For ballads, operatic or other emotional music he would sit tense and erect in a corner with his back to the Professor, as if slightly ashamed, but with his nose pointed to the ceiling; in which position he would from time to time give out a melancholy howl or whine. In the case of political oratory, lectures on The Carburettor or prose readings of a didactic character, the dog would lie prone with his eyes fixed upon the loud-speaker, listening intently and now and then wagging his tail as the speaker made his points. The Professor quickly formed the view that the dog was a moderate Conservative, with no great faith in collectivist dogma. Rhetoric annoyed him; and during the Children's Hour, the Women's Chat and the humorous recitations he would express his displeasure by a series of sharp barks.

"It became clear, however, that, whatever his indifference to particular items, he had formed for the entertainment as a whole a taste which amounted to a passion. There came a day when the Professor decided that not even in the cause of science could he endure another Radio evening, and the instrument was not adjusted as usual. At half-past five, according to the evidence of Mrs. Barr, the dog scratched at the study door and, when admitted, set up a most pitiful yelping, tugging at the Professor's trousers with his teeth. The Professor, with his trained instinct, allowed himself to be led to the draw-



Old Clothes Man. "I WILL GIVE YOU FOURPENCE FOR THESE, MADAM."

Disgusted Lady. "FOURPENCE!"

Old Clothes Man. "I'VE NOT FELT, MADAM, BUT I'M PRESUMING THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THE POCKETS."



LIFE'S INEQUALITIES.

"W'Y, IT MEANS THAT ROCKYFELLER CAN PLAY FOOTBALL EVERY DAY OF 'IS LIFE, AN' 'AVE FIVE 'UNDRED NEW BALLS FER EVERY GIME 'E PLAYS, *AN'* THROW 'EM IN THE DUSTBIN WEN 'E 'S FINISHED; AN' *WE* GOT TER PLAY THE WHOLE BLINKIN' CHAMPIONSHIP WIV THIS."

ing-room, where he switched on 'Uncle Caractacus,' and the dog, on hearing once again the well-beloved Voice, became immediately his normal self.

"On three other occasions, it appears, Mr. and Mrs. Barr endeavoured to make a breach in the new and distasteful routine of the household, but on each occasion the dog behaved in so violent a manner that the Professor, who was both fond and afraid of the creature, was forced to comply. Nor was the animal content to indulge his bestial appetite alone. For one evening, when the Professor adjusted the instrument as usual and stole quickly out of the room, the dog, so far from listening-in, proceeded to bark so furiously and long that neighbours rushed to the house to inquire what cruel experiment was in progress. After that Mr. and Mrs. Barr gave up the struggle; and Mrs. Barr has drawn a moving picture of that nightly session in the drawing-room—those two old people cheerfully submitting to torture by jazz-music and after-dinner speaking for the sake of their dumb friend.

"I think," said Dr. Struthers, labouring evidently under strong emotion, "we cannot speak too highly of Mr. and Mrs. Barr's behaviour. This martyrdom, it seems, had continued for some months when the fatal hour approached. Then, in the space of a few days, the Radio authorities included in their programme two new and widely different "features," the utterances of certain politicians on the one hand, and the utterances, on the other, of certain animals at the Zoo. To the first of these, the political speeches, the three at Soak Bottom listened as usual, and the evidence of Mrs. Barr is that by one of the speeches the dog Wolf was profoundly disturbed, and indeed infuriated, so much so that he was with difficulty prevented from destroying the loud-speaker, which Mrs. Barr with commendable courage removed at last to the top of a book-shelf. Members of the Jury, there are no politics here, and I expressly desired her not to tell you which of the three speeches she had in mind.

"So much for that. Then came the Zoo. On this occasion Mrs. Barr was out of the room for some minutes, from the broadcasting of the rattlesnake's rattle (at which, by the way, the dog again showed signs of unusual cerebral disturbance) till a few moments after the tragedy. As to what actually happened we are therefore in the region of speculation. We do not know which animal's utterance (if any) it was that led up to the catastrophe; whether the wild harsh laugh of the jackass, the factious cackle of the hyena, the arrogant drumming of the snipe or the febrile bleat of the Siberian goat. But it is at least a tenable theory that to the dog Wolf, his uncanny animal instinct unnaturally alert in the atmosphere of a General Election, there was something in one, or it may be in a combination, of these cries which vividly recalled that other and hateful utterance of a few days earlier; that the inflamed animal, losing all sense of political restraint, hurled himself at the offensive instrument; and in attempting to defend it the aged gentleman died."

The Jury returned a verdict of *Death from Unnatural Causes*, adding a rider that "Dogs should be held on a leash when listening-in." A. P. H.

"THE —— LABOUR PARTY

Beg to announce that the whole of the available accommodation at the Town Hall has been booked for a Grand Carnival Dance and Whist Drive, to celebrate

LABOUR'S VICTORIES AT THE POLLS."
Local Paper.

Well, it's a poor party that never rejoices.

"In support of his resolution, Dr. —— pointed out that in Europe and in all other civilized countries were to be found gardens with all conveniences of reading rooms, merry-go-rounds, etc."—*Indian Paper.*

Why this attraction has not been added to the British Museum Reading-room, in shape so admirably adapted for the purpose, we are at a loss to understand.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

VII.—UP THE WOOLWORTH TOWER.

"You know very little about New York," said Will to me the other day, as though after all he thought it was best to be frank about these things.

I told him I felt that I knew enough.

"But you don't," said he. "I doubt if you have ever even been up in the Woolworth Building."

"Of course I haven't," said I; "I'm not a tourist—I live here."

"Oh, but you must go. This is the tallest building——"

I said I couldn't see any use in going up tallest buildings unless you knew somebody who would listen to you tell about the trip, and I didn't.

Will ignored this. "We'd better go this afternoon while we're in the humour," said he.

We took the "L" to Park Place, and on the way Will told me that the building alone, that is not counting all the clerks and stenographers and big businessmen, weighed two hundred and six million pounds. This information worried me a great deal because it made me suspect strongly that he had acquired a "Guide to New York City," and I am not muscular enough in the legs to allow my friends to have such a publication at their disposal.



Keen Student of Modern Advertising (watching aeroplane sail through clouds). "WHAT WRETCHED WRITING! I CAN'T READ A WORD OF IT."

The upper half-mile of this building seems to me to be really a menace to aeronautics; it is certain to get in the way of an aeroplane sooner or later. Of course it may be considered valuable from the standpoint of using it as a preliminary school in the training of air pilots, but I believe this advantage is more than offset by the number of young men it must drive to other sections of the army. It has certainly changed my ideal branch of the service to the infantry, though I admit I may have a peculiar reaction to high altitudes.

When we took off our hats and blinked up the sides of this building I felt as if I were lying on my stomach and looking down an empty street, except that there was the comfort of knowing these walls did end somewhere, though there was no way of proving it from the sidewalk. I might have seen the top if I had looked long enough, but my glance up the sides was very brief, because no sooner had I begun to speculate on its having only one end than about a quarter of a mile of masonry leaned well out over Broadway and waved at us to move along.

"How's your heart?" said Will as we entered the hall. These elevators go up like sky-rockets."

"My heart is excellent," I told him. "I've been up much higher than this."

"Very likely," said Will, "but you never got there so quickly. These elevators——"

"I know all about that," I said, a bit irritated at the tacit way he seemed to be taking it for granted that his heart was superior to mine. "I like it. It's good for indigestion."

"That may be. The strain comes on people with weak hearts. Statistics——"

I told him to get the tickets.

There was a peculiar hissing roar emanating from the sides of the corridors; it was followed immediately by the opening of a door and the revealing to us of a group of blank-faced mortals who seemed very much surprised to be there.

"That's the compressed air safety appliance," said Will, returning with a pair of printed cards and looking up and down the halls for a good elevator. "It slows them up at the end. Down to about the third floor they take the heart right out of you, then they ease off."

"Let's take a 'Local,'" I suggested; "these 'Expresses' make the building seem so insignificant."

"Why, half the fun is getting there so fast," said Will. "Come on; don't be silly."

We walked into a little room marked "Express."

"You take that corner," said Will; "I'll take this one. Keep your mouth shut. Don't worry about your heart; you'll be all right."

I backed into my corner. Will backed into his. The elevator-girl pulled a chain and sealed up the compartment. I felt glad that she was a girl. I was confident that I could be as good as a woman at being shot up a mile.

Without a word she pressed a button and the floor pushed against the bottom of my feet so hard that my knees bent. Something seemed to hit me simultaneously on the drums of both ears. I took a good swallow, but the shivering vacuum beneath my waistcoat continued to shiver.

By the time I had caught my breath we had got well under way. We were being sucked up the shaft so fast that the white numbers painted on the edge of the floors resolved themselves into a solid grey ribbon. The girl attending the machine had apparently decided that there was nothing to do except give it its head and hope the roof would be strong enough to stop it, and she didn't seem to be much concerned about it one way or the other. I think now that the greater part of this show of carelessness was mere affectation.

We were running along at about the rate of seventy-five thousand floors per hour, the atmosphere getting a little rare of course, when I suddenly felt myself pressing less and less on my feet. The vacuum referred to above began to flutter like the wings of a humming-bird. My clothes rose a few inches all round me, then settled into place again as the girl nonchalantly pulled back the doors.

I straightened my hat and started to get out.

A man was standing in front of the door.

"Up?" asked the man.

"Going up," said the elevator-girl.

I thought we had taken the ascent at a bound.

"About where do you calculate our position is now?" I asked her.

"Thirty-second," said the girl, and I returned to my corner.

When we came to the fiftieth floor the girl told us to get out and take the elevator up the tower. This was a discouraging piece of advice; I thought the only possibility of our not being at the top was that we had passed it.

I looked about for a place to sit down; the climb seemed to have got my wind. But you weren't supposed

to sit down; you weren't supposed to do anything but look, so we looked. We were a long way from New York.

"Too bad about the stop," said Will. "You don't have to worry about that going down. They never have to stop going down; it's wonderful."

"I can imagine it," I told him.

We got in the tower elevator and went meekly up a couple of dozen more stories.

When the girl opened the door this time, there was the United States. We leaned for a moment over the balcony rail and saw what couldn't have been anything but New York, though it was very small. And over on one side of New York was New Jersey. And over beyond New Jersey was a green rectangle that must have been Pennsylvania. We couldn't see any farther south than Pennsylvania on account of the haze. There happened also to be at that time a strong wind hurrying in off the ocean, and this rocked the tower, which made it hard to see any great distance. I got only a very poor look at New York, as it kept moving back and forth underneath us; in fact as soon as I saw it was in motion I turned my attention elsewhere.

Will was clutching his hat to his chest and his hair was stretched out stiff. He moved his lips, and I knew he was saying that this gave us an excellent idea of the plan of Manhattan Island, so I moved my lips to signify that it did.

From a kneeling position I figured that if the wind succeeded in dislodging us we shouldn't be able to come down until we reached Jersey City. I rang for the elevator to come get us.

When we got back to the fiftieth floor Will said—

"Now we'll have a real drop."

And I told him that I thought there was only one way of bringing home to us the true majestic height of this edifice and that was to walk down the stairs.

"Why, we shouldn't get down till midnight," said Will. "Here's the elevator. Come on."

We backed into our corners and the girl shut the doors.

"Let her go," said Will.

We started down, and I said to the girl very calmly—

"Forty-first, please."

Will gave me an incredulous scowl, and I told him that I wanted to see New York as it grew bigger.

We looked out of the windows on the forty-first floor, then dropped down to the twenty-ninth to see how it looked from there. Then we dropped to the fifteenth, and from the fifteenth to the ground. Will was very much disappointed, but I couldn't help that. He wanted to go up and try it over again, but I told him that if he did he would have to go alone as I had an engagement for dinner. U. S. A.



"JOAN, *DARLING*, WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT BLANKET?"
"THERE 'S A 'NORMOUS MOTH FLEWED INTO THE NURSERY, MUMMY, AND I 'M JUST TAKING IT SOMETHING TO EAT."

Another Impending Apology.

From an article on Wembley:—

"The bonds of union have been drawn closer and tighter, with corresponding advantages both to the Home Country and to the sinister communities overseas."—*Scots Paper.*

"TO-DAY'S WEATHER FORECAST."
Evening Paper.

And it rained dogs too.

"As John Burns has said in his homely style, it is good for us all at times 'to see ourselves as others see us.' "—*Ceylon Paper.*

But ROBERT said it first.

"Either Lord Cave or Lord Birkenhead will return to the Woodsack."—*Manchester Paper.*

Not, we gather, a soft thing for either of them.



"OH, DEAR, I'M USED UP. BEEN DANCING EVERY SINGLE AFTERNOON AND EVENING FOR THE LAST TEN DAYS. THANK GOODNESS I'M OFF TO THE WILKINSONS' COUNTRY COTTAGE FOR A FEW DAYS."

"WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU DO THERE AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?"

"OH, THEY'VE GOT QUITE A GOOD GRAMOPHONE, AND WE DANCE TO IT."

DAN'S ODYSSEY.

"I've sailed in a sight o' ships," said Dan,
"Since fust my sailorin' days began,
For I never could stick, the way I'm made,
To the same ol' ship an' the same ol' trade
An' the same ol' places time an' again,
No better 'n a bloomin' railway-train.
Fact of it is, I'm a bit of a roamer,
The same as that there bloke in 'OMER...
I was in a barque, the '*Omer*, once—
Bit of a thing, five 'undred tons,
And 'omeward bound, I well recall,
With a cargo of ore from Carrizal,
The very day we made the Lizard
There come away a beast of a blizzard
As kep' us beatin' to an' fro
For more 'n a week in sleet an' snow,
An' thinkin' about the Christmas dinners
Waitin' ashore for us poor sinners....

"Lord, what a fleet them ships 'd be
If you could see 'em all!" said he.
"Fust o' the lot, the old *Johore*—
Parsee-built in forty-four—
She was a good ol' 'as-been, too,
Malabar teak right through an' through,
With a galleried stern an' big bluff bows
An' six glass sternports just like an 'ouse;
An' she 'd got that old an' she 'd got that leaky
When we loaded nitrates 'ome from Iquique,
We pumped all night an' we pumped all day,
Like pumpin' the blessed sea away,
Round the 'Orn an' up to the Line,
And we blessed our luck as the passage was fine;
An' a shore gang 'ad to take 'er on
An' start to pump afore we was gone,
Or else she 'd 'ave sunk in the New South Dock....

"Next was the clipper, *Inchcape Rock*;
She was a beauty, she was a queen,
Loveliest thing as ever I seen!
Why did I leave 'er?—*I* dunno—
I was tired of 'er; I 'ad to go.

"Then come the *Stromness*, Colonies clipper,
Wot 'ad ol' Bully Baynes for skipper;
It was a treat to 'ear 'im swear!
You bet I wasn't long in 'er.
I run 'er in Frisco for a spouter,
A reg'lar ol'-time out-an'-outer,
As went up north to the Behring Sea;
That was too blinkin' cold for me.

"Next, Gow's old packet, *Inisfail*;
I tell you that old ship could sail!
The '*Omer*, 'er I spoke of first;
The *Tees* ol' shellbacks said was cursed
Because she always killed 'er man;
The *Star o' Peace*, the *Gulistan*—
Nor them ain't all by chalks," said Dan.
"Fact of it is, it seems to me
A sort o' bloomin' Uly-see
Is wot I've allus been," said he.

C. F. S.

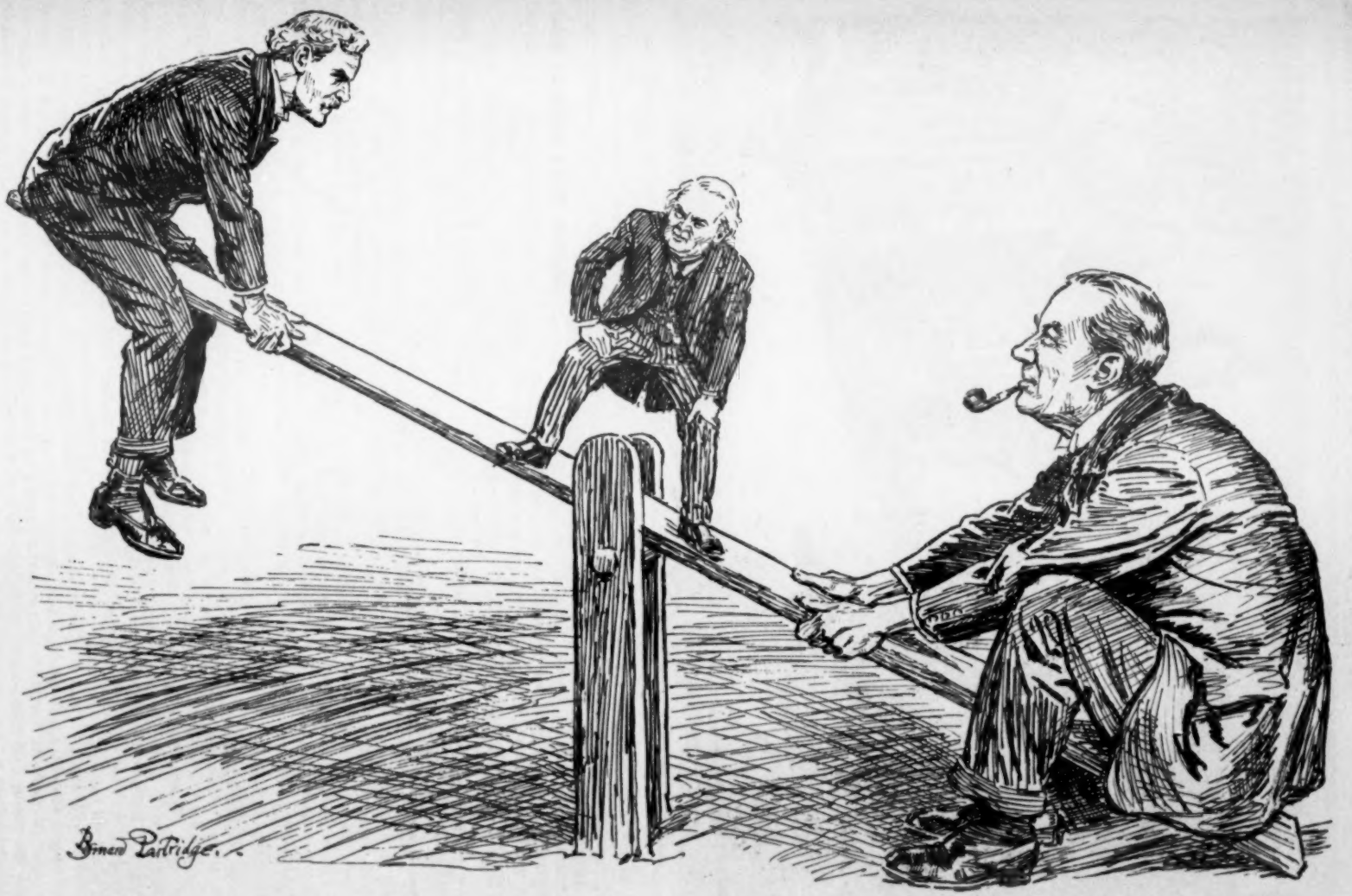
"OFFICERS' BOUTS.

Welter-weights.—Lt. C. R. Major (Dorsets) beat Sec.-Lt. Gordon-Hall (Tanks) on Tanks."
Aldershot Paper.

The winner is to be congratulated upon having won a victory on his adversary's own pitch.

"That cheerful band of brothers known as the Cronies' Club held their first monthly dinner for the season in the Grand Hotel tomorrow evening."—*Scots Paper.*

We should infer that the reporter wrote this the night before the morning after.



FEATHER-WEIGHT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "IT SEEMS TO ME IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE WHERE I STAND ON THIS THING."





Queen Elizabeth. "HOW DARE YOU KEEP YOUR SOVEREIGN WAITING? YOU WERE TO RECEIVE YOUR CHARTER AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND IT IS NOW A QUARTER PAST TEN."

Master of the Plumbers' Company. "PARDON, YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY. I PLEAD THE ANCIENT PRIVILEGE OF OUR CRAFT."

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON IX.—THE MARRIED LOVE STORY.

(Continued.)

HERE is our model for the Neglected Wife variation of the Married Love Story:—

Fay Bannockburn paused outside her husband's study, her small features screwed into an expression of obstinate determination. Matters had reached a climax at last.

For five whole days her husband had not once taken her out; not to a dinner, to a theatre, to a ball—nowhere! She quivered as her mind dwelt on it. Five days! It was intolerable. She had reached the end of her tether.

And, to crown everything, already it was three o'clock in the afternoon and he had not kissed her once since breakfast.

Why should she submit to this terrible neglect? she asked herself for the thousandth time. She had no wish to be unfair, but—was she *nothing* to Gregory? If he could not find time for her sake to tear himself away from those silly old stamps (for thus in the privacy of her heart Fay was wont to refer to the life-work of that marvel among modern philatelists, Gregory Bannockburn), then she must look elsewhere for her legitimate amusements. If this one last chance that she was offering him failed, then——!

With a quick breath Fay turned the handle and entered.

Gregory Bannockburn, lean, ascetic, his intellectual features fining to a slim point at the end of his nose, looked up at the sound.

"Oh, it 's you, dear," he said quietly; and, had Fay but had the eyes to see it, the man's whole features lighted up as if somebody had struck a match behind them.

"Yes, it 's me." Fay Bannockburn's small chin rose proudly. "Gregory, I want you to take me out to dinner to-night. It 's five whole days since we went out anywhere together." She paused mutinously. "Five days!" she repeated, with rising inflection.

The match behind Gregory's face went out suddenly.

"I 'm sorry, dear, but a new issue of Ecuador has just come through, and I have been asked to get out a report on them for *The British Medical Journal* before to-morrow morning. It 's the gum they 're using on them," he went on warmly, the man's fervent interest in the work that was also his hobby heating his tones. "They say that, when licked, it produces a curious rash not at all unlike that of——"

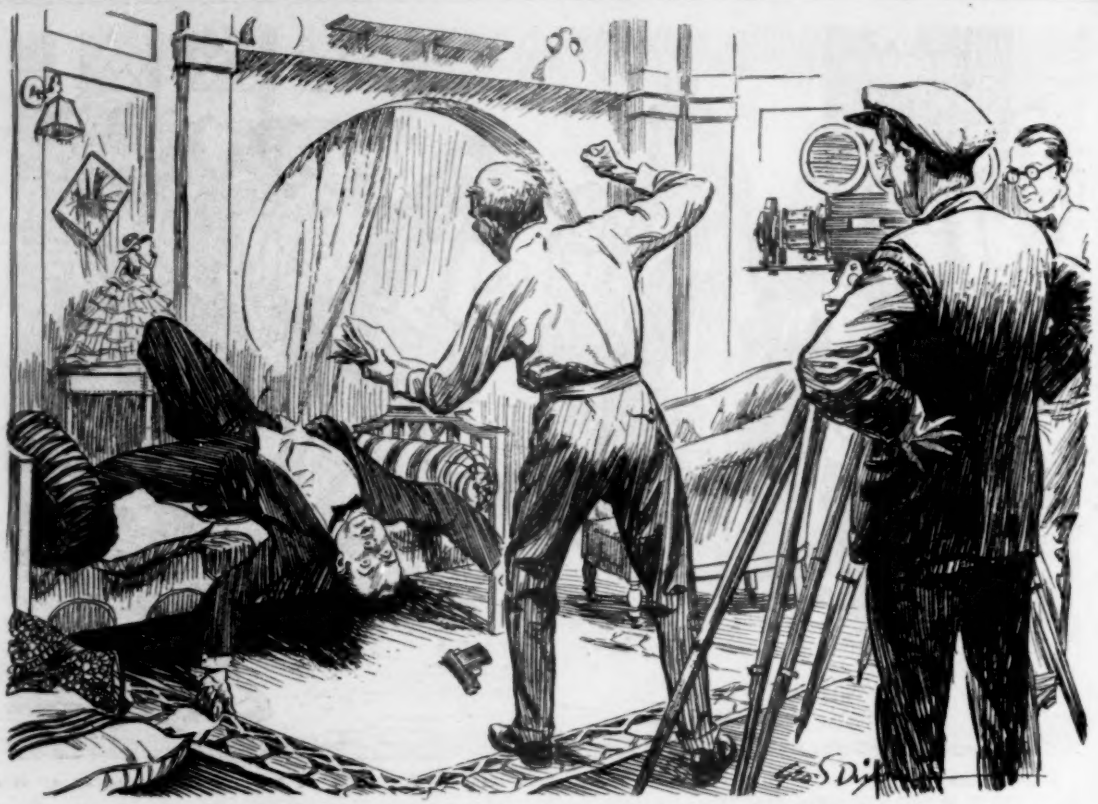
"Then you refuse to take me?"

Fay's icy tones cut across his enthusiasm.

He shrugged reluctant shoulders. "I 'm sorry, dear, but you see how it is, don't you? In these matters one is scarcely one's own master."

With an inarticulate sound, half sob, half laugh, Fay rushed from the room. Surely flesh and blood could stand no more.

So Fay goes off to lock herself in the bathroom, where she can be alone with her troubles and her sponge, and communes pretty deeply with her soul. Then handsome young Aubrey Livestock turns up for tea. Gregory is still busy sticking the new Ecuador stamps into his album, and his tea is sent into the study. Thus Fay is free to drop hints until Livestock begins to take an intelligent interest in the business, whereupon Fay pours out her woeful history into his sympathetic ears. At



"No. No. NO! THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO DIE! PUT MORE LIFE INTO IT."

last her voice trailed away into silence and she sat, a dejected little heap, in her big armchair, gazing moodily at the carpet.

"Fay," exclaimed the young man—"Fay, it isn't fair!"

She shook her head sadly, yet did not rebuke him for this use of her Christian name. "No," she said in a dreary voice—"no, it isn't."

"He treats you as a mere housekeeper, as a plaything for his leisure moments, as"—his voice sank—"as a suburban wife."

Fay quivered. The shaft had struck home. It was true. God, how true it was! She screened her face with slender fingers and her slight frame shook.

"A suburban wife!" she moaned. "Oh, what have I done to deserve this?"

"Nothing!" Livestock's voice was vehement; his eyes flashed. "Fay—my little Fay, believe me, he isn't *worthy* of you."

"He isn't!" she sobbed. "He isn't! I know he's not."

"A two-cent Madagascar stamp is more to him than you are," Livestock urged bitterly. "A two-cent Madagascar! Fay, can you tell me that you are willing to be tied for life to a man who values you at less than a two-cent Madagascar stamp?"

Fay stared in front of her with wide unseeing eyes.

"I do not wish to be unfair to him," she said in a low hard voice, "and it is not that I am jealous of a set of Ecuador stamps. But it hurts—deep down. Oh, it hurts so—*terribly!* Five whole days—not a single dinner out; not a theatre." Her voice sank to a whisper. "*Not even a cinema!*"

Livestock started violently. "Good God," he exclaimed, aghast, "you don't mean that! You *can't* mean it! Oh, it's incredible."

Fay nodded slowly, her face grave, her whole demeanour carrying conviction.

"It is perfectly true," she said quietly.

Aubrey Livestock sprang to his feet, his features working painfully. "Oh, this is too much! I knew the fellow neglected you, but I never dreamed——! Why, it's hideous downright cruelty. The situation is impossible. You must see that. You can't go on like this any longer."

"If one could only see a way out . . ."

"I will show you a way out. Fay, you must come away with me at once. You understand? At once, dear. There is nothing else that we can do. You will come?"

"Aubrey!" Fay's eyes were bright now, and a little smile tilted the corners of her mouth. "Aubrey, am I more to *you* than an unused 1894 Hong-Kong?"

"Little Fay, you are more to me"—Livestock's tones were husky, but the ring of truth was in his voice—"you are more to me than a triangular Cape of Good Hope!"

With a little sob Fay fell into his arms.

So up she goes at once to pack, leaving Aubrey Livestock with instructions to meet her at Victoria at half-past eight. Note that, please. Whenever two persons elope together in a magazine story they always meet for the purpose at Victoria at half-past eight. Why this should be so I do not know; but one evening I mean to go down to Victoria at the fatal hour and see if I can discover the curious fascination which appears to hang about the place at that time of the evening. In the meantime we must be content to accept the plain fact.

Well, Fay packs feverishly, puts on her hat and coat, and, flinging her suit-

case on to a chair, flies to the mirror to dab a little powder on her nose. While she is in the very act she sees in the mirror that the door is opening.

It was Gregory—her husband!

Always begin the tense bit like that. In the excitement of the last scene the reader may have forgotten that Fay had a husband at all, let alone that his name was Gregory.

It was Gregory—her husband!

For a moment panic held her. Then an icy calm swept over her. Gregory? So much the worse for him!

Gregory's face was alight once more. "Ah, Fay, you have your hat on? That is lucky." He crossed the room with quick nervous strides. Suddenly, a few paces away from her, he halted abruptly and stared at her incredulously. "Why, Fay," he exclaimed, in tones of the liveliest astonishment, "you really look quite nice this evening, my dear. In fact in this half-light you actually look quite pretty."

Fay caught her breath. A compliment! The first Gregory had paid her for hours—for days. And on this very evening of all times. What ghastly irony!

Some of her icy calm melted. "Do I, Gregory?" she faltered. "It 's—it 's nice of you to say so."

With a tender gesture he bent and kissed the lobe of her left ear. "Yes, upon my word, you do really," he assured her. "I could hardly believe my eyes, but it 's perfectly true."

Another compliment. And a kiss! The first kiss since she came down to breakfast that morning. Oh, why should he choose this fateful moment to pay her these fulsome compliments, just as he had done when they were first engaged? To kiss her as he had kissed her on her honeymoon! *Why?*

Her knees tottered. "Gregory, I—I—"

"Yes, dear?" Gregory was all concern.

Her eyes sought his wistfully. "Do you *love* me, Gregory?"

He patted her hand solicitously. "My darling, what an absurd question!"

But she must have more reassurance than that. "Yes, but *do* you?" she persisted. "More—more than a two-cent Madagascar stamp?" she added shyly.

"Really, darling!" Gregory was astonished. "I love you madly, my dear. Didn't you know? Quite madly!" Then, with a sudden burst of animation, "And, talking about that, Fay, the four-peso Ecuador in that new set is a gem—a real gem."

"Is it, Gregory?" Her voice was tender now, but even yet her mind was not fully made up. Fate still hung in the balance. "But why did you say it was lucky I had my hat on?"

Gregory turned dreamy eyes upon her. "Green-and-pink, with watermark an inverted zebra over a crown octavo, perf. 14-16. Your hat, my dear? Ah, yes. Because I have managed to get that report finished already, so can take you out to dinner now, if you wish it."

With a little sob Fay fell into his arms.

You see how it 's done? Just by keeping close to nature.



Model (to distinguished sculptor). "I 'VE ALWAYS NOTICED MEN WITH NO HAIR HAVE THE MOST BRAINS. YOU 'VE GOT A LOT OF HAIR—BUT THEN YOU 'RE USEFUL WITH YOUR HANDS."

"Freehold, detached House for Sale; 8 rooms, bath, conservative."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Personally we prefer a liberal bath.

From an East Anglian Election circular:—

"Conservative colour—Blue."

An ingenious way of avoiding the rival claims to red and blue and yellow that arose in some other constituencies.

From a list of football results:—

"New Z‡‡ealand . . . 6 Ireland . . . . 0"
Scots Paper.

The popular belief that the All Blacks played four three-quarters is evidently erroneous.

JUNGLE GOLF.

My uncle was stationed in the Central Provinces. He was the civil magistrate of a small district and, having learned to play golf during his leaves in England, he was keen to keep it up. The nearest course however was about four hundred miles away, and this was rather far for a busy man to go except at week-ends and occasionally in the middle of the week, so he decided to lay out a course of his own.

He enlisted the support of a young subaltern who had just arrived there; they chose a nice bit of jungle only a short ride from the town, and, with the assistance of the Government grass-farm superintendent, they laid out a passable nine-hole course.

Anyone who could go round it in seventy strokes and not lose more than half-a-dozen balls on the fairway had nothing to fear when he came to England and met scratch men.

The worst drawback was the shortage of players. There were only six or seven other white men in the district, including a German missionary eighty years old, and of these only an elderly major wanted to play. So they were three.

The first week the course was open the Major was mauled in the rough by a tiger that was lying there after a kill. He was looking for his ball, and while knocking the grass aside with his club he inadvertently struck the tiger in the face and woke it. It knocked him senseless with one blow of its paw, and he was rescued only by my uncle running up and shooting the brute with one of the rifles which he always carried with his clubs for such emergencies.

After this there remained only my uncle and the subaltern, and then the latter went home on leave. So my uncle used to have to play round by himself.

One day he was standing on the seventh tee, which was in a particularly desolate part of the course. It was a blind hole, and he had sent his caddie on ahead to mark the ball.

He was finishing what was perhaps his thirteenth waggle and was just about to take his swing when he suddenly saw something move in the grass some few yards away.

At first he took no notice; he thought probably it was only a baby giraffe or zareba or something of that kind caught in the rough. But it put him off his swing, and he started to waggle again.

Judge of his surprise when, as he was in the middle of his second bout of waggling, the thing in the grass took shape and, as it rose up, he saw that it was an enormous king cobra, the largest snake he had ever seen, nearly thirty feet long, he guessed, from head to tail! It was the most dangerous and bloodthirsty snake in the district and was notorious for having killed as many as eight men—white, black and intermediate—in a single week a little time before.

There was a price on its head, but there were few men bold enough to wish to hunt it, for it was as cunning as it was murderous.

My uncle thought his last hour had come. The caddie was far ahead along the course with the rifle, and he himself was unarmed.

Out of sheer fright he continued to waggle his club over the ball, glancing out of the corner of his eye at the monster.

Then he noticed with astonishment that the cobra's eyes seemed dulled and that it was swaying rapidly from side to side. Instead of striking at him, the brute continued this extraordinary movement.

Still nervously waggling his club, my uncle tried to think what was the matter with the cobra. Its appearance and behaviour reminded him of something familiar, but he could not remember what it was.

Gaining confidence from the brute's delay, he stopped waggling and prepared to run for his life. But the moment the head of his club grew still the brute's eyes began to clear and a dreadful hungry light blazed up in them. At the same time the swaying of its body ceased and its head drew back for a spring.

Suddenly my uncle knew what he was trying to recall. The dull eyes and swaying body were exactly like those of a charmer's snake when its master has hynotised it. My uncle realised that the continued waggling of his club had charmed the cobra. That was why it had not struck at him.

The only course indicated was to start waggling his club again. Imagine his relief when he saw the hunger begin to fade out of those beady eyes as the cobra resumed its rhythmical swaying in time with the head of the club! He was saved for the time being.

He dared not call his caddie or do



THE WAGGLERS.

"THE COBRA RESUMED ITS RHYTHMICAL SWAYING IN TIME WITH THE HEAD OF THE CLUB."

anything that might break the spell he had cast upon the snake. So he stood there waggling, with the animal swaying beside him, its eyes fixed upon the club.

You would think that after a while my uncle's caddie would have come back to see what was happening and why the ball did not come over. For there was, of course, no question of my uncle's attempting to strike the ball. That would have been fatal. But unfortunately the caddie, an Indian boy of low caste, was new to the game; he reasoned that, if my uncle liked to send him out of sight to wait for him, it was his duty to stay there until the sahib came.

So my uncle had to stay there waggling and waggling, with never a pause or an opportunity to change his position. He did once or twice try to straighten his back, but each time a growing wakefulness in the cobra's eyes warned him to desist.

The afternoon was wearing to a close. He feared that, when dusk fell, the snake would no longer be able to see the head of the club and so would come out of its trance and bite him. Moreover there was no hope of any other player coming along, for the major was still in hospital and the subaltern in England.

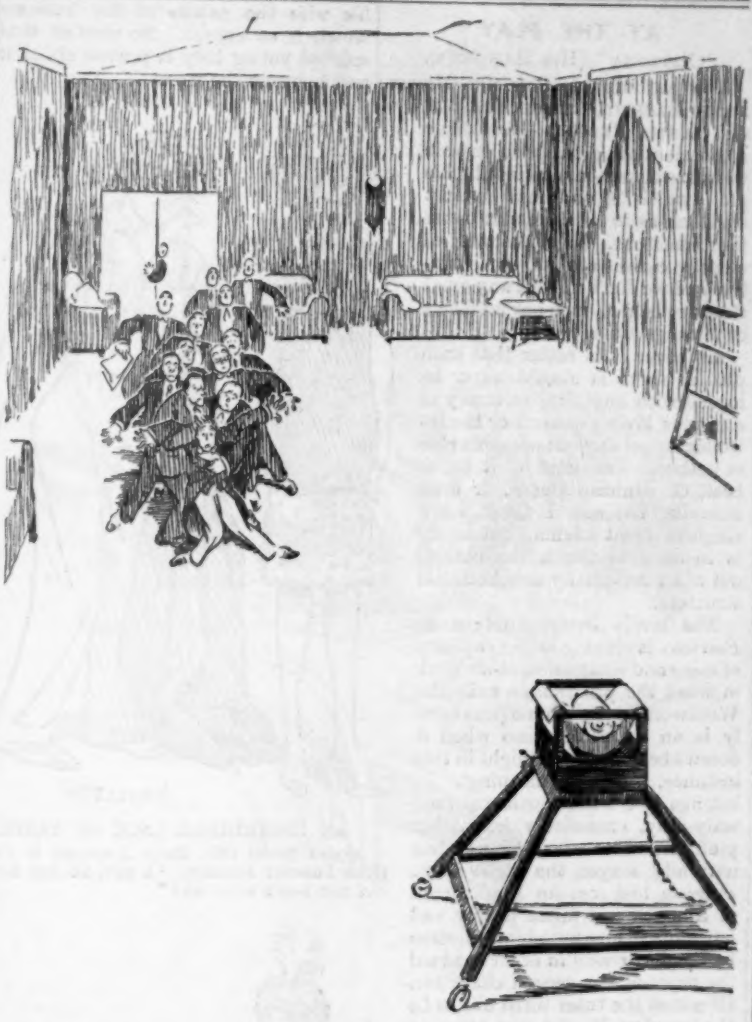
"Is he still there, then?" you will ask.

He is not. This was nearly twenty years ago. No, he was saved by a most extraordinary piece of good luck. An Indian cultivator happened to come by just before nightfall, saw what was happening and gave the alarm to the caddie. The latter rushed up with a rifle, levelled it at the cobra and fired. The sideways movement of the beast saved it, but, scared by the shot, it came out of its stupor and rustled away into the long grass. Ten minutes later the sun set and darkness covered the earth.

My uncle was a man of considerable physical strength. But after four or five hours' uninterrupted waggling he was more dead than alive and had to be taken home in an ox-cart and put to bed.

As for the cobra, my uncle killed it in the end. He baited that same tee with a young elephant—the snake was too vicious to be tempted by anything smaller, except perhaps a juicy human baby. When it started to devour the bait my uncle shot it dead. Before he skinned it he measured it and found it was thirty-five feet in length, not counting the protruding fangs!

After this terrifying experience my uncle decided to give up golf and take to chess-problems.



PAINFUL ORDEAL OF EMINENT ACTOR OVERCOME BY STAGE FRIGHT AT HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE OF BROADCASTING.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch makes no apology for urging once more the claims of the Surgical Supply Depôt, Kensington, with which he was personally associated during the War. Their good work goes on; and in its support a two days' Competition, Bazaar and Fair, under the patronage of Princess LOUISE, will be opened on Thursday, November 13th, at 2.0 P.M., by Mrs. KENDAL. Last year over £650 was raised, and this year the Depôt will not be really happy with less than £1,000.

Mr. Punch's readers may help (1) by sending gifts; (2) by buying their Christmas presents at this Bazaar; (3) by entering for the varied Prize Competitions. All information from the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, W.8.

A Hereford Municipal Election Poster:

"VOTE FOR CLUTTERBUCK AND BOLT."

We had no idea that terrorism was so serious in the provinces.

"With regard to the Liberal party Whips, there were six in the late Parliament; but the whipping of forty-two Members will scarcely require as many."—*Irish Paper.*

Why should the forty-two successful Liberal Candidates be subjected to such treatment? Would it not more justly apply to the *defeated* Liberals? But, as these have lost their seats, an obvious difficulty arises.

AT THE PLAY.

"PATRICIA" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The authors of *Patricia*, Messrs. DENIS MACKAIL, ARTHUR STANLEY and AUSTIN MELFORD, have made a conscientious attempt to provide us with a consistent and intelligible plot, which is so much against tradition as to be a possible cause for resentment. We of the musical comedy classes are very conservative and we don't care for any great strain to be put upon our intellects or our digestions.

Moreover it is better that such plot as there is should never be loaded with anything so heavy as a serious lover's quarrel or the introduction of any considerable slab of pathos. Fantastic let it be, at best, or cynical-flippant, or even imbecile, but not, I think, for a single moment solemn. Solemnity is inclined to knock the bottom out of an essentially unsubstantial structure.

The lovely lively American, *Patricia*, is staying in the capacity of niece and companion-of-all-work in what the programme calls the Wentworth's (*sic*) Home (this surely is an American term when it doesn't bear, as it well might in this instance, a medical meaning). It belongs to a bald, bewildered and, willy-nilly, excessively hospitable profiteer. The whole Chorus has naturally stayed the night in it. *Patricia* had met an Englishman in America and fallen deeply and faithfully in love with him. She is to be taught driving in order to avoid the expense of a second chauffeur. Of course the tutor turns out to be the long-lost Englishman, too poor and proud to tell his love. But he is working on one of those wonderful vague stage inventions which is going to make his fortune. The plans of this invention are so secret and important that one of them is left on a table on the lawn by the profiteer and the original on a table in the inventor's Golder's Green cottage, to which he conducts the lady after half-an-hour or so of wooing, and to which every passer-by, including naturally the Chorus, has free access. You see the general idea, no doubt. Eccentric detectives are put on the track of the missing documents, which are discovered in time to make all well after a lovers' quarrel caused by the young man's finding it necessary to go and see the profiteer on his wedding-night and being quite unable or unwilling to explain to his wife the nature of the business which is so urgent. No wonder that spirited young lady is peeved about it and suspects the worst.



AN INCREDIBLE LACK OF TASTE.

Ogden Scales (*Mr.* BILLY LEONARD) *to Patricia* (*Miss* DOROTHY DICKSON). "I SAY, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T LOVE ME?"



A STOUT DETECTIVE IN A THIN DISGUISE.

Miss Smythe (*Miss* CICELY DEBENHAM) *to Peter Rumble* (*Mr.* AMBROSE MANNING). "AHA! I SEE THROUGH YOU!"

All of which is made an excellent excuse for some very charming dancing and singing by Miss DOROTHY DICKSON (*Patricia*), who, as the gentleman behind me said more than once, indeed more than twice, was "not pretty, you know"—this is absurd, and I hasten officially and unnecessarily to contradict it—"but very agile." Agile Miss DICKSON certainly is. She could kick any Guardsman's bearskin off, which is the *beau idéal* in this business. But she is also very graceful in movement and submits without losing her charm and poise to some very bizarre handling by her excellent dancing partners, the inventor (Mr. PHILIP SIMMONS) and a charmingly-dressed near-Eastern gentleman (Mr. MAX RIVERS). Mr. SIMMONS'S waltzing seemed to me particularly attractive, while Mr. RIVERS obliged with one of those spirited and abandoned exercises with which gentlemen in the Balkans fill up the intervals between wars. The dancing of the principals—Miss MARY LEIGH took her share with spirit and intelligence—was indeed, as it ought to be, the best thing in the show. The ladies of the Chorus were not perhaps quite up to the best modern standard—too much aimless wagging of forefingers and vague unenthusiastic waving of limbs, while their frozen grins (an old and disappearing technique) positively wrung my tender heart with a genuine sympathy. Smiler's cramp may be a very painful business.

Mr. BILLY LEONARD has been endowed by the gods with an admirably diverting profile, a pleasant voice and a quiet sense of humour which I personally find very attractive. Miss CICELY DEBENHAM indulged her gift for the grotesque (with little tactful borrowings—am I not right?—from BL-N-Y and F-RR-R), to our distinct entertainment. Mr. AMBROSE MANNING worked conscientiously at the not too attractive part of the detective. But I think I liked best of all in the whole affair a tender little study of a gardener (*Patricia's* friend and champion) by an old comedian, WILLIE WARDE, which showed that you can put a touch of pathos even into this business if you do it with as delicate a feeling and as nice a restraint as this consummate artist commands.

Mr. GEOFFREY GWYTHER'S music was tuneful and easily remembered, which is fitting in this kind. Occasionally Mr. STANLEY L. HOLT

conducted it with such enthusiasm as to drown the words. As these seemed above the average in point and finish the authors may feel that they have a legitimate grievance against him. T.

A matinée in aid of the Mother Craft School and Day Nurseries of the Marylebone Health Society (President, the Duke of PORTLAND) will be given, under the immediate patronage of Princess ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, at the Palladium, on Sunday, November 16th, at 3 P.M. Among those who will give their services are: Madame KIRKBY LUNN, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, Miss LOTTIE VENNE, Miss WISH WYNNE, Mr. LADDIE CLIFF, Mr. JACK BUCHANAN and Mr. PETT RIDGE. Tickets, at ordinary theatre prices, may be obtained from the Box Office of the Palladium.

* * *

A Ball will take place at Covent Garden, on Thursday, November 20th, in aid of the Variety Artists' Association Fund. This Institution has at present forty-eight inmates and ninety-two pensioners, and pays out a hundred-and-eighty pounds a week. It is in great need of funds to help some very distressing cases. Single Tickets (Two Guineas) and Double Tickets (Three Guineas) may be obtained from Mr. HARRY MARLOW, 18, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

THE KNIGHT, THE BITE AND THE PLIGHT.

WE talk about the gift-horse's mouth, but nothing is ever said about his hoofs. Yet he can kick too, as well as display disappointing dentition.

"A present ought to be a present outright, don't you think?" said the pretty secretary and companion.

"Of course," I replied; "but how do you mean?"

"Well, if one is given a thing, that ought to be the end of it. The giver should forget it, shouldn't follow it up with questions. Money, for example. If I were to give you five pounds you would be awfully bored if I wanted to know exactly how you had spent it, wouldn't you? I've got the matter on the brain because of a very horrid experience."

"Do tell me," I said.

"I was intending to," she replied. "Nothing could save you from it. Some months ago my employer, Mrs. De Spence, gave me the money for two stalls at the theatre. She had read about a new play and thought I should like it. She has—or had—impulses like that. Well, nowadays, what with the increase in prices and the entertainment tax, two stalls come to a really sensible sum—twenty-nine shillings, in fact—and with twenty-nine shillings one can do a lot. I happened to be very hard up just then and in need of certain things, and I thought there was no harm, but almost virtue, in denying myself the play and getting a bit straighter financially. Indeed I didn't go into the ethics of the case at all; they didn't seem to me to matter. I just spent the money on necessities. Well, the next day Mrs. De Spence asked me how I liked the play, and when I told her what I had done she was furious. Furious! She said I had no right to apply the money in any way but that for which it was given: I believe she said 'ear-marked'—a horrid word. She had wanted me to go to the theatre with a friend and have a pleasant evening, not to buy stockings. In fact, she made me feel like a criminal. Do you think I had been so very dishonest?"

"No," I said. "But I can understand her attitude. I know that type so well—the controlling type. They really give the presents to themselves. But I don't see why you're so worried about it."

"Oh!" said the pretty secretary, "that's not all. That's only the beginning."

"The thing passed away and was forgotten, and then, one day last summer, she gave me thirty shillings to see another play. 'No stockings this time,' she said; 'you are to see the play and tell me all about it.' It was the play at Wyndham's, *To Have the Honour*, with GERALD DU MAURIER in the leading part, and I should most certainly have gone if when I got home I hadn't found my young brother, back from a



LE GRAND POSEUR.

Rival Genius. "ANYONE NOT KNOWING THE MAN AS THOROUGHLY AS I DO WOULD SAY THAT HE IS AT THIS MOMENT ENGAGED IN DEEP THOUGHT."

holiday visit to a school-friend, with the most harrowing tale about his debts. The result was that I gave him the money and spent the evening reading criticisms of the play in old papers, so that when I was asked about it the next day I was able to talk quite glibly.

"'Was Sir GERALD funny?' Mrs. De Spence wanted to know.

"'Funny!' I replied. 'Funny isn't the word,' and so on. 'He was never more Geraldian,' I remember saying."

She groaned.

"Isn't it awful," she went on, "how dishonest we can be when we're afraid of people? I'm not naturally a liar at all, but I hadn't the pluck to tell the truth again.

"Still," she said, "I might just as well have done so, for what do you think happened? There were some people to lunch a few days afterwards, and I was enjoying the change, for I had a nice amusing man next to me, and Mrs. De Spence and I usually are alone, when suddenly some one made a remark that stopped my heart beating. Isn't it horrible how in a moment the whole happy world can go dark?

"I had been laughing and not caring a hang for anything, and then suddenly came the blow. I was conscious of one of the company saying, 'Isn't it rough luck on poor GERALD DU MAURIER?'

"'Why, what's happened to him?' my employer asked.

"'He was stung by a mosquito,' the guest continued, 'and it made him really ill. He's been out of the cast at Wyndham's for some time.'

"Without looking her way I knew that my benefactress's eye was on me.

"Who was it that jumped into a hole in the earth to save Rome or Greece or something? If only I had been able to jump anywhere to save myself!

"'Wasn't he acting three nights ago?' Mrs. De Spence inquired in a voice trained entirely on ice.

"'Good gracious, no!' said the guest; 'he's been far too bad for that. Why, he had to have an operation.'"

The pretty secretary paused and shuddered and put her hand over her eyes.

"I'm still ill whenever I think of it," she resumed. "To my dying day I shall shiver at the memory."

"And what happened?" I asked. "Tell me. You didn't get the sack? Was it a very painful interview afterwards?"

"She didn't mention it. She simply looked disapprovingly and spoke as seldom as possible. But she scored in the end rather heavily, for when the next time came for her to pay me she said, 'Since it is so evident that you haven't enough money, I am raising your salary. You won't waste any of it on new plays, will you?' Rather decent, wasn't it?"

"And now," I said, "to show your gratitude I suppose you are going to tell nothing but the truth?"

"As far as possible, yes," she replied.

E. V. L.

A DEER-DRIVE AT DIAN'S.

IT was on one of those three fine days that we had a week or so back, and the wood was like golden palaces with blue-and-gold ceilings. I'd *heard* that they'd got a faun come as under-keeper at Sir John's, but I'd forgotten it; still when I met a faun in Lower Wood I remembered at once. I knew he was a faun by his legs and by his small horns, curled flat like snail-shells in his crinkled carrots, hardly noticeable indeed, even had he been bareheaded, unless one had looked for them. For the rest he wore a dirty grey sweater and a disreputable Norfolk jacket that I recognised as having been young John's, who had, I remembered now, persuaded old Bagshot to engage "something classic" (he'd said) as second man.

The faun was a slang-looking fellow enough, with light dancing eyes (like *Alan Breck's*, I thought) in a high-boned impudent face of freckles, and with a cheerful mouthful of strong white teeth which he flashed in a friendly grin as he touched his cap.

"How d'you like your new job?" I asked him.

"What new job?" he said in the Berkshire Doric.

"Keepering," said I.

"No new job to *me*," he said; "been at it all my life. Faunus was my dad on Ida a mort o' years back; mother, she was kennel-maid to her ladyship Diana."

"But I thought Diana's young ladies——" I began.

"Dessay you did," he replied. "So you see I'm of keepering stock undoubted, and almost afore my horns curled mother said a word for me to her ladyship and I got a beat o' hers—none o' your fool pheasants, but the big dappled buck to move up to the bows——"

"Was Diana a good shot?" I interrupted.

"Tol-lol," he told me, "but jealous, to *be* sure, an' no proper sportsman nohow. I remember one of her young lady-guests (a sweet pretty piece she was too, Miss Atalanta—red an' white as roses, an' royalty at that), wiping my lady's eye at the master buck o' my beat. A mighty fine arrow she made, I mind, an' the buck flipping through the trunks like a woodcock. I seed her ladyship wasn't best pleased (and so did Miss Atalanta), though my lady said, 'Good *shot*, dear,' as polite as pie.

"After lunch I was stringing Miss Atalanta's bow for her before we began again, and I winks at her, knowing like.

"'*I* don't care,' she says, taking me up at once an' tossing her little head, an' I think she adds '*the cat*,' but it might ha' been '*that*.'

"Just then her ladyship says, waspish, 'Where's that idiot Sylvester?' says she (my name's Sylvester). 'Oh, there you are,' says she. 'Put Miss Atalanta in the middle ride at Dryad's Oaks for the afternoon drive,' says she; 'with *the wind* like 'tis that's the very best place I do believe.' I was wondering.

"Now we had a young gent out, uncertain young gent, but a smartish handy one to be *in* with when you're driving deer."

"I thought no gentlemen were allowed," I began.

"Bless your innercence," said he. "A Mr. Zephyrus, to do with the wind control. An' I was still wondering.

"Anyhow, when bows were placed an' I had the beaters ready to move, I slipped round to where Mr. Z. was posted an' shoots at the venture. 'Her ladyship's compliments,' I says, 'but she's changed her mind; don't want that shift o' air as she asked you for just now; begs you'll carry on same as this morning.'

"'Oh, all right, keeper,' says he; 'but I thought she wanted——'

"'Well, she don't, Sir,' said I; and so I left him, he twiddling his thumbs and making the big pines breathe like harps.

"Miss Atalanta got a buck for each of her three arrows, an' that was all anybody got, 'cept me; still, I was leaving end o' month anyhow for Mr. Cheiron's—sportsman *he* was—an' my lady'd no call to misname me before folk either.

"But, pipes o' Pan! Mr. Bagshot sent me here to stop pheasants straying into Grimshaw's, an' look at 'em."

On the adjoining stubble some forty birds were idly feeding away from cover. The new keeper, prompt of reed, flirted the first sweet chuckle notes of "Acorn and Mast" (which, if you can but learn it of him, will bring in the most itinerant pheasant), and the leading cocks stood to listen, sumptuous in the sun.

From a Lecture on Architecture:—

"Another form of roofing is shingle."

Yes, we've noticed that.

"AN OFFERING.—On the 3rd instant a Sadhu cut off his tongue in the Kangra temple as an offering to the goddess."—*Indian Paper.*

We commend his example to some of the Candidates in the recent Election.



THE VERY GREAT COAT.



Exasperated Keeper (to son of the house whose shooting is not of the best). "THERE 'S ANOTHER GOT AWAY. OH, MR. JACK, MY BIRDS—MY POOR BIRDS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the most demoralising spectacles of this topsy-turvey world is the sight of such members of the New Poor as have had neither time nor chance to learn an honest trade painfully adapting themselves in one parasitic capacity or another to the requirements of the New Rich. This is the situation that "LUCAS MALET" embodies in *The Dogs of Want* (HUTCHINSON). In a finely-situated flashy hotel in the Vaudois Alps she brings together seven English tourists: *Mr.* and *Mrs. Harvey-Noakes*, an innocent middle-aged couple involuntarily enriched by the War; *Marie Louise*, niece to the latter and sole heiress (also thanks to the War) of *Sir Robert Syme*, the great criminal lawyer; *Sir Robert* himself; *Mr. Simpson*, late *Samuelson*, a flagrant outsider but genuinely in love with *Marie Louise*; *Denison Fisher*, her husband designate, and *Barbara Heritage*, her chaperon. Both *Barbara* and *Denison* stand for impoverished gentility; *Barbara*, if I read her creator aright, as a magnanimous and exemplary embodiment; *Denison* as a mean and contempt-ible one. Yet *Denison*, who has to retrieve his family's for-tunes as well as his own, is to my way of thinking in a tighter place than *Barbara*, who on her thriftless husband's death has been left free to fight for her own hand. This she is doing, if the performance of a duenna's placid duties can be distinguished by so militant a metaphor, when *Denison*, an impecunious barrister, arrives as the encouraged wooer of his leader's daughter. Of course he encounters the chaperon before her charge; and the tussle between passion and policy is initiated at first sight. Its upshot I find convincing and on the whole creditable; my chief obstacle to the enjoyment of the story being the extreme conventionality of much of its dialogue and an occasional lack of the same quality in situation and handling. For *Mrs. Harvey-Noakes* I am un-reservedly grateful; and her husband, that pawky little piece of gallantry and virtue, is a worthy companion to his vulgar but always womanly wife.

Mr. MAURICE BARING has three gifts most excellent in a critic: he takes pleasure in praising; he has an engaging modesty, never becoming pontifical; he writes a lively rhythmical English. He is besides exceptionally equipped in the matter of languages—French, German, Italian, Russian, Latin, Greek—and crops his fodder in many fields. *Punch and Judy* (HEINEMANN) is a collection of his essays published during the last twenty-four years. The first part, "Miscellaneous Essays," is mainly, and the third part entirely, concerned with the theatre, and it illustrates the difficulty of writing consistently on that baffling topic to find him passionately maintaining in his essay on the ancient drama ("Punch and Judy") that the play 's the thing, and, as steadfastly in another ("Sarah Bernhardt") that it is the player's personality. Happy indeed the dramatic critic who can see his notices reprinted after so many years and not find cause for regret. He writes per-ceptively, out of a well-stored mind, of plays and his favourite players, BERNHARDT, DUSE, CHALIAPINE and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. I like him, as will JOHN O' LONDON, for so conscientiously splitting an infinitive—"To, as Mr. Henry James would say, beautifully swear;" but ought he to lend the weight of his scholarship and reputation to "most

unique"? In the second part, "Authors and Books," he gives the place of honour to the French, and is one of that small band of English critics engaged in rehabilitating RACINE, whose glories, he cheerfully informs us, we cannot expect to understand if we have not read and spoken French from our early childhood.

'Tis the most fantastic tissue,
This new HERBERT JENKINS' issue—
Egbert; for the tale relates
How conceited *Egbert Thwaites*
Contradicted a magician
(Of whose powers he 'd no suspicion),
So the wizard, rightly cross,
Into a rhinoceros,
Ugly, obstinate and big,
Changed that self-assertive prig.
Egbert, his appearance wrecked,
Still retains his intellect,
And, although his speech perforce
Silenced is, the code of Morse
He can use to admiration,
Thumping out his conversation
To a pal, a chap called *Ted*,
Only witness, be it said,
Of our *Egbert's* transformation
At a rural railway-station.
Ted, a kindly-hearted soul,
Takes at once complete control;
Telling none (when pressed he 's firm)
Why he pets a pachyderm.
(There is one exception, though—
Kathleen Winstanley must know;
She was pledged to *Mr. Thwaites*
Prior to his change of states.)
When his friends are racked with doubts
As to *Egbert's* whereabouts,
Ted and she a tale invent,
Say he 's on the Continent
(Forced to fib in their anxiety),
While they visit a Variety-
Agent—big dramatic boss—
With their trick rhinoceros.
Since the turn seems rather funny
It 's engaged and plays to money—
Rhino, I had nearly said.
Kathleen (chaperoned) and *Ted*
Nightly see it fill the stalls
At provincial music-halls.
Then, at last, when hope 's at zero
For our badly outraged hero,
In a village where he lives
The magician 's found; forgives,
And, hey presto! right as rain
Egbert is himself again.
Egbert, though, declares he can't,
Kathleen being cognisant
Of his late misfortune, wed.
This seems sound. She marries *Ted*.
Now it but remains to say
Duly that 'tis W. A.
DARLINGTON who 's written this
Essay in absurdities;
And I 've found it quite good fun.
Thank you, Mr. DARLINGTON.



Mother. "YOU MUST TRY TO GET ON BETTER WITH YOUR FRENCH, BETTY."
Betty. "YES. SOME DAY I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO TELL MAM'SELLE IN FRENCH EXACTLY WHAT I 'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF HER IN ENGLISH."

Mr. E. F. BENSON can always be trusted to turn out an eminently readable story, with one or two bits of real character in it and generally a touch of satire on some unpleasant foible of the present day. *Alan* (FISHER UNWIN) is perhaps a little out of his usual line. It is almost exclusively literary; and I do not know how far novel readers really like to study the habits of that curious species that ministers to their wants. For the enthusiast several specimens are here culled from the world of letters and set up for inspection in Mr. BENSON'S microscope. There is *Alan Graham* himself, whom the wrapper describes as a "novelist of the old school." To tell the truth, he is almost too much of the old school for a story of the present day, such as this purports to be. I have never met in my varied acquaintance quite so terrible a fellow as this, so thoroughly filled with unconscious egoism, so mellifluously boring with polished phrases. But then Mr. BENSON wished, I suppose, to contrast him with his young cousin, *Timothy*, the representative of the modern post-war school, who has imbibed in the trenches a certain respect for violence and a rooted distaste for mere literary style accompanied by nothing else worth mentioning. It is the pleasant task of young *Timothy* to free *Agnes Graham* from the web of literary tyranny that has been woven round her since her marriage and to provide for her a glorious "dawn of freedom and happiness" when old *Alan* is carried home from the Athenæum to die. I am not quite sure about the morality of all this, but I confess my sympathies are almost entirely with *Agnes*. In addition to her husband she possessed a widowed

mother who can only be described as a super-cat, and a determinedly eccentric sister who might be a poor relation of the famous *Dodo*. I doubt whether the author has been quite successful with *Alan* himself, but the minor figures of *Pamela Probyn*, the great collector of lions, and of *Henry Blewitt*, literary critic, are done in his best style.

The man who goes to the trouble of setting his short stories in another story is almost always, I think, a benefactor; and he is (or should be) repaid for his munificence by the heightened intimacy and concern with which the reader follows the workings of his puppets' puppets. At all events that is what I feel about *The Paid Piper* (METHUEN), in which Mr. C. S. FORESTER not only tells fifteen good short stories but shows a very neat perception of the value and due proportion of a covering narrative. *Sir William Sydenham* (not Knight Bachelor but Michael and George) is walking back from Charing Cross after seeing his young wife off for her first long leave, when he comes across a toy vendor who accosts him in the whine of a Cairene beggar and accounts for it in the dialect of an English gentleman. *Sir William*, being bored and lonely, asks him home to dinner, desperately challenging the contempt of his manservant, *Higgins;* and "*Mr. Cardinal*" (as the waif chooses to call himself) repays his host for an excellent meal by recounting one of his adventures. This bargain is repeated not only once but nine times. You hear how "*Mr. Cardinal*" was compulsorily enlisted in the Turkish army and how he deserted at Gallipoli; how he wrote a novel well known to his host, and why he intends never to write another; and finally why he took to his vagabond life and (in spite of a sporting offer from *Sir William*) is not to be induced to forgo it. He also persuades *Higgins* to turn *raconteur;* and, though *Higgins* is too gruesome for my taste (he has two blood-curdling stories of passion and revenge for one amusing little tale of a noble Socialist), *Sir William*, who chimes in later, is a sufficiently frivolous set-off. Altogether it is a very snug little party that is broken up by the imminent return of *Lady Sydenham*. And I am not sorry to learn that there is some possibility of "*Mr. Cardinal*" looking in again later.



AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN A HAUNTED MANOR.

Spectre. "ARE YOU HAUNTING THIS HOUSE OR AM I?"

After the War, *James Howarth*, the hero of Mr. A. E. WYKE-SMITH'S old-fashioned romance, *Because of Josephine* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), was no longer required in the army, and his prospects, apart from a preposterous female relative appropriately named *Mrs. Marble*, amounted to *nil*. Under such conditions it was perhaps indiscreet of him to fall in love with this relative's secretary; but it had the effect of spurring him on the quest for work. By good fortune he met a *Mr. Simsloe*, who not only had a sense of humour but was interested in a Mexican mine—a rather rare conjunction. So *James* was wafted to Mexico, where almost anything may happen. And it did. For, when the outlook for *Simsloe* and his mine was at its blackest, *James*, by a lucky error of calculation, made explorations in a contrary direction to that which he intended, and the result was a great *coup* for himself and the other shareholders. Promptly he returned home and threw the proceeds at his lady's feet. It was a good shot, and everything promised well, when suddenly she disappeared. She turned up again, but not until this incident had been too long drawn out. Mr. WYKE-SMITH is a diverting writer of dialogue, but he must be careful to avoid exaggeration in the drawing of character. His voluble snob, *Mrs. Curlney-Hatchette*, is a caricature.

I suspect Mr. E. L. GRANT WATSON of trying to make the best of both worlds. He calls his latest book *Innocent Desires* (CAPE), and confesses—or perhaps this is his publisher—that to the innocent reader they may seem anything but innocent. Still, he holds by his contention that, "where the conscience is clear, there the slaking of desire, however violent and passionate, is an inevitable and necessary process of growth." This seems to depend so much on the sort of conscience possessed by the slaker that I do not propose to argue the question. The title serves to bind together the fourteen stories or sketches given us; otherwise they cover a sufficiently wide range. We have "The Cave of Coryeus," a story of Western Cilicia four thousand years ago, and a little sketch called "Boy and Girl," which deals with a love idyll of the present day at a picnic on Box Hill, with several scenes from the Australian bush, and a study of English rustic life called "Friend and Neighbour." I like Mr. WATSON best in the bush, which he knows and has handled before. He can get the atmosphere of a town like Sandstone, with its two huge iron tanks containing the water supply against the inevitable drought, its squalid buildings inches deep in powdery dust, and the stretch of waste land outside, scattered with kerosene tins, broken bedsteads and other derelict ironmongery. "Out There," the opening story of this collection, is also far the best. Most of the others are very slight affairs, and all are so constructed that the moral, if any is discoverable, invariably points in the wrong direction.

Peter Blakeney, who plays no small part in *Pimpernel and Rosemary* (CASSELL), won a V.C. in the War, "rowed two years in the 'Varsity Eights" (*sic*), and played cricket for England "all over the world." That is the sort of man that *Peter* was. Without doubt Baroness ORCZY'S devotees have a treat in store for them. Love at white-heat, plot and counter-plot, an atmosphere of high politics combined with an aroma of high life are all to be found in the tale she has to tell. But I wish that she would be more careful in the telling of it. That lovely lady, *Rosemary Tarkington*, gave me quite a shock when she said to *Peter*, "You are quite right, I did lay in your arms that night." Then, on page 73, I am told that *Elza Imrey* had the "perfect hands, arms and wrists peculiar to her race," and some pages later I found *Rosemary* squeezing "Elza's podgy white hand." Is podginess a mark of perfection? Trifles these, but rather provocative.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are asked to say that the Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL who has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer is *the* Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

* * *

He has held nine different posts in the Cabinet, we are informed. As there are usually twenty-one he only wants twelve for game.

* * *

An old well has recently been uncovered in Fleet Street. Not a moment too soon when you consider what is usually to be found at the bottom of a well.

* * *

In view of the fact that the Brewers' Exhibition was such a success there is some talk of holding an exhibition of brewers' customers.

* * *

A West End firm is giving a display of winter sports' attire. We are wondering what would be the correct dress to wear when asking the plumber to call about a frozen pipe.

* * *

We gather from an article by M. FERNAND VANDEREEN that Paris women are forsaking powder and paint. They are now appearing in public with their faces in the nude.

* * *

Mr. J. MILLET SEVERN in a recent lecture stated that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S head had grown a quarter-of-an-inch in eight years. This is good news for the famous statesman, who was beginning to think his halo was shrinking.

* * *

According to SIR CHARLES PARSONS it would take fifty years and cost twenty million pounds to sink a shaft twelve miles deep into the earth's core. But what a perfect receptacle for old razor-blades!

* * *

The Executive Committee of the Russian Communist Party has banned TROTSKY'S latest book. We suspect it of having been printed in ink instead of blood.

* * *

A Rochdale man has been arrested for defrauding bookmakers. It seems a pity that men should attempt to impose on innocent and inoffensive people who have our living to get.

* * *

"This country is not likely to be more attractive in the future," says Mr. Justice EVE. Dean INGE would have said this in a far more dashing way.

* * *

While looking in a shop-window at Southall two women were injured by a falling street sign. Husbands have for years been warning their wives about the danger of looking in shop-windows.

* * *

A naturalist points out that the flamingo sleeps while standing on one foot. The flamingo's own foot, of course.

* * *

According to Lord ASHFIELD, London is the slowest place on earth. Well, who is it that stops the traffic with all those motor-buses of his?

* * *

An elephant at Manchester recently daubed itself all over with red paint. No doubt a forgery.



The Perfect Pedestrian. "SORRY!"

* * *

An Australian producer has come over here to take some of our actors back with him. We think it only right to remind him of the awful consequences of the introduction of rabbits over there.

* * *

New York police are learning to shoot at moving figures by using cinema films as targets. We knew they'd find a use for them some day.

* * *

Motor-buses with sleeping berths are being used in Canada. Have they too got a traffic problem?

* * *

On account of the number of motor-cars that are proposed to be driven from the Cape to Cairo, we hear that the African police are considering the placing of a whitewashed line down the centre of that section of the continent, like the one in Whitehall.

* * *

À propos of this white line in Whitehall, we understand that a motor-bus gave itself up at Scotland Yard the other day, under the impression that it had foot-faulted.

* * *

A Government astronomer in Australia has presented this country with a clock which he claims is worked by the sun. It looks as though we should have to take his word for it.

* * *

Some surprise is expressed that no date has yet been fixed for the ceremonial removal of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S portrait from the National Liberal Club to the Carlton Club.

* * *

The future of the Liberal Party will be watched with keen interest by scientists. They feel that another split will go a long way to solving the problem of the division of the atom.

* * *

It is estimated that colds cost the country between sixty and eighty million pounds a year. We are prepared, in the interests of economy, to give a lead to the nation by d spensing with ours.

* * *

An article dealing with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company controversy mentions that the British Government owns five million of the eight million shares of the Company. It is therefore monarch of oil it surveys.

* * *

At Bishop's Stortford burglars robbed a safe by ripping off the back of it. It is only fair to say that they knocked at the front-door first and got no answer.

* * *

A Viennese chemist has produced elastic glass. We shall soon see pedestrians taking a header into the windscreen of a motor-car for the sheer thrill of bouncing off.

* * *

A new London theatre has a rubber floor. We understand that, if an excited galleryite falls from his perch and is caught on the first bounce, he is out.

* * *

"Arsenal in Danger," says a heading. But it was only a real one, not the football team.

* * *

A famous criminologist mentions that criminals never pay attention to details. Be careful how you murder the cook.

* * *

"It is as easy to play the saxophone as the cornet," says a writer. It may be as easy, but it 's far more wicked.

TO MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

THE voice of doubt grows faint at last,
And sniffy views about your past
Into the limbo-land are cast
Of well-forgotten lumber;
And all those jests of how you dine
On veal that makes your face to shine,
After the remnant husks of swine,
Are now a dead back-number.

For "men may rise," the poet said*
(I never knew a way that led
Uphill across a river-bed,
But let it pass!), "on stepping-
Stones of their dead selves." So your feet,
Resilient from their late retreat,
Land you aloft in Downing Street,
Our Chancellor from Epping!

Now comes your testing-time; and I,
Who count on you to justify
BALDWIN, and show good reason why
You're sure he made no blunder,
Will, with a glad hand, earth the axe,
And pray to heaven your star may wax,
If you'll reduce my income-tax
To half-a-crown (or under). O. S.

* "I hold it truth . . .
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."
TENNYSON.

THE WARRINGTONS.

A Family Chronicle. Bienemann, 7/6 net. Genealogical Tree, 1/6 extra, post free.

(*With apologies to that sort of novelist.*)

I.—(PAGES 1–193).

Great-great-aunt Elizabeth Warrington was celebrating her eighty-eighth birthday in the big drawing-room of the Berkeley Square mansion which old Silenus Warrington had built in 1773. They were all there, the married ones, come to pay court to the Grand Old Virgin, as Brenda irreverently called her. There were the Matthew Warringtons from Earl's Court, and the Cedric Warringtons from Hampstead, and the Albert Warringtons from Maida Vale, and the Andersons from Chelsea (Beryl Anderson, *née* Warrington, had married Cyprian—yes, *the* Cyprian Anderson—in '94), and Judith and her brood from Wimbledon, and Valentine and Griselda come over specially from Belgium (Val had taken over the Brussels branch in 1902), and the Simon Warringtons from Bradford and the Norman Warringtons from Hull.

They all thronged the great draughty drawing-room and compared notes; and the young ones came and paid careless homage to the Great-great-aunt who could recite their family trees backwards, and knew who Stephen Warrington was engaged to in '61 before he married Sarah Colebrook, and never muddled the John Warringtons of Darlington with the Huddersfield ones.

"*Their* grandfather was Leonard Warrington, my dear, the one who was killed in the Crimea. It was *his* brother, Leopold, who started the foundry in Darlington."

II.—(PAGES 194–327).

And Great-uncle Emanuel died, and Uncle Benjamin died, and Gertrude married again, and Célimène, who was Albert Warrington's first wife (divorced, but this in hushed whispers before the young people), married Antony Warrington, the widower, her own first cousin (once removed) by marriage, and so added to the muddle of relationships by becoming the second cousin of her own step-daughter and the aunt of her own sister-in-law. But Great-great-aunt Elizabeth Warrington never lost count and drew it all out in different coloured inks on the big family tree that hung in the hall above the great oak chest that Bernard Warrington had brought home from Ceylon in '77.

III.—(PAGES 328–611).

And Ellaline, Antony's daughter by his first marriage, went on the stage, and Hubert Anderson forged a cheque and went to prison, and Griselda ran away from Valentine with a Belgian Count. And young Teddy Warrington (of Grimsby) was killed in the War, and Bertie Warrington won the D.S.O. and married Cynthia Bailey, who was the daughter of Carrie Warrington by Jeremy Bailey, the iron magnate (or the Silver Churn, as the middle generation, addicted to GILBERT and SULLIVAN, called him).

IV.—(PAGES 612–773).

And Albert died of a stroke, and Judith of diphtheria, and Valentine was killed in a collision on the P.L.M., and Ellaline was divorced, and Bertie became an M.P., and Cyril, who was the Andersons' youngest grandchild, went into the Church, and Brenda was an old woman now, expecting her eighth grandchild next month, and Sylvia Bailey went into a convent.

V.—(PAGES 774–1067).

And they all died, all except Great-great-aunt Elizabeth Warrington, who celebrated her one-hundred-and-seventeenth birthday in solitary state. Her maid, Susan, who had been her nurse, sat up with her and read the family tree aloud to her until half-past nine. But somehow, her old eyes swimming over Great-great-aunt Elizabeth Warrington's minute spidery handwriting, she confused the Peter Warringtons of Bayswater with the Peter Warringtons of Harrogate, by attributing Dorothy Anstice (formerly Benson, *née* Warrington) to the wrong branch. And this so infuriated Great-great-aunt Elizabeth Warrington that she had a stroke and died, clutching the precious family tree to the last. Susan faithfully added "Died 1976, unmarried," in lilac ink below her name.

THE END.

THE DESIGNING LADY.

WHEN I got into the train I began yawning irrepressibly—so much so that I soon tired of raising my hand to the cavity. Never in my life have I been in such a helpless state. And then to my horror I discovered that a lady opposite was glancing furtively at me over a magazine. She was quite young and charming and my dread of what she must think of my unusually frank self-revelation was intensified by the sparkle of humour in her glance.

I begged her pardon as well and as distinctly as I could under the circumstances, and was relieved when she said sympathetically that my apology was quite unnecessary because she herself had once been to a suburban whist-drive. Then she amazed me by asking permission to sketch me—yawns and all.

Mine is no ordinary face; my features, if not regular, are at least sufficiently remarkable to excite interested comment if not rapturous admiration, and so I thought the lady's desire did no little credit to her discrimination. But at the same time I felt embarrassed. It struck me that a sketch of me in my present condition might contain things (such as tonsils) not usually included in a face; but so enchanting was her manner that refusal was impossible.

As she sketched I began to wonder whether her motive was art for the sake of art. I stifled a gurgle as the horrid thought struck me that she might be an advertisement artist. Was I to appear on all the hoardings in loathsome association with somebody's gargle or as a warning to the world to breathe through the nose? Just as I was beginning to exhaust the terrible possibilities of her intentions we jerked to rest at Victoria and, with a simple "Good-night," the portrayer of my gapes tripped away, leaving me worried and wondering and still yawning.

A week later her own portrait appeared in the paper which endorses my political opinions, promises extravagant sums of money to my next-of-kin in return for trifling mutilations of my person and so admirably cleans my razor. It was certainly she; there was no mistaking those eyes. And underneath the picture ran the caption:—

"Miss R. T. Stone, the famous lady sculptor who is now engaged on the gargoyles for the new cathedral."



THE POACHER-TURNED-KEEPER.

Mr. Churchill. "LET 'EM ALL COME. I KNOW THEIR LITTLE GAMES."



Small Girl (a student of the films). "DON'T PERSECUTE ME, BASIL; I TELL YOU I'M PLEDGED TO ANOTHER."

RAKOVSKY'S BARTY.

[On November 7th "the first big function was held at Chesham House since the building, formerly the Imperial Russian Embassy, was taken over by the Soviet authorities."
Evening Paper.]

RAKOVSKY gif a barty,
I dells you it vas vine,
To geep de sevent birtsday
Of de Sovietverein;
De growds mit scarlet padges
Vlocked rount de samovar
To trink to Gomrade TROTSKY
Long life als reigning Tsar.

RAKOVSKY gif a barty,
Herr ZIDNEY VEBB vas dere,
Auch minor-brophet H. G. VELLS
(A Vabian vorher);
Und Oheim ARTHUR HENTERSON
He vore his oldest Frack;
His glothes vas einst in Russland
Gestohlen von his back.

Und mooch intelligentsia
Came dere mit PERNHARDT SHAW,
Dey say no oder efening
Helt so mooch Vabian jaw;
Deir dongues moost zwar haf travelled
A hundert tausand verst;
Weder acquavit noch vodka
Could geep oop mit de dirst.

Dey dalked of de Schicksals-letter
(For RAMSAY vas afay)
Dot made de Missverständness
On de Election-day;
Und vrom RAKOVSKY'S barty
Dere rose a Herzens-wail,
Some schalten Mr. GREGORY,
Some gursed *De Taily Mail.*

RAKOVSKY gif a barty;
Vhere ish dot barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden loan
Dot made so gross pow-wow?
Vhere ish de pig majorität
Dot RAMSAY hat in sight?
All gon'd afay mit der GAMPBELL Gase,
Afay in de ewigkeit!

From a share-market report:—

"Home Rails . . . . finished below the worst."—*Daily Paper.*

A slump indeed!

"There were 59 spoilt voting papers in the North Ducks Division, and 70 in the Aylesbury Division."—*Provincial Paper.*

What is wrong with our fowl-yards?

OUR OWN NEW ÆSOP.

THERE was once an Irritable Man who was Sorry he was Irritable, and another Irritable Man who Didn't Care How Irritable he was. And the First Irritable Man Learned from an Article in a Magazine that if he Smiled with Perseverance he would Sweeten his Whole Interior. So he Smiled. And the Town was Much Relieved. And he Kept On Smiling until a Young Poet was Attracted to him, and Offered to Read him his Poems. The Irritable Man did not Like Poetry, but he said within himself, "This will be Good Practice for me." So he Smiled and Nodded. When the Young Poet had read Three or Four Pieces, the Irritable Man began to feel Horrible Inside because the Sweetening had not gone Very Far In. But he thought, "If I can Put Up with This for Long I shall Indeed be a Success," and he Smiled the More. He Did it so Well that the Young Poet came a Little Nearer, and Said in a Happy Voice, "Now *This* is the One I Like Best *Myself.*" And the Irritable Man Struck him Down.

But the Other Irritable Man was not

Executed for Murder, because Everybody was so Very Careful not to Irritate him. Moral: Be Honest.

* * *

There was once a Boy who was Ambitious to become a Boy Scout. And he read Books about Enduring Hardship and How the Spartan Boy Concealed the Damage. And when the Toothache came to him he Welcomed it. He might have Stayed at Home and been Coddled, but he Scorned the Idea. He went to School and Suffered without Murmuring. And when the Teacher looked into the Midst of the Class and could only Recognise Half the Boy's Face, he said, "I am Extremely Sorry, my Boy, that you are having such a Bad Time with that Swollen Face." The Brave Boy replied, "I am Quite Happy, and my Face is not Swollen." So he was Caned for Eating Sweets during School Hours. Moral: Be Honest. * * *

There was once a Man who had Pneumonia. And he Found a Paper which said, "If you have a Furred Tongue, or Sparks Floating before the Eyes, or an Inclination or Disinclination to Vomit . . . or Forty Other Things . . . you Need a Bottle of So-and-So's Infallible Something. Of All Chemists and Druggists." And he Read until he Cried Aloud, "These are my Symptoms." So he Bought a Bottle and Died of Pneumonia. Moral: Be Honest.

* * *

There was once a Man who was Angry with Another Man. And he Clenched his Fists, and Brooded and Muttered. And he Told his Wife. "I will Have his Blood," he said. "You don't Want it," said she. "I do," said he. "No, you don't," said she. "I do!" said he. "Don't be Silly," said she, and Left the Room, which was the Way she Won her Victories. But This Time he took the Carving-Knife and Went and Lay in Wait for the Other Man, and Had his Blood. And when he had Got it he Found that he *Didn't* Want it, after All. Moral: Be Honest. * * *

There was once a Man who Knocked at Mrs. Jones's Door at a Time when she did not Wish to Receive Visitors. And the Maid said, "Mrs. Jones is Not at Home." Whereupon the Man replied, "That's a Very Good Job for Her, because her House is on Fire." And the Maid Shut him Out and Told Mrs. Jones. And Mrs. Jones said, "Fly for your Life, Child, and I will Fly for Mine when That Man has gone Further Off." Whereupon the Maid Hurried Home and did not Give Mrs. Jones Away. And Mrs. Jones, not Wishing to Give Herself Away, Peeped between the Curtains till the Man should have Taken his Departure. But he Stayed to Watch the Fire, so No One Knew that Mrs. Jones was at Home until they were Turning Over the Ruins. Moral: Be Honest.

* * *

There was once a Young Married Man whose Wife Baked her First Pie. And she would not Eat of it Herself, because she said it was Badly Cooked. And it was Indeed Very Badly Cooked. But the Young Man said she was the Best Cook in the World, and Ate Two Helpings to Prove it. Wherefore he had to Take to his Bed. And his Wife Nursed him and he Grew Worse. And he would not have Another Nurse, because he said he had the Best Nurse in the World. But when he Wanted to Tell her she was the Best Undertaker in the World, he Couldn't. Moral: Be Honest.



The Professor. "PUT SOME BEANS INTO IT, SIR. 'IT ME AS IF I 'D FASCINATED YER SWEET'EART AN' STOLE 'ER AFFECTIONS."

From the report of a musical recital in a dockyard church:—

"The choir gave a fine rendering of Mendelssohn's 'O come let up worship' . . . . much enjoyed by the large congregation, which included many Naval and civil officers of the Dockyard."—*Local Paper.*

It would be.



Sentimental Youth (to his fiancée). "I SAY, OLD THING, YOU MIGHT GIVE ME A DANCE OR TWO. AFTER ALL, WE ARE ENGAGED, YOU KNOW."

Fiancée. "I KNOW, MY LAD—THREE WEEKS OR MORE. WE CAN'T GO ON DARBY-AND-JOANING FOR EVER."

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

George Rowland swears that this story is true, and he has behaved so oddly of late that for all I know it may be. Some of it I know to be true, for I was there.

We were spending a week-end with the Lionel Titts at Whitelegs, Imwerne (pronounced "Croon"). As a house-party it was not entirely successful, the atmosphere being emotional, not to say electric. Between the Friday and the Monday most of the guests retired into the library and had nervous breakdowns for one reason or another, while all the best corners were at all times occupied by persons explaining the condition of their emotional lives to attentive confidantes; and the presence of two budding psycho-analysts among the party tended rather to provoke than allay these disorders of the soul.

I am only concerned, however, with George. Old Sir Lionel Titt has an entrancing wife much younger than himself, and I have for some time suspected that George cherished a romantic passion for this lady. Almost everybody does. In fact, poor old Sir Lionel has a right to regard the whole of mankind as his enemy. I myself—— However.

The house was full, and George and I had beds in the same room, a kind of attic hastily converted into a guest-chamber. It had not even a looking-glass.

Now when George is in love he becomes very fussy about his health. He appears then to regard himself as a sacred trust, to be kept intact and scatheless for the adored one, which is, I suppose, the true unselfishness of love. During his brief engagement to Joan Thingummy he had more colds, coughs, complaints and injuries to the square week than a professional footballer. But no sooner was poor Joan cancelled than he bloomed and budded again.

All that Friday evening at Whitelegs I had a feeling that he was in for a bad bout of something; and sure enough, when we retired to our attic, he felt bronchitis coming on, and said he thought the room hadn't been aired. However, he survived the night with nothing worse than a stiff neck, for which Dolly Titt gave him a soothing balsam in the morning.

On Saturday evening he partnered Dolly in Sir Roger de Coverley, and by the time we went to bed he had a nasty little pain in the chest. This rapidly took a turn for the worse and by the time I had undressed he was half-way to pneumonia. As before, I noticed him solicitously pawing the inside of his bed and muttering to himself with a furrowed brow.

"What 's the matter?" I said curtly. (I 'd had no dance with Dolly.)

"Sheets are damp, old man," he grumbled. "Can't wonder, in this garret. Right under the roof, y' know."

"Fudge, old fellow," I answered courteously.

"Come and try for yourself, then."

I went over and pawed the sheets myself.

"Dry as a bone," I said, whatever that may mean.

"Of course they may *feel* dry to the hand," said George, sitting gloomy on the bed, "and be damp all the time."

"Well, I hope you 'll live through the night, old boy," I said, getting into bed; "but jot down any last messages for mother and I 'll pass them on. Good-bye, old man."

"It 's all very well to make a joke of

it," said George, "but I 'm not satisfied. I'm not like you, you know; I 'm not strong, not in the chest."

"A flabby heart?" I suggested sleepily.

"Lungs, old boy," said George, beating his great breast.

"I tell you what," he said presently, "isn't there something one does with a looking-glass?"

"Lots of things," I murmured.

"No, I mean, if you put a looking-glass in a damp bed, doesn't it go cloudy or something, old man?"

"That 's right," I grunted, half-way to sleep. "Sort of fungus, old boy. You put a looking-glass in that bed and you 'll find it covered with toad-stools in the morning."

And with this foolish observation I must have gone to sleep.

George *says* that what happened then was as follows:—

Determined to carry out some scientific and convincing test of the bed, he looked about for a mirror. As I have said, there was no such thing in our attic, and the one in the bathroom, where we shaved, was clamped to the wall. It occurred to him, however, that on the drawing-room mantel-shelf he had seen a small silver-mounted glass which was just the size for his experiment. It was now long past midnight, mind you, and the house was asleep.

Accordingly he stole downstairs—let me repeat that this is George's story, not mine—he stole downstairs and into the drawing-room. Whitelegs being situated in the barbarous shires, there was no electric light. He therefore groped his way across the drawing-room in the dark, passed his hand along the mantelshelf, found what he wanted and stumbled back into the hall.

In the hall he was confronted by the tall gaunt figure of his host, bald, in pyjamas, carrying a candle and suspecting burglars—always an undignified combination.

"Ah! Rowland," said Sir Lionel coolly, with his eye on George's left hand, "is anything the matter?"

"It 's all right, Sir Lionel," said George airily. "I only wanted to see if my bed was damp."

And with this extraordinary remark he passed on up the stairs, clasping to his breast a framed photograph of his host's wife!

* * * * * *

I say again, I do not know how much of this is true. I know that the photograph was there in the morning, because George slipped down in his dressing-gown and replaced it before breakfast. I know also that Sunday at Whitelegs was even more electric than Saturday had been, though mercifully neither of the psycho-analysts got hold of the story. What *they* would have said I shudder to think.

What for the matter of that will others say? The whole thing may have been an elaborate device on George's part. But I do not like to think that George is deceiving me; I prefer to believe that he has told me the exact truth. But if his tale be a thousand times true what chance will he stand in the witness-box (if it comes to that) with Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C., at work upon him?

No, George, no—the jury will know what to think. A. P. H.



Very Rich Man. "NOW THIS 'ERE IS A VANDYKE OR A TURNER—FORGET WHICH—MUST LOOK UP THE INVOICE."

"The Government offices and the merchant offices account for at least half the number of the broken hearts lying about and groaning in the dingy rooms overlooking Calcutta's alleys and blind lanes dur ng the Puja season."
Swarajist Paper (India).

Lord BIRKENHEAD must see to this.

MOTTOPHILS AND MOTTOPHOBES.

[After ten years' deliberation and after considering over a thousand suggestions the General Purposes Committee of the London County Council have recommended that there should be no motto for London.]

A THOUSAND suggestions for mottoes
Were sent to the sage L.C.C.,
But their special Committee have found, more 's the pity,
They couldn't begin to agree.

So they 've come to the cautious conclusion,
In spite of the popular call,
That London the giant, immense, self-reliant,
Is best with no motto at all.

But they seem to have somehow forgotten—
A lapse that is curious and gross—
The time-honoured phrase on the City's proud blazon
Of "*Domine, dirige nos.*"

It is simple, devout and laconic,
And free from all bluster and brag,
Though some might revile it and scornfully style it
A Latin (and clerical) tag.

But the final and fatal objection
Is this, so it seemeth to me:
What stands for "the City" offends a Committee
That speaks for the great L.C.C.

THE ART OF GRATITUDE.

I HAD occasion recently to renew a pre-War acquaintance with the interior parts of Belgium, and returned with a notebook stuffed full of impressions and an illicit bottle of Eau de Cologne.

What struck me most in Belgium was the remarkable national capacity for gratitude. Whatever a Belgian happens to be doing, he seems able to find an opportunity for being grateful to somebody about it. To a heart chilled by our own matter-of-fact outlook upon life this was exceedingly warming.

Take for example the little waitress in the *pension* where I stayed at Antwerp and contrast her with her English sister in a boarding-house at, let us say, Bournemouth. How does the latter set about the business of changing one's plates during a meal? She just does it, and that is all there is about it; with briskness and despatch, no doubt, but without an unnecessary word.

But this is what happens in Antwerp:

Waitress (*with deep gratitude for my condescension in allowing her to remove my dirty plate*). Merci, Monsieur.

Myself (*somewhat taken aback by the earnestness of her tones*). Oh—er—merci.

And a few moments later:—

Waitress (*apparently overwhelmed by my magnanimity in permitting her the privilege of placing a full plate in front of me*). Merci, Monsieur.

Myself. Oh—er—merci, Mademoiselle.

So very much more delicate, isn't it?

But it is in the process of shopping that the genius of this people for gratitude really comes out—or rather in the process of being shopped at; for it is the person on the further side of the counter who sets the tone in these little exchanges.

How is it done over here? I walk briskly into the shop, say "Twenty Silverflakes" and slap down a shilling on the counter. The gentleman on the other side of it removes his eyes from *The Sporting Post* for a second, reaches out a long arm, slaps my Silverflake down in front of me and tosses my shilling into the till; and I stride briskly out again. No finesse at all; not even a mild amenity or two to temper the essential sordidness of the transaction.

But over there!

I stroll into the shop with the happy beam of one who is sure of his welcome and wish the excellent lady (it is always a lady) "Good morning," as if I had known her all my life.

She returns my greeting with a delighted smile, and adds that it makes bad time once more. In verity, it makes always bad time these days here.

We commiserate with each other for some moments over the bad time that it is always making these days here, and then proceed to discuss at some length the matter of my nationality and how well I speak already the French at last! In truth one would say that Mister was in part French himself, is it not?

Then, as if by an afterthought, Madame recalls what must, after all, be the reason for my presence in her shop and remarks tentatively, "And Monsieur desires?"

Whereupon the rest of the conversa- goes like this:—

Myself. A packet of twenty Silverflakes, if you please.

Madame (*just as gratefully as if I had asked for a couple of lorry-loads of cigars*). *Thank* you, Sir. The cigarettes English, is it not?

Myself. Thank you, yes. You have of them?

Madame. But yes. There! And thank you, Sir.

Myself (*tendering payment*). Thank you.

Madame. Thank you, Sir. (*Giving me my change*) *Thank* you, Sir!

Myself. Thank you, Madame.

Madame (*handing me my cigarettes*). There! Thank you, Sir.

Myself. Thank you, Madame.

Madame (*smiling me out*). Good day, and thank you, Sir.

Myself. Thank you, Madame, and good day.

And the result is that I emerge from the shop in a perfect glow of gratitude to Madame for her incomparable kindness in selling me cigarettes, while she is left in a state of exquisite thankfulness for my unparalleled graciousness in permitting her to do so.

Yes, we have quite a lot to learn from Belgium besides how to build houses.

A CAPITAL EYE.

THE news that a three-eyed lizard has been presented to the Zoo is a reminder of man's limitations and must give rise to renewed longings, vain though they be, that we humans also might be similarly equipped.

Far be it from any one of us to resent the bestowal by Nature of a third eye upon our little saurian friend. Situated in the top of the head, it must be a great boon, permitting the happy creature to bask in the sun and enjoy the scenery, while keeping a wary outlook for the bird of prey that is wont to take advantage of such occupation.

We may well envy the three-eyed lizard. An eye in the top of the head, with lid complete, would be an inestimable advantage to each one of us. "But what about one's hat?" you ask. I was coming to that; I anticipated that objection. My answer is that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a hat could be devised with a window in the crown that could be opened in fine weather and closed in wet.

It is not merely that a third eye in the top of the head, being equipped with eyebrow and eyelashes, would relieve baldness. Its presence would enable the preacher to be quite sure whether heads bowed during his sermon were bowed in thought or otherwise. Such an eye would save neck-strain to the white-washer of ceilings. The Christmas wait would be able to see in good time what was coming to him.

A reserve eye of this nature would be most useful when grit got into the others. The motorist, leaning back comfortably at the wheel, would be able to see not only where he was going but where he was coming from; while the three-eyed stance would introduce new possibilities into the national game.

As for its value to women, one thinks at once of the actress in musical comedy who would be able to spare a merry twinkle now and again for the gallery without robbing the front rows of the stalls. But the chief benefit to woman of an eye in the top of her head would be, of course, that it would enable her constantly to know whether her hat was on straight.



"They tell me it can't be done 'cos o' this 'ere law of supply and demand."
"Well, let 'e 'ope this new Gover'ment 'll 'ave the sense to repeal it."

In the Name of Charity.

To assist the appeal being made by King's College Hospital, which is burdened with a debt of forty thousand pounds, a "Shopping Gala" will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 24th, 25th and 26th, at Messrs. Holdrons at Peckham. It will be opened by Princess Marie Louise, Miss Gladys Cooper, Lady Hambleden, Sir Gerald du Maurier and Mr. George Robey; and amongst those who have promised to sell are Lady Cynthia Asquith, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Miss Betty Chester, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Hambleden, Lady Hartington, Mrs. St. John Hornby, Lady Hudson, Lady Kerry, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Phyllis Monkman, the Duchess of Portland, Miss Athene Seyler, Miss Heather Thatcher and Miss Madge Titheradge.

* * *

An Exhibition of "Painted Fabrics," Ltd., the work of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, is now being held at the new premises of Messrs. Liberty and Co., Argyle Place, and will continue till the 29th of this month. "Painted Fabrics," of which Princess Mary is a Patroness, has, in Lord Haig's words, "the most lively and cordial support from the United Services Fund. It is run entirely in the interests of Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. Any profits made are used exclusively for the furtherance of the scheme, and the management and the administration are purely voluntary."

"Modern scientists have discovered that the atom itself is merely every conversation of elections."—*Yorkshire Paper.*
That accounts, of course, for its alleged explosive character.

THE YELLOW BONNET.

(A very painful affair.)

THEY had been asking me for months whether I had read *The Green Hat*, but I was obliged to say, "No. *The Green Hat* I have not read. No, I am not a great reader, I, of books."

But often I had looked out of my little window and hoped to see *The Green Hat* underneath, waiting there on the doorstep, so that I could go down and ask it to come in and be read. Only libraries are so slow. So slow they are. *En retard.*

It came at last, however, that book. I remember that I was having muffins for tea. I do not think the people in *The Green Hat* had muffins for tea. Very satisfying, you might say, but there is a cloyingness.

"*Desire is the name of the plant that Lilith sowed, and every now and then it puts out the flower that in the choir of flowers is the paramour of the mandrake.*"

I must write, thought I, to my Mr. Van Tromp of Holland, and ask him if he has any packets of bulbs like that. This so fine first garden favourite beautifies the border and puts forth a flower to gladden all hearts and homes by becoming the paramour of the mandrake.

Yes, but one can't do that, you know, on muffins.

Not on muffins, no.

* * * * *

Afterwards I must have dozed. Dozed and then opened my eyes again; because the book was somehow all different like. Common it was. Not nice at all. And I seemed to have got into the book. Also I seemed to be a doctor. A nerve specialist of some kind or other.

"I have come to ask you——" she began. The voice was husky under the yellow bonnet, the yellow bonnet with the silver stork upon it—Oi, but that rhymes, Iris; you forgive?—the silver stork that flew and flew.

"But about?" I asked.

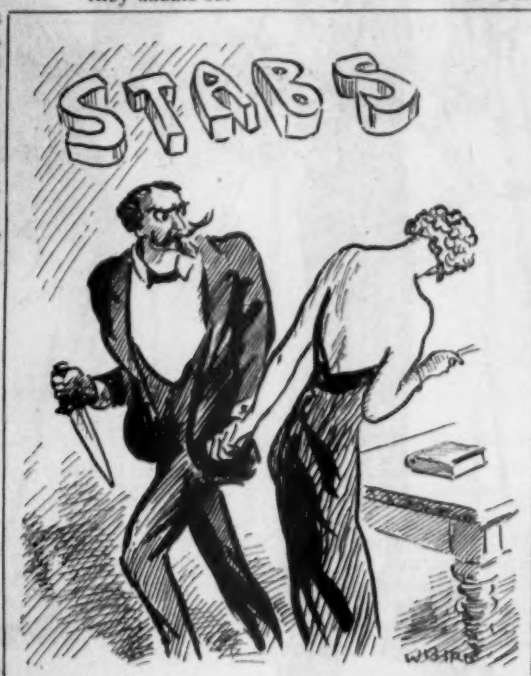
"So much." One great topaz eye shone out under the yellow bonnet's brim.

"So much," she said again and sighed, still huskily. "My face, first of all. It's like a round white circle, you know, very small. Ought it to be like that? People gather sometimes from my voice that my face is very round and white and small. I wonder how it is they do that. There's scarcely room in my face, you know, for my eyes."

She tilted the brim of the bonnet ever so little. I could see both of her eyes now. That was a fair lady, oo! but a sad lady, that one. Rather like an owl. One felt that she was immemorial, beyond falsehood and treachery, a lady to whom lying was not nor truth, not modesty nor shame, not honour nor disgrace, not anything very much, in fact, but eyes. Yellow in the white mask of her face with the shingled orange hair.

"What is the matter with them?" I asked.

"People complain," she said, "that they dazzle so."



TRICKS OF THE TRADE: THE PUBLISHER'S JACKET.

NO, READER, THIS IS NOT A MURDER IN HIGH LIFE; IT MERELY ILLUSTRATES THE PASSAGE WHERE PAMELA HAS A FEW WORDS WITH HER PAPA AS TO WHETHER A NEW BOOK SHOULD HAVE ITS LEAVES CUT WITH A PAPER-KNIFE OR A HAIRPIN.

She gave a vague brittle laugh. Brittle it was, and vague.

"Just hark at that."

I harked.

She did it again.

"That happens often to Iris Storm. I was a March. The Marches have never been let off anything, and they never let off anyone else. But to come back to my eyes."

"Oi, yes. To your eyes."

"They frighten the mice, you know. There are dreams and there are beasts. The dreams walk glittering up and down the soiled loneliness of desire. The beasts prowl about the soiled loneliness of regret. My eyes go glittering up and down the soiled loneliness too. That is why they frighten the mice."

I looked at her again. She had an adorable chassis.

I could now see in the white circle that was her face, underneath the topaz lamps that were her eyes, the thin red carmine streak that was her lips. She leaned back in my chair. From one hand—oh, how naked that hand looked!—there drooped a starting-lever, a heavy thing.

"But to go on," I said, "about your eyes."

I had not turned on the light. There was no need to turn on a light in any room however dark where Iris Storm's eyes were. But I offered her a cigarette. She accepted it with a gesture that was not a gesture, but the perfect non-gesture of a woman imperious and classless, equal to a man. Outside, the velvet dark was pierced by a thousand seeming lance-points of militant flame. They were not really lance-points. They were stars. But inside, here and on that chair, was that lady; and from her hand heavily the starting-lever drooped.

"Sometimes I don't know what to do about them," came the husky clear voice, and that then expired. She moved ever so slightly in her chair. The voice was born again.

"Sometimes they are cool, impersonal, sensible; sometimes like spoonfuls of treacle; and then again like hard stones worn by fire, or like heads of nails or yellow fog. And then again they have the magic of open spaces in them; and that is the worst hell of all. And after that they just become lamps again—in the shameless night of desire. Do you know why I carry this starting-lever?"

I shook my head.

"When I see a man I like, I drop it on his toes."

"Tell me no more, Iris Storm," I said, shrinking back. "Tell me no more!" I cried.

She smiled—oh, smiled.

"See that?" she said.

I answered thus and thus.

"Do you know what happened to me one day when I smiled? Guess."

"I can't guess," said I.

"Well, my very white teeth bit the moment into two pieces with their smile and dropped the pieces into limbo. Only fancy that. Fact is, whatever I do with my face the most appalling things occur. There was one day when my heartless



TIPS FOR TYROS.

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN NOT TO ABUSE THE HOSPITALITY OFFERED AT A LAWN MEET.

pregnant voice seemed to fall to the floor like a small bird with broken wings. It did truly. I scarcely dare to shake my shingled orange hair for fear of something happening to the furniture. I want to know if there is anything I can take for it, dear friend?"

I looked at the yellow bonnet. I looked at the white stork upon it—I mean above it. She leaned forward in her chair, and it creaked a lit le. I seemed to swim in the topaz light of her eyes. The hand—and how naked that hand seemed!—that held the starting lever was balancing it above my right boot. In another moment it would have fallen—and then. . . .

* * * * *

A footstep sounded on the stairs and the door was burst roughly open. At the same moment I knew for the first time that it was night no longer. A grey dawn was savaging the roofs and chimneys of Mayfair. The lights in the eyes of Iris Storm burnt lower as the chauffeur said, "Begging your pardon, Madam, but can I take the car home now?"

"Shall I go with him?" said she, turning, that lady, to me.

"Yes," I said, and "Oh, yes," and, taking the starting lever gently from her hand, I pressed it, but oh! and now I was happy, into his.

Very woman she rose and, making a gesture that was no gesture yet so humbled me that I stood shamefast, lightly she ran down the stairs. But she had torn first the starting-lever from the fellow's hand. He stood by me dazed.

We heard the whisper of the engine, then the gathering whirr of the wheels, before he had so much recovered himself as to move. . . Then and suddenly, at the end of South Audley Street, there was a tearing crash, a single cry. Both of us we sprang to the window. Together we sprang.

Flung halfway across the pavement by the lamp-post it had shattered was the wrecked car, and beside it all that was left of that which had been Iris Storm.

"But that death," screamed the chauffeur—"that death!"

"Go and pick up," I said to him sternly, "all that is left of that which was Iris Storm. Remember that she was a genuine snorter." EVOE.

"CANARIES GOING WHITE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Another rebuff to the Bolsheviks!

DE MINIMIS.

(A gentleman advertising in *The Times* announces his desire to let his "flatlet.")

STRANGE that in our modern life
Two opposing cults are rife;
Thus, while volume, bulk and size
Everywhere affront the eyes,
Fashion in our speech is tending
Ever towards the little ending.

Cuts have long succumbed to cutlets;
Carrie Tubblets, Clara Buttlets
On our vision loom;
Jefflets with attendant Muttlets
Fearsome shapes assume;
Butter will be sold in patlets,
Kittens be rechristened catlets,
Hats be advertised as hatlets,
Rhymelets challenge rhymes,
Now that flats are known as "flatlets"
Even in *The Times*.

A New Old Master.

"Florence.—Two valuable panels, one a fifteenth century work by Tryptich, were stolen during the night from the parish church at Cerreto Desi."—*American Paper.*

"Should this appeal to a real philanthropist possessing more than ordinary imagination, Advertiser would be thankful for a gift of one thousand pounds."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Sorry, but our imagination is rotten.



BROWN-SMYTHE LITTLE THOUGHT HE WOULD SO SOON FIND A PRACTICAL USE FOR HIS AUTUMN MEETING CHALLENGE SHIELD.

CHRISTOPHER AND WOMEN.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE tried here to give a frank and unvarnished story dealing with the fundamental problem of mankind. These things do happen, and I see no reason why we should hide them from us. You will understand me therefore when I say (without false modesty) that this story—

(*a*) enthralls and grips;
(*b*) deals with facts as men and women know them;
(*c*) lays bare the inmost secrets of the soul;
(*d*) is suitable for a long train journey.

For it is a story of sex, first, second and last; the true and revealing history of Christopher, my nephew, æt. 10 yrs. 3 mos. If, as I fear, there are to be further volumes of this history in the years to come, then I recommend early ordering. For the story of these early chapters ensures that it will be a literary sensation.

Chapter I.—A WORLD OF GIRLS (1914-1917).

Christopher came into the world perhaps at an unfortunate juncture; August 1914 had little time for babies. However, he lived his first three years happily and cheerfully, not troubling overmuch about occasional Zeppelin raids or the rise in the cost of living. He was, of course, surrounded by women, for a man in the house was a rare thing in those days. He was a pleasant boy with wide blue eyes and light golden hair and a slow friendly smile. Women adored him. They hugged him and kissed him and even offered to eat him. He took it all very quietly.

I saw Christopher just after his third birthday, when I was on leave from France. My last few minutes were passing. Several girls were there—Christopher in the arms of one and surrounded by the others. They fussed over him.

"Well, Cecilia, my dear," said I to Christopher's mother (my sister); "I 'll have to go now."

There was a sudden scuffling among the ladies and Christopher was seen struggling from their embraces to the ground. He walked steadily across the floor to me and stood beside me holding my hand. We faced the women.

"My is tummin' with you," said Christopher, looking straight at them. "My don't like 'irls."

I picked him up.

"Christopher," I said, "it 's an Englishman's job never to run away from danger. I 'll go to the War. You must stay here and stick it."

I handed him to his mother, and he went back to the fray with a sigh and quietly—like a man going over the top.

Chapter II.—AUDREY (1921).

They met on the East Coast. A dozen times she must have played near us on the small beach, yet I didn't so much as notice her. Nor did John or Cecilia, the parents of Christopher. We bathed and paddled and made castles for Christopher, and thought we were making him happy. And all the while his thoughts were on another sand-castle ten feet away.

They must have met and talked, but we knew nothing of it. Mothers and fathers, even uncles, are very blind. And then one morning suddenly he broke the news. We were just deciding to bathe when Christopher led her to us by the hand.

"When we go in," he said anxiously, "can *she* come too?"

"And who is this?" asked Cecilia charmingly.

Christopher gulped. "Ord'n'ry," he said.

The lady giggled coyly and corrected him: "*Audrey.*"

"Yes," returned Christopher, gazing at her fondly. "Ord'n'ry. She—we—we're friends."

So Ord'n'ry joined us; and never did a poor child more deserve her name. After two days John decided he could stand no more of it.

"The child is dull," he said brutally, "and plain and entirely without interest of any sort. If she continues to follow us about everywhere I shall turn round one day and tread on her simply from boredom. Also she is seven years old and Christopher is only six. I don't approve of such things, and I shall forbid the banns."

"Leave it to me, John," said Cecilia.

"Christopher," she said to him that evening after he was in bed, "you're a funny boy, aren't you? You never *do* play with girls at home and you always say you don't like them. Why are you so fond of Audrey?"

Christopher clasped his mother's hand and looked at her lovingly.

"I don't know, Mummy," he said. "Ord'n'ry 's different."

Chapter III.—GWENDOLEN (1923).

In December 1923, for reasons that do not matter, I attended to collect Christopher from a certain Christmas party.

His hostess met me.

"I think it's time you came," she said; "Christopher and little Gwendolen Dering have discovered a violent attraction for each other. They've been together all the evening. Why, there they are!"

I looked, and there they certainly were.

Christopher wasn't *much* there. He looked very little and pathetic. Beside him and enveloping him in her arms was a plump maiden of about twelve.

"Kiss me again, Chris dear," she said in a full plummy voice. And Christopher kissed her . . .

On the way home I raised the matter. He sat silent for a moment and I looked away, while he blushed furiously. Then, "I couldn't help it," he muttered. "I only kissed her when she told me to."

Chapter IV.—STELLA (1924).

And now Stella . . . . It appears that Stella is the charming daughter of Christopher's housemaster, who seems to be known as Gumboil. Christopher writes to me:—

". . . . of course we can't see each other often because old Gumboil is very strong about her not seeing us, but of course we do, but not often, because of Gumboil getting fierce with her, which he certainly can do, as I know. If I sicked footer one day we could see each other perhaps for two hours at once, but I don't like to. What do you think?"

I have told him, of course, what I think, and I've no doubt Stella will be duly sacrificed to football.

But what will happen in a few more chapters?



Husband. "I JUST MET MONA COMING FROM HERE, AND SHE SAID SHE'D NEVER SEEN YOU LOOKING SO ROSY AND WELL."

Wife. "YES, THE CAT! SHE BURST IN ON ME BEFORE I'D EVEN TIME TO POWDER MYSELF."

"Faust" Up-to-date.

From a Chinese opera programme:—

"AIR DES BIJOUX (JEWEL SONG).
QUARTET—SEIGNEUR DIEU!
(Saints Above, What Lovely Germs!)"

From a Home Office memorandum recently issued:—

"Notification of industrial diseases and forms of poisoning by medical practitioners under Section 73 of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901."

We don't care under what section the doctors do it; the practice should be stopped at once.



Father (taking small boy to dentist). "WELL, I'VE RUNG THREE TIMES AND THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ANSWER."
Small Boy (hopefully). "I WONDER IF HE'S DEAD!"

THE FRENCHMAN.

EVEN without reference to the programme he was patently a Frenchman. This was clear from the moment he pattered across the stage with little staccato steps, swinging his body from side to side, his arms uplifted in incipient gesticulation.

The man's clothes were further evidence. His lithe figure was clad in check trousers of peg-top shape and a short coat with an emphatic waist. His neckwear was a large and floppy bow. On his head was a tilted top-hat of the type known to emanate solely from the boulevards. His suède-topped button boots tapered wondrously at the toes.

His face was corroborative. It was chalked to a quite un-English pallor. On his chin was a neat little black imperial, and on his lip a neat little black moustache, twirled and waxed. His features had a truly Gallic vivacity. His eyebrows were rarely still.

His manner was additional proof. He bowed low over the ladies' hands and smiled winningly on the gentlemen. Almost at once he was shrugging his shoulders and flinging off a wealth of gesture from the wrists. His every movement was swift and expressive, so unlike the stolid Britons among whom he found himself.

When he spoke his nationality was finally established. He said "zis" for "this," and "zeeze" for "these." His "Ah-yais" for "Ah, yes" was definitely Parisian. "'Ow you call eet?" he would comically ask when at loss for an English idiom. Through unfamiliarity with our tongue he committed a series of verbal blunders which were both harmless and amusing.

His temperament, as the play revealed it, was highly racial. Gay at one moment, sombre at the next; sudden to take offence, sudden to be reconciled. His emotions sprang irresistibly to the surface. And he was, of course, an incorrigible flirt—a very butterfly of a man.

Presently something, I forget what, moved him very deeply. A state almost of hysteria was induced in this dashing, garrulous, unstable exotic.

Rending his hair and rushing about the stage, he broke uncontrollably into the French of his fathers.

"*Mong Dew! Mong Dew!*" he raved.

'MUMS.

WHEN Autumn gales despoil the trees,
When fogs delay the dawn,
When rime bedecks the shrubberies
And crisps the wormy lawn,
The dahlia-buds are frozen duds,
Likewise geraniums,
But still they bloom in frosts and floods,
Our gallant garden 'mums.

The sodden roses drip and droop,
A damp *memento mori*;
Once more *Ophelia*'s in the soup,
The *Gloire* has gone to glory;
But, short or tall, beneath the wall
Chrysanthemums a-bloom
Defy the tempests of the Fall
And light November's gloom.

There *Almirante* swaggers bold
In tiger-lily bronze,
And *Harvester* the April gold
Of daffodillies dons;
Like crimson phlox or rosy stocks
Old *Masse* and *Goacher* shine,
And claret-reds of hollyhocks
Revive in *Clementine*.

So Summer after closing-time
Repaints her gayest hues,
The palette of her gorgeous prime,
And only shuns the blues;
Then let us praise November days,
And, though it sounds absurd,
We 'll paradoxically raise
Our slogan, "Mum 's the word!"

"He had much trouble with head winds, and off Sheerness encountered rough weather and gs."—*Evening Paper.*

Presumably white ones.



PENNY-HALFPENNY WISE . . .

Old Lady of St. Martin's-le-Grand. "THEY TELL ME, STANLEY, THAT YOU 'RE ALL FOR BRINGING DOWN PRICES. WELL, NOW, WHAT ABOUT A PENNY POST?"



THE REVUE OF THE FUTURE.

As a determined and dauntless frequenter of *revues*, I have recently noticed a very interesting development in that form of art.

In the old days, when you came in your programme to a scene labelled "Massachusetts—Athene Delancey and Chorus," you knew exactly what was going to happen. The lights would go up and Miss Delancey would trip on to the stage and, with the sympathetic assistance of the orchestra, at once begin to express in rhythmical phrase her desire to revisit the scenes of her childhood. In due course the Chorus would also appear and voice their agreement with Miss Delancey's sentiments. All quite simple and straightforward, you see; but crude.

So one day some great-minded producer hit upon a means of softening this crudity. It was inartistic, he felt, to plunge straight into the rhythmical phrases without any other preparation than a couple of chords from the orchestra. The thing should be led up to delicately.

The result was that we got something like this:—

Lights up. Soft strains from orchestra. Enter Miss Delancey wistfully, accompanied by Leading Male Beauty.

Miss Delancey. No, I—I don't think I want to dance this, Bertie, old boy. I—I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

Leading Male Beauty. Feeling a bit chippy, old thing?

Miss D. No, it's—it's just this tune, you know.

L. M. B. What's wrong with it? Sounds a pretty decent sort of little old tune to me.

Miss D. (*with a brave smile*). Yes; but it brings—memories. Would you mind awfully, Bertie? I'd like to be—alone, just for a few minutes.

L. M. B. Oh, rather, old thing. I understand. I'll buzz off, then. See you later—what? [*Buzzes off.*

Miss D. (*still more wistfully*). Ah, my dear, *dear* old Massachusetts!

And then the song. Ever so much more artistic, you see.

Well, the development I have noticed is that this little introduction is tending to become longer and longer. At a revue I sat through the other night it not only comprised nearly two pages of dialogue but called for the services of three people instead of two.

This is rather interesting, I think. Let us therefore with all reverence sketch out a programme for a revue of the future. Thus:—

MASSACHUSETTS!

A Super-Mammoth Revue in One Scene by Huck Swiggins.

Full Beauty Chorus of 250.

A DE COCKVILLE REVUE.

The Revue produced by CHARLES DE COCKVILLE

Music by Buck Higgins.
Lyrics by Duck Wilkins.



The Fox (*Mr. PRINGLE*). "BUT I THOUGHT YOU INVITED ME TO ENJOY YOUR FEAST."

The Stork (*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE*). "WELL, AREN'T YOU ENJOYING IT?"

[According to *The Times*, "many of the defeated Liberal Candidates complain that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE did not put into the common pool a sufficiently large sum from the war chest which still remains as a legacy of the Coalition and National Liberal days."]

Additional Lyrics by Shuck Bilson.
Extra Music by Puck Mollison.
Dances by Muck Cullum.

I. MASSACHUSETTS—ATHENE DELANCEY and Chorus.

Joseph Brown	NORMAN MCKINNEL
William Greene (his friend)	OWEN NARES
Anthony Black (his great-uncle by adoption)	SEBASTIEN SMITH
Herbert White (his solicitor)	LESLIE HENSON
Miggins (his butler)	GEORGE ROBEY
Mrs. Peegrean (his mother-in-law)	LITTLE TICH
Elsie Pinke (his other friend)	MARIE LÖHR
Maisie Greene (his first friend's wife)	SYBIL THORNDIKE
Veronica Brown (his sister)	ISOBEL ELSOM
AND	
Betty Brown (his wife)	ATHENE DELANCEY

Act I.—Drawing-room at The Towers, Joseph Brown's country house in Shropshire.

Act II.—The Throne Room, Buckingham Palace.

Act III.—Same as Act I.

Synopsis of Acts I., II. and III., for the benefit of those not arriving till the film is over:—

Joseph Brown is a retired manufacturer of celluloid dressing-jackets. His great wealth proved an irresistible attraction to *Betty*, who was a little country girl from Sniggerville, Mass.; but she is now beginning to tire of her riches, and a yearning for something, she knows not what, is creeping over her. Act I. shows her getting tired and embarking upon a love affair with *William Greene* in order to discover whether this is the mysterious thing for which she is yearning. At the same time *Joseph Brown*, pained at his wife's conduct, himself embarks on a liaison with *Elsie Pinke*. *William Greene*, however, is secretly in love with *Veronica Brown*, who in turn is strangely attracted by *Miggins*, the butler; while *Elsie Pinke*, though accepting *William's* advances with one hand, is making overtures to *Herbert White*, the *Browns'* family solicitor, with the other. Act II. shows us *Betty* getting still more tired. In a further endeavour to trace the unsolved mystery of her yearning she discards *William* and embarks upon another affair with *Anthony Black*, an elderly and asthmatic brigand, whom *Joseph* once adopted in a fit of generosity as his great-uncle. In the meantime further complications ensue among the other members of the family, and these are treated with a relentless realism reminiscent of IBSEN at his grimmest; for *Mrs. Peegrean* confesses that *Elsie Pinke* is in reality her own daughter by another mother, while *Veronica* is the daughter of *Miggins*, and *Herbert White* never had a father or mother at all. The shock of these revelations suddenly shows *Betty*, in a climax of terrific power at the end of Act. III., the nature of her own yearning, which she now realises to be an overwhelming desire to cut herself free from all her entanglements and lead her own life in Sniggerville, Mass., the town where she was born. Song and super-chorus—"Massachusetts, my Massachusetts."

THE SPECIFICATION.

I AM rather concerned with regard to my nephew, who has submitted to me the unusual document which I append; and I should be most grateful for any advice as to the best way of humouring him.

I may explain that the author of this document is a young chartered civil engineer, occupied chiefly with the preparation of specifications, estimates and the like, and that his absorption in professional work has lately become so exaggerated as to influence his whole manner of thought, speech and general conduct. For this reason I had deemed it well to suggest to him discreetly the advisability of taking a wife as an antidote. Rather to my surprise he expressed no definite disapproval of my idea, provided that the change would not interfere with his sole relaxations of swimming and occasional walking tours—the latter mere excuses, I believe, for indulging his passion to tabulate and analyse times, distances and the readings of what I understood him to refer to as his pocket adenoid.

Reassuring him on this point, I told him to let me know something of his tastes so that I might arrange one of several suitable introductions I had in mind, and the following is the result:—



Uncle. "HULLO, LESLIE! WAS IT YOU AND YOUR SISTER I SAW IN THE PARK THIS MORNING?"
Leslie. "DO I LOOK LIKE A CHAP WHO WASTES HIS TIME ON SISTERS?"

SPECIFICATION FOR THE SUPPLY OF ONE WIFE.

METHOD OF TENDERING.

Tenders shall be accompanied by a full description giving the principal dimensions, and other particulars as mentioned below, together with photographic and/or other views showing the outside front and side elevations and plan (but sectional views are not required in the first instance); also certified records of performance under the conditions prescribed. These papers shall be submitted to the undersigned in a sealed envelope bearing the words "TENDER—WIFE" in the upper left-hand corner, on or before the last day of the current month. The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

DIMENSIONS.

The overall length, unshod, shall be between the limits of 5 ft. 4 in. and 5 ft. 11½ in., a tolerance of a ½ in. above or below the length given in the drawings being permitted. The extreme girth on the largest horizontal section shall not exceed 3 ft. The net weight shall be between 100 and 150 lb.

LOCOMOTION.

The specimen shall be capable of travelling under its own power on the level at a speed of 3·8 m.p.h. unloaded, or at 3·1 m.p.h. bearing a load of 10 lb. for one hour continuously; also of withstanding an overload of 50 per cent. for a short period without overheating or showing signs of buckling. The motion shall be smooth, graceful and uniform, the springing adequate and the carriage erect (but a reasonable forward tilt will be permitted in ascending a gradient). The ankles shall be of ample size to withstand the repeated impacts caused by travelling over rough ground at speed. The heels shall be low so that the adhesive weight is evenly distributed over the whole bearing surface of the foot, securing freedom from all tendency to skid.

TRANSPORT.

The specimen shall allow of being stowed into a small space and subjected to great lateral pressure without damage, to allow of conveyance by Underground or other railway, and of being carried in this manner or on the deck of a steamship without protection from the weather or needing attention for prolonged periods.

FLOTATION.

The specimen shall be capable of floating in fresh or salt water with at least 4 in. of freeboard, and of unaided propulsion therein. The skin and other parts shall not be subject to deterioration through aqueous immersion.

CONSTRUCTIONAL DETAILS.

The hair (which may be of any approved colour and fitted in accordance with any recognised modern practice) shall be of the non-detachable type, of uniform quality, and each strand having a tensile breaking load of not less than 5 lb., with corresponding anchorage. The teeth shall be in good repair, true to shape and size, and free from all looseness or unsoundness. The nose shall be of such design and capacity that the intake of air is effected without emitting the noise technically known as "snoring."

AUTOMATIC ACTION.

Besides being capable of travelling from point to point without intermediate guidance or adjustment, the specimen shall be able satisfactorily to perform a great variety of operations such as sewing, preparing the ingredients of foodstuffs, etc., without attention beyond the supply of raw materials. A high degree of excellence will be required in these adaptations.

APPEARANCE AND FINISH.

The outline and contours of the face shall be such as to present a pleasing and well-proportioned æsthetic effect, conforming generally to the best British models, and shall be free from all surface cracks, blisters or other obvious defects. The colouring shall be such as to form a harmonious and pleasing whole, and shall be secured without the addition of pigments or extraneous treatment of any kind, the natural surface being left clear and unmarked after removing any scale, grease or dirt and washing down with soap-and-water.

COVERINGS AND ACCESSORIES.

A complete set of the usual textile or other coverings shall be supplied, together with an outfit of small tools and spare parts for effecting ordinary running repairs to the same.

DELIVERY

shall be completed within six months of the acceptance of the tender.

(Signed) X. Y. Z.



Mother (to Bobbie, who has made many feeble efforts to persuade her to stay with him). "I MUST REALLY GO; I 'VE GOT VISITORS DOWNSTAIRS."

Bobbie. "OH, BUT THAT 'S ALL RIGHT. WHY NOT TELL THEM TO COME UP HERE? I MIGHT BRING OUT ONE OF MY 'QUAINT LITTLE SAYINGS.'"

HERE HE IS AGAIN.

"So you 've returned," I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Going to stay longer this time?" I asked.

"I hope so," he said.

"I don't see how it can matter much to you," I said. "You have the same kind of a time wherever he is and whatever he 's doing, haven't you? Always busy, always a companion."

"In a sense what you say is true," he answered; "but it isn't the same really. Not a bit the same. He 's a different man when he 's off duty, you know. Not so cheerful. He 's a philosopher, of course, and he doesn't let things depress him too much. I see to that. I make it my business to keep him equable and optimistic; that 's my job. But he 's better when he 's boss. We 're both better."

"And you missed all the old publicity?" I asked.

"I confess that I did," he said.

"So did I," I said. "It was all so strange—like the loss of a landmark. Why, there were days and days when one had to search the papers for you in vain. Not a sign! Everything else was there: all the regular daily excitements; the Society brides on their husbands' arms; the criminals in the dock; the scenes from new plays, looking exactly like old ones; the movie stars landing at Southampton; the cricketers being bowled and caught; the outsiders winning by five lengths; the frock-coats and trousers receiving the freedom of the cities—all these pictures arrived punctually every morning, but not one of you. Now and again, perhaps, but oh so seldom! We were lost; the world, for all its affectation of activity, seemed dead, empty."

"It 's kind of you to feel like that," he said. "And of course I missed it too. I 'm not vain, I hope, at any rate for myself; but I am for him. And so long as he 's there with me I admit to liking to be in the public eye. I like to be seen with him. 'Brother not more kind to brother'—how do the lines go?—'we have cheered and helped each other.' When he has been down and out I 've solaced and restored him; when I 've been down and out he has lifted me and filled me with new life. That 's the situation, and I like the world to know it. I 'm only a poor chump, of course; if you call me a blockhead I shan't quarrel with you; but he chose me for his friend and I 'm proud of the honour."

"Well," I said, "it 's all right now. The old order has returned. I 've seen pictures of you in every morning and evening paper for the best part of three weeks."

"I know," he said, as modestly as a sense of triumph would permit; "I hear the click of the camera continually. It 's very gratifying. I hope I come out well?"

"Very well," I said. "But it could hardly be otherwise. You 're the perfect sitter; no fleeting expressions, no caprice about clothes."

He seemed to be pleased. "And do you think I look fit?" he asked.

"Splendid!" I said. "I never saw you looking better. You 're browner too."

"I believe I am," he said.

"Well, you 're lucky," I replied. "You must have spent your summer away from England, for there was no warmth here."

(*Continued on next page.*)



Sunday-School Teacher. "WHO WAS THE STRONGEST MAN?"
Scholar. "SAMSON; AND HOBBS IS THE GREATEST CRICKETER."

"I nearly always keep warm," he replied. "That 's my *métier*."

And with these words ended my first and last interview with Mr. BALDWIN's pipe. E. V. L.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

VII.—THE WOMAN-IN-THE-MOON.

WHENE'ER I see your face,
Mr. Moon,
So like a large grimace,
Mr. Moon,
So like the man next-door,
I wonder more and more
What everything is for,
Mr. Moon.

Proud is your yellow eye,
Mr. Moon,
But I can not think why,
Mr. Moon,
For it is sad but true
We don't think much of you;
Such awful things you do,
Mr. Moon!

Taught by that artful ray,
Mr. Moon,
What silly things we say,
Mr. Moon!

How many a fatal Miss
We simply have to kiss!
Oh, are you proud of this,
Mr. Moon?

When men go wild or worse,
Mr. Moon,
When widows take to verse,
Mr. Moon,
When couples sit and coo
In several feet of dew,
We put it down to you,
Mr. Moon.

And I for one don't know,
Mr. Moon,
Why poets praise you so,
Mr. Moon;
Strong is your sway and wide,
Love—lunatics—the tide—
Are they a source of pride,
Mr. Moon?

It may be good to mix,
Mr. Moon,
With love and lunatics,
Mr. Moon,
And men, I hear, have tried
To justify the tide,
But if they did they lied,
Mr. Moon.

And how are we to tell,
Mr. Moon,
You 're not to blame as well,
Mr. Moon,
For income-tax and gin,
The tumbril and the twin,
And cinemas and sin,
Mr. Moon?

What are you, after all,
Mr. Moon?
A large malignant ball,
Mr. Moon;
Can you recall a case
Where such a smiling face
Concealed a soul so base,
Mr. Moon?

That face I cannot read,
Mr. Moon;
Are you a man indeed,
Mr. Moon?
Is there or is there not
A woman on the spot?
This would explain a lot,
Mr. Moon. A. P. H.

"Wanted, smart lad, age 175, for building trade."—*Provincial Paper.*

Just the age when METHUSELAH was at his smartest.

THE SOUL OF A TYPIST.

(With acknowledgments to the magazine page of any penny newspaper.)

I AM a typist!

Just an ordinary little typist, like so many thousand others in this great city of London. Yet even a typist has a soul. For the benefit of readers of *The Daily Distress* I am going to lay mine bare in all its quivering girlish innocence.

In the office where I work there are no fewer than three male clerks and an office boy; and only one girl—myself. Think of it—one helpless girl among so many males! If they were to attack me, what could I do? Absolutely nothing. I am utterly in their power.

Often, seated at my typewriter, I brood over this terrible danger to which in virtue of my calling I am constantly exposed. Yet so far nobody has attacked me. Sometimes I wish, in my artless girlish way, that they would take a little notice of me. But none of them ever does.

My employer is a stern but not a silent man. He is very strong. Often I think, as I sit beside him taking down his letters, how absolutely in his power I am. If he should suddenly seize me in his arms and print burning kisses all over me I should be utterly incapable of resistance. Yes, a perilous life, mine, spent ever on the edge of a yawning abyss of unscrupulousness. Yet so far my employer has never pushed me over it. Frequently I wonder why this has never happened, for, or so my mirror tells me, I am not without physical attraction; yet he never has. He must be a man of almost super-human self-control.

I love my employer. Is that a terribly ungirlish confession to make? But it is true. I would not let him guess it for worlds, of course; but always before I go into his room I carefully powder my nose and touch up my lips, for I think it is part of a girl's duty to her employer to make herself as attractive as possible in his presence. Often too I allow myself to look at him with all my soul in my eyes and to sigh softly. And then, in a brave attempt to conceal his emotion, he will say brusquely, "What on earth 's the matter with you this morning, Miss Brown? Moonstruck, or something?" How those simple words thrill me! For a woman, just as she reads between the lines, listens between the words; *and she knows that the words which are not spoken mean so much more than those which are.*

Sometimes I rest my hand carelessly upon his desk, and often the thought occurs to me—suppose he should pick it up and hold it! How could I stop him? But he never does. His self-restraint is enormous. Once he dropped a heavy paper-weight on it (my hand, I mean) by mistake, and my heart bled for him when I saw how grieved he was at the accident. When he had gone that evening I stole into his room and kissed the paper-weight.

I know that my employer loves me.

He has too much self-control to confess it, but it is in the little things that he gives himself away. A woman always knows. One day, for instance, when I brought him an important letter with seventeen mistakes in it, he snatched up an ink-pot and missed me. I had suspected before; but then I knew. To me that ink-pot has ever since been almost a holy thing. It is the mute acknowledgment of his great love.

I shall never marry my employer. For one thing he is married already. And that is what makes my position in his office so doubly perilous—to be utterly in the power of a man who loves me with a consuming passion yet cannot marry me. What if some day his control should break down? I quiver all over as I think of it.

Yet what can I do? I cannot give up my job with him. I have my living to make. Truly the life of a typist is a path beset with peril.



"SO I KEP' ME TEMPER AND JEST LARFED AT 'IM LARFIN' AT ME BEIN' LARFED AT. LUMME, 'OW WE LARFED!"

"Wanted man to work garden, care for 1 cow, milk, pump."—*Irish Paper.*

A rather suspicious juxtaposition.

MANNEQUIN À L'ÉCOSSAISE.

My wife had underestimated the violence of the Scotch summer, and we were paying a hasty visit to Glasgow in search of warmer clothing.

Down Sauchiehall Street, therefore, she had gone shopping alone in the morning, and down Sauchiehall Street, for reasons obscure to me, we both went by car in the afternoon.

Euphemia was pensive, but roused herself to speech as we passed the establishment of one Pattie MacGregor.

"A nice little suit is waiting for my husband's approval there," she murmured.

"Shall I tell the man to stop?" I asked, submitting to my fate.

"Good gracious, no! It was twenty-nine guineas, and the wrong colour at that."

A moment later she drew my attention to a window across which "Tibbie Angus" sprawled in letters of gold.

"Two coats and skirts and a *duck* of an evening gown waiting for you there," she said. "But the prices!"

"My good girl, I understood that we had come here from Perthshire with the idea of buying you clothes for the moors."

"So we have. *I* don't want another evening gown. But the silly woman would make me try it on; so what could I do? Shop people are so commercial; they don't understand that one can admire without meaning to buy.

"Then there's a glorious evening cloak at Meg Meikle's over there—rather hectic though. I said my husband was so particular about colour, he must see it before I could buy it."

"My dear Euphemia," I said with cold detachment, "is every shop in Sauchiehall Street reserving garments for my inspection?"

She had the grace to blush slightly.

"It's their own fault," she protested. "Why do they press me to spend two hundred guineas when they can see perfectly well by looking at me that twenty is the utmost I can rise to?"



"A NICE LITTLE SUIT IS WAITING FOR MY HUSBAND'S APPROVAL THERE."

My spirits sank; I had hoped to get off with fifteen.

"I used," she went on, "simply to agree to take the things, and then wrote when I got home to say that owing to a domestic bereavement I was forced to cancel them. But once Wily and Jones wrote back to ask for the privilege of supplying my mourning. So now I make use of my husband. It gets me safely out of the shop, and if I really want the things I can always go back and take you to show I was speaking the truth. That's why we're going to Saltoun's now."

"And how long," I asked, "will all these things be kept for you—I mean for me?"

She interrupted me with a flush of genuine indignation.

"See *that* shop—Cameron's? I tired myself out trying to find a coat and skirt there. I must have tried on a dozen altogether, without counting those I put on a second time. And, when at the end I said that I must get my husband to come and choose, the woman pressed her lips together, gathered up every suit I had looked at and said, 'I'll wish ye guid mornin' then.' Wasn't it insolent? A second-rate place, of course; I have never been disbelieved in a good shop."

"Except in Wily and Jones, perhaps?" I rashly murmured.

"Here is Saltoun's," she said. "They have two suits to show you; remember to choose the green."

A Minerva in filmy drapery received us. She gave orders that Miss Donald and Miss Macpherson should put on the green and brown suits and appear forthwith.

"*Scottish* mannequins?" I whispered.



"THEY WERE PERFECT MANNEQUINS."

Euphemia cut me off with a curt nod, patently displeased that I should display emotion in that palace of sophistication.

They were perfect mannequins; Paris can have no better. One was red and shingled and the other fair and bobbed, and both were inhumanly long and lithe and elegant. They turned and twisted and shuffled and wriggled their hips and held out unnaturally jointed arms in the most approved and horrible way.

I looked on with a sickened heart. Euphemia is mainly Saxon, but I am of origin all Scottish, and it affronted me to see these French goings-on. That 's how I missed my cue.

"My husband has a preference for the green," said Euphemia at last, glaring at me.

"It is quite a nice little suit," said Minerva benignly.

At this juncture she was called away for a moment, and I approached Euphemia, who stood rapt in admiration of the green.

"Everything seems to be a fearful price," I muttered; "*how* much did she say this was?"

My wife frowned; I was thoroughly disgracing her. But the mannequin dropped its disjointed arms, bent its shingled red head and, turning up a corner of the green coat, studied a ticket inscribed with cabalistic symbols.

"Twenty-nine guineas."

"Heavens!" murmured Euphemia, "surely it was twenty-one?" I thought her voice in the circumstances alarmingly casual.

"Preposterous!" I said hastily; "that puts it out of the question."

"Look at the line of that coat," said she. It began to dawn on me that the abandoned woman meant to have that suit at any price.

"Y 'll get the same thing for hauf the money at Cameron's up the street," whispered Red-head; "my sister works there—and the lady can always blame her husband." Good Scottish eyes smiled into mine.

The timeous* return of Minerva prevented any demonstration on my part, but I was none the less fired with courage. Euphemia should see what it means to make use of a husband. I approached Minerva.



"Y 'LL GET THE SAME THING FOR HAUF THE MONEY AT CAMERON'S."

"My wife has referred the choice to me," I said blandly; "and I am sorry that I do not care for any of the suits. Good afternoon."

Before my wife had recovered from her stupefaction we were in Sauchiehall Street again and heading for Cameron's.



"I AM SORRY THAT I DO NOT CARE FOR ANY OF THE SUITS. GOOD AFTERNOON."

MENAGERIE MUSIC.

As a result of the successful experiment of broadcasting the voices of some of the animals at the Zoo we are glad to be able to announce that a Grand Zoological Symphony Concert will be held early in the New Year at the Albert Hall.

The exact date has not yet been fixed, owing to the large number of rehearsals which will be necessary and the difficulty caused by the fact, recently noticed in *The Times*, that most animals will not perform to order at a stated time. "No doubt the walrus and the rattlesnake," as the writer observes, "will respond, the first to an offer of food, and the second to a very gentle prodding." As Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL recently remarked to Mr. Punch's representative:

> "The walrus and the rattlesnake
> Require a gentle hand;
> A slice of cod, a friendly prod
> Will make them join the band;
> And when they raise their tuneful lays
> The melody is grand."

On the other hand "lions and tigers raise their voices fitfully and for no particular reason. The offer of food causes a rush and a few growls, but seldom, if ever, a resounding roar." Again, dogs and wolves howl only in chorus. *Per contra*, cats show a decided preference for solos, almost always in the form of nocturnal serenades and moonlight *arias*, or for duets of an antiphonal type. Hopes are, however, entertained that they may be induced to display their virtuosity in the Albert Hall, in conjunction with a few selected peacocks. It has been noted that many female singers, especially high operatic sopranos, produce a pronounced feline tone in emotional passages. Indeed it was once said of a powerful performer that she had all the vocal qualities of the cat except that of sudden and explosive climax.

The programme being thus conditioned by the peculiarities of the performers, the promoters of the concert have been careful to secure compositions specially written for the occasion. Perhaps the most interesting of these is a choral symphony entitled "The Paradise of Birds," from the pen of Pro-

* An interesting word usually met with only in the time-tables of Scottish railways, but deserving of a wider application.

fessor GRANVILLE BANTOCK. It is in twenty real parts, and is scored for canaries, cockatoos, bobolinks, owls and bitterns, accompanied intermittently by a drumming *obbligato* for snipe.

Mr. BAX has kindly composed a tropical *scena* for the Gorilla, introducing his famous *hoot de poitrine*. The soloist will be sustained by a simian quartet composed of marmoset, Barbary ape, chimpanzee and double baboon. The text of the *scena* was written by the late Professor GARNER, renowned for his researches amongst the anthropoid apes of Central Africa, and it may suffice to quote the opening strophes:—

"Ulat tanalareezul,
Amavakr lauten
Weltheinasse
Sthlafunas, slelethcarriu.
Yllog! tahw eglib!"

M. ERIK SATIE's contribution is happily named a "Danse Macawbre" and will be sung and danced by a group of sixteen macaws, to the accompaniment of repeated fanfares of trunk trumpet-calls by two white elephants.

The list of soloists is not yet complete, but at present it includes the names of Madame Marsupia Wallaby, the GALLI-CURCI of Australasia, whose voice is said to be of remarkable and even prismatic compass, extending from the low or bathybian B flat to the high G *vespertilionis*. Mr. Hyrax will, it is hoped, make one of his rare appearances, and Miss Thyracine Wolf, of Tasmania, is expected to lend the assistance of her powerful if not altogether mellifluous organ.

While the programme will be mainly vocal or choral, a small orchestra has been organised by Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS, who considers that possibilities of the most momentous importance reside in the development of the instrumental talent of the animal creation. The proficiency of seals has long been acknowledged, and Mr. GOOSSENS has composed a set of *aequali* for *tromba marina* to be performed by the Amphibian Quartet. But he inclines to the view that the orchestral value of animals can be best realised by treating them as substitutes for instruments rather than as performers upon them, and that their co-operation, especially in the departments of crepitation, bombination, ululation and sibilation, may go far to solve the problem of expense which threatens to extinguish orchestral concerts. Calves have been found to emit sounds almost indistinguishable from those of the bass clarinet, and the bleating of goats in *tremolando* passages develops a *timbre* equal to that of the finest oboes. Negotiations are proceeding with the view of inducing a famous soloist from Surinam to take part in the concert. His name is Thanet O'Fiddian and he has long been renowned for his extraordinary command of xylophonic *bravura*.

It is to be regretted that no horses appear in the programme, for there is a peculiar squealing quality about their whinny which has never been satisfactorily reproduced on any instrument. But horses are notoriously highly-strung and nervous animals, and the possibility of a stampede from the platform has governed the reluctant decision of the promoters to refrain from engaging any equine performers for their opening concert.

LINES TO THE CABINET.

WHAT always seems to me so nice
Are all those reams of good advice
To Governments, when they begin,
About avoiding natural sin
Which all the newspapers put in
("Now then, you boys, be good, do!").
Advice is my strong point, and so
I too intend to have a go;
Shall it be said (it shall not, no!)
That, just for want of one kind word
From me, in afterdays they erred,
If err they ever should do.

To Mr. BALDWIN, then, I say,
Don't fritter half your time away.
Now is the moment, now the chance
Of making progress or advance
Unhampered by the circumstance
Of strong opposing strictures;
Don't sit about and smoke your pipe,
But get some decent laws in type;
You are the man, the hour is ripe.
Don't let it slip your memory, Sir,
That you 've been made Prime Minister,
And don't go to the pictures.

Away, away with lute and tabor,
Ye MINISTERS OF HEALTH and LABOUR!
And thou who hast attained thy Mecca,*
Thou, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
On solid work keep up your pecker.
It may be hard to fix
The mind on such a foolish thing
As tons of files tied up with string,
But ye are servants of the KING;
Lord BIRKENHEAD, remember that;
Attention, please, and touch your hat,
Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS.

Temptations surely will arise
Of spinning coins and swatting flies,
And staying out too long for lunch
And looking at those things in *Punch*,
When there is quite a lengthy bunch
Of letters to be read.
But shall ye loiter round the door?
No, no, the MINISTER FOR WAR,
Refusing to knock off at four,
Shall still toil on with active pen
Till nearly half the gentlemen
In England are abed.

There shall be Questions in the House;
Dull people will get up and grouse
At some imaginary wrong
That happened in the State of Bhong,
Employing phrases far too long
And very often silly.
But shall you weaken? With no sighs,
With no complainings you shall rise
And read them the prepared replies,
Though you would far, far sooner be
Down in the country on a gee
Or having buttered toast for tea
In Clubs off Piccadilly.

For what is Government unless
The chance for statesmen to redress
The grievances of poor and rich
When anyone complains of sich?
That is an occupation which
Should leave you little leisure.
It may not have occurred to you
That awful deference is due
When people seek an interview.
Ah me! it is. Don't throw the gum
At deputations when they come
About some private measure.

The task is there—no time to rest,
No folded hands upon the breast.
The man to see—the law to make—
The anger in the House to slake—
Then office-work without a break,
No time for reading sea-tales.
That will be all, then; as to what
The stuff is like you 'll have to swot,
Shall I describe it? I shall not;
Those permanent officials whom
One sees about in every room
Will give you all the details. EVOE.

* I know. But what was I to do? The only other rhyme I could think of was "wrecker," and it was obviously impossible to work that in.

The Uncertainties of Cricket.

From adjacent newspaper placards:—

"M.C.C. START BADLY."

"M.C.C. START WELL."

"TEMPORARY HIGH COURT JUDGES.
GOVERNMENT TO SUPPLY RAILWAY SLEEPERS."
Headlines in Indian Paper.

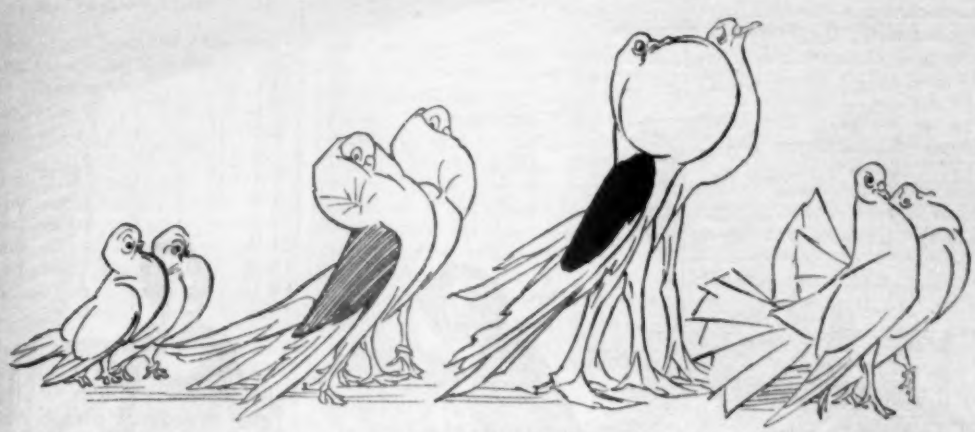
No such expedient, of course, would be tolerated in England.

"LATEST ABOUT WEMBLEY.
Dismantling is proceeding apace, and I am told the process of evacuation is expected to be complete before the end of the war."
Liverpool Paper.

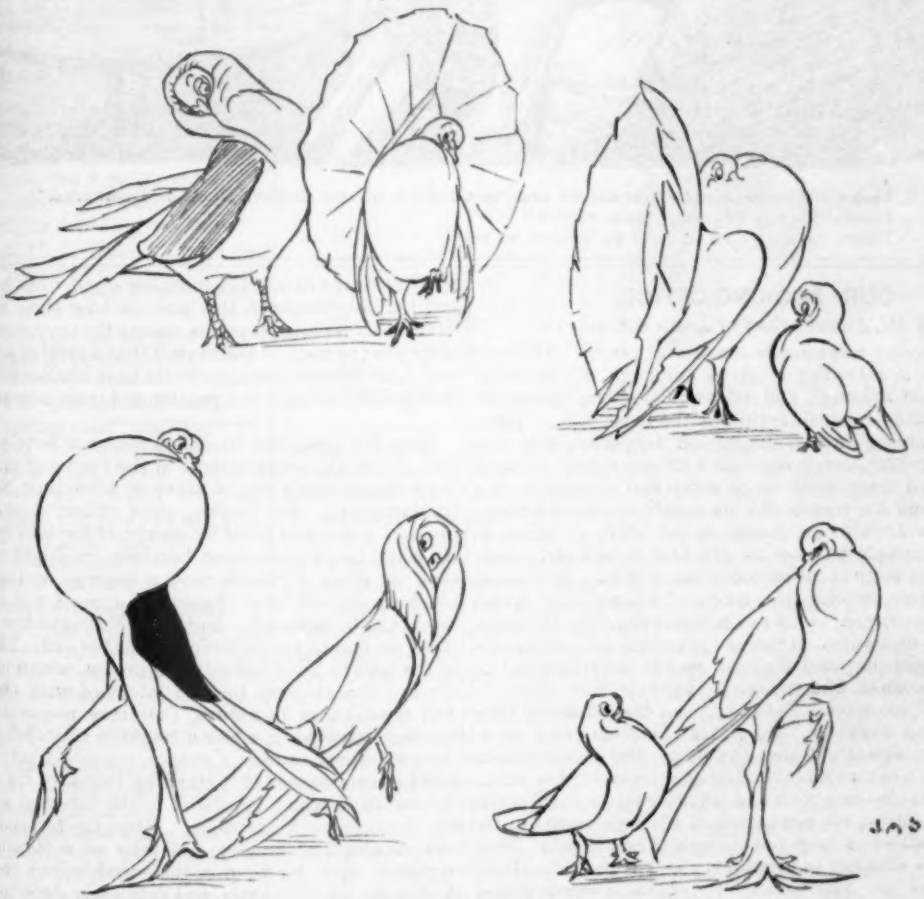
Rather discouraging. We haven't got rid of the peace yet.

"LOST, young smooth-haired Fox-Terrier, wearing red collar, answering to name 'Bight.' Five pounds reward."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Nevertheless we are not going to call out his name to all the dogs we see with red collars; how do we know they can spell?



How we arranged to pair our fancy pigeons.



How our fancy pigeons paired themselves.



Visitor. "MY LITTLE BOY'S HEADMASTER USED TO BE TUTOR TO THE PRESENT DUKE OF DILLWATER."
Hostess. "AND IS THE DEAR CHILD HAPPY?"
Visitor. "HE HASN'T SAID—BUT HE 'S *BOUND* TO BE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are few ways in which a satirist can be better employed than in ridiculing religious humbug. Satire exists to undermine iniquity; and religious humbug—*corruptio optimi pessima*—is of all iniquities the most base. Yet a word of warning to Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, who has always, of course, been given to this furious sport. A small dose is much more likely to go down and do good than a big one. And one reason why the sanctimonious charlatan depicted in *Trimblerigg* (CAPE) is not likely to prove so lively an example to deter as *Mr. Collins* and *Mr. Chadband*, is that there is rather too much of him. The bating of *Trimblerigg* occupies the whole of a beautifully bound and printed volume. It is not a biography, Mr. HOUSMAN says, but a revelation. *Trimblerigg's* tribal god, a muddle-headed, kindly-purposed Wellsian sort of deity, inspired it; and Mr. HOUSMAN, like the Sibyl of Cumæ, was chosen to emit the divine voice. Between them they describe their hero's pious childhood; his sister *Davidina*, who is so shrewd and downright that the very sight of her withers her brother's otherwise invincible complacency; his call to the ministry; his adhesion to a small sect patronised by his wealthiest uncle; his marriage and his departure—on the uncle's death—to a more promising and ample field. They recount his dealings as missionary and investor in Puto-Congo; and the appearance of a halo, a faint lemon-coloured halo, which waxes and wanes with his self-confidence and goes out altogether on the appearance of *Davidina*—a fact which finally brings about his death. The descriptions of *Trimblerigg* eating his morning egg by his halo's light, and his neighbours in the 'bus slanting their newspapers towards its crocean rays, are among the few hearty pieces of fooling in the book. I feel myself that a greater prevalence of such Aristophanic passages would have kindled what is apt to be mere cold derision to a greater and more humane purpose.

Even the most case-hardened reader of novels will surely find his breath being caught in the rush and glitter of Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD'S superb story of adventure, *Sard Harker* (HEINEMANN). *Mr. Harker*, chief officer, it should be explained, was called *Sard* by reason of his sardonic humour. He could be sardonic upon occasion, no doubt; but I hold that his chief attributes were a courage and a constancy touching the sublime. Again and again I was terrified lest he should be defeated. But no. Not until the very end—but I decline to say anything about the end. The narrative of the sailor's blind pursuit of a dream, which changed and mocked him at every turn, is informed with that rarest of fine qualities in literature, the truly romantic. With a message received in a vision bright in his mind *Mr. Harker*, in the natural course of events, attends a prize-fight, and amid circumstances of a startling brutality he overhears a conversation which is related to the message and which is the beginning of his troubles. From the feverish splendour, the squalor and cruelty and folly of a South American republic, itself built upon the bloodstained ruins of dead kingdoms, so brilliantly and ruthlessly depicted, I like to turn to the sober portrait of *Mr. Harker's* commanding officer, *Captain John Craig Cary*. Dignified, imperturbable, shrewd and intensely respectable, *Captain Cary* is the true

British seaman, majestically isolated in his smart ship from the passion-driven mob of assassins and rum-runners, devil-worshippers and dictators, raging together on the sun-scorched tropical shore. I should perhaps warn Mr. MASEFIELD's readers—and may they be many!—that his book is not lightly to be taken up and put down again. Begin, and you must finish it there and then, whatever else happens.

You goodly folk of all degrees
Who like, or actually keep, dogs—
Bloodhounds, Red Setters, Pekinese,
Fox Terriers, Dandie Dinmonts,
Sheepdogs,
Wolfhounds—no matter what the breed,
Whether you 're novice or old stager,
You 'll thank me if you buy and read
A book by A. J. DAWSON (Major).

Peter of Monkslease (RICHARDS) deals
With lore of dogs in all its bearings—
Their puppyhood, their points, their meals,
Their illnesses, their rest, their airings;
Also it probes the reasoning
That makes them love or hate or grovel,
And yet it 's not a handbook thing,
But quite an entertaining novel.

And, if at times the author's touch
Waxes so deeply analytic
That wagging tails convey as much
As *Burleigh's* headshake in *The Critic*,
I care not. Dog-books not a few
I've read, and his just beats them hollow;
His dogs are dears, and all they do,
As he relates it, I can swallow.



AN AUTHOR WHO IS ACCUSTOMED TO RECEIVING A FEE OF TWO SHILLINGS PER WORD STRUGGLING AGAINST A TENDENCY TO PROLIXITY IN A TELEGRAM.

I have only one serious cause of complaint against the authoress of *The Colour of Youth* (COLLINS). Miss FRIEDLAENDER introduces us at the opening of her novel to a "beloved physician," a man "whom one does not forget," and then, long before the story is half told, kills him off rather wantonly in a railway accident. It is a great pity, but I suppose his elimination was demanded by the exigencies of the plot. If his father had lived *John Fallaway's* progress would have been smoother and easier. As it is the dice are a little loaded against him. He is, to begin with, a dumb or inarticulate boy, suppressed and snubbed by his vivacious mother and precocious sister. It is in short the story of the hare and the tortoise. But once the tortoise gets going the dice are loaded the other way. *Nora's* literary talent, sedulously fostered and exploited by her mother, fizzles out, and *John*, after an arduous struggle, blossoms into a successful dramatist. The partnership between mother and daughter, based on insincere mutual admiration, breaks down completely, and *John*, who has bought back the family place, makes a home for his faded and disillusioned sister. The men, barring some precious "littery gents," are all nice; the women, with two minor exceptions, are all variants on the tribe of minx. I cannot help thinking that Miss FRIEDLAENDER is rather hard on her sex. But in that context I cannot refrain from brief thanksgiving over her singular immunity from the prime obsession of the modern novelist, and her complete abstinence from the jargon of psycho-analysis. For these virtues I can even forgive her for using the word "voice" as a verb.

All Cambridge men, even those unfortunates who, like myself, "went down" before 1889, know at least the name of *The Granta*, which its admirers claim to be the chief of undergraduate periodicals. Mr. F. A. RICE, who took over the editorship from Mr. DENYS SMITH of Magdalene in 1924, has had the happy thought of compiling a handsome volume which he calls *The Granta and its Contributors, 1889—1914* (CONSTABLE), wherein he traces the history of the paper and brings together a selection from the best contributions during those twenty-five years. Incidentally he gives us what amounts to a sketch of the history of University journalism in general, from which it may be gathered that while Oxford takes the credit for producing *The Student* (1750), which was the first journal intended for undergraduates, and also *The Undergraduate* (1819), which was the first controlled and edited by those *in statu pupillari*, it seems always to have taken its undergraduate journalism a little too seriously. Or perhaps it lacked the good fortune to possess a THACKERAY, whose early contribu-

tions have made *The Snob* something of a prize to collectors. *The Granta* erred from the start—if error it was—on the side of flippancy. It began by basely filching its title from the great OSCAR BROWNING, Fellow of King's, who had made all preparations, including a cover design, for starting a serious paper under the same name. Not content with this, it utilised "O. B." for many years as a never-failing butt from which to draw supplies of humour when other material chanced to be scarce. Undergraduate journals suffer as a rule from lack of continuity. Editors go down and cannot be bothered to arrange for an heir to the throne. *The Granta* was fortunate enough to find in Mr. R. C. LEHMANN an editor who was already a graduate and an accomplished writer when he took office, and who watched over its future for many years. The names of BARRY PAIN, J. K. STEPHEN, "IAN HAY," ANSTEY GUTHRIE and many others well known to readers of *Punch* are to be found in the list of early contributors. Mr. A. A. MILNE, himself an ex-editor, gives his blessing to the book in a short introduction.

Readers of *The Forge* will have been waiting for Miss RADCLYFFE HALL's next novel, but it is conceivable that *The Unlit Lamp* (CASSELL) may be a shade too sombre for all tastes. Miss HALL works out her theme relentlessly. She takes a clever and attractive child, *Joan Ogden*, and shows how circumstances and environment thwarted her ambitions and played havoc with her life. Selfish parents; a younger sister who was ready to sacrifice anyone provided that she herself was free; lack of money, and possibly an inability to seize a chance when it came her way—all these obstacles, her parents being the worst of them, proved too much for *Joan*. It is a fine study of the tragedy, terribly frequent in actual life, of youth's promise defeated by the exactions of old age. Miss HALL's subject may be depressing, but she has treated it in the only possible way. As one who believes in her future I hope she will not allow herself to be too much attracted by the grimness of life.



WITH OUR BEAGLES: "ALSO RAN."

I suppose the world does not take so much interest in journalists as in those other caterers for its daily entertainment—the players. Perhaps we are less beautiful. However, Mr. LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD, in *Some Piquant People* (FISHER UNWIN), lets the world into some of the secrets of Fleet Street with the authority of one who has himself gone through the mill. It is not a peaceful life, but whether it inspires pity or envy depends much on the temperament. You may be broken but you won't be bored. Our author has evidently lived it with gusto, forty years of it, in a desert that bloomed with many friends whom he delights to praise and some unfriends whom he delights to stab. He has his heroes, Mr. CHARLES HANDS, acknowledged prince of Bohemian journalists, and the gifted GEORGE W. STEEVENS of *Kitchener to Khartoum* fame; and he gives you a lively impression of the fellowship, the pace, the hazards, the prizes and surprises of an odd way of life. There are many amusing shoppy yarns and much breezy comment on men and things. Mr. SPRINGFIELD can retell an old story with skill, though he has not quite unlearnt the canny journalist's trick of putting two words where one would do.

If a society for the suppression of cranks and faddists is ever started I think that Mr. DESMOND COKE should be invited to become its first president. I have held this opinion for some years, but it has been fortified by *Our Modern Youth* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), to which Mr. H. M. BATEMAN has added some characteristically amusing illustrations. The school of *Belvedere* is not like any school on earth and is not meant to be, but in describing *Dr. Boniface's* efforts to educate his pupils on ultra-scientific lines Mr. COKE succeeds in mingling some sound sense with an abundance of entirely delightful nonsense. Moreover he recognises that a book of this *genre* should be of no great length, and accordingly he drops his jest before readers have time to be wearied by it. My unqualified thanks to these collaborators for two or three hours' real entertainment.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. BALDWIN is said to be very popular amongst the farmers. Whenever he visits an agricultural district he is invariably greeted with three ringing grumbles.

* * *

To mark the occasion of Mr. HENRY FORD'S visit to England next year, efforts are being made to produce a perfectly new story.

* * *

Professor KARL PEARSON has discovered that a man is at his best at the age of twenty-seven years. Who would have thought Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was only twenty-seven?

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI is now of opinion that there is too much Black Shirt about the Fascist movement. He has evidently realised the advisability of conciliating the laundries.

* * *

An Italian writer remarks that, since he became Premier, Signor MUSSOLINI is not the man he was. Then who is he?

* * *

A crystal at the Wireless Exhibition was valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. The only whisker that seems valuable enough to put on this is one of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S.

* * *

Wireless sets are being disguised as articles of furniture, and we sympathise with the burglar who, after twenty minutes' hard work on a bureau, merely collected a couple of weather forecasts.

* * *

A London magistrate has stated that the secret of long life is hard work. Some men are too conscientious to take advantage of another man's secret.

* * *

The Observer regards the suggested Liberal conference as an inquest on the Party. The verdict, for the present, seems to be "Found downed."

* * *

The civil war in China has resulted in the closing of a golf club in Shanghai. In our opinion this is carrying war a little too far.

* * *

It is suggested by scientists that wild life is dying out. Then it is evident they have never seen a chess champion stand up to shake himself.

An American journal says that more than a thousand trains leave Chicago every day. We quite see what we're expected to say about it; but it's too easy.

* * *

A judge has recently declared that flappers are all right. That is just what flappers have been telling us all the time.

* * *

Following closely upon the report that snails are being served in a London restaurant comes the news that one of them last week bolted from the waiter, rushed out into the street and was run over.

* * *

A mouse exhibited at the Crystal Palace was valued at five pounds per ounce. What a meal for a profiteer's cat!



Magistrate. "DO YOU WISH TO ASK THE POLICEMAN ANY QUESTIONS?"
Old Offender. "CERTAINLY NOT. I DON'T KNOW THE MAN."

In view of the agitation over bad manners at tennis, we understand that an attempt is being made to substitute "bother" for "deuce."

* * *

A lunatic in America escaped for a week and was discovered shaving people in a barber's shop. Suspicions were aroused because he didn't try to sell customers any whisky.

* * *

Our sympathy goes out to the kind-hearted old lady who puts out a saucer of milk every night for the "cat burglar."

* * *

Forged Treasury notes now being circulated in London are said to be so perfect that they are extremely difficult to detect. Makers of such notes are requested in future to write the word "Forgery" across them in red ink.

* * *

The Prefect of Police in Paris has come to London to study traffic problems. It seems a morbid taste.

A gentleman named GRIGGOLEWIG ASOJEDOFFSKI has been arrested in Berlin for forgery. Well, you can hardly blame him for not wanting to sign his own name.

* * *

The discovery of another substitute for coal is reported. We must interview our coal-merchant in order to make our collection complete.

* * *

Shoes are being worn to match dresses. It seems cruel to allow our revue actresses to go about bare-footed during the winter months.

* * *

We are shortly to have a play without a hero. But what about the man who pays for his seat?

* * *

Recruiting-sergeants are to wear more attractive uniforms. In this we discern the powerful influence of the Brighter Peace Society.

* * *

A Natal farmer has run from London to Brighton in record time. This is the sort of thing that puts the Southern Railway on its mettle.

* * *

In Falkirk, as an experiment, a hybrid plant has been cultivated which bears potatoes under the ground and tomatoes above it. All that remains to be done is to graft it on to a beef-steak.

* * *

A fashion-writer draws attention to modifications in the shape of the evening waistcoat. Elderly men in general continue to favour the convex style.

* * *

A gentleman who writes to a daily is convinced that he has a film face. We advise him to screen it.

* * *

It is announced that the book of one of the London pantomimes is by three authors. A writer who is responsible for one-seventeenth of a current revue gives no credence to this allegation.

* * *

A film star newly arrived at Los Angeles shuns publicity and prefers to stay at home and play with her baby sister. We have this on the authority of her Press-agent.

* * *

Burglaries are increasing in Scotland, and nervous householders are turning the haggis loose in the backyard at night.

THE PASSING OF THE PEKE.

[A leader-writer in *The Times* is of the opinion that the protracted cult of Chinese fashions is moribund. He notes a deep significance in an advertisement sent to his paper by a lady who desires "to exchange a handsome Pekingese for a diamond-ring."]

UNEASY lies the head that has its pillow
Where mobile Fashion spreads her lap;
Not more inconstant is the wave (or billow)
That gives a kiss and then a slap;
Our pampered petlets, lately couched in clover,
They have their hour and cease to be;
Even the dynasty of Pekes is over;
Their doom is settled. P.M.G.

And kindred fancies in the wake will follow
Of that Celestial little beast,
Exotic stunts in which our women wallow,
Ap'ng the bad ways of the East;
The pallor, such as people get when bilious
Or sick of being on the sea,
The vogue of eyebrows arched and supercilious—
These follies too must go (M.G.).

Meanwhile—I 've said so—forth has gone the fiat
That Pekes are off, and that is that;
No more shall my Amelia's Wu-wu fly at
My feet that ached to crush him flat;
To miss the music of his yap may peeve her,
Yet is it worth the pain if she
Gets in his place a terrier or retriever,
Real dogs and English. P.M.G.

And none shall make us, with a tearful cheek, weak
In this resolve, or shake our nerve;
Not that we want the pogrom of a Peke-week;
Plain lethal chambers ought to serve;
Nor need my lady's Wu-wu wholly perish;
In lieu of coney she is free
Around her neck his outer bark to cherish;
As for his inner—R.I.P. O. S.

THE SILHOUETTE CUTTER.

BEFORE seeing *Warning Shadows* at the Tivoli I saw the latter part of *Circe the Enchantress*, which preceded it. The heroine of this film led a gay life. She had a heart of gold. She fell in love with a doctor. He bound up her hand when she had cut it with a broken champagne glass. She gambled away her house, her money—everything, in fact, but herself, to a Bad Man. Ruined, she went back to the convent where she was brought up as a child—I think one may almost say as a che-ild. There are more convent schools on the screen than are dreamt of by the Catholic Church. It could hardly fail to happen that one of the convent children was nearly run over by a motor-car, but saved by the heroine at the expense of her own nether limbs. It did not fail to happen. They wondered whether she would ever walk again. An old physician, looking rather like a sea-lion, shook his head and said she must try. The heroine rose from her chair. She tumbled down. They pulled her up again. Enter the good young doctor. She stood, she smiled. He stood, he smiled. She struggled. She went on struggling. Titters from the audience. Murmurs of "Get a move on!" Would she ever walk? She did. She staggered slowly—and oh! how highly polished was the hospital floor—she staggered into the arms of the good young doctor. Curtain. Merriment mingled with applause.

In *Warning Shadows* the heroine was also a Fast Woman. But, oh! my dear, it wasn't the same kind of film at all. It was one of the kind of films that come from Stockholm and Berlin. In these films they nearly always put the characters and the scene into the eighteenth century. Not because this has anything to do with the plot, but for the simple pleasant reason that this is a play and people are dressing up to play it.

The situation was the simplest dramatic situation in the world. Just jealousy, and nothing more. But the ingenuity—perhaps one might say the art—was amazing. There was a Shadow-Mesmerist, a vagabond exhibitor of cardboard silhouettes on a screen. So we had a film within a film. Like *Hamlet?* Yes, like that up to a certain point.

There was the Husband, the Wife, the Young Lover, a Servant or two, and three doddering Cavaliers. The Wife flirted with the Young Lover; the Husband was furiously jealous. The Silhouette Cutter was called in to amuse the assembly after dinner. He showed the Eternal Triangle by means of tiny Chinese shadow figures on the screen within the screen. Then quite suddenly he became the Shadow-Mesmerist. There was a brazen blare like a distant gong, and on the instant, by some strange film artifice, the table was turned round so that the characters were sitting looking-glasswise. Then the Wife flirted more outrageously; the Husband grew angrier still. He broke his wine-glass and the wine streamed over the table. The Wife rose and left the men, beckoning over her shoulder to the Young Lover. He followed to her room. The Husband crept after. He gave orders to the Footman. He watched. The Lover came out. He passed by the Husband, who did not move. The Husband went down to his armoury. The Wife came out. She was followed by the Footman, carrying ropes. She fled, terrified, along passages and down stairs. The Footman caught her. They dragged her into the dining-hall and tied her on to the dining-table as if it had been an altar.

The Husband returned with an armful of swords. He forced the three imbecile Cavaliers to take three of them—forced them at the point of his own sword to advance to the table, to kill her there, while the Young Lover stood shuddering.

The Husband was overwhelmed with horror at his own deed. He was mad. He went out and picked armfuls of roses. He came back and lay on the body. He was quite mad. He was hustled by the others. There was a terrible struggle. The Husband was hurled from the casement-window and crashed on the stones of the market-square——The gong blared again. The table was turned back, as before. Husband, Wife and guests all were half-stupefied, softened and changed. The Chinese silhouette show on the inner screen was continued to its comic end. The guests stole out one by one. Husband and Wife embraced. The servants threw back the windows of the banqueting-hall. It was dawn. The usual traffic was afoot in the market-square.

So much for the drama. But half the imagination and ingenuity was shown in the extraordinary working of shadows and reflections throughout the piece, so that, quite apart from the silhouette drama, we seemed to be as often looking at the images of the characters projected upon walls and floors, or returned from looking-glasses, as at the characters themselves.

The whole piece was played at half the pace of ordinary life, that is to say at a quarter of the pace of ordinary films, and this was done apparently with the idea of presenting the puppet quality of drama, or should I say of life? The players were given no names upon the programme, but all played excellently well, and apparently without any exaggeration, except in so far as exaggeration was demanded by the play. One had the grave suspicion that they were more conscious of themselves as actors than as "stars." This will never do. But I doubt whether the heresy will spread. EVOE.



THE LION-FANCIER.

THE SOVIET BEAR. "NOTHING SAID ABOUT BEARS! AND I USED TO BE SO POPULAR WITH THE LAST MAN."

[Mr. BALDWIN welcomed the Dominion High Commissioners at No. 10 last week, and discussed with them informally several important questions affecting the interests of the Empire. It is expected that similar meetings will be held regularly.]



Flapper. "SHAVE, PLEASE."
Surprised Apprentice. "*SHAVE*, MISS?"
Flapper. "BACK OF THE NECK, YOU ASS!"

A TRAFFIC TANGLE.

"You 'll pardon me," suddenly remarked the old gentleman in the corner of the third-class smoker as he laid down his paper and cut into the conversation which had been in progress between his two fellow-travellers ever since they had got in at Woking, "but I 've just been reading an article about the motor-traffic in the London streets; and from what I could not help overhearing of your discussion I gather that both of you are drivers of motor-vehicles."

The two men looked round and stopped their talk, which was highly technical and ran on such mysteries as magnetos and throttle-valves. The old gentleman was obviously right; for, though there was about the smaller of the pair a dapper alertness that suggested the ex-soldier, and the burly breeziness of his companion betrayed a former professional acquaintance with blue water, it was evident that the present vocation of both was the driving of motors.

"Now," continued the old gentleman, "it would interest me extremely to hear the opinions of such practical authorities as yourselves upon this difficult question—that is, of course, if you possess, as I surmise, actual experience of driving in the metropolitan area."

"Never driven nowhere else," said the smaller man, with a touch of barrack-room curtness and a significant glance at his *confrère*.

"Capital!" chortled the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and moving relentlessly nearer to his victims; for his chattiness, pent-up since Basingstoke, had been raging within him for an opportunity of release. "You see," he went on, "I 'm just an ordinary member of the public. I can't afford to keep a car or to take taxis very often, so that I seldom get a chance of hearing the matter discussed from the driver's point of view. And omnibus-drivers are strangely uncommunicative! It 's embarrassing to try to talk to them from the inside, and if before getting in or after alighting one ventures to address a few words to them from the kerb, they seem to be a little short——"

"They ain't got much time for chattin'," said the ex-soldier, "not with the timekeeper glarin' at 'em from the pavement an' clockin' the poor blokes to the umpteenth of a second."

"Quite so. Precisely. That 's my difficulty," purred the old gentleman, warming to his work; "so now that I can seize the occasion of talking uninterruptedly with two such experienced —er—practitioners as you appear to be, I 'm confident that you 'll give me the benefit of your—er—tested knowledge on one or two salient points. First, as regards the control of traffic by the police. Do you find that you 're often held up unnecessarily by the constables on point-duty?" and, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles on the very tip of his nose, he peered at his companions with the air of a K.C. worrying a witness.

"Carn't say as I do," answered the big ex-bluejacket, resigned by now to the inevitable. "'Course I 've got lots o' pals in the Force, an' I considers it their duty to watch-out for *me*. *I* don't waste much time in thinking about the coppers. But I 've nothing to complain of about 'em. They stops everything else for me, and——"

"One moment!" exclaimed the old gentleman with sudden ferocity; "do you mean to tell me, Sir, that the police allow private friendship to interfere with their public duty? that they let you through when they stop others because——"

"Dunno 'bout friendship," cut in the

big man coolly, "but I whizzes past 'em right enough, an', if one of 'em was to try an' 'old *me* up, I reckon 'e 'd soon find 'isself on the bloomin' carpet."

"Do you mean to say, Sir," thundered his astonished questioner, "that police constables are terrorised into this iniquitous favouritism?"

"Dunno 'bout terrorisin'," was the reply; "but, if one of 'em was to stand in the road in front o' *my* scarlet-runner, well, 'e wouldn't live long enough to worry about bein' terrorised."

"But this is astounding. Paris is nothing to it!" gasped the old gentleman, now quite purple in the face, as he turned to the little ex-soldier. "And you, Sir—may I ask whether *you* endorse such monstrous and anti-social partiality?"

"Well, I sorter works with the pleece, you see, Sir," said the little man mildly; "they always lets *me* through, even when the traffic 's stopped for Royal percessions an' suchlike. Allowin' for the difference in pace, it 's much the same with me as with Jim 'ere. There ain't no 'urry for *me* an' my ole 'bus; I jus' trundles along quite 'appy at about ten miles p.h., an' never stops for no one."

"Gobbless my soul, but this is amazing!" choked the old gentleman, breathless with bewilderment. "'Never stops for no one!' And what about your passengers, may I ask? I can understand their pleasure at not being 'held up;' but suppose they want to get out? Is there no bell in your 'bus, Sir?"

"I never stops to ask *my* passengers what they wants," replied the ex-warrior quite casually; "an' as to ringin' bells, I leaves that sort o' row to Jim 'ere. You see, mine ain't exac'ly a popular sort o' 'bus, Sir. Nobody fights to get into it, nor seems perticklar anxious to get out again; there ain't much to look forward to, so to speak, at neither end o' *my* route."

Their questioner mopped his face. "Stop a minute!" he implored; "I—I don't understand. Are either of you what they call 'pirates'? I mean, do you work on vehicles not owned by one of the big public-utility companies?"

"We works for the biggest of 'em all, guv'nor," chuckled the ex-sailor. "'Ullo! 'ere we are at Clapham Junction. Good mornin', guv'nor. An' look 'ere—don't you run away with no false notions in your 'ead. You can see our 'buses any day on the London streets, but we ain't no pirates. You see, *I steers a fire-engine, an' my pal 'ere drives a motor prison van!*"

"Waitress wanted for lady's tea-rooms in a sunny market town."—*Ladies' Paper.*

Where? Where?



"HULLO, BROWN, FANCY RUNNING ACROSS YOU HERE! HOW SMALL THE WORLD IS TO BE SURE."

"IS IT, INDEED? TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THE EXACT SIZE ESCAPES ME AT THE MOMENT."

THE CHILDREN IN THE CHAIR.

At night, when Mummy 's tucked me in
And heard me say my prayers,
It 's then the Fairy-tales begin
Before she goes downstairs;
In the old wicker-chair she sits,
"Once on a time," says she,
And then the Children in the Chair
Begin to squeak with glee.

I hardly hear the tales some nights,
For I hear *them* instead;
And when she says, "It 's time the lights
Were out, my sleepy-head,"
I never say what makes me feel
So wide-awake, for I
Won't tell about the Chair Children
In case they might feel shy.

You see, I know—and only me—
That underneath her chair
There lives a Fairy Family;
They 've told me they live there;
And they love Fairy-tales so much
They can't keep still, you know;
They just *must* squeak a little bit
Because they love them so.

It 's queer that Mummy doesn't guess
That they are listening,
And doesn't hear their happiness—
It *is* a funny thing;
For they 're *so* glad that, even when
She 's gone off down the stair,
I *still* hear little bursts of squeaks
From the old wicker-chair.

THE SOCIALIST AND THE SHEEP.

ONE has always been anxious to learn the probable position of art and artists under Socialism; and, according to *The Observer*, one corner of the veil has now been lifted by Mr. C. M. DOWSE, speaking at the Food Reform Restaurant, under the auspices of the London and District Council of Socialist Sunday Schools. This is not, by the way, to be confused with the Anti-Hot-Water-Bottle Society, which meets as a rule at the Café for the Abolition of Rain.

Mr. C. M. DOWSE said that "when the time came for the Socialists to take over the State and municipal machines they must improve the means of access to the art works in the world," and do other admirable things; "*and they must permit of the free development of artistic powers by those who possessed talent.*"

But he went on, "Then are we to permit the existence of a large number of citizens who appear to work only in spasmodic outbursts, 'when they are inspired,' as they put it? Will not our reformed society object to these drones? This may be solved by the filtering process. We might convert to other purposes the labours of many thousands of so-called artists of to-day, and the world would be no worse. Great art will never be anything but rare, and, if the State learns to leave its few great artists alone and sternly limit the operations of the mediocre mass with small or undeveloped talent, the best results will follow. I am not suggesting the suppression of any artistic ability . . ."

Mr. DOWSE's artistic Utopia does not appear to be any more revolting than any other Utopia; but, presented by a pure Socialist (presumably) at the Food Reform Restaurant, under the auspices of the London and District Council of Socialist Sunday Schools (which is *not* to be confused with the Anti-Hot-Water-Bottle League, which meets as a rule at the Café for the Abolition of Rain), it is extraordinarily interesting. For Mr. DOWSE's formula for Art under Socialism is shockingly opposed to the pure Socialist formula for every other human activity. We have always been told that special individual capacity, industry or talent should not have a special reward, as they do under the cruel capitalist system, for this means the oppression of the weak; but everyone must be recognised to be as important as everybody else, however ill equipped by nature and circumstance to do a good day's work. Moreover, we are told, if they were not crushed by the competitive system, it would often turn out that these weaker vessels proved themselves worthier, after all, than those who started under more favourable conditions.

So it would, Mr. DOWSE. But what have we here? "The few great artists" in the State are to be placed upon a pinnacle and "left alone"; while "the operations of the mediocre mass, *with small or undeveloped talent*," are to be "sternly limited."

DOWSE, old bean, this is Prussianism pure and simple. This is the competitive system at its worst. This beats the cruelty of capitalism to a frazzle.

However, there is much to be said for it. For my part I agree entirely that there are far too many writers or, at any rate, too many people who write, while the competition in the humorous branch of art has often struck me as brutal. I therefore have no complaints. Regarding myself (as the best people do regard themselves) as one of "the few great artists," I see very clearly the beauty and justice of any scheme by which I shall be paid a substantial salary by the State and "left alone." Let us by all means have done with this "mediocre mass," this army of "drones." Curse the fellows! let them join the Boilermakers and leave the field to me and THOMAS HARDY. I see the point, Mr. DOWSE, I see it clearly. What I do *not* see for the moment is

(*a*) Who (besides the gentlemen named above) are to be the few great ones?

(*b*) Who is going to volunteer for the mediocre masses?

(*c*) In the absence of agreement among the artists themselves (and this is just conceivable) who is going to decide which of us are the great ones and which the mediocre mass or drones?

(*d*) And how?

Nothing, I know, Mr. DOWSE, is more repulsive to a high-souled speaker at the Food Reform Restaurant than the sneering manner in which reactionaries will stand in the way of fine ideals and noble dreams with pettifogging practical objections. Don't think me that sort of toad, Mr. DOWSE. I merely ask for information. I merely ask, for example:—

What exactly will be the position of Miss ETHEL M. DELL in the Socialist Commonwealth?

In the opinion of many novelists I know, the existence of Miss DELL and other popular writers of her school is a menace to their circulation. Further (I should not venture to express an opinion myself) I know one or two persons of the highest culture who would not hesitate to describe Miss DELL's talents as "mediocre." Miss DELL, I dare say, has very different views. So, for that matter, have many thousands of her fellow-countrymen. This will be a jolly little problem for the Ministry of Art, won't it, Mr. DOWSE?

And here's another, Mr. DOWSE. *What will the Ministry of Literature and Art do about Mr. A. E. HOUSMAN or Mr. E. M. FORSTER?*

Mr. FORSTER writes a novel every thirteen years, generally a masterpiece. Mr. HOUSMAN produces a book of poems at much the same interval, with the same result. But, O Mr. DOWSE, will



ALL BLACKS ON WHITE.

THE NEW ZEALANDER (AS MACAULAY ANTICIPATED) SITS ON THE RUINS OF LONDON.



Visitor (shocked). "SO YOU HAVEN'T YET TRAINED YOUR PARROT TO DROP THAT DREADFUL LANGUAGE?"
Maiden Lady. "NO; BUT I DON'T THINK HE MEANS IT AS MUCH AS HE DID."

not our reformed society object to these horrid "drones" who only write "in spasmodic outbursts, when they are inspired, as they put it"?

In the reformed society, Mr. DOWSE, will Civil Servants be allowed to take the bread out of the mouths of Union Labour—as Mr. A. B. WALKLEY did, not to mention CHARLES LAMB?

Would the following artists be "sternly limited" or "left alone":—

The POET LAUREATE,
Sir EDWARD ELGAR,
Sir GERALD DU MAURIER,
FRANK TINNEY?

Which of the SITWELL family would be "filtered"? And to what "other purposes" would their labour be "converted"?

Would the Sheikh school of fiction be held to "possess talent," or not?

What would be done to autobiographers?

On the Committee or Caucus which decides these little things will (*a*) the artist, (*b*) the average consumer, (*c*) the highbrow, be represented? And in what proportions? If Yes—will not this be the most stormy Committee in the world's history? If No—is this British liberty?

Don't set me down for a low sneerer, Mr. DOWSE, but I have the faintest, friendliest suspicion that the Nationalisation of Art has not been worked out with quite the same thoroughness as, for example, the Nationalisation of Wool.

I have read all about the Nationalisation of the Wool Trade, Manufacture, Distribution, Export and everything, in the report of the Trade Union Congress on the Cost of Living. I know nothing about wool, Mr. DOWSE; but, borne along upon the wings of that smooth and confident prose, it seemed to me that nothing could be simpler than the Nationalisation of the Wool Trade. I marvelled that any statesman could be blind and unscrupulous enough to set his face against it for an instant. I saw as in a vision the whole vast industry turned gradually upside down and running better than it ever ran before. Nothing has been forgotten in that scheme—the very sheep is reformed and made pure. The sheep, it is calculated, under Nationalisation will not only grow more wool but take on an entirely new character from the knowledge that it serves the State and no longer toils ceaselessly for the profit of a private person. The sheep in the Socialist Commonwealth will be more like a dog.

Since however I have read Mr. DOWSE's observations on artists under Socialism I have had horrid doubts about sheep under Socialism. Both the schemes have the same sweet plausibility; but yours, Mr. DOWSE, if I may quote an old saying, is like the thirteenth stroke of a crazy clock, which not only is itself discredited but casts a shade of doubt over all previous assertions.

Are you *quite* sure, Mr. DOWSE, that you have not forgotten the sheep?

A. P. H.

Our Shameless Contemporaries Again.

"Violinist wanted to play in lounge nightly from 7.30 till 10 o'clock."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"Silk wraps of such quality are usually sold at two guineas and upwards. But that's another story."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

And we have heard so much lately about "Truth in Advertising!"

"That the rural pupulation of this country is progressively degenerating to a 'C3' standard is suggested."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems already to have gone to the little dogs.

THE QUID.

LET this day be acclaimed and renowned through the uttermost ages,
Let the story go forth to all peoples both near and remote,
Be it written—you 'll pardon the *cliché*—in history's pages
(Compilers of *Whitaker's Almanack*, kindly take note),
For I sing of a day when my spirit rose up like a rocket,
My heart ceased to beat for a span (on my honour, it did),
When I brought an old garment to light, and, behold, in a pocket
I discovered (oh, moment of moments!) a Sovereign—a Quid.

When I woke in the morning I felt I was in for some glad thing,
And, though song before sunrise has never been one of my faults,
I delighted all ears as I sang in my bath like a mad thing,
A triumph achieved as a rule by medicinal salts;
Then I yearned in my joy to a waistcoat once loved, long neglected,
Whose congruous glories would deafen an ox in a pit,
And I found it, and there, in its cranny for years undetected,
Was a something—a shilling?—ah no; it was It, it was It.

There it lay in its weight and its beauty, the only survivor
Of a time that had gone, of the wonderful Era of Gold
When a Quid was a Quid, and a Fiver, begad, was a Fiver,
And lads of the village had not had their liquor controlled;
When the frugal by self-immolation could put a small sum by,
And those with more carnal ambitions could have a good run,
Not as now, when not only the boodle is harder to come by,
But is all swallowed up on bare need, leaving nothing for fun.

But 'twas little I paused on an aspect so gross and material;
To a Muse, like my own, of the purest and loftiest aims,
'Twas the Token itself that appealed, the King-Coin, the Imperial,
The Thick-'un, the Yellow Boy, lost and affectionate names;
They are past, and Romance has gone with them; who speaks of the Pony,
Who mentions the Monkey to-day? Oh, my friends, if I weep,
It is not at my chronic condition of being so stony,
'Tis the Poetry lost when the Thick-'un flew over the deep.

Then the Quids one has known! Can you think of the day when, a nipper,
In a rapturous moment you found yourself dow'red with your first?
Can you dream of the awkward though casual grace of the tipper,
And you, the recipient, how nearly you got up and burst?
Yes, 'tis one of the moments one lifts from the back of one's memory
To taste of anew now and then; oh, my bountiful Aunt,
When you placed that bright disc in my paw I went all over tremor-y;
How I loved you I still can recall. How I spent it, I can't.

But the question arises of what 's to be done with my treasure;
I suppose, being "trove," it 's HIS MAJESTY'S booty, not mine;
But, although at a word it would give me the greatest of pleasure
To die for my King, still, I 'm sorry, one must draw the line.
I shall keep it myself; I shall set it apart as a jewel,
A token too noble (in recognised limits) to spend;
And, unless I should lose it again (and my luck 's something cruel),
It shall pass to the heir (if I have such a thing) at my end.

DUM-DUM.

TROUSERS AND PLUS-FOURS.

SITTING here in the Club-house this soaking Saturday morning, watching the raindrops splashing in the casual water which guards the eighteenth green and listening to the yawns and droning voices of disgruntled golfers, I cannot help reflecting how extraordinary it is that one should go on pursuing the game of golf. I do not mean because of the weather, for the weather is equally vile for any game or sport; I mean because it has long been perfectly obvious that one has practically no earthly chance of ever doing anything right at the game. For years I have contended with an ignominious slice which can only be cured by being turned into a ludicrous hook; for years I have been afflicted by a stupid and destructive habit of topping, the only remedy for which is to flog the ground heavily and send the ball flying gently into the air about as far as golf balls are hit by children at Kindergartens; for years my mashie shots have been falling into bunkers, my chip shots been going half-way to the hole, my short putts been trembling on its brink.

All this I have endured with a great tolerance and a certain patient hopefulness that some day, in some unforeseen manner, these things might be set to rights; and I have not been entirely unhappy. I have had my moments; rich rare moments of exhilaration at the discovery of some new secret—a twist of a knee, a turn of a wrist, a twirl of a hip—which has given me heart of grace for the future, and at any rate afforded temporary relief. I have had my mornings when I have all but sung in my bath for the joy of believing that to-day I shall be playing a nice, free, natural, easy game; I have had my nights when I have lain awake in bed, visualising myself with a swing like TOLLEY'S, hoping—almost praying—that this might be my swing on the morrow. Though, taken all round, my golf has been a bitter disappointment to me, it has not been completely devoid of pleasure.

But this new thing that has just happened—this is the crowning blow; a crueller blow than I have ever suffered; a blow which I cannot see my way to endure. If you could know the months—nay, years—during which I have pondered the question whether I could take to wearing plus-fours; if you could know the hundreds of times I have discussed this question with my wife; how I have watched the growth of plus-fours on nine-handicap men, twelve men, fourteen men, sixteen men, until finally I decided that I could with reasonable safety venture out in them; if you could picture that scene yesterday evening when I paraded myself jubilantly before my wife, attired in my beautiful new plus-fours, delivered by my tailor specially in time for use this week-end; if you could have been with us at breakfast this morning and perceived the glow of pride, the youthful exuberance, the air of suppressed excitement—then you would have some slight idea of how it has hurt.

To-day is Medal Day. It is my first day in plus-fours. The Club-house is full of golfers waiting for the rain to stop. I am booked to play with Grant, but he has telephoned to say he won't come up till the weather clears. For some time I have been hiding in the dressing-room. I have been feeling a little nervous, still doubtful of my right to wear plus-fours. But at length I slipped into the smoking-room and took up my position at this writing-desk, my legs partly



MANNERS AND MODES (IF WINTER COMES).

FURS, AND WHERE TO WEAR THEM.

concealed beneath it. Beside me, sprawling round the fire in all the available armchairs, there sit the Tigers—Claud Haslam of International fame, Jim Dent (+ 1), Charles Roberts (scr.) and some more. Looking at them, I noticed to my surprise that Haslam and Dent were wearing flannel trousers, Haslam's of a biscuit colour and Dent's a kind of lilac.

It was during a lull in the yawning that I overheard Roberts' remark. "Yes," he was saying, "I suppose trousers are the only possible things to wear, now that plus-fours are being sold ready-made by all the cheap tailors."

"Absolutely," Haslam replied.

And Dent added, "Why, plus-fours are all the rage at Wigan." A remark which was greeted with a gentle chuckle from everyone within hearing, except me.

So there it is. I am wrong again. Hopelessly wrong. My plus-fours—my beautiful long-deferred plus-fours—bought in the hope that they might perhaps lift me one stage out of Rabbitdom (at any rate in the Club-house), are about to stamp me finally and indisputably as a Rabbit. As worse than a Rabbit As a ready-made Rabbit.

* * * * * * * *

The rain has nearly ceased. Grant has arrived. He is wearing grey flannel trousers. Even Grant. He looks at my plus-fours with a faintly pitying smile. It is too much to bear. Why did I know nothing of all this? Why do I know nothing about golf? Why am I always wrong?

I honestly believe the game is too hard for me.

"The Rome Hosiery mill has put on a night shirt to fill large orders coming in for the past several weeks."—*American Trade Paper.*

We always prefer pyjamas in these circumstances.



BRIGHTER HUNTING.

M.F.H. (making the best of a bad day, to visiting Jockey). "PERHAPS A BIT SLOW, BUT A BEAUTIFUL HOUND HUNT."

Visiting Jockey. "WELL, I NEVER COULD SEE MUCH IN 'UNTIN'. A LOT OF 'ARD WORK FOR NOTHIN'. BUT JUST TIE FIFTY QUID ON TO THE FOX'S TAIL, AND SEE WHO CATCHES 'IM FIRST—ME OR YOUR DOGS."

BACHELORS' BUTTONS.

"I WANT to talk to you," said Wimpole. "I've just heard that your sister is engaged to a man who has an interest in the publishing firm of Porson and Batt. They run several of these things."

He drew from his overcoat pocket one of those periodicals whose mission it is to explain and impart the charm of CLEOPATRA and NINON DE L'ENCLOS to the British nursemaid. "You see this? There is a complete story with an illustration, 'He showered kisses on her eyelids;' a portion of a thrilling serial with another illustration, '"Heart of mine," he whispered,' and a pattern for a useful camisole. Then there is a page called 'Aunt Petunia's Corner,' in which readers ask for advice and get it. I gather that this is a very popular feature. I'll read you some of it:—

"'My husband used to be perfectly devoted to me, but last week, when I wanted to go to a dance, he said he had to mend the hen-coop; and he never jumps up in the middle of breakfast now and comes round the table to kiss the top of my head. This morning I asked him if his love was cooling, and he only said, "Ten to! Blow! I shall miss my train." What shall I do?—*Girlie.*

"'Dear little Girlie,—I am sure your hubby loves you just as much as ever. But perhaps you have got a teeny weeny bit careless over your hair and skin, and both are so *dreffully* important, aren't they? A good lotion and cream (the *Bunny* specialities are excellent) will work wonders, and you will find him as ready as ever to take you out.'

"Then there is somebody who signs herself '*Amaryllis*' and suffers from swelled feet. You see," pursued Wimpole, "what a lot of help women get from the Press. Is there any journal that will tell me how to cut out a waistcoat or regain my wife's affections? There is not. Is there any editor who, if I wrote to him to complain that I was growing stout while my hair was getting thin, would print my letter and make a tactful and sympathetic reply?"

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"No," said Wimpole, "and I am convinced that there is a great future for a journal conducted on these lines and addressed to men. It should deal with love, fret-work, bee-keeping, poultry and so forth. There would be moral axioms and toilet hints. Why shouldn't we be advised about our clothes and told how to remain young and beautiful?"

"Quite," I said. "Well, I'll give you a letter of introduction to young Batt if you like. That 's the chap Betty is engaged to."

Wimpole thanked me profusely and we parted. Subsequently I heard that the firm had been favourably impressed by his idea. The new paper was to be launched very shortly and he was to be its editor. I did not meet him again until yesterday. I had run down to Brighton for the week-end and I came upon him sitting in a shelter. He was correcting proofs. I sat down beside him.

"Busy?" I said.

"Fearfully," he said. "This is 'Nunky's Nook.'"

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"The same as 'Aunt Petunia's Corner,'" he reminded me. "Of course for the start I've had to write the questions

as well as the answers myself. Would you care to hear some of them?"

"I should."

"'I have been asked to dinner by my publisher,' began Wimpole. "'Of course I am awfully excited about it, and I do so want to look my best. What would you advise me to wear? I don't hold myself very well and I'm afraid my chin is weak, but my calves are rather nice.—*Herbert.*

"'It's a pity your calves are your best point, Herbert, as they cannot appear to the greatest advantage in the circumstances you describe. If I were you, dearie, I should decide on a black-and-white effect, very simply cut and without any trimming. I gather that you are a novelist and you will not therefore need to be told that evening dress must be immaculate. No other adjective is ever used in this connection. Immaculate, of course, merely means free from gravy stains. No publisher would expect you to appear in anything new. Just be your own simple self and I am sure you will look sweet. I wish you all the luck in the world.'

"'I am a Bank clerk and live at home with my grandmother and three aunts. It seems as if nothing thrilling would ever happen to me, and I do so long for romance. Do you think that if I obtained a post in the East there would be any chance of rescuing a beautiful girl from a sheik?—*Knight Errant, Peckham.*

"'Your wish is a very natural one, K.E., but if I were you I should remain where you are. Be patient and you may find that hearts can beat as quickly and pulses throb as madly on gravel with a clay subsoil as on sand. Try saying to yourself every morning when you wake, "Peckham is as capable as Persia of passion."

"'I have fallen in love with a young lady who works in the same office. She was very nice at first, but lately she has shown a disposition to avoid me. She says I am not the strong man of her dreams, and that she couldn't marry anyone who didn't remind her of Nick Ratcliffe. Who is the blighter anyway? She has mentioned him more than once. I am willing to do anything within reason to please her.—*Careworn, Catford.*

P.S.—Can I make any use of an old bowler hat?

"'You might try Swedish exercises, Careworn, but I fear there is little hope for you if she is in earnest. If you were out together and she sprained her ankle somewhere between the Leg of Mutton Pond and the Spaniards could you carry her to the nearest bus terminus? Think this over carefully. To convert your bowler into a charming flower-pot stand, stencil a pattern round the brim with green paint.

"'I want to become a film actor, but my nose is not suitable for star parts. What shall I do?—*Ambitious, Anerley.*

"'Write to one of the firms advertising in this paper, mentioning us and stating the type of nose you prefer. I should advise Greek for a lover and Roman for hard-riding cowboys, susceptible burglars and other rough diamonds. They will supply you with a nasal vice. Screw it on when retiring for the night. You may find some difficulty in breathing, but if you will only persevere the result will surprise you.

"'Two girls have been paying me a great deal of attention. One is well off and the other is poor. I prefer the former, but fear I may be thought mercenary if I encourage her. Please advise me. Should I wear spats? I am an ashen blond.—*Percy.*

"'Follow the dictates of your heart, Percy. I cannot solve the spat problem without further particulars. Write to me again.'

"We shall give full instructions for cutting out a pair of braces at home from a piece of old carpet with our first number," said Wimpole. "I think it can be done, though I haven't tried it yet. You haven't any odds and ends I could practise on?"

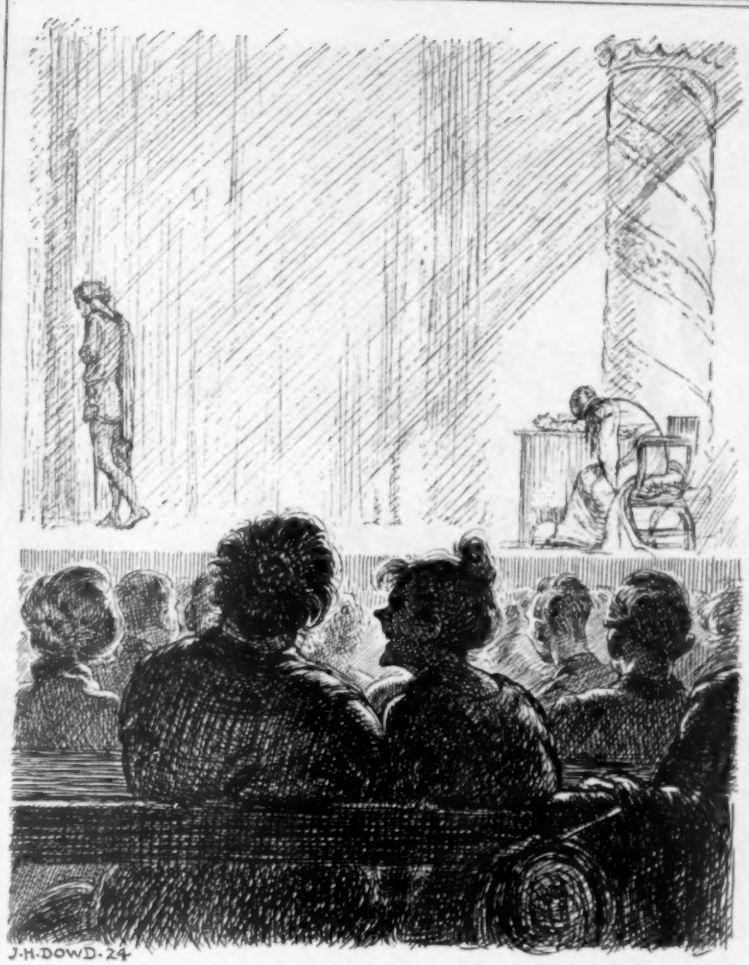
"I have an Aubusson rug," I said.

"That would do. Well"—he glanced at his watch and rose—"I must be toddling on. Look out for *Bachelors' Buttons* on the bookstalls."

"Is that what you are calling it?"

"Yes. My idea. We wanted something bright and snappy. Rather neat—what?"

I was about to suggest *Sauce for Ganders*, but checked myself. I saw that Wimpole was in no mood for badinage.



Patron (at East-End production of "Hamlet"). "IF I'D BIN OPHELIA I'D 'AVE RUN 'AMLET IN FER BREACH."



Fair Admirer (*to humorous Cinema-actor*). "I'VE ALWAYS *LOVED* YOU ON THE FILMS, BUT I THINK YOU 'RE EVEN FUNNIER IN THE SOLID FLESH."

PATCHINGDEAN.

How strangely, as one's acquaintance with an English downland village grows, the panorama of English rural history is unfolded until one sees back to the very dim beginnings—man going forth to labour in the fields, man wresting his bread from the stubborn soil and returning home at dusk to the inn, and then the overlay of conquest and feudalism, the rise of institutions, agrarian turmoil, the twentieth century, so far from and yet so very near to the fifteenth and the tenth!

I write thus feelingly of Patchingdean.

When I first visited Patchingdean a few weeks ago I learnt but little of its life. No more, I think, than may be summarised in the following crude sentences, crude, yet in some ways how racy of the soil:—

That the fifth is a dog-leg.

That in 1899 (it would be) the Vicar did the eighth in one. (But the tee was forward then.)

That the gorse is too near, far, far too near the fairway.

That the safest line for the fourteenth is not the actual guide-post, but the cattle scratching-post a few yards to the left, because then one is in less danger from the brambles, still red and yellow at Patchingdean, though the frost is on the leaves.

That horses should not be allowed to cross the links at any place where Colonel Crossleigh's ball is likely to lie.

That I was perhaps a bit lucky until the turn, whereas Colonel Crossleigh was dead off his game. (I was in front until the turn.)

That my luck left me after the turn, whereas Colonel Crossleigh then began to find his truer form. (Colonel Crossleigh won.)

That in 1906—if it was not in 1906 then it would be in 1907—the Vicar did the tenth in two.

That I ought to have been on the eleventh green in two.

That I ought to have been on the thirteenth green in three.

That I am not a dutiful person.

That—damn. . . .

That one can just distinguish the home green from the cliff-top by the old lighthouse.

That the sloe gin is not bad.

* * * * *

On my second visit to Patchingdean Colonel Crossleigh had a cold. There was a bitter north-east wind blowing, and, strongly resenting the advice, he nevertheless retired to bed. I thus, in the intervals between crouching over a log-fire and reading *The White Monkey*, began to learn about Patchingdean from Mrs. Crossleigh, going even so far in my researches as to escort her to Patchingdean church on Sunday morning.

I am now in a position to state:—

That there will be a lecture in the Barnett Institute on Wednesday week, but I have forgotten about what.

That there is a cottage which keeps pink roses on it in Patchingdean until mid-November.

That Mrs. Blaber doesn't live in the cottage with the pink roses on it, but the one next-door.

That Mrs. Blaber goes out by the day.

That the cottage where Mrs. Blaber lives doesn't really belong to her, but to her son-in-law and married daughter. They have nine children.

That Mrs. Blaber cannot get a cottage for herself. This is curious, really, because the whole hillside is starred with week-end cottages which are never occupied during the week.

That the church tower is pre-Norman and was used as a refuge place for the villagers from sea raids. (But you cannot use it if you have no cottage now.)

That the Barnetts are the only people in Patchingdean who hunt.

That that tinkling was the sheep coming back from the downs.

That there will be a meeting of the Mothers' Union at the Barnett Institute, but I don't remember on what day.

That the carved pulpit in the church is temp. JAMES I.

That it is a wonder what so many hawks can find to eat on the downs.

That on the fifth of November they burnt two guys at Patchingdean, but that these were not, as you might suppose, the effigies of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and ZINOVIEFF, or indeed of any Bolshevist at all. They were figures of a man called GUY FAWKES and (I would have given you a thousand guesses) of the POPE OF ROME.

That you can buy butter at the village grocery store if you like—but not if you like butter.

That the half-built cottage which they seem to be pulling down near the blacksmith's is being put up by Mr. Gasson, who is the sexton's brother.

That it is being put up for old Mr. and Mrs. Norman, because young Mr. and Mrs. Norman have the farm over there, and old Mr. and Mrs. Norman are living in one of the houses on the farm land, and, if the farm were given up, the old people would have nowhere to go to.

That they are pulling it down again because they forgot to leave room for the staircase at the first attempt. A very natural oversight. One wonders that it does not more frequently occur.

That that is the Barnetts' car.

That the church, the Barnett Institute and Mrs. Blaber's cottage can be distinguished almost as clearly as the home green from the lighthouse on the cliff-top.

That Mrs. Crossleigh's dog, an Aberdeen, is unlikely ever to catch a rabbit.

That the motor-bus passes through Patchingdean every hour-and-a-half.

That the motor-bus which passes through Patchingdean will in all probability one of these days pass over Mrs. Crossleigh's dog.

That the font is Saxon.

That, according to two notices posted on the barn near the blacksmith's—

(*a*) Mrs. Mumby of Hillside has lost a Sealyham terrier and will pay ten shillings to anyone who will give information leading to its discovery.

(*b*) (Only this notice is already a little faded through wind and rain.)



Caller. "I JEST SEEN YOUR MAN, MARTHA, AN' 'E LOOKS AS IF 'E 'S BIN RUN OVER. WOT DONE IT?"

Martha. "'E COME 'OME A BIT SHORT-SIGHTED, AN' STARTED TICKIN' OFF A LIDY 'E THOUGHT WOS ME."

In the event of the Conservatives being returned to power, Mr. BALDWIN has promised not to put any taxes on your food.

* * * * *

It was on Sunday evening, after I had gathered all this information, and indeed very much more, that I wondered to Mrs. Crossleigh whether I might go and see her husband in bed; for, as I pointed out, there seemed to be a great many aspects of life in Patchingdean which we had not previously discussed.

But she thought better not, perhaps, for he had a hot whisky-and-lemon and was immersed (I am sure she said immersed) in *Elsie and the Child*, which had only come down to Patchingdean on Saturday morning.

As a matter of fact, what I wanted most of all to speak to him about was a new and rather subversive idea I had roughed out during the day with regard to the safest method of approaching the tenth. But perhaps a letter (with diagrams) will do.

EVOE.

From a testimonial:—

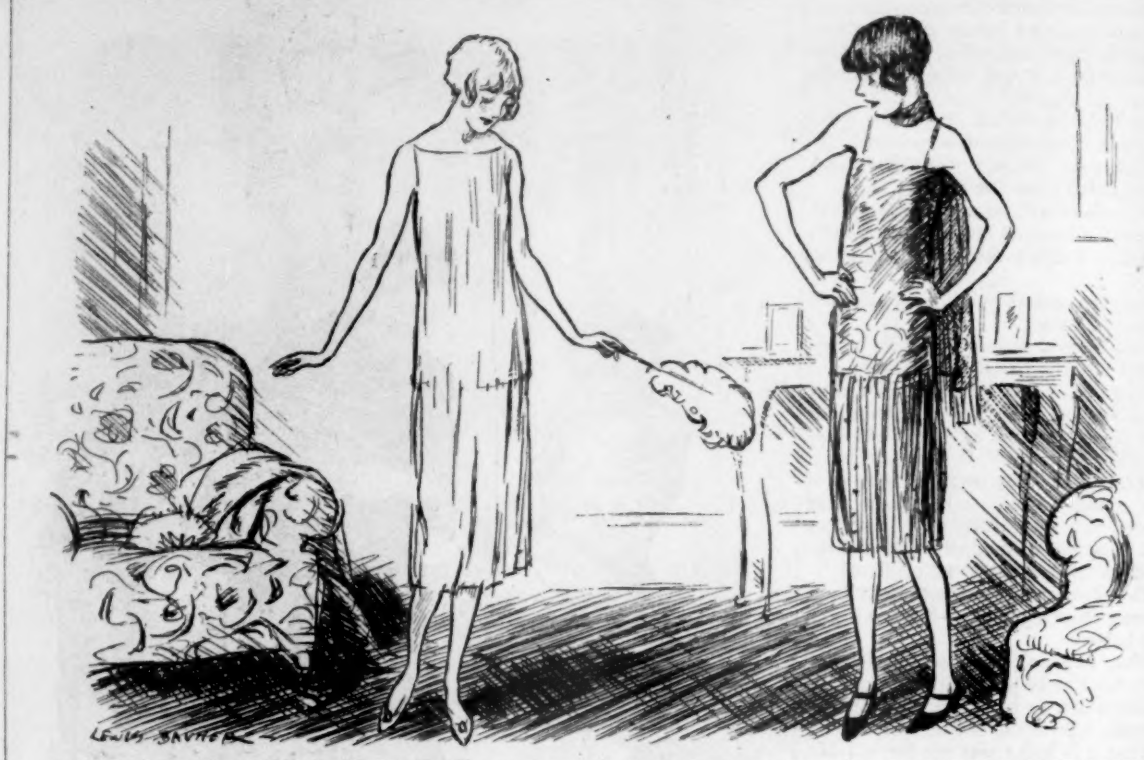
"The benefit I obtained through your pills cannot be described in words. After using only one bottle I have got general debility."

Language frequently fails people who suffer from this distressing malady.

"Swinging always head-to-wind, and attached to the tower by a coupling at the bows of their tapering hulls, passengers will enter the airships through covered-in vestibules."

Daily Paper.

But what of those passengers whose hulls no longer taper?



Second-Season Young Lady (to débutante). "YES, THE FROCK'S NOT BAD, AND YOUR HEAD'S ALL RIGHT; BUT, MY DEAR CHILD, YOU HOLD YOURSELF SHOCKINGLY. WHY, YOU 'RE POSITIVELY GRACEFUL!"

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON X.—THE MYSTERY STORY.

WE are now to consider that curious phenomenon, the mystery story. This is, in its essentials, very much like the detective story; only more so. That is to say, whereas your detective was just violently eccentric, your private investigator (mystery stories have no use for such an ordinary object as a mere detective) must be seen to be believed; his habits and mannerisms, and above all his method of showing emotion, fall right outside the usual range of human experience. This is called "evolving a very striking character."

The criminal, in general conformance with this larger canvas, must not be just an ordinary criminal; he is now a "master mind," and his "nefarious ramifications" are usually of "international scope." Not infrequently he is of Chinese extraction. What the Chinese have done to deserve this I do not know, but the fact remains. Also his identity is seldom completely established by the end of the book, and he is never brought to justice. This leaves useful scope for your sequel. The end to which his mysterious activities are directed is often somewhat shadowy, but it is a mistake to make it anything less than world-dominion.

To be a successful perpetrator of mystery stories do not be afraid of employing coincidence; use it all the time, and use it broad-mindedly. And do not let the paltry probabilities of actual life tend to cramp your style. Think big.

Unlike the detective story, the mystery story should carry a love interest. But the feminine part of it must be no ordinary girl. There is mystery surrounding her, and she is probably in horrible danger of some sort. Also she *must* have slanting green eyes and behave inscrutably.

On the whole I think I cannot do better than sketch out for you a sample mystery story.

THE FROZEN FANG.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Graves Gatherby.

I was calling one summer afternoon upon an old friend of mine in the country, Mrs. Eccles, and, as the weather was hot, the tea-table had been set upon the shady lawn. Scarcely had we begun the meal when I saw the most extraordinary figure emerging from the house. It was that of a tall man, perhaps fifty years old, dressed in a top-hat, an ancient frock-coat, a yellow woollen waistcoat, white duck trousers, brown boots and mauve spats; from his shoulders, in spite of the warmth of the day, hung a voluminous ulster.

"Oh, Mr. Gatherby," said my hostess, "how good of you to call! Do come and have some tea."

I gazed at the tall figure with veneration. So this was Graves Gatherby, the famous amateur investigator, with whose name whole continents were ringing.

"Thank you," he replied in shrill tones which reminded me irresistibly of a piece of pointed slate drawn sharply across a flat surface of the same material. "Thank you. That is why I have come. May I introduce Miss Hât-hor Brown? She has come down from London to consult me; and as I had no tea in my house I suggested that she should accompany me here."

He moved aside, and from behind his ulster there now appeared the figure of the most amazingly beautiful girl it has ever been my good fortune to see. Tall and slim, with great masses of steel-blue hair, there seemed the mystery of all the ages in her great brooding pea-green eyes. In striking contrast to her



BLACK JERSEYS AND BLACK SHIRTS.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "I SOMETIMES WISH *MY* 'ALL BLACKS' WERE ONLY FOOTBALLERS!"

companion, she was garbed in all the witchery of the latest Paris fashions.

"An excellent idea," agreed our hostess cordially.

Mutual introductions followed, and I found myself shaking hands with the beautiful Miss Brown. As my hand touched hers there shot from my finger-tips to my shoulder a sudden and exquisitely painful spasm. I dropped her hand abruptly. Could it be that Miss Brown had deliberately stung me? There was some mystery about this girl.

I transferred my gaze to the great investigator, and was just in time to see him remove his top-hat and sprinkle the contents of a small tin over his voluminous bald head.

"Pepper!" he shrilled, catching my ardent eye. "Most stimulating in this hot weather."

Mrs. Eccles was busy dispensing tea. "And what was it you wanted to consult Mr. Gatherby about, Miss Brown?" she asked artlessly. "I am so terribly interested in everything like that."

"A very curious telegram I received this morning," replied the girl in her even tones.

"May I see it?" said Mrs. Eccles eagerly.

"I have no objection at all;" and Miss Brown produced a folded piece of paper from her dainty vanity bag and handed it across the table.

"'Dropping Flying Man four-thirty, Frozen Fang,'" read Mrs. Eccles slowly. "But what does it mean?"

"That is just what I came down to ask Mr. Gatherby," replied Miss Brown calmly.

Mrs. Eccles turned to the investigator. "And what do you think of it, Mr. Gatherby?"

Graves Gatherby paused in the act of pouring his tea into his top-hat. "I think it is a very curious telegram indeed," he said slowly, weighing each word.

Mrs. Eccles clapped her hands delightedly. It was exactly what she had been thinking, but she had hardly expected that the great man would agree with her.

"Are you of the opinion that it is of very deep significance?" I asked anxiously.

He looked at me gloomily, and I noted with a sudden thrill of hero-worship that one of his eyes was bright vermilion and the other a pale lemon yellow. It was evident that this was no ordinary man.

"I am," he squeaked gravely.

"Leading to possible international complications and pointing to the existence of a sinister plot against the security of civilisation itself?" I continued breathlessly.

He put the brim of his hat to his lips and sipped his tea meditatively. Then slowly his great bushy eyebrows rose on end, waved for a moment in the breeze and locked hairs across the bridge of his hooked nose. How well was I to know that danger signal in future—the only sign of emotion which this impassive being ever permitted himself.



WHERE THE F.E.'S CEASE FROM GALLOPING.

With a superb gesture he removed his boots and flung them into the shrubbery. "All that—*and more!*" he muttered readily. It was evident that he was very deeply moved.

Mrs. Eccles glanced at the little jewelled watch on her wrist. "Oh dear, it is half-past four now!" she twittered. "Do you think that anything is going to happen?"

"It is impossible to say," returned Graves Gatherby seriously. "It either may, or, on the other hand, it may not."

For a moment I was breathless; such penetration seemed scarcely human. Then I stole away into the shrubbery, sought out his boots and prostrated myself in front of them. It was evident that the tales told of this man's genius were no mere exaggerations.

At that moment there came the whistling sound of a heavy body hurtling through space. The next instant there was a thud, as something crashed upon the lawn not half-a-dozen yards from where I stood. I looked at it and caught my breath. So soon had Graves Gatherby's prophecy been fulfilled.

With a bound the investigator had sprung from his chair and hurried in socked feet to the spot.

"What does this mean, Mr. Gatherby?" I asked, shivering.

"It means trouble," said Graves Gatherby shortly.

With reverent fingers he stripped the cloth from beneath the tea-tray and spread it over the still figure in flying kit that lay on the lawn. Then he turned to us, and I saw the vermilion and lemon-yellow sparks darting from his eyes; his eyebrows plaited themselves briskly across the bridge of his nose.

"The Frozen Fang is at work," he squeaked sombrely.

(*To be continued.*)

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss Lilian Baylis is to be undeservedly congratulated on last night's revival at the Old Vic. of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"The Midnight —— is (to me) the bean ideal of what cabaret ought to be."—*Daily Paper.*

Obviously a misprint. For "bean" read "beano."

From a lecture by a nerve-specialist:

"He urged everyone to watch their spine and keep it supple."—*Daily Paper.*

We are sorry we cannot oblige, but we hate dislocating our necks.

"This is bringing to earth the truth that Wordsworth saw in King's College Chapel, Cambridge:—

'Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned
Albert labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars . . .'"

Provincial Paper.

Who is this Albert anyhow?

"Business young lady, aged 32, having £120 ready cash, would correspond with Serjeant, Civic Guards, or a sober member."

Irish Paper.

An N.C.O., we gather, would be permitted a little more licence.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

AN article in a recent issue gave an account of some amateur snake-charming. It is thought that the readers of *Punch* might be interested to know something more about the technique of this art.

For those whose mental or physical debility debars them from beating balls about the landscape, and who have some slight knowledge of the mouth-organ, the pastime of snake-charming opens up a new vista of interest.

The equipment is not expensive; a cylindrical clothes-basket, a mouth-organ, a saucer of milk and a decoy snake are the essentials. A club and a few rockets guaranteed to produce showers of parti-coloured stars in mid-welkin may be added to the outfit, if the beginner is of an unusually nervous disposition. The inhabitants of Ireland are unfortunately prevented from participating in the amusement, but all other reasonable countries possess snakes, and the warmer the climate the more likely is the beginner to have immediate success.

The first thing is to obtain the decoy. A fairly tame snake can be purchased from any naturalist or fakir for a few shillings. It should not be over ten feet long or it would take up too much room in the basket. The intending charmer should handle it in a gentle but firm manner, stroking it behind the ears on the dorsal aspect along the vertebræ (or spine) with the tips of the fingers, at the same time emitting the curious but necessary sibilant "Is-s-s-s." This is expected to soothe the decoy, but, if it bites instead of looking pleasant, the beginner should moisten the creature's lips with glucose and start afresh until it is entirely under control.

It is conventional to train the decoy to answer to some such name as "Archibald." Oriental snake-artistes prefer names like "Napoo" or "Bonzo," and this is a matter that can be left to the taste of the individual. The author possessed a dear little female adder three feet long who always responded to the call of "Nancy," until run over by a tram.

Archibald must be trained to react to (1) his master's voice; (2) the mouth-organ. This completes his education.

The capture of wild snakes by charm is the object of this intensive culture. When it has been perfected the snake-charmer can leave his home and boldly come out into the open. A warm sunny day is necessary, as snakes have a rooted objection to snow and hail-storms. A bosky glade surrounded on three sides by crags makes an ideal base for operations. A thick rug should be spread on the ground and the saucer of milk placed on it at the end opposite to the side where there are no crags. The charmer should then divest himself of most of his clothing and assume at the other end of the rug the crouching attitude so essential to the fascination of snakes. Archibald is then turned out of the basket on to the rug, the operator emitting the snake-charmer's "Is-s-s-s." The decoy will make for the milk, and he should be encouraged to partake freely, as milk is a well-known snake stimulant.

The mouth-organ is now brought into action, and a martial air, such as "The Campbells are Coming," should be played as loudly as possible. The attention of the local snakes will be instantly arrested and they will emerge from their normal hiding-places and move *en masse* towards the music, gliding from cover to cover. The sight of Archibald and the now partially empty saucer produces a scene of activity. Both males and females eagerly advance, the latter to display their charms before the handsome decoy, the former to fight him. A more soothing tune, such as "Last Night on the Back Porch," must now be played, and the snakes may be expected to abandon their more primitive passions. Crawling on to the rug they usually wave themselves from side to side to the rhythm of the music, and then, when thoroughly entranced, can be placed one at a time in the basket. If too many snakes arrive simultaneously the club may be resorted to, and, if necessary, the rockets may be fired to distract the reptiles and cover the retreat of the snake-charmer, whose clothes should be made up into a neat bundle for this eventuality. Archibald would of course be abandoned to his fate.

Snakes sell readily for sixpence per yard.

THE PEDESTRIAN'S DISGRACE.

[In a letter to the Press on the subject of "the really criminal folly of so many pedestrians who wander off the pavements and across the streets" . . . a motorist says that "if only people would face the facts they would realise that it is a positive disgrace to be knocked down by a motor-car in our well-lighted streets."]

"I CAN never raise my head again," moaned the Pedestrian, as I sat beside his bed in the Accidents Ward.

"Come, come, old chap," I murmured; "it 's not so bad as that. There 's no permanent injury to your spine, is there? You 'll be able to get about in six months or so."

"But the disgrace of it," he groaned; "the horrible, miserable scandal. Knocked down by a motor-car! I 've suffered terribly with my broken arm, my crushed thigh and my fractured collar-bone; but the pain of those is nothing to the mental agony. It 's the disgrace of the thing that has broken me up. I can't bear it."

He turned his head away. There was a look of deep degradation in his left eye. His right eye was swathed in bandages.

"It—it 's decent of you to come," he muttered; "I don't deserve it. I—well, I—I 've been addicted to pedestrianism more or less all my life. Ever since I left my bassinette, in fact. No good denying it now. It 's in our family. An uncle and three cousins—all pedestrians and all finished in the gutter. That 's what it brings you to in the end."

"We 've kept it from your children," I assured him. "They 're young. No reason why they should ever know the truth. We can fix up a tale later on. Say you cheated at cards or something, and that a fellow chucked you downstairs."

"But the newspapers," he wailed—"you can't keep it out of the Press. 'Scandal in the City—Pedestrian Addict disgraces himself with Motor-car.' You know the sort of stuff."

"We 've been to see the owner of the car," I announced. "Considering everything, he was wonderfully decent. No desire to humiliate you further merely out of revenge. He realises that the social stigma is punishment enough for a man in your—er—walk of life. Your head has dinted his radiator and you 've put some nasty scratches on his front-wheels. But we offered to pay handsomely for the damage. Anything to stop him talking."

"You 're—you 're wonderfully kind," he faltered. "But it—it 's no use. I can never feel clean again. I 've rolled in the mud. It 'll stick to me always."

"My dear fellow," I pleaded, "you must buck up. Some of your friends are standing by you even yet. Fact is one or two of us have got a little fund together. We—we want to help you when—er—when you come out."

"Buy me a passage abroad?" he inquired, with a gleam of hope. "Start life afresh in another country? Not a bad idea. Perhaps there is still a quiet spot somewhere on the earth where a fellow can be a pedestrian without this risk of——"

"No, no," I urged, "that 's not the scheme. We 're not going to let you go away like that. All we want is to make certain that you will never disgrace yourself like this again. We want to reform your habits." I bent over the bed and searched for his ear beneath the bandages. "*We are going to buy you a motor-car of your own*," I whispered.

"Saved!" gasped the Pedestrian.

And, creeping from the hospital ward, I left him sobbing happily.



"FORM."

First Gentleman (*pointing to Billiard Handicap*). "THAT'S A BIT THICK—THEY'VE ONLY GIVEN ME TWENTY START, AND I HAD SIXTY LAST YEAR."

Second Gentleman. "WELL, YOU WON THE DERBY SWEEP SINCE THEN."

RESILIENCY OR RELAPSE?

["We confess that the rapidity with which the Liberal Party has rebounded from the smashing blow of the late Election has indicated a resiliency which we hardly dared to hope for . . . The National Liberal Federation has decided to raise a fighting fund of half-a-million . . . The steam which is behind the new movement will be tested by the question how much of this £500,000 is going to be subscribed. If it is a failure we shall know that the Liberal Party is not going to be revived."—*The Star*, November 20th.]

THE Liberal Party, though it seemed of late
O'erwhelmed by sudden and disastrous smashes,
Already shows a power to imitate
The Phœnix in arising from its ashes.
And so *The Star*, that bright and brainy sheet,
In language of exhilarating brilliancy
Descants upon the failure of defeat
To paralyse the Liberals' resiliency.
Thus, though prudential reasons might forbid,
The Federation has resolved on raising
A Fighting Fund—five hundred thousand quid—
To keep the party fervour fiercely blazing.
But there's the rub: for will the rank and file
Assist the MONDS, the ROWNTREES and the CADBURYS,
And add their contributions to the pile
Till it amounts to half-a-million Bradburys?
For otherwise the steam (and air) behind
The party of magnificent rebounders
Will fail, and prompt comparisons unkind
With limp and flattened and deflated flounders.



"ER—*would* YOU MIND ASKING THE BAND TO PLAY THE TOREADOR SONG? MY CHIN-CHIN SIMPLY LOVES IT."

BOY-SONGS.

III.—WAX ANCESTORS.

A.D. 30.

By day the atrium fire burns low
And in a shadowy dusty row
The waxen masks hang on the wall.

Then in the impluvium I can float
A dove's quill like a little boat,
And never mind those masks at all.

And o'er the shining pavement grey
I make my chariot run by day,
Forgetful of my drowsy kin;

Because they almost seem asleep
When no bright golden flickers leap
To touch them on the nose or chin.

But after dusk the shadows shake,
And then my waxen forbears wake
And wink at me with glassy eyes.

I do not *think* I am afraid
When the faint lights of sunset fade
And from the logs the red flames rise;

For, if I were, how could I stand
Alone before that ghostly band
And watch them by those wavering flames?

I have no fear. I know them well;
One from another I can tell,
And what they did and all their names.

The first, whose nose is cracked in twain,
He followed CÆSAR into Spain;
And Quæstor was that crooked one.

I whisper to the mask between
What chariot races I have seen
Because *he* loved to see them run.

The last is very old and dim;
I never try to talk to *him*
Or to pretend he talks to *me*;

Though when the logs flare on the stone
I'm not afraid to be alone—
A Roman boy should never be.

But then—somehow—though I've no fear,
I'm glad the Little Gods are near,
Each watchful in his little shrine.

And when dusk deepens in the street
I'm glad they have no hands or feet,
Those waxen ancestors of mine.

D. M. S.

THE LONDON ARCHIPELAGO.

I HAVE an idea for doing that unpopular thing in England—commemorating the illustrious.

Having been lately much up and down the fair land of France, I was struck again by the numbers of statues of eminent Frenchmen, but even more by the number of streets bearing their names. How many Rues Victor Hugo and Rues Émile Zola there are in France I have no notion, but I would bet that they run into hundreds. In France, in fact, every distinguished man, in art, letters, science, war, statesmanship, is honoured either by a statue or a street name; whereas we do nothing except for the few most obvious. If, for example, GEORGE MEREDITH had been a Frenchman, there would be a Rue George Meredith in every big town. There is none here. London has half-a-dozen George Streets, very confusing by their multiplicity, but has not had the wit or courtesy to add Meredith to one of them. If you want to get your name and fame into the London consciousness you must pay for it—the Tate Gallery, the Pass-

more-Edwards Settlement, the Soane Museum, the Horniman Museum and Waterlow Park. You can achieve with a more modest outlay a less permanent publicity by endowing a cabman's shelter, while dead Londoners of a certain prominence whose birth-places or residences still stand are often given by the County Council an illegible tablet.

But is this enough? No.

It was in the Cromwell Road, near Queen's Gate, that my idea came to me, for there I encountered a friend who said, "Come over to my island," and began to cross the road.

At the island she stopped. "You didn't know this was mine?" she asked. "But it is. Years ago, when I lived near here, I wrote letters to the authorities about the need of it, and they added it. So I always call it mine."

"Of course it 's yours," I said, "and it ought to be named after you." And then the possibilities of the scheme struck me and I saw what a chance was here for homage to the great. Every island should pay homage to a great name.

If the authorities were weak enough to add an island at this lady's suggestion, they would surely let me christen all those that already exist!

No doubt the Cromwell Road has had many important residents, but the only one that I could think of was that erudite wit and humorous scholar, poet, historian and delicate banterer of bores, ANDREW LANG, who "sometimes wrote like Genesis and sometimes in *The Daily News*," but never wrote anything that it was not joy to read. Well, ANDREW LANG lived at No. 1, Marloes Road, a few seconds from the Cromwell Road; and you remember his directions to a stranger who proposed to call on him?—"You walk up the Cromwell Road till you drop and then turn to the right." How fitting that one of the other islands in the Cromwell Road should be named after ANDREW LANG!

It is very clear that, as the terrors of traffic increase, which they are bound to do, London's rough island story will become rougher. More fugitives from the storm will cling together there, and what an excellent thing for them to have some definite tutelary spirit to huddle under! Particularly some illustrious Londoner.

With a little research one could find suitable names for every refuge. THACKERAY, for instance, lived in his time on each side of Kensington High Street, both north and south. There are tablets on his houses, it is true, but how much better that his name should adorn an island refuge! An island should be given, somewhere near the Garrick Club, to THACKERAY'S friend, "JACOB OMNIUM." An island in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall should be called after ABRAHAM HAYWARD. I would find one for Mr. PETT RIDGE; I would find one for JOHN O' LONDON; and somewhere in Holborn there might be a LIONEL JOHNSON; somewhere in Fleet Street a SAMUEL JOHNSON. In the Strand a SAMUEL PEPYS.

Cabs and cars and lorries were rushing by, but they made no difference to my reverie.

"Yes," I said again, "this island should bear your name."

But she had gone. E. V. L.



Child (counting plum-stones). "THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR—SOMETIME—NEV. . . . UGH! D' YOU KNOW, MUMMY, I 'VE ABSOLUTELY NO FAITH IN PLUM-STONES!"

From a market report:—

"Rangoon Beans quiet . . . Canaryseed steady . . . Linseed steady but quiet . . . Locust Beans quiet."—*Provincial Paper.*

Then what is it that makes our vegetarians so dashing?

Our Cautious Journalists.

"On official information, it is reported that the men allege that the men allege that the men allege that the Government has not fulfilled its promise to pay back pay."
Australian Paper.

"Los Angeles, Saturday.

The city, county, and Federal health authorities are utterlyffled by the queer nature of a malady that has caused many deaths and illnesses."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Let us hope it won't spread to the film stars. We could not bear them to be "utterlyffled."

"All history confirms the fact of his (Prince Charlie's) disguise when Fiona MacLeod enabled him to escape to France."
Letter in Weekly Paper.

We confess with shame that this romantic incident in the career of the late Mr. WILLIAM SHARP'S literary "double" had hitherto escaped us.



Artist. "AH! NOW ISN'T THAT A WONDERFUL VAN PIMPOCH?"
Girl-Friend (doing her best). "SIMPLY MARVELLOUS! WHO PAINTED IT?"

THE NEED OF NEW DEGREES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Liberal-minded people will have noted with deep regret the protest registered by Professor HOBSON against the granting of honorary degrees at Cambridge to persons not academically qualified. He regards it as an abuse, and by adopting this churlish attitude proclaims himself entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of the times. To restrict the granting of honorary degrees would be to deprive the Universities of one of their greatest privileges. For they are at once an evidence of magnanimity and a proof of the possession of a frugal mind, as they carry no emolument. What is wrong with the system is its limitation both in scope and terminology. It clamours for expansion; and I venture to suggest a few obvious illustrations of the way in which it might be used to reward merit and add to the picturesqueness of nomenclature.

The word picturesqueness at once reminds us of the lamentable fact that at present no university has shown the slightest disposition to recognise the services of those who have consecrated their splendid talents to the brightening of public life. Two outstanding examples of this noble benevolence might be suitably honoured in the degrees of D.N.I. and D.N.B.—the former standing for *Doctor Nocturnae Illuminationis*, and the latter for *Doctor Nocturnae Bacchationis*. The latter happens to be identical in its initials with the familiar abbreviation of the *Dictionary of National Biography*; but this need not trouble us, since those who are worthy of the degree are also worthy of inclusion in that monumental literary Pantheon. Also the phrase *nocturna bacchatio* occurs in CICERO's Verrine speeches.

Another lamentable fact is the failure of all our universities to distinguish in their musical degrees between the claims of composers of academic and of really vital modern works. There is only one "Mus. Doc." I propose that this omission should be remedied by the institution of a "Mus. Sync. Doc." or "Mus. Æthiop. Doc.," standing for the syncopated and negroid school which has of late years so powerfully contributed to the disintegration of the deadly decorum of our ballrooms. The services of those composers who have so wholeheartedly striven to spread the dominion of din might also be fitly recognised by the degree of "Mus. Tum. Doc." or Doctor of Tumultuary Music.

In this context I would also suggest, though on a slightly lower level of dignity, the degree of D.P., or *Doctor Pianofortitudinis*, and D.A., or *Doctor Agilitatis*, which might be conferred on such formidable executants as Messrs. MARK HAMBOURG, MOISEIVITCH, JASCHA HEIFETZ and Mmes. GALLI-CURCI and FRIEDA HEMPEL.

I may note in concluding these few and fragmentary suggestions that, while there are numerous legal degrees, there is not a single one which recognises the paramount importance of judicial levity, and that Lord DARLING's long and brilliant labours in the cause of cachinnation have hitherto met with no academic acknowledgment.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours veraciously,
THEODORE HOOKHAM WALKER.

An Infant Prodigy.

"Dr. —— received his Mus. Doc. degree at the early age of 24 hours."
New Zea'and Paper.

"We have forgotten everything about the Plantagenets but King John and his surfeit of lampreys."—*Daily Paper.*
Surely the erudite writer remembers HENRY THE FIRST signing Magna Carta and losing his clothes in the Wash?

"THIEF O' THE WORLD."

Now didn't I *tell* they 'd draw no blank
  Before a hound had spoke?
For the black wet gorse with *fox* was rank,
  And he ran at cheer like smoke;
And hounds came tumbling down the bank
  Like pearls off a string that 's broke.

Now wasn't he Mister Deuce-may-care?
  Now wasn't he well content?
His point was far and a bit to spare,
  And he whisked his brush and went;
We 'll scarce hunt fox so debonair
  Ere Candlemas be spent.

Now didn't he dance us down, a-down?
  Now didn't he call the tune?
He danced us out of the morning's crown
  And into the afternoon;
But we ate him up when we cooked him brown,
  Sans salt, we did, or spoon.

Wild stag is the pet in Somerset,
  But I would a-rather not;
You can keep my share o' poor Jill hare
  And the currant-jelly pot;
But a great red fox Creation knocks;
  And he doesn't care a jot.

A ST. ANDREW'S DINNER SENSATION.

THE other day I received a letter from my old Indian bearer, Fusaldar. After the conventional assurance that the sender would always pray for me, the epistle concluded as follows: "And many happy returns of Sint Andrew Day, with salaams to Makilop sahib and famous Scottish man, Robert Browning."

This extraordinary association of BROWNING with St. Andrew's Day, and the equally extraordinary reference to the poet as a Scotsman, must be the result of a speech delivered by McKillop of the Gunners at our St. Andrew's dinner in Chota Pani in '19. In concluding his remarks McKillop made a statement which staggered his auditors and afterwards created a wild hullabaloo in the club bar. Fusaldar acted as a waiter at the dinner, and the memory of the sensational affair seems to have clung to him. Curiously enough, I recently came across an old diary of mine containing a note of McKillop's speech.

McKillop, I remember, sat on the right of the Chair. His face was deeply flushed and he seemed to be in a highly nervous condition. When he rose to speak he found it necessary to steady himself by placing the flat of his hand on the top of the Chairman's head. This action had the effect of pushing that unfortunate gentleman's chin down on his chest and giving him the appearance of one cowering in dread of an attack from the rear. Luckily the speech was commendably brief.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," said McKillop, "the toast that I am about to propose is the toast of the evening, namely, 'The pious memory of St. Andrew.' So far as I am concerned, and I 'm the man to decide the question, that just means Scotland. Grand old Scotland! Dear, faithful, patient, punctual and well-beloved old Scotland! Is there another country like it? No, there 's not. Even the few Sassenachs here have not denied it. Well, gentlemen, having now said all that I 've got in my head at the moment I will sit down. But before I sit down I will ask you to drink this great toast, coupled with the famous words of the famous Scottish poet, ROBERT BROWNING:—

"O to be in England
  Now that April 's there;
But O to be in Scotland
  At *ony* time o' the year!"



The Little Man (arrested on suspicion). "YOU WON'T 'ARF COP AHT ABAHT THIS. I KNOW SOMEFINK ABAHT THE BLINKIN' LOR. I 'M A BARRISTER, I AM."

ANNE FINDS WORK.

WHEN, some time ago, my sister Kathleen presented me with a niece it was confidently expected that I would become the Favourite Uncle. I am what people call "good with children," a reaction, I suppose, from my early days when I was not usually considered good with grown-ups. Now that Anne is ageing a little—she is five—I am in constant demand. When William—who for better or worse is my brother-in-law—rings me up and invites me over, he usually suggests golf. But, though we may go so far as to play a trivial round, I know that the real purpose of my visit does not appear until tea-time, when Anne is brought along from the nursery. For the invitation has in point of fact come from Kathleen. "We must have Egbert over again to amuse Anne," she has said.

So in the *rôle* of Favourite Uncle I take the boards. Anne and I have great times. A fortnight ago it was too wet for golf so we devoted an afternoon to cooking (with rolling-pins and real pastry) and finished up with twenty minutes' brisk transfers to give ourselves an appetite for tea. Kathleen took a hand with the transfers, and later on William dropped in and made up a fourth. He was not very successful.

"Transfers don't suit my temperament," he complained.

"Well, of course, they aren't everyone's game," I replied, peeling off a beauty. Anne clapped her hands with pleasure.

"You ought to take up entertaining children," said Kathleen. "I 'm sure you would do awfully well."

"There 's money in it," said William. "You might start a new profession."

Going home in the tube I remembered William's words. A new profession . . . with money in it . . . And it would not be an arduous occupation. Just a few hours in the afternoon. During the next day or two I pondered upon the scheme. I chose a name for the new profession and rejected the idea of a uniform. Then, by way of experiment, I sent Kathleen my professional card:—

Telephone: Mayfair 037 (one line).
Telegrams: PLAYMATES, London.

UNCLE EGBERT
JUVENILE RECREATIONIST.

TERMS: Entertaining one child, per hour 5s.
Entertaining not more than five children, per hour . . . . . £1 1s.
Special Terms for Large Families.

Patronised by the Nobility and Gentry. Brings own toys.

To which Kathleen replied formally. She presented her compliments to "Uncle Egbert" and "would he call at the above address on Saturday next at 4.30 P.M. for professional services to one child?" She added that she would be glad to know "if 'Uncle Egbert' is prepared to make any reduction upon his usual terms if tea and toys are provided."

My answer wasted no words:—

DEAR MADAM,—Your favour of yesterday's date to hand, for which many thanks. I have booked 4.30 Saturday as per instructions.

With regard to your suggestion I regret to say that all terms quoted are rock-bottom and no reduction can therefore be made. Yours truly, UNCLE EGBERT.

On the following Saturday, at 4.30 precisely, I presented myself and was shown in. Kathleen and William rose to greet me.

"Good afternoon, Madam," I said stiffly.

For a moment Kathleen looked puzzled. Then she smiled and turned to William. "This is the gentleman who has come to entertain Anne," she explained.

William nodded.

"How de do, Sir?" I ventured. "Very pleased indeed to meet you."

"My little daughter is expecting you in the nursery," said Kathleen. "Will you come this way?"

I think Anne enjoyed herself as much as usual. We made a very satisfactory chest-of-drawers out of match-boxes. At the end of an hour Kathleen reappeared, and I got up to go.

"You said five shillings for the hour, did you not?" she asked, bringing two half-crowns out of her bag.

"That is right, Madam. And any other time——" I began, as I took the money. But we had reckoned without Anne.

"What 's 'at for?" she asked.

Kathleen felt that Anne might as well grasp the essentials of the new profession.

"That is five shillings I give Uncle Egbert because he has been entertaining you," she said.

It was then that Anne's latent business instincts rose to the surface.

"I ought to have it," she declared.

"But why, dear?" asked Kathleen.

"'Cos I 've been entertainin' Uncle Egbert," said Anne solemnly.

Kathleen and I looked at each other for a moment and then, with a sigh, I handed over my five shillings. I was sad, for my new profession, on which I had set such hopes, was already a failure. As a Juvenile Recreationist I should plainly never shine.

But there seems to be a good opening for any child who wants to be a Grown-up Recreationist, and I have no doubt that Anne will be pleased to forward particulars.

ELIZABETH ELLEN

(*who should have been* JOHN).

HAVE you heard of the terrible trouble that 's on?
Elizabeth Ellen (who should have been John)
Is off in the morning as bold as you please
To join the King's Navy and sail the High Seas!
She 's torn off her pinny, she 's tucked up her frock,
She 's kicked off her shoes (there 's a hole in her sock),
She 's borrowed the scissors and cut off her hair,
She *won't* be a girl any longer, so there!
She 's tumbled her toys in a heap on the floor,
She 's thrown all her dolls through the window or door,
She 's made the most horrible faces at Nurse,
She 's put out her tongue at the Cook, which was worse.
She 's not a bit sorry—she 'll only declare
She *won't* be a girl any longer, so there!
I really can't think what on earth's come upon
Elizabeth Ellen (who should have been John),
But she 's off in the morning as bold as you please
To join the King's Navy and sail the High Seas!

Another Impending Apology.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"The Zoo Calls Again.

9.0.—Speech by the Lord Provost at the Official Opening of the —— Relay Station."—*Wireless Paper.*

"Amazing disclosures were made at —— Police Court this week concerning a thrift society which was alleged to have a deficiency of more than £100,000. Three charges of conspiracy were made against Frank ——, the former managing director of the Mutual Theft Society."—*Indian Paper.*

Well, he seems to have got the name right.



THREE JOLLY BEGGARS.

Tom, John and Jerry,
Three friends of mine,
Jolly little beggars,
Seven, eight and nine.



Tom 's the captain of a fleet
That has all other Navies beat:
Cruisers, yachts and submarines,
Battleships and brigantines,
Barges too and motor-boats,
Almost anything that floats,
Sometimes even upside down;
But the captain doesn't drown,
For a lifeboat passing near
Lands him at the nearest pier.
NELSON on his column blinks
To see the ships that Thomas sinks.



John 's the driver of a train
To London Town and back again,
With passengers in dining-cars
And animals in trucks with bars.
Engines race through tunnels grim
At a single word from him;
Sixty miles an hour they go—
I 've been in them, so I know.
When the signal lamps are red,
John drives on full speed ahead:
Railway accidents are fine
When they happen on John's line!



So we come to Jeremy,
Youngest of my comrades three.
His is not to reason why
They must live and he must die.
When he 's nothing else to do
He will be the captain's crew,
Or by pirates be shot down,
Walk the plank and coldly drown,
Or be hurtled into space
And become a stretcher case.
He 's a most complacent boy;
Dying is his greatest joy.



Tom, John and Jerry,
Seven, eight and nine,
Jolly little beggars—
Wish they were mine.





"AH, MRS. MUDGE, ONE-HALF THE WORLD IS IGNORANT HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES."
"NOT IN *THIS* VILLAGE, MISS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK calls *Laura* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) "a cautionary story," and in content of course it is, for it relates the follies, crimes and misdemeanours of one particular young woman and describes how a spell of self-confident prosperity may be followed by collapse and discredit. But so intent is *Laura's* creator on refining the crudity of her moral, so long does she take to tell what a genuinely didactic pen would polish off in two or three pages, that I feel it was hardly worth her while to evoke and challenge the memories of ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Purely on its own merits, her tale is not without its interest. It starts with the discovery by a couple of schoolboys—school-fellows but, for reasons of caste, not friends—of the corpse of a tramp on the ledge of a Cornish cliff. The mutual antipathy of *Martin Sherriff* and *Ronnie Buckley*, thrown together in the course of *Martin's* holiday by the exigencies of this grim adventure, is ironically countered by the tramp turning out to be known to both their families. In his better days he wrote spasmodically for the Radical paper edited by *Martin's* father; and his gambling wife was a dim connexion of those impressive territorial magnates, the *Buckleys*. The daughter he leaves behind has therefore vague claims on both families; and *Laura*, who has nothing whatever else, is exactly the person to make the most of claims. She is the typical *jeune fille tentaculaire;* and her ravenous imagination, which has already pulled down her father, *Defries*, ends by engulfing the doctor, who, for *Laura's* sake, disguises the fact that *Defries* committed suicide. The annals of the *Sherriffs* and *Buckleys*, which include the crown of one happy courtship and the dawn of another, come as an agreeable change to the unprepossessing history of their charge. And the characterisation of a Naval couple of exemplary breeziness and common-sense, and one admirable cat—the property of the *Sherriffs*—shows Miss SIDGWICK, who is wasted, I think, on *Laura*, at her psychological best.

Colonel WEDGWOOD, in *Essays and Adventures of a Labour M.P.* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), tries with low cunning to make us read his dithyrambs and disquisitions on the Single Tax on Land Values according to the gospel of HENRY GEORGE by sandwiching them between the most exciting and modestly told adventures. In vain was the net spread in the sight of this bird. I devoured the adventures—South Africa, Gallipoli, Secret Service—and I don't envy the person who could read them without a stirring of the blood. Of the South African picnic he writes with a candour which would in those days have seemed the acme of bad taste. It would have been better for us if we could have had more of it at the time; but we learnt some lessons, as, for example, from the *Defence of Duffer's Drift*, in which another soldier with a sense of humour summed up certain principles of our nineteenth-century "sort-of-a-war" technique. The gem of Colonel WEDGWOOD'S collection is "Panic in War," the self-revelation of a gallant man who can afford to confess fear; and I'd gladly read all the land-tax articles, as, like an honest man, I eventually did, for the sake of the story of that magnificent sergeant, JOHN LITTLE, "on the wrong side of fifty, the bravest and most modest gentleman

I ever met," who held up a panic and received his accolade on the field of battle (for that was what it amounted to) from a Captain of the Essex, who "put three stars on his shoulder-strap with an indelible pencil." As to the Single Tax, it all sounds very jolly and plausible and a little too good to be true. Anyway you need a particular kind of brain to understand this sort of thing, a gift the heavens denied me. I commend these confessions and diversions of a thorough-paced Radical even to *Morning Posters*—indeed especially to them.

Oh, I have learnt the Fairy sooth
That opens the door o' the Hill,
For I have read *In the Land of Youth*,
And been to HY BRASIL;
JAMES STEPHENS wrote this fairy writ,
It is but he who could;
And Messrs. MACMILLAN published it,
A comely book and good.

It tells how *Nera*, wondrous wight,
To gain him a gold-hilt sword
Went into the dark of Hallow night
At a jest of Cruachan's lord;
And how to Tir-na-n'Og * he fared,
To Tir-na-n'Og fared he,
And wedded a sweet-cheeked, honey-haired
Tall woman of Faërie.

And it tells, anon, how *Queen Etain*
Left *Eochaid* at command
Of the *Prince Midir* and the far refrain
Of the Bells of Fairyland;
Two tales of gold, two tales apart,
And I don't know which I 'd take;
But I thank JAMES STEPHENS, glad of heart,
Because of the book they make.

It is a happy augury to find a Frenchman so at home in the English language that, though he has had a book in his own tongue crowned by the French Academy, he commonly prefers to lecture and write in ours. This is the case with M. ERNEST DIMNET, whose anonymous *Saturday Review* articles and several others of the same engaging character are now republished as *From a Paris Balcony* (GRANT RICHARDS). The balcony in question belongs to the Collège Stanislas; and for more than twenty years it and the apartment that gave on to it were rented by our author. From this coign of vantage he enjoyed an unrivalled view not only over Paris, but in a less literal sense over the whole of France. For the old boys of the College, who were incessantly coming and going, represented all the professions and included some of the greatest names in the country. Certainly M. DIMNET'S position was an enviable one. But he did not, he says, spend all his time looking out of the window. Every now and then he shut it up and remained indoors with his own meditations. His book is the result of this twofold process; and I am quite sure that so nice a blend of vivacity and sound thought was never attained by any other. It opens with sixteen little "Impressions" of places and people. Try "The Gare de Lyon," and observe how sensitively awake the writer can be where most of us would be looking about for food or a pillow. Read "The Chapel of Marie Bashkirtseff" for its faded pathos, and "Mushroom Cities" for its brand-new tragedy. Then pass on to the political and literary studies, whose graver line is still controlled by a light touch, and read "When the Grocer is King," or "Anatole France finds his Boswell," or "Renan and the Third Generation." After that I think you will read the whole book. *Et vous m'en direz des nouvelles.*

* The Land of the Young, or Fairyland.



Valet (laying out actor guest's evening clothes). "I CAN'T FIND ANY STIFF COLLARS AMONG YOUR REPERTOIRE, SIR."

Mr. THOMAS ROHAN'S *Confessions of a Dealer* (MILLS AND BOON) are confessions not of frailty but of faith. "That a love of the beautiful and a reverence for antiquity complete the human spirit" is the belief inspired in the author by many years of collecting things old and beautiful. Chained in early life to an occupation he detested, Mr. ROHAN did not begin his career as a dealer until he was verging on middle age and had lost his savings. His only capital was

forty pounds, which he hadn't got, because the man who owed that sum to him declined to pay it. Undismayed, Mr. ROHAN pluckily persisted in doing what he wanted to do; took his debtor—metaphorically—by the throat and started a small business in Southampton. "I loved old things," he writes; "I had an instinctive sense of what was right and true .... What a lovely life!—seeking the beautiful, finding every now and then something beyond price, and passing these things on to those who loved the true and right." If Mr. ROHAN did not then foresee the rascality of some of the dealers in the right and true he proved himself a match for them upon occasion. Among the most interesting chapters in a fascinating book are his disquisitions on fraudulent buyers and the iniquities of the furniture restorers. Nevertheless honesty exists, and good things are actually obtainable. To receive Mr. ROHAN'S *Confessions* is to be seized with a violent desire to rush out and purchase a piece of Waterford glass or a dole cupboard (but how many people know what a dole cupboard is?). Mr. ROHAN lets fall a kindly word to those who must content themselves with humbler things than the "museum pieces" bought by lordly connoisseurs for ever so many thousands of pounds. The modest collection, says Mr. ROHAN, has a personal charm of its own. To have gained but one fine thing, enriched by Time, the master-artist, is to succeed in life once at least.

I never have thought the New Testament a happy hunting-ground for novelists in search of a theme, and Mr. PATRICK MACGILL'S new book, *The Carpenter of Orra* (HERBERT JENKINS), has not changed my opinion. His saintly carpenter, who comes from nowhere to preach brotherly love to the inhabitants of a West-country tin-mining town, incidentally wins the hearts of two beautiful young women and walks away across the water in the end, safely followed by all the best people, while the worst quietly sink and drown, is not sufficiently compelling to survive the inevitable comparison. There is a suggestion that the walking on the water was less a miracle than a vision which came to a roomful of people at once, but what we really are intended to think about it all is not quite clear. Some vivid and sympathetic pictures of slum life and suffering poverty are what I like, and expect from Mr. MACGILL, but the scene where a beautiful girl, the MAGDALENE of the story, is made drunk and then betrayed by the villain, scarcely rings true. I liked even less Mr. MACGILL'S flights into higher society, where he makes everyone refer to *Sir Henry Martyn's* wife as "Lady Henry." Indeed the whole book is curiously haphazard and, in spite of the fertile imagination which is evident on every page, rather disappointing.

There is a surprising range about the gallery of portraits provided, with plenty of running comment, by Mr. HARRY FURNISS in *Some Victorian Men* (LANE). At first perusal I felt inclined to rub my eyes and ask myself whether the talented author-artist could really be as old as he made out, for there are no fewer than five separate sketches of CHARLES DICKENS. Presumably these were not taken from the life, for Mr. FURNISS only claims to have seen him on one occasion; being present, as a very small boy in a very high and crowded gallery, at one of the famous "readings." Nor do I suppose that he could have known very much of BERNAL OSBORNE or of those tried entertainers in another sphere, ALBERT SMITH and HENRY RUSSELL, though it is true that the author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" was to be seen occasionally at the Savage Club some forty years ago. But the sketches of these celebrities are well worth having. The politicians naturally are the best, for the artist was always practising with them. Most of the giants of the past are here—GLADSTONE and DISRAELI, JOHN BRIGHT and CHAMBERLAIN, W. E. FORSTER and Lord IDDESLEIGH. Of the rest we may pick out the portraits of Sir GEORGE ROSE (last of the judges of the Court of Review, and perhaps the prince of punsters of his time), "LEWIS CARROLL" and Sir ROBERT BALL as among the best; those of SWINBURNE and RUSKIN as perhaps the least successful. But there is abundance of good material in the book, and it makes an admirable pendant to the companion volume on Victorian women which the same indefatigable artist produced not very long ago.



SOUND PHOTOGRAPHY.

Enthusiastic Amateur. "I'M RATHER PROUD OF THESE ENLARGEMENTS FROM SNAPS TAKEN AT THE HELL BUNKER AT TOPPING-ON-SEA."

Colonel M——(BLACKWOOD) is correctly described as a romance, and I can assure the lovers of romantic fiction that Mr. ARTHUR FETTERLESS has catered most sumptuously for them. The *Colonel* was a man of mighty deeds and of few words; indeed his conversation often made me think of those laborious days when it was my task to convert elementary English sentences into foreign languages. But he revelled in situations, the tighter the better, and when he got to work his enemies had good reason to be scared. The scene of his activities was Russia, where he took sides with a *Prince* and *Princess* in their struggle against the Bolsheviks. It is not a pretty picture that Mr. FETTERLESS gives us of Russia under Soviet rule, and I entertained a fantastic hope that the *Colonel* would find some way to upset it. But the odds were too heavy against him, and, after the *Prince* had been killed, his sister (did I say that the *Princess* was his sister?) was compelled, like CÆSAR'S enemies, to seek safety in flight. I hardly expect to give you the surprise of your lives when I tell you that the *Colonel*, having first espoused her cause, concluded this gallant story by espousing the lady herself.

CHARIVARIA.

THE House of Commons is assembling this week, and just as we go to press we learn that the Liberal Party will occupy the corner seat below the Gangway.

* * *

A scientist offers a safe passage in a rocket to the moon and back. If the traveller does not come back of course the laugh will be on the professor.

* * *

"The maintenance of the currency of the realm in its purity is essential," says Sir E. WILD. But the hygienic practice of burning grimy Treasury notes has never really caught on with the public.

* * *

It is said that men's features are becoming less prominent. Well, look at the number of safety razors that are sold.

* * *

A suggestion is being made that foreign missions should be conducted by means of radio. But we can hardly picture the natives making a hearty meal from a boiled four-valve set.

* * *

An amateur radio expert is reported to have picked up America. This is all right so long as he doesn't put it down any nearer to us.

* * *

Several garages open all night are said to use gramophones to while away the time. We hope this has been brought to the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fords.

* * *

Sir HENRY NORRIS makes a plea for brighter football. One suggestion is that at the end of the game the referee should be thrown to the spectators.

* * *

It has been estimated that Mr. FALCONER KING, a well-known West of England journalist, has written more than twenty-four thousand leading articles in forty-two years. As there are no previous convictions it is possible the matter will be allowed to drop.

* * *

A Gloucester baby has been born with extra fingers. This seems to be nature's first attempt to produce the ideal Jazz-band pianist.

* * *

A new scheme for training bricklayers is being discussed. The old idea of taking the novice to see the laying of a foundation stone, and telling him to take the time from that, is to be abandoned.

* * *

A contemporary describes a certain duchess as wearing a dress of elephant's breath. Not long ago we heard of a man who claimed to have lit his pipe with a Thames bargee's back answer.

* * *

The latest theory is that the motor bandits now operating in the country are anxious to remain anonymous.

* * *

A physician has discovered that violent exertion causes sugar to accumulate in the body. That explains why plumbers always taste so bitter.

* * *

A London omnibus driven by a London man has been seen in the streets of Buenos Aires. We concede that, when the road is up in London, drivers have to make a détour, but he seems to be going a long way round.

* * *

The latest fashion edict is that women should walk like seals. This is better than walking like minks.

* * *

A man has been summoned for getting excited and shouting at a football match. What did he think he was watching? Cricket?

* * *

A man who stole sixteen saxophones from a shop in the West End and melted them down was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. His conduct was, of course, reprehensible. Yet he might have done worse.

* * *

"The divorce law in Scotland is very complicated," announces a daily paper. It is certainly not clear on the question as to who is to have the custody of the haggis.

* * *

We hear reports of a crime-wave, and a daily paper remarks that "modern criminals are making constant use of wireless telephony." It would be interesting to know what crime-wave length they are using.

* * *

With the idea of being helpful, a writer points out that women will always be just women. We confess we rarely meet this sort to-day.

* * *

A man reading a newspaper in a London 'bus suddenly became delirious. We fancy we know that newspaper.

* * *

A report states that dancing has been stopped in Copenhagen owing to the spread of foot-and-mouth disease. This malady is especially virulent in the case of the fox-trot.

* * *

A firm in Glasgow is making motor-car bodies from crêpe de chine. We know of an economical wife who is going to cut down a pneumonia blouse into a couple of light two-seaters.

* * *

Several spiral teeth eight feet long and fifty thousand years old have been discovered. Yet we dare say the prehistoric dentist said that it wasn't going to hurt much.

* * *

Professor BAADE reports the existence of a new planet in the constellation of Pegasus. Horsey seems to be trying to keep his tail up.

* * *

The Duchess of ATHOLL says that hockey is a most valuable part of a girl's education. It certainly gives her a wonderful stance with a carpet-sweeper.

* * *

Mr. CLEMENT JEFFERY holds that it is as great a crime to empty rubbish into the air as it is into the street. Do the British Broadcasting Company know this?



Barbara. "MUMMY, TEACHER SAYS I MUSTN'T SING ANY MORE IN CLASS, AND I'M THE FASTEST SINGER IN SCHOOL TOO."

"A Note to the Egyptian Government demands the unlimited extension of the Gezirah irritation area (hitherto held up by native prejudice)."—*West-Country Paper.*

Judging by the comments of the Nationalist Press, the area of irritation seems to be extending.

EASTWARD HO!

WHEN London's sameness, on my senses palling,
Suggests a thorough change of sphere,
I hear the colour of the East a-calling—
Either the Far one or the Near,
And beat my wings against the bars,
Longing for things like ghettos and bazaars.

I have that restless urge to be a trotter
In lands where curious scenes occur:
About the New Jerusalem to potter,
To sample what remains of Ur;
To plough the Nile or do Cathay,
Or probe the native lair of "Mr. A."

Yet not for just the joy of change and motion
I itch to gratify this crave;
I want to study men and check my notion
Of how these foreign types behave;
To get to know their morals well,
And learn their atmosphere and how they smell.

But in the course of reaching their addresses
There is a long, long way to go,
Involving heavy cost for *luxe* expresses
And transit on a P. and O.;
Why then proceed to distant shores,
With miles of aliens at my very doors?

London's own East, convenient for inspection,
The genuine Orient flavour yields;
You take a frugal ride in that direction—
Petticoat Lane or Spitalfields—
And you may breathe at large an air
Reeking of tribes from almost anywhere.

Teuton, Italian, Turk and Pole and Tartar,
Galician, Lascar, Chink and Dutch,
But mostly Israelites and apt to barter
With the authentic *Shylock* touch;
Why penetrate an alien clime
When you have got these with you all the time?

Why waste yourself on travel when a thre'p'ny-
Bit for the bus-conductor's fee
Gives you the perfume of the East where Stepney,
Our little Moscow, lets you see
(Without careering o'er the foam)
In Britain's heart the Bolshevist at home? O. S.

A PROBLEM IN POETICS.

DEAR SIR,—Your interest in the arts prompts me to appeal to you upon a matter of the gravest concern to all lovers of poetry, and to me personally as a poet who, indifferent to contemporary fame, looks forward with confidence to the enduring praise of posterity.

Imagine my feelings when, a short time ago, a Professor of Language stated that there was going on in the various English dialects a process of phonetic assimilation which would result in the standard pronunciation in years to come being very different from that of to-day. If this be true, then my posthumous fame is threatened, for my rhymes will be spoilt and my poems robbed of their distinctive charm and beauty. I use, for instance, the word "girl" (pronounced "gurl") very frequently as a rhyme; but it appears to be pronounced in at least three other ways, viz. as "gal," "gel" and "gairl." Should it come about that one of these supersedes "gurl," it would ruin the music of one of my sweetest lyrics, beginning

Whenever I think of you, dear girl,
My thoughts revolve in a joyous whirl.

Again "lady" in the present standard dialect rhymes with "shady," but it is possible that in time it will rhyme with "tidy." This would not matter very much, as it is little used as a rhyme, were it not for the fact that the sound "lady" is an essential constituent of the solemn harmony of an epitaph I once wrote (by special request), now engraved on the subject's tomb, and of course impossible of alteration. I do not think that the family of the departed will mind my quoting it; they are dear friends of mine and are among the few who have sufficient poetic sensibility to appreciate my work.

Here lies Lucinda Bridget O'Grady;
In life she was a beautiful lady.
She never did aught of mean or shady,
Did Mistress Lucinda Bridget O'Grady.

Happily, I can look forward to many years of usefulness in my art, and it is with the hope of forestalling possible phonetic changes which might mar my work, and of making it proof against the intrusion of discordant rhymes that I beg the favour of your opinion on the following suggestion, which briefly is this: to provide alternative lines so that those ending with the obsolete pronunciation may be omitted and the poem still be a complete whole. Let me illustrate my meaning by quoting the opening lines, with their alternatives, of one of my nature poems. The words in italics represent possible changes in accepted pronunciation.

THE MAGPIE.

With startled rush thro' burgeon'd brush, the magpie scours away (*awa'*).
{ What time I've been (*bin*) thro' coppice green in merry month of May.
{ What time I've bin thro' briar and whin where feather'd minstrels caw.

I forbear to quote more of my own work. I have no wish to create a literary sensation or to be the victim of the pestering publisher. Instead, I will quote from some of our classic poets and show how by adopting my plan they might have made their fame more secure. Take for instance MILTON'S *L'Allegro*:—

"Sometimes with secure delight (*deloight*)
{ The upland hamlets will invite . . ."
{ We 'll watch the yokels pitch the quoit . . .
"And young and old come forth to play (*ply*)
{ On a sunshine holiday."
{ These at banker; those "I spy!"

Or GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*:—

"There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule (*reucle*)
{ The village master taught his little school."
{ The village master birched the stupid mule.

I have always thought it a great pity that no attempt has been made to preserve the wit and elegance of those couplets of POPE which have been marred by changed pronunciation. I am emboldened to offer a substitute for the obsolete rhyme "tay" in his well-known couplet:—

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey
{ Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."
{ Dost sometimes counsel take—and oft Tokay.

I should point out that there are instances where phonetic changes might work to the advantage of a poet who has used a false rhyme, *e.g.*:—

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was *ecting*.

I trust I have made my meaning clear. Of course, in the definitive edition of my works, every poem will contain only such rhymes as the prevailing pronunciation will warrant. The omitted lines might be included in a critical appendix for the use of historians of phonetics.

I am, Yours obediently,
ORPHEUS TRIPE (*Troipe*).



THE HOPE OF THE HOUSE.

UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MAN (*to Apprentice Bricklayer*). "GOOD LUCK, MY LAD. WISH I HAD YOUR CHANCE."

[A Conference in Manchester last week approved a scheme for the training of a hundred thousand additional apprentices to the building-trades.]



Mistress. "I 'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER THE HOUSE FOR TOTO. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE DARLING DOG?"
Maid. "I 'AVEN'T DONE NOTHING WITH 'IM, MA'AM; BUT THE MASTER WENT OFF IN SUCH A HURRY THIS AFTERNOON, AND, BEING SO ABSENT-MINDED, P'RAPS 'E 'S GONE AND PACKED IT."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

WE were all simply 'normously intrigued when the announcement appeared:—"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Lord James Beauregard, second son of the Duke of Oldacres, and the Hon. Lucy Mallalieu, youngest daughter of the late Lord Cotswold and sister of the present peer."

To those who don't know nuthin about nuthin it sounds quite correct and suitable. To Us, the Wise Ones, it 's just the uttermost limit of the impossible. *Mais voyons un peu.* Let 's review the Cotswold *ménage*. Getting towards middle age, if not already there, with strict old-fashioned notions; never called "Cotty" by anyone and objecting to our calling Sybil "Billy," Cotswold is that last-century creature, a jealous husband; while Sybil, still young and pretty, is that all-centuries creature, a wife who loves admiration from all and sundry and from one in particular. The one in particular in *her* case is Jimmy Beauregard, the dearest naughtiest thing that ever was the despair of mothers.

When a girl 's called Lucy one knows what to expect, and in the case of Lucy Mallalieu one gets it! She 's Cotswold's half-sister, more than twenty years younger, and looks up to him as a father, though perhaps that 's not saying much nowadays. She 's been what used to be called "carefully brought up;" she doesn't like cocktails or cigarettes, and, if she *did*, wouldn't be allowed to drink 'em or smoke 'em; she 's *quite* without temperament; also she 's not shingled. As someone said when Lucy's hair was mentioned, "All the daughters of the House of Mallalieu wear their hair in ringlets up to twenty-five."

And to think of Jimmy, who finds the *jeune fille* even of the advanced twen-cent type a bore, and who was the first to dub Lucy "Little Miss White Muslin," a name that 's stuck—to think of Jimmy, whose romantic devotion to Sybil Cotswold is almost an old story to the wise ones—Jimmy engaged to Lucy! It was too strange, too horribly absurd to bear; and we should have burst if Billy hadn't taken us behind the scenes. Whether she touched up the negative a bit, who can say? But this is her account. They were giving a boy-and-girl dinner-and-theatre party for Lucy. Jimmy was invited, and, the morning of the day, some flowers were sent to Sybil. Cotswold came into her dressing-room for a chat, saw the flowers on the table, picked them up and found, what Sybil had overlooked, a slip of paper wrapped round one of the stems, tore it off, looked at it, and then, with any amount of last-century fury glaring from his eyes, said, as he threw it in front of Sybil:—"What 's the meaning of this? 'Jimmy' is James Beauregard, I suppose?"

Sybil read: "To my Adored One—from Jimmy. Will the queen of *my* heart wear these near *hers* to-night?"

Billy's mind works at lightning speed. She saw her name wasn't mentioned, and she said calmly, "Yes, I know. I thought it best the child shouldn't have it till I knew whether you approved." "Lucy!" cried Cotswold, surprise taking the place of anger and jealousy. Then he kissed Sybil, begged her pardon and sent for Lucy. When he spoke to her of the flowers and the note, "the child" performed a series of magnificent blushes that seemed to confirm all Sybil's superfibs. Jimmy had done a few duty-dances with her and it appeared the poor infant

had bestowed her young affections on him. She wound up her blushing and stammering act by running to her step-sister-in-law and crying on her shoulder for joy and wonder.

Poor Billy! Before evening she contrived to ring up Jimmy and tell him, "*He* found the note with the flowers. How could you be such an idiot? Had to say it was for Lucy. You 've got to play up."

At night Lucy wore the flowers, and Cotswold spoke to Jimmy with brotherly seriousness. A day or so later the announcement appeared. And now was there ever a more colossal and unbelievable imbroglio? Poor Jimmy, in a dazed state, engaged to Little Miss White Muslin; Little Miss White Muslin, in the seventh heaven, engaged to the hero of her dreams; Cotswold hoping Jimmy deserves his happiness and arranging to bestow Lucy on him early in the New Year; Sybil furious with herself for overlooking the note among the flowers, furious with Jimmy for his imprudence in putting it there, furious with Lucy, furious with Cotswold. *Juste ciel! Quelle affaire!*

Pixie Dashmore says the only possible solution of such difficulties as theirs would be an earthquake on a large scale.

* * * * *

Tots Uppingham and I have a great, big, cruel grievance.

A rumour arose lately that Pond of Neville-row, who dresses Kings, Princes, and Presidents (and dressed Kaisers when there were such things), would be among the New Year honours people as Lord Pond of Snipwell. "And quite right too," we said; "he *deserves* it for giving us those adorable creatures, Basil and Bobbie." Indeed, Pond's new departure in setting up two handsome mannequins for showing the last shout in men's fashions has had a *succès fou*. They 've been seen everywhere and 've been petted by everyone. I was 'mensely *éprise* of Basil, and so was Tots of Bobbie. They 've been in our boxes when they 've been wearing the latest theatre modes; and we 've danced a lot with them at the "Never say Die" and "The Grey Squirrel," when they 've been showing the Fox Trot vest or something of that kind. And now it seems Pond's prospective peerage is *not* for *setting up* Basil and Bobbie, but for *getting rid* of them!

It 's said that a deputation of well-known people interviewed Pond, saying they represented Husbands of Wives, Mothers of marriageable Daughters, and Sons of flighty Dowagers; they said Basil and Bobbie were becoming a *social danger*, and that, if Pond, in the best interests of society, would suppress them, the deputation would use their influence in recommending him for a peerage. Pond closed with the offer.

Yesterday Tots came rushing in.

"Sylvia Dolgelly, have you heard?"

"Tots Uppingham, I have."

She threw herself into my arms. "Your beautiful Basil and my beloved Bobbie are things of the past," she sobbed. "And our cruel insulting sons were in that part of the deputation that said they represented Sons of—of *flighty Dowagers!*"

"I 'd disinherit Dolgelly if I 'd anything to do it with," I sobbed.

"If it weren't that I 've nothing to leave," sobbed Tots, "I 'd leave Uppingham nothing;" and we mingled our tears.

So I was scarcely in spirits for Pixie Dashmore when she rushed in this afternoon, jubilant over a new thrill. She was at the "Never Say Die" last night, and they were having rather a hectic time, when the finishing touch was put to everything by the place being raided in the wee sma' hours. Seems they were smoking a brand of cigarettes that mustn't be smoked after midnight. "My dear, it was the *completest* thing!" she cried. "I 'd asked rather a delicious new man to dance, and I said to him, 'You 're very nice, but I can't quite place you. You dance in a formal restrained way, and you say "Madam." Who and what are you, anyway?' And he said, 'You 'll know presently, Madam.' And we did, for we were all arrested! Sylvia, you don't know what life can hold till you 've danced with rather a delicious new man, and the dance ends by his arresting you!"



THE HOME-COMING.

Husband. "TELLING LIES IS *NOT* ONE OF MY FAILINGS."
Wife. "NO, DEAR, IT 'S ONE OF YOUR FEW SUCCESSES."

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

VIII.—FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA.

WHEN Will mentioned the concerts which the Philharmonic Orchestra is giving in the open-air up town—far, far up town, where the open-air begins to open—and suggested that we should go, my first thought—and it grieves me to record it, for I am a lover of fine music, not to mention open-air—was that the stadium where they were being held was constructed entirely of concrete.

"Yes, it is," said Will, when I reminded him of this fact; "quite a nice piece of architecture. Arena, colonnade——"

"Will," said I boldly, "I'm not thinking of the architecture; I'm thinking of sitting for two very solid hours on concrete."

This shocked and pained Will deeply; he raised his eyebrows and said, Oh, of course, if I didn't care enough about fine music to bear a little discomfort, that was a different thing altogether. So I insisted on our going up that very evening. He protested; he wouldn't for the world be the cause of my passing an uncomfortable evening. But I insisted.

When we reached the outside of the stadium the crowd was assembling from all directions. There were Jews and Hungarians and Armenians and Jews and Italians and Greeks and Jews and Russians and Jews, and all the permutations and combinations of these, and up against the wall I thought I recognized a little group of Americans.

"It 's a small world," said I, pointing them out to Will.

But Will doubted if they were native-born Americans. "The mere fact that they are bare-headed and wear knickerbockers doesn't necessarily mean that they 're native-born Americans," he said. "Indeed I think they are what are known as native-born foreigners."

I told him I didn't see any real reason why there shouldn't be a few native-born Americans up there; it didn't seem so unbelievable to me. But Will wouldn't argue about it, so we bought tickets and went through the gate.

Just inside were enthusiastic young men doing a thriving business in renting little straw pads for five cents. They seemed to take the concrete even more seriously than I had. They brought up a point I hadn't considered. Their argument was "Save your clothes, back and health; save your clothes." We seemed to be taking our lives in our hands. I had thought if my clothes could save *me* I should be satisfied. The pads were designed to save a circle of one's clothes, back and health about six inches in diameter, so Will and I rented two of them each.

Another enthusiastic young man with a large tag in his cap, on which were exhibited the names of his wares and the prices, stopped us and advised us to start the evening off right by knocking down a pair of ice-cold dopes; but we decided to fight it out without stimulant if possible, and cast our pads on the cement steps. The orchestra was tuning up, but apparently nobody had seen it yet; the enthusiastic young men were still vociferously trying to save everybody's clothes, back and health, and trying to make everybody see that the only possible way of getting through the evening was with the aid of an ice-cold cocoa-cola, fifteen cents. It also appeared that they sold all the other kinds of soft drinks, every one of which was guaranteed to defy the warmth of the evening and remain at a temperature just above freezing. We were the only people that I could see who were planning to take on the concert bare-handed; everybody else was fortifying himself with soda-waters and chero-colas and orange-crushes and innumerable cigarettes and cigars.

When the programme opened Will and I were fairly comfortably situated; we had cast our pads on the outskirts of the crowd, on the principle that, whatever else happened, we should at least have space enough to stand up now and then and rest our clothes. But by the end of the Overture to "Oberon" we had two feet of concrete step apiece and our knees were striking against the backs of the party in front.

On my immediate left was a middle-aged woman (not native-born), with diamonds in her ears, who rather disdained the whole show; in front of us was a quartette of "young people" (not native-born), who seemed to have got in by mistake; they apparently took the entertainment for a sort of baseball game and carried on continual loud talk with one another with the evident intention of rattling the conductor. During the fourth of BRAHMS' Symphonies one of them brought out some snapshots of himself on the beach and passed them down the line. In the third movement these were returned to the wallet of the owner, and the woman on my immediate left took up in detail an account of the rudeness of a subway guard. This brought us to the intermission and the young men with the ice-cold drinks.



Husband (who has been asked his plans for the day). "WELL, MY DEAR, I'VE A FRIGHTFUL LOT OF WORK. I REALLY OUGHT TO——"

Wife (with quick intelligence). "MARY, YOUR MASTER WILL BE LUNCHING AT THE GOLF CLUB."

The intermission was passed in comparative silence, due to the extreme difficulty of drinking out of bottles and talking at the same time. Except for the clinking of these bottles and an occasional exclamation, the concrete was allowed to press on us in peace.

Just before the opening of the last part of the programme the people round us, having got rid, by the ice-cold drinks, of any hoarseness they might have contracted through the strain of competing with a hundred-and-five musicians, settled down for a short breathing space before giving a better account of themselves in the second half.

According to the programme the man they would have to deal with in the beginning of the second half was TSCHAIKOVSKY. I personally didn't think TSCHAIKOVSKY could give them much of a match; they had already made BRAHMS' Op. 98 seem like pantomime, and I felt that they could do the same thing for TSCHAIKOVSKY. I could think of only one man capable of putting up any competition against them, and that was RICHARD WAGNER, and he wasn't scheduled to appear until the last.

TSCHAIKOVSKY failed, as I knew he would—failed badly. Nobody near us seemed to know that he had even



Shop Assistant. "THERE'S A GOOD STRONG PAIR THAT WILL LAST YOU FOR EVER."
Customer. "THAT'S THE SORT OF THING I WANT. I'LL TAKE THOSE."
Shop Assistant. "THANK YOU, SIR. WILL ONE PAIR BE ENOUGH?"

entered the field. A great part of the audience had gone up in the colonnade during the intermission to see how cigarettes would taste up there, and it took them *Andante sostenuto, Andante in modo di canzona,* and *Pizzicato sostentato* to get anywhere near their seats again; even the *Allegro con fuoco* sounded very far away through the scraping of shoes on concrete and the general *fortissimo* created by everybody's efforts to trace his own straw pad. Will and I applauded; TSCHAIKOVSKY had fought a good fight against overwhelming odds.

Then the conductor turned over the page to WAGNER, and I thought I caught him flinging a "trump-this" glance at the audience.

But the audience had its own way of trumping men like WAGNER. No sooner had the drummer rolled his initial thunder than all the best conversationalists in the audience began to go home. The quartette of young people in front, the woman on my immediate left, and her companion, all gathered up their baggage and retreated. It seemed to me a pretty cowardly way of admitting defeat; but it did give us materially more room, and I slid my pair of fireless cookers along the cement into the vacant place. I beckoned to Will to spread out.

But Will looked worried.

By this time the aisles were black with people departing, all for some reason I could not understand, in a violent hurry.

"What's the matter with these people?" said Will, looking at them.

Then suddenly he leaped straight to his feet as if the straw pads had at last caught fire.

"Come on!" he cried to me in a loud whisper; "for the Lord's sake, hurry!" With this he plunged fighting into the crowd.

I left the orchestra doing its futile best to prevent a stampede, and ran after him as fast as the dense throng would let me. At the gate I looked back and saw that everybody was leaving but the musicians.

I saw Will's fleeting back as he dashed up the crowded sidewalk towards a line of buses. He passed the first bus, passed the second, the third, the fourth; I caught him in perspiring despondency at the steps of the last bus.

"What in the name *de Dieu* is the matter?" I cried, breathless.

"There 's not a seat left," he moaned, "not a single seat."

We sat down on the curb and rested. "From the way this crowd behaves I believe there are more native-born Americans in it than I thought," I said.

"Nonsense," said Will. "Native-born Americans rarely bother with concerts; this crowd seems native-born because one of the first native-born traits that foreigners pick up is the inability to sit still for more than fifteen minutes. When we come again we shall have to leave the concert during the intermission if we hope to get a seat on a bus—or, better still, keep our seats on the bus and not go into the stadium at all."

And I told him that this alternative would be agreeable to me. U. S. A.

Love's Young Dream.

"Young Lady (age 49) would like to meet a Young Man about the same age."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"The solution of the little puzzle was, of course, 'Adam Bede,' by G. Field. A surprising number of competitors spelt the author's name 'Elliot,' which is wrong."—*Local Paper.*
It certainly seems a silly way to spell Field.

THE END OF AN IDYLL.

IT was all over with Horace in less than three minutes. In the time that it takes to soft-boil an egg Horace became transformed from an ordinary lethargic office-boy to a being of rapid pulses, flashing eye and heaving chest.

Those who are soured by official contact with Horace's kind may hazard the guess that this change was wrought in the boy by his missing the top step in the dark; but the explanation in this instance is that in the very brief interval Horace had fallen in love.

This is how it happened. Sent out by the cashier for the insurance stamps, Horace was dawdling along a round-about route to the post-office when he drifted to rest before a shop-window. Inside a girl was occupied in demonstrating the facility with which inscriptions could be set-up and changed on a new type of window-sign.

She was a nice girl; but that is not to say that hundreds of business men would have stopped to gaze in at her window in the course of the day, as they did, had it not been for the novelty of the sign.

Horace, however, fell at the first glance. Something—the poise of her head, the curve of her arm, or whatever it was—stirred him to the depths and brought his nose flat against the glass wall of her bower. He gazed entranced. At last, greatly daring, he hurred heavily on the pane, and in the resulting condensation of his fiery breath he wrote backwards for the benefit of the damsel—

H U L L O !

The lady made no sign but, daintily aloof, began to dismantle the precept she had just set up—

CHEAPNESS !
RELIABILITY !
ECONOMY !

Perhaps she had not seen his overture, the first bud of his burgeoning love. Then suddenly Horace's heart gave a postman's knock and there was a buzzing in his ears like a number engaged, for she had paused deliberately before finally clearing the board so that he might read—

CHE E
R I
O !

Passers-by, casually joining Horace at the window, brought the young couple's first exchange of blandishments to an end. Yet afterwards, you may be sure, never a day passed but Horace's face, in his employer's time or his own, came up against that magic window. Sweet nothings passed between them in this secret fashion, and soon Horace knew from the way she broke up the word

EFFECTIVE

that the name of his inamorata was

EFF I E.

The impetus of the affair was checked by agonising hindrances. Their trysting place was so beset by idlers who merely wished to gape at the sign that once for a whole week the tantalised Horace had to live on the memory that when he had traced the question in his own condensed breath—

WHOSE YOUR SWEETHEART?

the maid had shyly dismantled the injunction—

BUY
ONE
NOW!

to leave for a delicious moment the coy admission—

Y
E
W!

Furthermore, the manager of the establishment hovered like a black cloud over the lovers' ripening affections. He had been so incensed to find traces on the glass of Horace's romantic symbolism—two hearts pierced by a single arrow—that he remained on the alert, wondering frequently and loudly why, with all the square miles of plate-glass in the City to choose from, some devil of a boy must select *their* window for his drawing of a couple of kidneys on a skewer.

Then, to crown all, Horace's employers, petitioned by their West End Branch for the loan of a junior to do some donkey-work, were pleased to lend them Horace. Thus, for three weeks Horace's body moved dazedly through irksome tasks in the West while his spirit hovered incessantly round the crystal retreat of his lady-love.

When at last they recalled him to his ordinary duties in the City he was delighted to be sent out very soon with a telegram. He flew from the office, repressing an intense desire to sing; and his heart leapt with joy because an east wind was blowing the sleet across the streets—ideal weather for his wooing, for the blizzard would drive idlers away from Effie's shrine, and the cold would raise a vapour on the glass so that there would be no necessity for him to hurr.

Arriving eagerly, his numbed finger traced in provocative letters—

EFFIE!

To his dismay she remained frigid. In vain did he underline his silent cry in the opaqueness of the pane and emphasise his sincerity with a further note of exclamation. Effie, unresponsive, continued her task. Under her deft fingers the legend ALL-ROUND UTILITY faded away without yielding one soft word, and the epigram BEST IS CHEAPEST appeared and then disappeared with no sign of a message.

Was it that Effie, piqued by Horace's innocent absence, merely wished to tease him? Or did those half-obliterated marks higher up on the window tell of a rival—taller than he and, maybe, with kinkier hair?

We shall never know. But it is certain that Horace, maddened by the inclemency of his mistress and the weather, turned abruptly from Effie's window and, reckless of the furious double tide of traffic, plunged blindly off the pavement; for Effie, in breaking up the assertion—

USEFUL IN
SHOPS &
OFFICES

had made known to Horace her decree—

U
HOP
OFF

Good Causes.

THE blue flag of the Missions to Seamen flies over their ships and their Institutes in a hundred-and-twenty of the ports of the world. Their fine work, carried on by over three hundred chaplains and laymen, is to care for the bodies and souls of our Merchant Sailors. "Poor old Merchant-Jack," wrote CLARK RUSSELL, "you do all the real, bitter, savage work of the deep; but you get no honour, no applause, no reward; England pays no heed." This national reproach had already been wiped out long before the gallantry and self-sacrifice of the Merchant Service in the War had made an irresistible claim upon our gratitude. But this debt remains, and Mr. Punch is confident that the country needs only to be told in what way it may best be paid. And he knows of no better way than to send help to this cause that stands in pressing need of it. Gifts should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, The Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. A Bazaar in aid of this good work will be held at Hyde Park Hotel on December 11th.

* * *

Under the patronage of the QUEEN, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, Lady CARISBROOKE, Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN, the Duchess of NORFOLK and Lady SALISBURY, a Ball will be held at Claridge's on December 10th, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. Tickets 30*s.*, or six for £7 10*s.* 0*d.*, can be had from Miss DIANA MAKINS, 10, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, or Miss VAUGHAN-MORGAN, 1, Hans Place, S.W.1



Charlady. "I DON'T MIND COMIN' NOW AN' AGAIN TO OBLIGE YER."
Lady. "IT 'S VERY GOOD OF YOU. BUT WHAT I REALLY REQUIRE IS *DAILY* CONDESCENSION."

SONGS BETTER LEFT UNSUNG.

THE human voice by general consent
Is voted the most perfect instrument,
Yet in the concert-room or on the stage
Often excites the captious critic's rage.

Sopranos, over-zealous in agility,
Exhaust their energies in mere futility—
The sort of music that promotes dejection
Unless it 's sung to absolute perfection.

The tenor, short of neck and stout and squat—
Though cast to play the hero of the plot—
Trumpeting forth his horrible high C's,
"Is not a man but merely a disease."

The rich contralto, seldom blessed with brains,
Imparts no colour to her velvet strains,
But does at times elicit from her boots
Portentous boomings and sonorous hoots.

Lastly, the basso is a dismal dog,
Who seldom sets his audience agog;
Mostly the villain; frequently a bore
Emitting platitudes with "sullen roar."

Yet I have known four sovereigns of song
Who in the realm of sound could do no wrong,
Matching the finest violins or 'celli—
TERNINA, the DE RESZKES and TREBELLI.

Precept and Practice.

"Publicity posters bearing the notice 'Shop in Mansfield; it pays,' are being printed by a Belfast firm for Mansfield Chamber of Commerce."—*Daily Paper.*

"Japanese wants German teacher, 6 hours weekly; salary expected."—*American Paper.*
Quite right too. "Make Germany pay!"

"The hardier roses continue to bloom, and the later chrysanthemums and a few precocious perennials help to contrive a belated gaiety."—*Daily Paper.*
This must be the garden of the young lady who—

"Went out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous night."



A SMALL HOUSEHOLD.

"NOW WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT ADAM AND EVE?"
"THEY WOS PUFFICKLY HAPPY TILL THE SERVANT CAME."

THE FIRE-ENGINE PERIL.

A FEW days ago I was doing my ordinary domestic shopping at a provision store when the manager came to ask me if I had seen their Christmas bazaar, and, following his directions, I entered the toy department.

I found myself in a place congested with engines of war, aeroplanes, tanks, dreadnoughts, submarines, destroyers and soldiers of all nations armed to the teeth, besides trains, motor-cars and other toys of every description.

To the assistant who came forward I expressed my admiration of his show, but suggested that the toys would have been displayed to better advantage if he had arranged them differently. It was absurd to allow dolls to lie asleep on the railway line, right in the track of an on-coming train, and what was a British policeman in uniform doing standing on a shelf staring at a French nursemaid when he should obviously be on point duty down below, holding up the traffic to let the fire-engine pass?

The blockaded fire-engine, complete with tank, hose-pipe, pump and ladder at three guineas, was extricated from its ignominious position for my closer inspection, and I felt greatly tempted to buy it for my nephews, though I was rather apprehensive of the uses to which they might put it. What if some of the property of their little sister Molly were sacrificed for experimental purposes!

I imagined the sort of newspaper paragraph that might appear in the New Year:—

"Early in the forenoon of yesterday a fire broke out in the dolls' house of Miss Molly Fairlock. Thanks to the smart turn-out of the nursery brigade the fire was soon got under, but not before the house, which was of timber, was completely gutted. It is feared that all the inhabitants perished in the flames.

"By a fortunate coincidence the fire-engine was on the scene at the moment of the outbreak.

"The origin of the fire is at present unknown, but there is every reason to believe it was the work of incendiaries.

"The nurse told our correspondent that she had not left the nursery five minutes when she was recalled by the violent ringing of the nursery bell and cries of 'Fire! Fire!' She found the room in a state of wild confusion and Miss Fairlock prostrate with grief. The gallant firemen were playing the hose on the blazing edifice, and heroic efforts were being made by means of a ladder to rescue the servants, whose set white faces could be seen pressed against the glass of the upper windows. These, it was discovered, would not open, and by the time the firemen had smashed the glass it was too late to save the imprisoned victims."

* * * * *

In the end I did not buy the fire-engine. The thought of Molly weeping for her dolls because they were not was more than I could bear.

Faithful after Death.

"I notice the Fowls are keener since having your Food. My Late Pullets have started laying to-day."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"There is a coal shortage right now, on Long Island, which is equivalent to over 60,000 families not having filled their coal bins, one of whom we are which."—*American Paper.*

We like our American cousins, but we can't abide their relatives.

THE NEW PIED PIPER.

[The series of orchestral Concerts for Children, organised by Mr. ROBERT MAYER, and conducted by Dr. MALCOLM SARGENT, are drawing large and enthusiastic audiences at the Central Hall, Westminster.]

In the days of the era Victorian
Our children, subdued and effaced
By discipline pre-Montessorian,
Were lacking in musical taste;
They played on the shrill penny trumpet
And, when they were given a drum,
Were wont to belabour and bang on the tabor
Until it was dumb.

For the rest, a sad memory lingers
In many an elderly mind
Of a governess rapping the fingers
That failed the right phrases to find,
Alternating with secret enjoyment
Of whistles and even Jew's harps,
Where pleasure was doubled in being untroubled
By flats or by sharps.

But the Georgian child has evaded
The torture of learning with tears
How to strum, and is now being aided
To use not his fingers but ears;
For concerts are planned for his training
With nothing to bother or bore,
But a genial conductor who acts as instructor
In critical lore.

With friendly perception discerning
The musical needs of to-day
He sees, in the progress of learning
To listen, a happier way;
Reserving the *rôle* of performance
To experts, who gain little grist
By playing and grinding and frequently finding
It hard to exist.

He shows us, what no pianola
Or gramophone can, that the tone
Of the violin, 'cello, viola,
Has each got a soul of its own;
And he teaches his juvenile audience
To memorize themes by the "rag"
Of cunningly choosing for each some amusing
And suitable tag.

His programmes are wisely eclectic;
With HAYDN and BACH they begin,
But do not encourage the hectic
Purveyors of desolate din,
And MENDELSSOHN isn't excluded
As one of the musical whigs,
And the *Sylvia* ballet is in the right galley,
In spite of the prigs.

So here's to the SARGENT whose drilling
Of nice little maidens and boys
Is consistently aimed at instilling
A taste for harmonious joys;
Who, in fine, as a super- or hyper-
Magician of blameless renown,
Is kinder and riper in type than the Piper
Of Hamelin Town.



"HAVE A CIGAR?"
"NO, THANKS—SWORN OFF SMOKING."
"WELL, PUT ONE IN YOUR POCKET FOR TO-MORROW."

Congestion in the Church.

"Six well-known laymen will occupy the pulpit in the St. ——'s Parish Church on Sunday evening."—*Provincial Paper.*

"A shilling incident was witnessed in Arbroath's goalmouth when Stewart was twice called upon to save from a corner."
Scots Paper.

Bang went saxpence each time.

Oriental Irony.

"Dr. ——, Indian Phrenologist and Physician, Advises on Matrimony, Rheumatism, Bronchitis and other ailments."—*Daily Paper.*

"What have really become of our old-fashioned summers?"—*Holiday Magazine.*

We fear they have gone the way of our old-fashioned grammar.

From a film article:—

"'Arabella' is not unlike Jane Austen's classical 'Black Beauty,' having as its chief theme the autobiography of a horse."
Scots Paper.

Also ran, Miss SEWELL's *Emma*.

MR. GIBSON.

Mr. Gibson has retired.

Mr. Gibson had many friends in this suburb, but most of them I fancy never knew his name. For Mr. Gibson was the ticket-collector at our Underground railway-station. Ticket-collectors come and go; one day I give my ticket to a young boy, another day I give it to an old one; they are a decent friendly body of men, and one passes the time of day with them; but when they are moved on to Baron's Court or elsewhere, it would be an hypocrisy to pretend that, as a rule, they leave a gap in one's life. But I want to tell Mr. Gibson that he was missed. Immediately.

Our station is one of those undistinguished places where the Underground is no longer underground, but rushes daringly along a lofty bank among the bourgeois roofs of the extreme West. Mr. Gibson's box stood like a lightship in a sea of roofs, and was exposed to the four winds, or whichever of them happened to be blowing. It was a bitter corner in a north-east wind, and, as I stepped into my nice warm train, I have often remarked to Mr. Gibson, "I'd rather you than me," to which Mr. Gibson has invariably replied, "You 're right, Sir. But I 'm not complaining."

Mr. Gibson is well over sixty, I believe, and he never was complaining. I have never met a man who so consistently did not complain. He was the only man I ever met who made me think of John Bull—the real John Bull. John Bull, I fancy, looks a great deal younger than he is, and Mr. Gibson looked no more than forty-five till the day he punched his last ticket and vanished silently from public life, to enjoy, I hope, a comfortable pension. Upright, dignified, robust, with a great broad chest and a ruddy, roundish, good-humoured face, bright blue eyes and friendly smile, he made a fine figure at the top of the stairs there. Bull but not bully. He seemed to give the station character and life. There were sharp frosty mornings when he looked more like a sea captain standing on his own bridge than a downtrodden wage-slave of the Underground Railway. The wind pinked his cheeks and brightened his eyes as he gazed out over the forest of wireless masts that marked the wrecks among his sea of suburbs. One would have said he had just rounded the Horn.

None the less he always knew whether the next train stopped at Gloucester Road or not. And then we would talk. His talk was common-sense, common-sense and balance and wise toleration. Often we talked politics; for once or twice I found him reading *Hansard* for the previous day; and I believe he had *Hansard* regularly, this extraordinary man. At any rate he had a profound interest in politics, and knew what was what on every current topic. Yet—and this, I think, is an indication of his quality—to this day I have not the faintest notion how he votes or what Party is his own, and—this is an indication of his dignity—I never ventured to inquire. That is the plain truth. Sturdy and independent was Mr. Gibson politically, by no means what *The Daily Herald* is pleased to call a Henry Dubb, with few illusions about the inequities of life, but fewer still, I fancy, concerning Nationalisation or any other polysyllabic millennium. Indeed, I remember his remarking once with some scorn that the "young lads" under him at the station were so much occupied with working out their rights that little of the day was left for work. However, on the days when he was in charge they seemed to be brisk and busy enough.

After politics (if one's train had not arrived) he would pass to stories. And here is a sad thing. Never yet in all our long acquaintance has Mr. Gibson reached the end of one of his stories. Not that they were longer than the stories of other men. The difficulty was that just as Mr. Gibson approached the climax of his story my train would come in. Invariably. And Mr. Gibson would say cheerfully, "Well, well, Sir, I'll tell you another day." A real gentleman, I suppose, would have answered, "No, Mr. Gibson, finish the story. I will wait for the next train." I am ashamed to say that I never said that. Often, however, on a later day I would say, "What was that story you were telling me the other day, Mr. Gibson?" But by then he had forgotten it. I suppose I must have heard the first half of Mr. Gibson's story about the income-tax collector and the pigs (for Mr. Gibson kept pigs in his spare time) some half-a-dozen times. And now I shall never know exactly what it was that the income-tax collector said about Mr. Gibson's pigs. I suppose this happened to everyone. To Mr. Gibson the Underground passengers of our suburb must appear as a long succession of men who disappear in the middle of his stories. But what I remember most, and miss most, is his cheerfulness. I may be thought to be exaggerating, or sentimentalising, or some such awful thing; but I say that no man ever entered an Underground train after a talk with Mr. Gibson without being the better for it. One waved a hand, butted into the gloomy herd of travellers in a Third Smoking and clutched a strap, like an ordinary citizen bound for the dismal City of toil. But in fact one was inspired—one faced the day with new courage and a new faith in humanity and life. One 's very overdraft seemed a small thing.

For Mr. Gibson has had a hard time in his day; he has all the usual reasons for being bitter and "class-conscious." But he is not. Ticket-collectors see many queer things and many queer creatures. There have been many little "scenes" at those iron gates, though not many, I think, when Mr. Gibson held the pass. But I have seen him handle one or two strange passengers of the indignant or emotional kind—and always with the tact and judgment of an ambassador or policeman. He knew at once whether the man or woman had really bought the right ticket and lost it, and when to be very firm and when sympathetic. And when he had had to be firm with the occa-



Yokel (to motorist who has suggested additional assistance being obtained). "EH, BUT, MISTER, IF I GO FER 'ELP, THEE 'LL STAY 'ERE TILL I COMES BACK, WON'T 'E?"



Dancing Instructress. "YOUR STEPS ARE NEARLY ALL RIGHT, BUT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT LOOK AT ME NOW AND THEN. AFTER ALL, YOU 'RE NOT CARRYING ROUND THE OFFERTORY BAG."

sional black sheep, he did not make it an occasion for condemning the whole flock.

One hears in these days a good deal about humanity, equality and brotherhood, which things consist, it seems, in calling five per cent. of the human race "Comrade" and kicking the other ninety-five in the stomach. Mr. Gibson's humanity was of a different order, and had the simple effect of making one respect one's fellow-men—an old-fashioned sensation, I admit, and probably capitalistic. I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that all men are equal, but he was the best argument for that doctrine that I have ever met.

And now he has retired. And we begin our daily journeys lacking that genial inspiration. There are no complaints concerning his successors. "Good-mornings" pass as before, and the customary weather forecasts, congratulations or laments; they punch our tickets as well and truly as did Mr. Gibson. But it is not the same thing. The station is not what it was: it has lost an atmosphere; and the Underground has lost a fine fellow.

I hope he is happy in retirement, and I hope at his age I shall have earned it as well. I hope the pigs are doing well, and the fowls, and the carpentering and the old lady; also the two married daughters and the boy, who had a good job somewhere, but thought of emigrating. I forget what he did, but there is not much I do not know about that regular household. Upearly, a glass of water night and morning (for that is one of the things which have kept Mr. Gibson so fit and youthful), and early to bed. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are not much for reading at night, and, though they sit down most evenings by the fire with a book or a newspaper maybe, the reading generally declines into a nap, and by half-past nine they are ready for bed. Mr. and Mrs. Bull. And long may they live!

The children asked after you, Mr. Gibson, when you disappeared. I fear they may have forgotten you by now, for children are like that. And presently, I suppose, we shall forget you too. But while we remember, Mr. Gibson, I thought I 'd like to let you know.

A. P. H.

"Rev. C. and Mrs. —— will be 'At Home' to their friends on Thursday afternoon and evening, and to the members of their congregation on Friday afternoon and evening."
Canadian Paper.

We note the delicate distinction.

LAD'S-LOVE AND HEARTSEASE.

(Gipsy Song.)

WHEN we are wed, my lovely lad,
My golden lad, my laughing lad,
I 'll trip along in russet clad,
With shoes of good red leather.

When we are wed, my Heart o' Love,
I 'll wear no veil, no garland pale,
No knot of blue nor broidered glove,
No fan of milk-white feather.

When we are wed my crown shall be
The bramble broom, the tansy bloom,
The meadowsweet and briony,
With bells of honeyed heather.

When we are wed, my lovely lad,
My golden lad, my laughing lad,
We 'll need no feast to make us glad,
No wine to make us mellow.

When we are wed we 'll keep no hoard,
We 'll need no bed with satin spread,
No oaken press with linen stored,
No cloths of damask-yellow.

When we are wed, my Heart o' Love,
We 'll sleep at night on bedstraw white,
The golden moon our lamp above
And sweet content our fellow.



Maid to Kitchen Visitor (commenting on rendering of Bach by son of the house). "OH, I DO WISH 'E 'D LEAVE OFF MAKING THAT ROW. 'E *CAN* PLAY, I KNOW, 'COS I 'VE 'EARD 'IM PLAY 'WHY DID I KISS THAT GIRL?'"

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON XI.—THE MYSTERY STORY.

(Continued.)

WE were in London—Graves Gatherby, the inscrutable and amazingly beautiful Miss Hât-hor Brown, and I. Following the terrible occurrences on Mrs. Eccles' lawn, it had been obvious that Graves Gatherby could no longer afford to remain so far from the centre of things. I had offered my services in any capacity for what they were worth, and they had been accepted on that understanding; indifferently by Graves Gatherby, inscrutably by the lovely Hât-hor, as I already termed her fondly to myself.

Tossing restlessly on the little bed that Graves Gatherby had provided for me at his lodgings I pondered over the mystery of it all. Who was Hât-hor Brown, and why had she seemed to sting me at our first meeting? Could it be some subtle warning? I groaned into the darkness.

"Silence!" came the shrill tones of Graves Gatherby from the other side of the room. "I am thinking."

My mind switched on to other topics. Who or what was the Frozen Fang? It was already the conviction of Graves Gatherby that this was the pseudonym of some diabolical master-mind whose fearful activities were directed to no less an end than actual world-dominion! We alone could prevent it. Useless to confide our fears to Scotland Yard. Those wooden-headed materialists would only scoff at us.

My thoughts reverted again to Hât-hor. What was her connection with this sinister thing? Why should the Frozen Fang direct his evil telegrams to her? She might even be in some horrible danger. My heart almost ceased to beat.

At last I passed into a troubled sleep, broken by fitful dreams in which my sweetly inscrutable Hât-hor and the gaunt figure of Graves Gatherby mingled confusedly with the unknown yet appalling menace of the terrible Frozen Fang himself.

Early next morning we hurried round to Hât-hor's flat, and the time passed quickly while Graves Gatherby began to build that theory of his which was to have such an unexpected sequel. Hât-hor asked us to stay to lunch, and we accepted gladly.

As we were lighting our cigarettes after the meal there came a sudden ring at the front-door. We stiffened involuntarily.

"Is this—danger?" I muttered, voicing our thoughts.

"That remains to be seen," said Graves Gatherby with calm sanity. "In any case you open the door."

I rose, not without some trepidation, which I strove, I hope successfully, to conceal. There was a telegraph boy outside the front-door, proffering me a buff envelope.

"Brown?" he asked.

I took the envelope. "Brown!" Surely there was some deep significance here. Hât-hor's name was Brown!

Her slim fingers ripped it open. "Exploding Prime Minister two-thirty," she read out slowly.

"The signature?" demanded Graves Gatherby, his eyebrows already unfurling. "Is it, by any chance, signed Frozen Fang?"

"It is!" gasped Hât-hor huskily, and I stood aghast at the penetration of the man. Were there no secrets too deep for him to solve?

Graves Gatherby was gazing at his watch with anxious eyes. "Heaven send we are not too late!" he muttered



TO ALL WHOM IT CONCERNS.

BRITANNIA (*to Egypt*). "I GAVE YOU LIBERTY. SEE TO IT THAT THE THINGS DONE BY YOU IN HER NAME DO NOT MAKE ME REPENT MY GIFT."



squeakily. "Quick! A taxi! We have not a second to lose."

I rushed into the street and whistled up a taxi. Graves Gatherby hurled himself into it and dragged me inside.

"The Albert Hall!" he cried. "Fourpence extra if you do it in five minutes."

The vehicle shot forward and I darted a questioning look at my companion. "The Albert Hall?" I ventured.

"Yes," he snapped. "The Prime Minister is addressing a meeting there at two o'clock. It is now twenty minutes past."

I sank back appalled, the full significance of the dastardly plot suddenly dawning upon me.

For a time we made good progress, but at Hyde Park Corner a block in the traffic delayed us. As the time sped on my companion became more and more agitated. His flowing eyebrows swept the air, crossed and recrossed themselves over his nose and even spread out fanwise over his lofty forehead. From time to time he enveloped himself in a thick and pungent cloud of pepper from the little tin box he always kept handy in a special pocket in his left spat. Never had I seen Graves Gatherby so moved.

The slowness of the driver seemed to worry him. "Is it possible that this man is a creature of the Frozen Fang's, sent on purpose to delay us?" he muttered to himself. "I should have thought of that contingency."

At last we drew up before the Albert Hall. Even to my untutored eye it was obvious that something was afoot. A dense crowd was gathered before the building, some laughing, some crying, and some just gnashing their teeth in silence.

Graves Gatherby leaped out of the taxi and darted towards the nearest policeman. "The Prime Minister!" he cried shrilly. "I have an urgent message for the Prime Minister."

"You 'ave, 'ave you?" returned the policeman sourly. "Well, the Prime Minister blew up five minutes ago. Exploded right in the middle of his speech, he did." He chuckled ghoulishly. "Blew himself up. Clean disappeared, he did."

I eyed the man anxiously. Was it possible that even the police force could have been suborned by the Frozen Fang?

"I feared it," Graves Gatherby was saying disappointedly. "But we must not dally. You take this taxi back to Miss Brown's flat, pay the driver and remain there till I return. And guard her as you would your life. There is terrible work afoot. I have other things to do." He swung on his heel and disappeared.



Cheery Soul. "LAWKS, MY DEAR, WOT A TURN YOU GIVE ME! I FOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD—STRITE, I DID. I'VE 'EARD SEVERAL PEOPLE SPEAKIN' WELL OF YER LATELY."

Obediently I followed out his instructions, and recounted to Hât-hor the appalling disaster which we had been unable to avert. She listened inscrutably, yet it seemed to me for one moment that a bright tear hovered upon her long lashes. At any rate it gave me courage to clasp her in my arms. Nor did she resist.

Late that evening Graves Gatherby returned, weary and travel-stained. "I have solved the mystery of the Frozen Fang," he announced in his shrill tones. "He will trouble us no more."

"Explain!" we cried eagerly.

"It was a simple matter," said the great investigator modestly. "Pursuing a theory of my own, I discovered that this flat was occupied recently by a bookmaker named Brown. In the usual way he had a private telegraphic code for use among his clients. Thus the word 'drop' meant ten shillings; and 'dropping' stood for ten shillings each way. Similarly 'explode' meant one pound, and——"

"Then the first telegram meant ten shillings each way on the horse Flying Man running in the four-thirty race?" I cried.

"Precisely," shrilled Graves Gatherby a shade testily. "And Frozen Fang was the telegraphic pseudonym of a client who remained unaware of the change of address. That is all."

"But—but the airman?" I asked in

perplexity. "And the explosion of the Prime Minister?"

"Pure coincidence. I have ascertained that an aeroplane left Hendon yesterday with a pilot and one passenger, and returned with the pilot only. The presumption of the latter is that his passenger must have fallen out somewhere, and he remembers distinctly missing him on landing. As for the Prime Minister, he was operated upon six months ago for appendicitis; and my inquiries have shown that the surgeon who performed the operation had that morning received a time-bomb from a well-known anarchist association whom he happened to have offended. He remembers slipping the bomb into his waistcoat pocket with the intention of taking it to Scotland Yard, but was unable to find it there later in the day. It is obvious to me that it must have fallen out in the course of the operation and been sewn up inside the Prime Minister. That it should have happened to explode at that particular moment was pure chance."

"Wonderful!" I murmured raptly. "And in the meantime Hâthor has promised to become my wife."

"I congratulate you," squeaked the great man heartily. "You should be admirably suited to each other."

A doubt occurred to me. "But are you *sure*," I ventured, "that the explanation of all these happenings is in reality so uncannily simple?"

A frown furrowed Graves Gatherby's lofty brow. "One never knows," he shrilled enigmatically. "Perhaps I am not entirely satisfied. There may yet be a sequel."

And you may be confident that there will be.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Sir Maurice Amos took his degree at Trinity, Cambridge. . . . Mr. Paterson is an alumnus of the other 'Trinity,' which Oxford men refer to without the addition of the word 'Cambridge.'"—*Evening Paper.*

"Miss —— then contributed a song, 'Ripe Strawberries,' after which the lecturer spoke of inscriptions he had seen on tombstones."
Ceylon Paper.

Altogether a rollicking entertainment.

THE TEST.

AFTER dinner we were all sitting in the red-leather library, with marvellous first editions on the shelves and a thousand priceless things in portfolios, and Melsanby (whose only fault is a tendency to write verse and print it himself) produced his very special cigars.

I was experiencing sensations of profound material peace, when my host suddenly became sententious.

"Only the amateur poet," he said, "can really know to what depths of insincerity human nature can descend."

There was no bitterness in his tone; merely resignation. But I was vaguely conscious that into my Paradise, my Garden of Havana, a serpent was crawling. I sank deeper into my luxurious resting-place.

"I shall never stop writing verses," he continued. "I am too fond of that pastime. 'There is a pleasure in poetic pains,' you know. But this last venture of mine has decided me never to gather them into a book any more. I've learned my lesson."

The others murmured, "No, no."

I myself said nothing. Moreover, the dinner had been so good and the cigar was so beneficent that, refusing to entertain any inquietude, I settled down into real felicity once more and puffed with reinforced complacency.

Melsanby went to a desk and brought back a bundle of papers.

"Look at these letters," he said. "All written by friends and acquaintances to whom I sent the last book. Listen to some of them."

They all prepared to listen. I was aware of another shadow of misgiving, but dismissed it.

He picked up the first and read it aloud: "'Dear Mr. Melsanby,—I cannot tell you how beautiful your new book is and what a comfort it has been to me'—and so on. That's from a woman. 'Dear Mr. Melsanby,—It was a kind thought to send me your poems. Nothing gives me so much delight as poetry, and yours is so exquisite.' Another woman."

There was a buzz which meant, "Ah, yes, women."

"Here's a man," resumed our host: "'Dear Melsanby,—I have read your poems with great interest. I like all, but "The Purple Emperor" is my chief favourite. Butterflies have always been my hobby.' Artful devil, that!"

Another buzz of complete man-to-man understanding.

"Another man," said Melsanby, "also artful: 'Dear Mr. Melsanby,—I have enjoyed your new book immensely, but should like to pick a crow with you over the structure of the third sonnet in the opening series. I mean that fine one addressed to MUSSOLINI, with its contrast between the black shirts of Fascismo and the red shirts of GARIBALDI. Your rhyming scheme is A.B.B.A.A.C.C.A., whereas I hold that nothing is permissible but A.B.B.A.A.B.B.A. Would not the expenditure of a little more midnight oil have given you the accepted form? Forgive this captiousness. For the rest of the book I have only the most cordial praise.'"

Everybody laughed in the right way, excepting myself. I withdrew further into the shade.

"Just one more," said Melsanby. "Oh, yes, this one. This is a peculiarly hard case because it's from a friend who ought to know better: 'Dear old Man,—Your latest book is also the best. I congratulate you with all my heart.'"

He folded up the papers and returned all but one to the drawer.



THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR.
Supporters: LORD HENRY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AND MR. ROBERT SMILLIE.

"No," he said, sinking back in his chair again, "that's my last act of self-indulgence as a versifier. If ever I issue another book it shall be at the publisher's expense, not my own."

"But why?" someone asked. "Those seem to be very appreciative letters."

"Very," he said. "But let me tell you something. The book consisted of two-hundred-and-forty pages. All the volumes were uncut. Before I distributed them I filled up in a disguised hand a whole cheque-book of cheques for various amounts, large and small, made payable to myself, and these I signed with a sham name. I then inserted one of them in each copy of the books somewhere about page 200. Now, what would be the first action of a reader of the book who came upon one of these cheques? Would it not be to return it to its owner?"

"Of course," they replied.

"Then where," he asked, suddenly turning to me, "is the one that was in the copy I sent you?"

"Me!" I exclaimed weakly, wondering why on earth I hadn't felt ill a little earlier and gone home.

"Yes," Melsanby went on remorselessly. "You say here"—he picked up the remaining letter—"'I have read every word.'"

The others drew back, as from a leper, to wait for my answer. A horrid set of men.

"Ah!" I said, "mine must have been one of the copies without a cheque in it."

"On the contrary," he said, "yours was the first that we prepared and addressed, Janet and I." (Janet, the daughter, who, I was thinking, idolized me). "It was in order to test your boast about being so candid that the whole trick started. But don't be unhappy," he added; "you are not alone. Not one single other cheque has come back."

E. V. L.

A New Opera.

"They had the delight of hearing Miss —— sing several songs from 'The Marriage of Faust.'"—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Sir John Simon, pale, intellectual and ascetic . . . hissed the word 'blackguard.'"
Evening Paper.

A jolly difficult thing to do, mind you.

"THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT PROROUGED.
LABOUR PARTY CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS."
Headlines in Tasmanian Paper.

But the "rouge" came off.

"STEEL HOUSES
OFFICIAL SUPPORT."
Newspaper Placard.

But we had been told that the Trade Unions were holding them up.



First Yokel. "GLAD T' SEE YE 'OME, DAN'L. 'OW 'S THINGS UP IN LUNNON?"
Second Yokel. "BUSTLIN', DAVE, BUSTLIN'. WHY, THE WAY FOLKS RUSH ROUN' THERE YE 'D THINK THE COWS WUZ LOOSE IN THE CABBAGES TH' HULL TARNATION TIME."

"JACK."

WHEN my fly-rod 's laid away
(Best bamboo, her charms concealing
While she dreams, like me, of May),
When the puddles are congealing,
When the weir-stream flickers through
Wintry reed-beds like a dancer,
"What about a jack or two?"
I propose, and "Yes," you answer.

So this blue and frosty noon
Take we wand, built stiff for spinning,
And a reel that casts a spoon
In a manner mighty winning;
Speeds it in a hopeful arc
Deftly to each distant eddy;
Winches it, through amber dark,
In again and—what? already?

Not the knightly rush we know
When the sea-bright springer 's
"copped it,"
But the lure is checked below
Just as if a log had stopped it;
Not the lightning lunge of trout
Lashing sun-kissed silver whiter,
But, for all that, 'tis the stout
Onslaught of a yeoman fighter.

Not a Galahad, mayhap,
Gently born, would I acclaim him,
But a very decent chap
And a stubborn, one would name him;
And I fancy (*mind* the pile;
There he shows—one sullen flounder)
You will say it 's been worth while,
Ere we net that thick ten-pounder.

When he 's played and fairly grassed
(Careful, or he 'll have *you* landed),
On we 'll move from cast to cast
Till once more the net 's demanded;
Till the fun, as all fun will,
Passes from its apogee time,
And the spoon has ceased to kill,
And it 's getting on for tea-time.

Home, then, with the rooks that fly
Roostward o'er our Happy Valley;
Jangling down the winter sky
Sound their voices musically;
And we 'll vow (if vow one can
Eating teas of wide variety)
"Jack" an honest gentleman,
Though he isn't in Society.

Our Candid Cooks.

From a Chinese club's tiffin menu:—
"Banana fritters, rum flavour."

CHARITY AND THE 'CELLO.

THE 'cello is a difficult instrument. I do not mean that it is difficult to play; that is comparatively easy. I myself perform upon one in a way which my friends describe as unique. The essential difficulty of the 'cello is



"*TWO EYES OF GREY*, WITH VARIATIONS, MANY OF THEM INTENTIONAL."

social rather than musical. There is such a lot of it.

It is not until it is too late that one finds this out. During the early days of one's association with a 'cello its social disability is not apparent. It is as a rule months, even years, before the most optimistic novice dares to consider himself and his 'cello in relation to his fellow-men. In its early stages the 'cello is strictly for home use only—and only then when the rest of the family is out.

But the sad experience of my little friend Charity will make more clear what I mean. It is a story that will probably wring all hearts and bring tears to many eyes. But I am determined to risk it.

What first made Charity take up the 'cello I do not know. It may have been ennui or only anæmia, altruism or merely alliteration. Be that as it may, about eighteen months ago Charity most certainly did take up the 'cello.

This of itself wouldn't seriously have mattered. Charity has friends who are ready for her sake to overlook a great deal. The whole trouble arose with Charity herself. Having once put her hand to the 'cello she suddenly found herself wholly unwilling to face the music.

Charity began at home. This of course was quite right and proper, and as long as she remained at home everything went well. Everything, that is to say, outside the home. It is not my intention to pry into the painful domestic details of the *ménage* which Charity adorns as a daughter.

There came inevitably a time when Charity, having reduced her own family to a state of apathetic resignation, began to look further afield. The young ALEXANDER, contemplating with distaste the untroubled prosperity of the countries adjacent to his own, must have been rather like Charity. And having also by this time reached the stage of being able to play *Two Eyes of Grey* with variations, many of them intentional, Charity began to feel that her talents as a 'cellist deserved a wider and more generous public than that afforded by the home circle. She decided to take her 'cello with her to the next otherwise quiet evening gathering to which she should be invited.

It happened to be from the Barrington-Smiths that the first invitation came. They had heard nothing of Charity's 'cello—all the efforts of her family had been directed to keeping it as quiet as possible—and so no mention was made of it in the polite note which summoned Charity to spend the evening. But little omissions like that do not deter the amateur musician. If they did there would be less unmerited suffering in the world.

And so Charity packed herself and her 'cello into a taxi and went hopefully off to the unsuspecting home of the Barrington-Smiths.

It was not until the taxi had been discharged and she was half-way up



"SHE WAS SEIZED WITH MISGIVING."

the garden path that she was seized with misgiving. It was not compassion for the Barrington-Smiths or even ordinary shyness which disturbed her mind, but a sudden appreciation of the fact that there was an awful lot of her 'cello. It seemed to occupy the whole garden, and the thought of taking it with her into the house filled her with a sort of panic. She was quite prepared to play it to the assembled company, if they would let her, but somehow it suddenly struck her as being so horribly *obvious*. She wished she had taken up singing instead, or the piano. Vocalists and



"SHE HID IT BEHIND A LAUREL BUSH."

pianists can (and unfortunately do) hide a roll of music in an inside pocket or a muff or something, and "think they may perhaps have something with them" when asked if they have brought their music. But there is no hiding a 'cello. There the confounded thing is. And, although Charity very much wanted to display her new accomplishment, she was too nice a girl to wish to force it upon the company. And so she hid it behind a laurel bush outside the drawing-room window.

The evening passed off quietly, and Charity retrieved her 'cello but little the worse, and took it home with her. But, once started, the thing became a sort of habit. On each occasion at the critical moment the necessary courage or effrontery failed. At the Partington-Joneses' the 'cello spent the evening under a holly-tree; at the Waterford-Browns' it was a box hedge. In the case of the Simperley-Greens it was a rock garden with a bird-bath. That evening it rained, and the bird-bath overflowed.

Charity's increasing moodiness and absent-mindedness in company began to be noticed. Particularly when it rained.

And then one evening her chance came. It was at the Walmersley-Robinsons', and Charity was sitting silent in a corner, acutely conscious of her 'cello, which was reposing in a corner of the tennis-court. It was snowing a little.

"Oh, Charity," said Mrs. Walmersley-Robinson kindly, "I hear you 've taken up the 'cello."

Charity started and blushed.



"OH, GEORGE, A HORRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! YOU KNOW THAT MOUSETRAP YOU BROUGHT HOME? WELL, THERE 'S A MOUSE IN IT."

"Yes," she said—"oh, yes."

"What a pity you didn't bring it with you!"

"Oh, but I——"

And then all of a sudden Charity realised the impossibility of saying that it was on the tennis-court and going out to fetch it.

"But never mind," said Mrs. Walmersley-Robinson, "perhaps Mr. Pilkington-Whyte has brought his music and will sing to us."

And at that moment, as Mr. Pilkington-Whyte coughed and said that perhaps he might have an odd song that he had forgotten to take out of an odd pocket of his odd overcoat, Charity knew that she would never be able to play *Two Eyes of Grey*, either with or without variations, at any of the social gatherings of Little Chaddingford.

It is a sad story, but it has a happy ending. Charity has renounced the 'cello and taken up the mouth-organ. She has a pretty mouth, and it looks adorable as she plays. If once she can get a start her success is assured.

L. DU G.

Journalistic Candour.

"We crave the indulgence of our subscribers if, under the circumstances, we are unable to supply them with the necessary fund of news. But we will try our level best to insure that they will hopelessly flounder in the dark."
Chinese Paper.

THE NEW FASHION FOR DOGS.

O DOG, of companions my nearest,
I've known you the whole of my days,
And thought I was up to the queerest
Of all your peculiar ways;
I'd once a retriever whose dearest
Delight was in browsing on shrubs;
And later an Airedale who frequently shared ale
With people encountered in pubs.

I'm friendly as well with a beagle
Who bitterly weeps when caressed;
A bull-dog who drinks Mother SIEGEL
Her syrup, with horrible zest;
A collie with very illegal
Ideas on the subject of fowls;
A chow who his heart lets be centred on tartlets,
And eats them with rapturous growls.

In every canine emotion
I thought I was thoroughly versed,
And motor-cars, so I'd a notion,
Of all your aversions were first;
I thought there was nothing you'd so shun
As taking the road upon wheels;
What means then this fashion, this present-day passion
For riding in automobiles?

Does it mean that a truce is portended
To all your vehicular hate?
And habits that can't be defended
Henceforth you propose to abate?
The rage and audacity blended
With which you obstruct on a hill;
The turbulent sally from any old alley,
The oath and the skid—and the kill?

Nay, more, does it presage a leaning
To further reformative fruits
And herald your ultimate weaning
From other unpleasant pursuits?
The custom, for instance, of gleaning
The relics, exceedingly dead,
Of rat or of rabbit—deny not the habit—
And hiding them under my bed?

Does it mean that you'll quit your eternal
Shikar for the succulent flea?
Refrain from the habit (infernal)
Of cleansing your chops on my knee?
In short, does it mean that you'll learn all
The virtues of *Gelert* and *Garm*?
I hope not sincerely, because my old dearly
Loved comrade, your faults are your charm.

"Mr. George —— has obtained capital results with his wifeless apparatus."
Yorkshire Paper.

"The receiver used by Mr. —— is located in an exceptionally bad spot, close to a large electric power-house. He employs an aerial consisting of two wives, each fifty feet long."
Canadian Paper.

Broadcasting, like matrimony, appears to be still in the experimental stage.

AT THE PLAY.

"FALLING LEAVES" (LITTLE).

THE author of *Outward Bound* has an obstinate obsession to the effect that there is more in life than meets the eye, which is no doubt much to his credit as a dramatist. I am not at all sure that he manages to convey this in a satisfactory manner in *Falling Leaves*, though one observes and respects his attempt to invest a very simple, however tragic, happening with a dark cloak of poetic imaginings.

For the situation, seen by the plain man, is straightforward enough. A young and beautiful woman, rather mothering than married to a war-blinded man: he intensely irritable under the strain of his intolerable affliction; she more than a little bored with the constant effort to put up with his persistent querulousness: he eager to paint again and full of dreamy ambitions about it; she convinced that there was never a worse painter hung or unhung. From his talk—dangerous stuff, painter's talk, on the lips of folk who don't paint—and from the dismal fact that he proposed to paint a pair of lovers in a gondola under the Bridge of Sighs, with possibly a Doge (and this apparently in all seriousness) peering at them for the sake of "atmosphere," you would gather she was quite right. At any rate distinctly a painter of the "literary" school! There was a third party, a subaltern with eyes of so abnormal a pattern that I am sure no self-respecting Colonel would have allowed them in his regiment. These are the essentials in this new temptation in a garden—a garden duly set before us with real falling leaves, real yew hedges, and for all I know, real nests in it. As supplementaries we have a friend, an inconsequent peer, who drifts in and out, borrowing money for his cab fares and making untimely jokes at a great pace; and an elderly gardener who, when sweeping up the fallen leaves, philosophises in his quiet way.

Act II. gives us the painter restored to sight and using his eyes, not to see his beautiful wife with, but to paint those already threatened pictures which she, attempting to play the game and encourage him, has been buying in the name of an alleged agent; while on this dangerous summer night the subaltern with the slinky elongated eyes, who seems to have perpetual leave, still waits in the background to declare his love.

Of course, now that the self-satisfied husband no longer really needs her, the bored wife is free, according to established ethics, to go off with her lover. The strangely named and strangely behaving *Lord Chark* weaves a pattern of irrelevant little jokes through all this sad business.

And finally (Act III.) we have our dull friend the painter, now fully awake to his loss, sitting disconsolate in his garden, again in the time of falling leaves. To him enter *Chark*, to listen between jokes to the deserted husband's plaint and his account of how he has learnt to box and wants to meet the other man (not altogether a happy touch, all things considered, I am afraid); and how in the wood, which is haunted, he constantly sees, leaning against a tree, his lost *Sylva* (what an odd name to use, when for the asking you can have the quite lovely "Sylvia," with the same implications!). And lo! here she is leaning against the tree in this very garden, no ghost but a genuinely repentant *Sylva*, brought down by the kindly *Chark*, ready to be bored till death, and explaining how she had crept from the hotel whither she had fled a timid and still entirely good mouse, so he needn't worry.



FALLING TOBACCO LEAVES.

The Wife (displacing the Husband's cigarette). "STOP SMOKING! START FLIRTING!"

Phillip . . . . . MR. ALLAN JEAYES.
Sylva . . . . . MISS DIANA HAMILTON.

From all of which it may be gathered that Mr. SUTTON VANE has wandered a little off the fairway. We can't help being disappointed who saw his admirable, indeed uncanny, form in *Outward Bound*. But of course nobody could possibly be expected to keep at that level all the time.

I should say that our author finds it really difficult to suppress an amusing line, however out of place. He has also tried to express his sense of the mystery behind men and things in a story and with characters too trivial to bear the weight of it. I am sure there is something I've missed in the choice of title—*Falling Leaves*.

Miss DIANA HAMILTON played the heroine with sympathy and sincerity. She has the gift of finely suggesting certain moods of exalted emotion. Mr. ALLAN JEAYES struggled nobly with the not too real *Phillip*, the husband. Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY had little of real significance to do as the gardener, though I imagine there may have been some mystical intent in the design of his character. Mr. FRANK VOSPER was an adequate subaltern in love; and the author was amusing—perhaps for the mood of the piece too amusing—in his staccato rendering of *Lord Chark* the incorrigible jester. T.

"CHAUVE-SOURIS" (STRAND).

M. NIKITA BALIEFF'S English is so funny and so delightful that I am rather glad I do not understand Russian. M. BALIEFF says he learnt his English from "a Spanish," and I am bound, of course, to believe him, as I am when, complaining of our stupidity in not understanding the Russian tongue, he points out that in Russia every child of six can speak it. On the other hand, if we had all known Russian, we should have missed the pleasant thrill that M. BALIEFF gives us by talking about "BAKKON" and "TCHAKKESPEAR," and that would have been a grievous loss.

And yet I don't know. M. BALIEFF is so bald and so rotund, has such smiles, such upturnings of the eyes, that anything he said in any language would be bound almost to be funny and to provoke my "loud temperamental encores,"



Lady (to new Butler). "I NOTICED HOW SHORT OF BREATH YOU WERE, SMITHERS, WHEN YOU WAITED TO-NIGHT. YOU SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED THIS WHEN I ENGAGED YOU."

Smithers. "THAT AIN'T NOTHING, MY LADY. ALL THE SMITHERSES 'AVE BEEN 'EAVY BREATHERS IN THEIR TIME."

as he pleasantly calls them. He pointed out to us that English audiences are the most intelligent in the world, and of English audiences a London audience, and of London audiences the audience at the Strand Theatre, and of audiences at the Strand Theatre the audience amongst which I sat. He then pathetically added: "I say this every time." I am sorry he added those words. I meant to persuade him before the end, by persistently clapping in the Russian fashion, according to his commands, that of all that audience in the Strand Theatre the most intelligent was I. And I unhappily can't be there every time.

And so helpful was M. BALIEFF. Had he not especially made ready for us a garden in which to wander during the midway interval of "fourteen and a half-minutes Fahrenheit, American time"—a garden quite near, "called Hyde Park"? So he said. And he said of the Pastoral Ballet that formed one of the most whimsical musical pictures in his programme, and was the tale of a shepherdess who refused the gifts of a Sultan for the sake of her shepherd's love, "Need I tell you that it was in the days of WATTEAU that this thing so *fantastique* occurred?"

And he said many other things. They would have been funny, I repeat, in any language if they had been spoken by M. BALIEFF, even without the comment of "original" which he nearly always made after them. But they could scarcely have been so funny as they were in Franco-Russian English, for I do not altogether believe in "that Spanish" who taught M. BALIEFF the English tongue.

And the show? But it is quite impossible to describe it. It must be seen to be disbelieved—if there is anybody, that is to say, who is so unintelligent as not to have seen it and disbelieved it when it was here before. But of all the pieces in it, including M. BALIEFF'S Wooden Soldiers and his Katinka, his Country Picnic, and his Burlesque of Grand Opera (it is always being burlesqued, this Grand Opera, but in the *Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris* perhaps better than anywhere else), I think I like most "*Les Zaporogues.*" This is the great picture of REPINE, the picture representing the Zaporogue Cossacks' council; wild boisterous men thinking out the most fierce and terrific taunts to put into a letter to the Sultan of TURKEY, who has demanded a war indemnity. The players of *La Chauve-Souris* represent that picture. One man is writing the letter. This is because he was the only Cossack who could write. The others are suggesting the jibes. A *tableau vivant*? Well, I should think so. And then some. The players shout with laughter, hurl themselves about, writhe with amusement. The suggestion of zest and ferocious merriment, the colour, the animation, the Tartarity, so to speak, of the whole scene are immense. One would know now for the first time what a Cossack is like. To look at, that is to say; but not to speak to. No. The insults which are to be written to the Sultan of TURKEY are shouted in the Russian tongue. M. BALIEFF has been careful

about that. (He harps on this matter, you see.) "In the hope," he tells us before the curtain rises on the Zaporogues' council, "that the younger members of the audience who are not fully acquaint with the *finesse* of the Russian language may be unable to understand the impropare parts." But I cannot show you how he lifts his eyebrows or rolls his eyes.

I ought of course to tell you the names of the wonderfully clever members of M. BALIEFF's Company who perform these fantasies grave and gay. But I shan't. I shall follow the line taken by M. BALIEFF himself before the curtain goes up on the first turn, a duet from a lit window on a snowy night. M. BALIEFF informs us that the two ladies who are going to sing have made a special request to him that he should omit to announce their names, "being very sure that, if I do this, you will all look at the programme and read them yourselves."

You will find that you can get the programme quite easily at the theatre.

EVOE.

DOG *v.* POSTMAN.

BETWEEN dogs and postmen there exists an antipathy which makes the Wars of the Roses look as harmless as a Primrose League conversazione. Now there are dogs who appreciate the finer points of a burglar's character; there are others who are prepared to concede a certain amount of self-determination to cats; there are those who will even allow a policeman to become familiar; but no self-respecting dog has ever yet met a postman without endeavouring to annihilate him, boots, badge, fore-and-aft hat and notebook too. No sooner does the faithful hound in the kennel hear the double rat-tat of the emissary of the P.M.G. than he proceeds to asphyxiate himself in an attempt to relieve the unemployment problem by creating a vacancy for an able-bodied man who can deliver letters and run well.

Many scientists have tried to explain this phenomenon. It was thought at one time to be a political matter. Dogs are instinctively Conservative, as everybody knows who has suggested nationalising any dog's accumulated wealth of bones. Postmen, on the other hand, are more probably either Radical or Labour. But one does not bite one's political opponents. Rather one prays for them.

Another suggestion was that in remote ages some ancestor of the postman must have played the ancestor of the dog a dirty trick; but this appears as a fallacy when you consider that toy-dogs, whose ancestors could not possibly have been dogs, hate postmen. Even the Papillon, which seems to be the result of a misalliance between a mouse and a mosquito, barks its defiance of postmen through the medium of a megaphone introduced to obviate the risk of a broken blood-vessel.

The real reason for the feud is that the dog is in the main an intelligent animal. He watches the effect of the morning's post. His beloved master grows angrier and angrier as he reads. Seventy-five per cent. of his correspondence consists of accounts rendered, appeals from some charitable institution or offers from some grand old English gentleman to lend him five to five million pounds on his note of hand alone. At the end his master disagrees with his mistress, snaps at the servants and, if there should happen to be a reminder about the dog-licence amongst his letters, he may even kick the dog.

Who is it that brings these letters? Unquestionably the postman. Therefore the dog does his best to protect the home against these destroyers of domestic peace.

THE NOISE CURE.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

I HAD occasion recently to advert to the grave danger incurred by persons who, living as a rule in strepitous surroundings, seek refreshment in the heart of the country. Instead of gaining a respite from insomnia they often find that they suffer from it in an aggravated form. This experience illustrates a profound physiological truth, which may be expressed in the formula: The higher the organism the greater the capacity to thrive in an environment where quiet is impossible. The lower organisms, on the other hand, are notoriously sensitive to the excitation of sounds, and, as it has been tersely observed by a famous Professor of Marine Zoology in a standard work on the Crustacean family, "any noise annoys an oyster."

In this context I naturally note with great interest and sympathy the line taken by many of the speakers at the National Congress of Futurists recently held at Milan, at which Signor MARINETTI dilated with great eloquence on the advantages of a sleepless life and emphasized the urgency of increasing noises and their variety. The poets, as a writer in *The Times* observes, have taken a contrary view. Happily our younger bards seem to be breaking away from the old tradition which made a virtue of somnolence and a merit of lethargy. It is enough to say that the movement for the Brightening of Life in London is irreconcilable with the principles enunciated in TENNYSON'S "Lotus-Eaters," and that the disastrous condition of Asia Minor is largely if not entirely due to the evil example of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

This view receives valuable confirmation from the experiments in Thorybotherapy conducted by Dr. Bashall at his clinic, which adjoins a large boiler-factory on the Tyne. The Noise-cure has already produced remarkably encouraging results. Dr. Bashall, himself a composer of distinction, has invented a number of new instruments of percussion, including an electric kettle-drum, to which he has given the name of the Grand Slammer, and a colossal gong called the Klangel-Wangel. Unfortunately the experiments have been temporarily discontinued owing to the vexatious action of the municipal authorities, who have appealed to the Ministry of Health, and an inquiry is being held.

But the movement is too vital to be checked by such protests. We must have more and more varied noises. The progressive nations have set the pace —America with her college yells and roaring cities, Italy with MARINETTI and the hierophants of the dominion of din. The silent drama is already yielding to the loud-speaker, and it is of good augury that in the American *Who's Who* there are no fewer than six entries under the sonorous name of Bangs.

AN ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

THERE is an island that I know
Where roses on Scotch thistles grow,
And rivers run right up the hills,
And all the way turn coffee-mills.

The children are as good as gold,
And always do *before* they 're told,
Because they bring their parents up
On strawberries and claret-cup.

The breakfast-trees are grown in beds
And bear hot rolls and fancy breads,
And scrambled eggs and hams in frills
Which moonbeams cook on silver grills.

On every lamp-post there 's a swing
And dolls and tops and miles of string,
While big balloons and Noah's Arks
Are given away in all the parks.

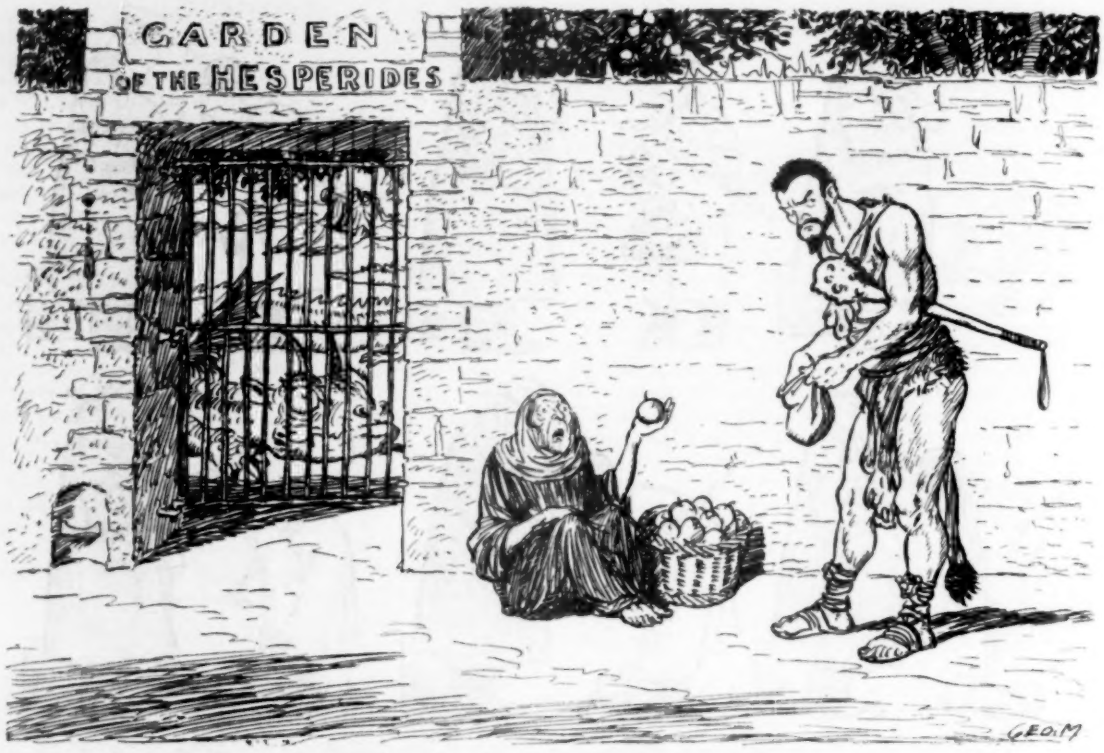
The little notice-boards you pass
Say, "Please pick flowers. Walk *on*
the grass;"
The holidays are extra gay
Because they have one every day.

The sea, of course, is all around
And in the pools fat flounders flound,
And when the water 's very damp,
Upon the downs the oysters camp.

It 's not too hot and not too cold,
And no one dreams of growing old,
But everything is young and new.
I 'd like to live there: wouldn't you?



TRUE BENEVOLENCE.



THE TEMPTATION OF HERCULES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM no great amateur of the domestic saga as such; and finding that Miss G. B. STERN had dedicated *Tents of Israel* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) to Mr. GALSWORTHY in his capacity of skald (I believe that is the right word) to the *Forsytes* I had to pull myself together pretty sharply to approach my genealogical task in the proper spirit. But I might have spared myself the pains. Miss STERN's novel is a most interesting one; and if you cannot remember the ramifications of the vast family tree inserted at the end of it that is no great matter. You are not likely to forget *Anastasia*, "the Matriarch," or *Toni*, her granddaughter, or their position (for *Toni* is *Anastasia* forty years after) in the annals of the great Jewish family of *Rakonitz*. These annals start at Pressburg in 1805, and end in almost every capital in the world somewhere about our own day. The *Rakonitz* tribe are, oddly enough for Jews, given to being dominated by their women; and *Anastasia*, who weakens the stock by marrying her first cousin, spends the whole of her long, autocratic and motherly life shaping careers for her sons and grandsons and teaching their recalcitrant wives their duty. Of her own two daughters, *Truda* stays at home to make *Krem-Düten*, and *Sophie*, married but childless, tries to propitiate her mother by furtively adopting the son of her husband's mistress. The career of *Danny*, who, brought up as a genuine *Rakonitz* for twenty-five years, is unable to acquire either English or Jewish notions of honour, is cleverly contrasted with that of his supposed cousin *Toni*, who wearies of tribal standards as long as the tribe is prosperous, but rallies to it with twenty Matriarch-power during a financial crash. It is a fascinating chronicle; and both Miss STERN and her characters are at their best combining the homely and exotic. The account, for instance, of *Anastasia's* journey, in priceless sables, with two bottles of hot milk, to fetch home her spurious grandson, is one of the pleasantest and most picturesque things in the book.

Of the making of books about Eton there is no end. In *Fifty Years of Eton* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) Mr. HUGH MACNAGHTEN has introduced a new method and, let it be said, a wholly delightful one. It is an Etonian tradition that the Vice-Provost should be a scholar of gentle humour and rich literary qualities, and Mr. MACNAGHTEN lives up to it admirably. Indeed he is soaked in it to such an extent that his sense of perspective sometimes goes slightly astray. Eton to him is the world, and therefore a state of perfection to be sung gloriously in verse or prose. This book is not in any sense intended to be a complete history of Eton during the last fifty years. Rather it represents Mr. MACNAGHTEN's gently idealistic reflections as seen, first, through the windows of his own study as a boy in college, then, as an assistant master, through the latticed frames of his little red-brick house in that oasis off the Slough Road known as Weston's Yard; and finally, as one of Eton's most distinguished housemasters, through the windows of his own pupil-room. And, if you would learn something of that deep sense of abiding sorrow brought to the loyal and affectionate hearts of housemasters at our great public schools by the tragic ravages of the War, you will find it in full poignancy in some of the beautiful poems dedicated to boys of his house who were killed in action, notably in the sonnet addressed to BILLY CONGREVE, V.C. Though some

may find it a thought too sentimental, the book will be widely appreciated apart from its literary merits; for Mr. MACNAGHTEN throws an illuminating beam upon the heads of many of his colleagues past and present, always, it is right to add, with a graceful touch and in the best possible taste.

The scene which Mr. BLAND presents
(*Per* HEINEMANN) in *Something Lighter*
Is China just before events
Gave birth to Dr. SUN as fighter;
When mandarins pursued their way
Unaided by the enfranchised voter,
And countless cycles of Cathay
Struggled against the modern motor.

A land that viewed with vague alarm,
Which almost roused it from its slumbers,
The clutching hand, the encircling arm
Of foreigners in growing numbers,
Who came with schemes to set things right,
And generally showed a passion
For getting going in a quite
Acutely uncelestial fashion.

Material such as this to use
With tact and scholarly precision,
To point its humour, yet refuse
The easy chance of mere derision—
These need the sympathetic hand,
The brain that sees and weighs at leisure,
Rare attributes which Mr. BLAND
Displays in enviable measure.

I am sorry to find *A Last Scrap Book* (MACMILLAN) printed on the third little maroon-coloured volume of wit, wisdom, crotchets and kindliness which Professor SAINTSBURY has bestowed on our perverse but appreciative generation. There is a mournful pleasure, however, in watching him as he unyokes his lions, *laevum pecoris hostem stimulans*, and gives a last dig at the Labour Party. Even those who are least in sympathy with his political and theological tenets can enjoy (unless they are as partisan as himself) the enthusiasm with which his convictions are uttered; while there is enough of the ELIA element—that most gracious distillation of a good life, good living and good letters—to keep his place warm in the hearts of all his admirers. Try him on "Fish," "this inadequate eulogy of the Larder of Amphitrite," as he calls one of the completest and prettiest of his trifles. How picturesque it is, and how practical! I always thought myself that gudgeon would turn out all right if treated like whitebait. And now, thanks to Professor SAINTSBURY, I know it. I know too that cod at its worst "tastes like boiled Marcella quilt;" and that you may say of all fish "the woollier the worser." But there are not many glances at the menu in this volume, and only one wine-list. There is much interesting retrospect: a rhymed fable that AUSTIN DOBSON liked—and with reason; a charming memorandum of a new frock, to be presented to the writer's wife in the seventies; a vivid account of that historic day when *The Saturday Review*, G. S. *suadente*, turned down the proffered information of Mr. RICHARD PIGOTT. The occupation of looking ahead he does not find quite so exhilarating; nor will his readers. But perhaps since the Election he has brightened up, and will yet give us "a study of Conservatism from my own point of view," and ("another of the books I should like to have written") "A History of Literary Reputations." For my own part I could always do with another Scrap Book.



Tourist. "YOU 'RE A BIT YOUNG TO BE THE OLDEST INHABITANT."
Oldest Inhabitant. "IT BE THESE 'ERE MOTOR-CARS TEARIN' THRO' THE VILLAGE. OI BE THE SIXTH OLDEST INHABITANT IN THREE MONTHS."

Since almost all heroes and heroines are young and quite half the readers of novels must be, if not old, frankly elderly, it seems not only sensible but, one might almost say, polite of Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN to have written her latest charming story all to the credit of old age. *Alwina Claverdon*, who hears *Youth Calling* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in the person of a young woman journalist, is eighty, and a very hard-set and crabbed, if talented, eighty at that. She has had a tragic life, and her "half-gifts" as painter and writer have been her means of escaping from its sorrows. Miss HARRADEN—and who should know more about it?—has some very good things to say of the joys of creative art, and it is this key which unlocks her venerable heroine's heart to the girl, *Gwen Kingsmead*, who comes to ask permission to write about her beautiful old house. The changes thus brought about in *Mrs. Claverdon's* life are wisely limited by Miss HARRADEN to what might be possible and pleasant at four-score. Best of all, she gets one friend of

her very own, to whom, despite the difference in their ages, she can confide the bitter secret of her life. This is a charming uncommon book, with a captivating air of the early 1890's, in which its action is laid. I can imagine that, thanks to Miss HARRADEN, a number of people of advanced years will take a new interest in themselves and in life. For myself, I intend to keep a copy of *Youth Calling* by me for my own old age.

A mettlesome lad was the hero of *Cresley of Cressingham* (CASSELL), and his exploits in the ring and on the cricket-field, in the Australian bush and at the Barrengary mine, should keep many a small boy quiet during the coming Christmas holidays. I regard Mr. G. L. JESSOP as a public benefactor, for he has supplied the answer to an annual problem; his book is an ideal present for a schoolboy whose age is anything from double figures to the middle teens. *Jack Cresley* was going up to Oxford after a distinguished career as a cricketer at Cressingham, but, owing to his father's death and other misfortunes, he had to change his plans and start for Australia. Then things really began to happen. In a very short time he had tried to save a girl from drowning; he had rescued a valuable horse from being burnt to death; he had been nearly murdered, and (most wonderful of all) had helped the English cricket team, which was ash-hunting in Australia, to win the Test Match at Adelaide. Never a dull moment. Perhaps those of us who revelled in Mr. JESSOP's unique performances as a batsman will not be surprised to find that his literary style is not conspicuously orthodox; but in this book, as formerly at the wickets, he scores fast and quite delightfully. And let me add, as a sop to Cambridge men, that Mr. JESSOP leaves *Jack* in Australia and doesn't allow him to go to Oxford.



THE ONE-AND-A-HALF-SEATER.

Now and then, as I was reading *Changeling* (SAMPSON LOW), I thought that Mr. DONN BYRNE was going to sink up to the neck in melodrama and movie-stuff, but I was wrong. He has a true Irish eye for the boggiest places, and he plants firm stepping-stones of humour just where a lesser writer would have floundered into sentimentality. The story from which his book takes its title deals with the mutual attraction of a conscientious detective and the murderess whom he is conveying to her trial, and their shipwreck on a lonely island—a theme almost impossible, you would say, to handle with distinction. Yet Mr. BYRNE achieves this feat. The rest of his twelve stories bear not the least family resemblance to "Changeling," but are all good in their very individual way, my favourite being the delicate little study called "Dramatis Personæ," where the humbly-worshipping wife and mother of a dissatisfied scribbler are shown to be infinitely superior to him in vigour of mind. I also very much enjoyed meeting *Irish*, a young prize-fighter whose sunny temper is absolutely unruffled by the habitual sarcasm of his most unpleasant old father. In another story, "The Parliament at Thebes," an assembly of animals present their grievances to an angel detailed for the care of the four-footed. He is comfortably human, with a red beard, gnarled fingers and an Irish accent. The two exceptions to the grousers are the horse and the dog. "Och, me dirlings!" is the angel's whispered reward to these. I wish that Mr. BYRNE would not so often make his characters "sense" things; in my experience when they do that they are capable of anything. The book opens with a pleasantly unusual dedication, in which several of the stories are given godfathers and godmothers in their baptism, and so go befriended into the world of readers.

Some might perhaps think that Major JOHN HAY BEITH, better known as "IAN HAY," was unnecessarily frank in giving his new book of sketches such a title as *The Shallow End* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). For shallow it is, without a doubt. It consists of four-and-twenty little comedies, presenting various aspects of life in London as seen, let us say, by a gentleman of early middle age. We have the Cabaret Show, the Celluloid Drama, the Zoo, Lord's Cricket Ground, experts discussing the Boat Race, an auction of bankrupt stock in the Harrow Road, and so forth. They are all quite readable, but—well! I should have preferred Major BEITH in a slightly more serious mood. The fact is, in his prefatory note he seems to think himself deserving of praise for refusing to join the prevailing fashion. His private belief is that many of those who "go in off the deep end" bump their heads badly against the bottom; at the shallow end (rather obscurely) he thinks there is less danger of this particular accident; and there he proposes determinedly to stick. This deliberate playing for safety seems slightly pusillanimous on the part of an author who appears to have sold two million odd copies of his various works; but no doubt it is only a temporary phase. Like certain golfers, he may have suddenly become frightened at his own success. It would perhaps be a kindness to reassure him. Honestly I do not think his very considerable popularity will ever be jeopardised by his attempting to get too far below the surface, but it may suffer some eclipse if he continues to offer us books like this. It contains however—a saving clause—some half-dozen excellent illustrations by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER.

Readers of *Punch* will not need to be reminded of the series of poems, "When We were very Young," made by A. A. MILNE and illustrated by ERNEST SHEPARD, which recently appeared in our pages. They now reappear, with others, under the same title in a charming volume published by Messrs. METHUEN, with the original illustrations and many new ones to go with the new verses.

H. M. BATEMAN, who is holding an Exhibition of his work at The Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, has lately published another collection of drawings—*A Mixture* (METHUEN)—which includes many contributions to *Punch*.

CHARIVARIA.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK GUEST and Mr. HILTON YOUNG are either Conservatives or Liberals, and they don't care who knows it.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be looking younger than ever. These spiritual re-births often have that effect.

* * *

A contemporary says that Lord ASHFIELD seems to expect his passengers to stand a good deal. Well, so they do. That's what the straps are for.

* * *

The War Office recently published the information that many second-lieutenants are living on their pay. Nothing was said about their tailors.

* * *

Two of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S grand-children appeared as angels at a charity *matinée* last week. It is not known what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE appears like to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN.

* * *

Speaking at Cambridge, Mr. CARADOC EVANS said it was the Welsh who taught the Londoners to put water in their milk. Several dairymen are sending letters to the Press indignantly denying this and saying that they thought out the idea themselves.

* * *

In his latest book Mr. H. G. WELLS says he is against the clothes we wear, the food we eat, our schools, our amusements, our money, our methods of trading, our compromises, our agreements, laws, political associations, the British Empire and the American Constitution. Beyond that he refuses to go.

* * *

The latest suggestion is that the final of the Chinese civil war should be fought out at Wembley Stadium, providing it does not clash with any other sports meeting.

* * *

Dean INGE quotes a writer as saying that Englishmen rarely waste time spinning elaborate logical theories of the future. Has he never seen them filling up football competition coupons?

* * *

Dr. MOFFATT, in his new version of the Bible, refers to DAVID'S City as "David's Burg." We ought to be thankful that he didn't call it "Lil Old Jerusalem."

* * *

An article in a contemporary tells us how to keep young. But with this housing shortage the difficulty is to know where to keep them.

* * *

Domestic servants are to be trained to do old carpentry jobs about the house. But can you picture Mary Ann explaining that the front-door has just come off in her hand?

* * *

A dumb woman found wandering in Germany has been claimed by three husbands. We should have expected a longer queue than that.

* * *

Dr. MARY REEVE is the first lady professor of anatomy. When she has a little time to spare she might give some lessons to the lady friends who knit us those woollen waistcoats for Christmas.

* * *

A weekly paper says that crime has cost American business houses eight hundred million pounds during the last twelve months. Then why don't they turn honest?

* * *

Mr. J. M. SPAIGHT, with a view to humanise war, suggests that factories should only be bombed after working hours. What a chance for some of the unions to point out the evils of working overtime!

* * *

Lord BURNHAM says that bill-posting is an art. Posting them may be an art, but getting them paid is a craft.

* * *

It is reported that the natives of Pacifia are wearing plus-fours in order to frighten the neighbouring islanders into submission. We have always contended that a use would be found for this garment one day.

* * *

A German scientist has published a pamphlet explaining his project of reaching the moon. It is doubtful, however, whether the German people in general will be inclined to support a "Place in the Moon" policy.

* * *

A foreign Prince who is now on a visit to England has bought fourteen saxophones, and is now learning to play this instrument. The Press, we understand, have been put on their honour to refer to this gentleman as Mr. B.

* * *

The American airship ZR3 is now known as the "Los Angeles." It is not stated after which film-press agent the big gasbag has been named.

* * *

Banks in New York hold more than two million pounds in deposits forgotten by clients. Our own banks seem to be very anxiously considering what to do about unclaimed overdrafts.

* * *

The L. C. C. has realised £5,315 by the sale of old tramway material. The portions of the tickets clipped off by the conductors are said to find a ready sale as painless confetti.



Company Promoter (to confidential clerk sending off prospectuses of new Oil Company). "THAT'S RIGHT; DON'T FORGET THE LITTLE ACCIDENTAL DROP OF OIL ON EACH. IT INSPIRES CONFIDENCE."

"Near the well-appointed Club house is a small sheet of water, formerly a marl quarry, in which were got three sculls of the great prehistoric ox, Uris, or Box primogenius."—*Month'y Review.*

We should like to have had a prehistoric peep of Old Box paddling round the lake with a pair of his sculls and steering, we suppose, with the third.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"10.15 (approximately).—Time Signal from Greenwich."—*Daily Paper.*

We shall have to speak to the Astronomer-Royal about his unpunctuality.

From the account of a wedding:—

"The spongers at the religious ceremony were, etc."—*Argentine Paper.*

We presume that they went on to the reception.

"Speaking on the shortage of the clergy, which was spoken about as a menace to the Church, he said it was men with a strong sense of vacation that were needed."

Provincial Paper.

Surely in none of the professions is there any shortage of *them.*

AS PLAYED.

SOME day, when I have grown rich and fat and have time to pay heed to my higher yearnings, I am going to make a collection. Not with a hat—not that sort of collection at all. I am going to make a collection of parlour-game box-lids.

I have the nucleus of it before me: a Lotto, a Parlour Rugby, two Tiddley-winks, a Wiggle-woggle, a Word-making-and-word-taking and three fine specimens of Snakes-and-Ladders.

The pictures on the majority of these box-lids were designed evidently to break down the ignorant prejudices of the wavering customer and to present the game in a fair and attractive light.

Thus, knowing nothing of Wiggle-woggle but its name, you might conceive it to be a vapid silly game, beneath your serious consideration. But you would be wrong. Here we see it being played in six bright colours on the lid.

Seven of the nine players are adults, fine well-set-up men and graceful intelligent-looking women. One of the men wears a moustache, another a full beard, while a third is clean-shaven, proving the game to be adaptable to any sort of face. At least one of the party, to judge by the sash which he wears, is a man of considerable dignity and importance, probably an ambassador.

All the grown-ups are in evening-dress. The little boy wears an Eton suit; the little girl a party frock of deep cerise, which matches exactly the Wiggle-woggle board, the ambassador's sash and the mantelpiece.

You can tell at a glance that it is no ordinary game that holds the attention of this distinguished assembly. Tense interest is written on every face. The Ambassador in his excitement has risen from his seat and leans over the table with one arm upraised, obviously crying "Snap!" or "Pong!" or claiming an offside.

After a short study of this scene the only question that can remain is whether you are worthy to play such a game; whether, having once played, you would ever be content to return again to your humdrum daily life; whether you can afford to wear out your dress-clothes playing it night after night.

For this question of dress for parlour-games is an important one. For more flippant pastimes, such as Bridge or Mah-Jongg, a lounge suit may be permissible. I confess that I have played Pontoon in pyjamas. But complete social ostracism awaits the man who dares to take part in a parlour-game without first changing into full evening dress.

There is a story told of a graceless fellow who once had the temerity to play Jungle-Snap in a made-up tie. In the turmoil of the game the catch gave way and his shame was made apparent to all the company. No one said a word, and they played the game out, for they were English gentlemen. But when it was over the senior duke present (for it is, as you must know, a popular Society game) addressed the offender thus: "If you had played out of turn or tilted the board, we might have overlooked it; but, damme, Sir, you have brought disgrace upon the game!" And all the noblemen present filled a bumper and drank to British Indoor Sport, while seven sturdy footmen led the squalid fellow out into the night.

There is one exception, however, to this dress rule. If you are on a liner, out of sight of land, you can play Halma on deck in riding-breeches and a topee, while the captain in his cocked hat will look on approvingly. Do not ask me to explain it. It seems depraved, I know, but there it is. I have the authority before me.

One of my specimens I prize above them all. It is a Continental effort, but the scene is typically one of English home life. From the style of the furnishings and the general air of magnificence I judge it to be a drawing-room. Abandoned in a heap in one corner are a football, a sporting-gun, a pair of skis, a tennis-racquet, a butterfly-net, a cricket-bat of most generous proportions, and an oar.

In the foreground the game is being played. Half-an-acre or so of floor-space has been cleared of furniture to give the players room, and they face one another, man and woman, across a small pink table.

The woman, I think, has just won. She is standing upright with one hand resting on the table, the other poised above her head. The look on her face is one of triumph.

The man is leaning back in his chair, gazing up at her. His hands are clasped, and he is the picture of despair. Across the top of the picture, in bold red type, appears the legend:

THE NEWGAME OF DRAUHGTS.

Loud Speakers Wanted.

"The most that Liberalism can hope to do in the present House of Commons is to make its voice heard in the country."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mr. —— can Recommend ——, good Working Butler, age 43: married, but would go out as single."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

We don't know on what evenings he would "go out as single," but no doubt he would consult his wife about that.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XII.—THE STATION BEAGLES.

"Tantivvy! Yo-icks! Woosh! Gee-whiz!
On, Ladybird; get forrard, Fizz!"
Encouraged thus, the beagle pack
Strain hard upon their quarry's track,
O'er ridge and furrow, heath and hill,
Determined, if they cannot kill,
At least they 'll strive with main and might
To give their hare a nasty fright.
The field set off in hot pursuit;
Our stouter sportsmen, more astute,
Let youthful sprinters make the pace
While they discreetly quit the chase
And where some elevated mound
Commands a view for miles around
They congregate to watch the fun
Without the slightest need to run.

With swift and energetic bounds
The Master, keeping touch with hounds,
Vaults boldly over five-barred gates
And never halts or hesitates
At miry ditches deep and wide,
But takes them freely in his stride.
His huntsman's cap of velveteen,
His snow-white breeks and jacket green
Are in themselves enough to scare
All but the stoutest-hearted hare.

When in the field his word is law;
Group-Captains even pause in awe
To hear him cry with fierce intent,
"Confound you, Sir, don't cross the scent!"
His Whips, as picturesque as he,
Yet lack the Master's dignity;
Their duty is, with pleasant smiles,
To help fair ladies over stiles,
Or drag with sympathetic looks
Unhappy padres out of brooks;
And they 'll accomplish either act
With graceful gallantry and tact.

Our beagles certainly provide
Amusement for the country-side,
And, one may genuinely claim,
The hares themselves enjoy the game,
Perceiving that it gratifies
Their taste for gentle exercise.
But, best of all, this sport must breed
Those traits our airmen chiefly need,
Strong resolution, grit and *verve*,
The stubborn will, the iron nerve;
For he who beagles twice a week
Encounters all a man need seek
To give him confidence to dare
The equal perils of the air.

"The skin of the famous thoroughbred Tracery, winner of the St. Leger, was offered for sale by auction at Newmarket yesterday. It was bought by Mr. R. C. Dawson, trainer, for £40. Tracery was subsequently sold to go to the Argentine for the record price of £53,000."—*Daily Paper.*

Well, we are glad the poor creature is going to a warm climate.



THE IRREPRESSIBLES.

CAPT. WEDGWOOD BENN (*from mid-air, his favourite element*). "WAIT TILL I COME DOWN ON HIM!"



"OH, HERBERT, I COULD GO ON LIKE THIS ALL DAY—BUYING PRESENTS AND MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY!"

A WORD ABOUT ANTHONY BARKER.

BY HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(*With acknowledgments where acknowledgments are due.*)

IN making these amazing revelations about one of the great geniuses of the age, I should like to say first of all that I have not been influenced in any way by financial or any other such considerations. I simply feel that it is the bounden duty of one in my position to enlighten the world in general regarding the intimate habits and manners of one whom it has agreed to call great. I should like to get that quite clear at the outset.

How did I become Anthony Barker's mother-in-law, then? The circumstances were extraordinarily peculiar. Anthony Barker was in Timbuctoo at the time, gathering local colour for a new novel he was contemplating which was to deal with slum-life in the Seven Sisters Road. One day he left off work earlier than usual and married my daughter. That is the astounding way in which I was privileged to become his mother-in-law.

I have often been asked what it feels like to be the mother-in-law of a genius. Hitherto I have always parried the question with an enigmatic smile. Now at last I shall reveal the truth. *It feels exactly as if I had a genius for my son-in-law.* No more and no less. Isn't that amazing?

Anthony Barker's personal habits are of the violently eccentric kind usually associated in the public mind with the word genius. For instance, it may hardly be credited, but each day he consumes four different meals, one in the morning, one in the middle of the day, one in the afternoon and one at night. With his wonderful instinct for just the right word, he calls them respectively breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner.

On getting up in the morning Anthony Barker *always has a bath!* His reason for this remarkable procedure is that it gives him an opportunity of collecting his ideas for the day. His bath is always hot enough to be pleasant, but never actually at boiling point. A bath taken under the latter conditions would give him the appearance of a boiled prawn, and Anthony Barker is much too conscientious a man ever to wish to look like something which, in point of fact, he is not. After his bath he dresses himself carefully with both hands, blows his nose three times and walks down the stairs on both feet to the breakfast-room.

And now for his methods of work. Under what conditions have those wonderful novels of his been written? In the first place Anthony Barker can never bear to work in a room which is full of cobwebs or woodlice. "The conditions," he says, "would be unsympathetic." It is indeed a remarkable trait in the character of one who is otherwise exceedingly fond of animals, this strong antipathy to spiders and woodlice. But the fads of genius must be respected, and it is the duty of my daughter and myself to see that his workroom is kept absolutely clear of these creatures. This labour Anthony Barker always takes entirely for granted. I have never yet known him give either of us a word of thanks for the fact that no woodlouse has ever been discovered in his typewriter. Not that Anthony Barker is consciously ungrateful. He is just a hopeless egoist.

Arrived in his study, Anthony Barker, with his usual superiority to the consideration of other people's feelings, always locks the door before he begins

to write. He then sits down at his table, takes his pen in his right hand and composes three sentences. After that he goes out for a two-mile walk. On returning he again locks himself in his study and writes three more sentences, after which he goes for another two-mile walk. This procedure he repeats till one o'clock, when he breaks off for lunch.

The afternoon is always devoted by Anthony Barker to rest. He lies down on the chesterfield couch in his library with four eiderdowns and three hot water-bottles, while his secretary reads him extracts from Mr. H. G. WELLS. As soon as he begins to snore the secretary leaves off reading, for this is a pre-arranged signal between them and means that Anthony Barker is asleep.

After tea Anthony Barker goes for a seven-mile walk and writes eighteen words as soon as he gets indoors again. In the next issue* I shall tell of the absolutely astounding way in which Anthony Barker washes his hands for dinner.

* Not of *Punch*. Try *The Daily Express*.—ED.

A PLEA FOR ECONOMIES IN FICTION.

HEAVY taxes and the high cost of living have, as we all know, compelled economies in nearly every branch of life, but with one striking exception—the lavishness of the metaphors applied by writers of fiction to their characters. Recently, for instance, I read in a serial, "Doris had a skin of ivory," a most ridiculous piece of extravagance on the part of the author, considering the high price of that commodity, due to the world-shortage of elephants. I once attended a dance for business girls, and one of the prettiest there, a typist perhaps, had a skin of bonzoline. No reader could have asked for anything nicer, and the author might have supplied it at a fiftieth of the cost of ivory.

Again I read lately, "Marjory turned her liquid eyes to his." Yes; but what sort of liquid? Champagne or cider? The author should be more explicit. The difference in cost between the two is almost incalculable. On the other hand there is nothing ambiguous about "Alice half parted her ruby lips," a scandalous waste of the world's resources, when "cherry lips" are no less attractive and far cheaper, even in mid-winter. So, too, "apple cheeks" may pass, since that fruit is inexpensive; but conceive "a complexion of peaches and cream," with income-tax at four-and sixpence in the pound!

Somewhere else I read not long ago, "That night as Joyce brushed her silken tresses . . ."—an inexcusable extravagance when the writer, by turning to the advertisement pages in any lady's newspaper, could have the choice of three or four artificial varieties and save nine-tenths of the cost.

Again, I recently came across this absurd lavishness: "'Gerald, do you trust me?' murmured Elsie in silver tones." But here I grant that some indication of Elsie's solvency was admissible, as it was a question of confidence.

The same profusion holds good in male attributes. No one can object to "muscles of whipcord," since that article has not risen in price; but just listen to this: "Stanley had a heart of pure gold." If the author was a citizen of the U.S.A., where three-quarters of the world's gold is now stored, this, though ostentatious, might be permitted as a means of circulating it; but in the present case "Stanley" (and his creator too, I imagine) lived in Surbiton, and a "heart of treasury notes" would more than meet the case.

Similarly, "Robert had the eye of an eagle." What price an eagle may be I have no idea, but something exorbitant, I am sure. How much more sensible and economical to say, "Robert had the eye of a white Leghorn." I have never met the eye of an eagle. In the Zoo they only blink at me. But when I catch the eye of a Leghorn cockerel upon me I make for cover as fast as I can. A good bird of this class is not cheap, I know, but I am certain it is nothing like so expensive as an eagle.

Examples might be multiplied. I make a present of the idea to the public. The Society of Authors and the Society for the Promotion of Thrift might collaborate to put it into effect.



Lady. "I 'M SO GLAD TO KNOW YOU 'VE BEEN WORKING. I 'VE HEARD KNOCKING ON THE FLOOR ALL THE MORNING."

Plumber's Mate. "OH, YES. OLD BILL 'ERE COULDN'T GET HIS WATCH TO GO."

From a photographer's circular:—

"Why not have a family oil portrait done of your husband, wife and children to hand down to future generations?"

Anyone possessing both a husband and wife should certainly have the fact permanently recorded.

MISLEADING CASES.

V.—IN OPEN COURT.

X AND CO., LTD., *v.* THE —— SOCIETY.

THE hearing of this case, which continues to excite wide public interest, was advanced a stage further to-day, when Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C., concluded his cross-examination of Mr. P——, described in his opening speech as "the vilest thug in Christendom." Troops lined the approaches to the court, and Mr. P——, who gave his evidence in a mask, was let down through the roof. These precautions, however, did not prevent considerable speculation as to the identity of the witness, which is being suppressed, we understand, for diplomatic reasons connected with the POPE. His real name is Jenkins.

Sir Ethelred Rutt's brief is marked four thousand pounds, with "refreshers" of two hundred pounds a day. Had the defendant society been unable to secure his services it is calculated that the case would have been clearly intelligible from the beginning, and in all probability would have been concluded in a day. It is freely stated that there has been no counsel of his ability since Sir Edward Buzfuz.

To-day's duel began with some sharp exchanges, arising out of a series of questions to the witness concerning his early boyhood.

Sir Ethelred. I suggest to you that you are a bully and a blackguard.

Witness. Nothing of the sort. Don't browbeat me, Sir.

The Judge (*sharply*). Now then, Mr. P——, you mustn't get into an altercation. Answer the question.

Witness. He didn't ask me a question. He made a statement.

The Judge (*sternly*). Mr. P——, this is not far removed from contempt of court. It is my duty to protect learned counsel. Now answer the learned counsel's question. And look sharp. I have a joke gestating.

Witness. I am sorry, milord.

Sir Ethelred. I put it to you that you are a bully and a blackguard?

Witness. No.

Sir Ethelred. Quite. On the 4th of June, 1882, did you strike your sister Cissie in the face?

Witness. I may have.

Sir Ethelred. And a few days later, on the 11th of June, did you throw a ruler at your aged Nannie?

The witness thought for some moments before replying.

Witness. No.

Sir Ethelred. Do you swear that, Mr. P——?

Witness. No.

Sir Ethelred (*severely*). I must remind you, Mr. P——, that *all* your evidence is on oath.

Witness. You are a serpent.

The Judge (*sternly*). Now, Mr. P——, I will not have learned counsel insulted.

Sir Ethelred (*good-humouredly*). Perhaps he is a judge of serpents, melud. (*Laughter.*)

The Judge. That is my department. (*Loud laughter.*)

Sir Ethelred (*rapidly*). In the face of those admissions, Mr. P——, do you still ask the jury to believe that your answer to me learned friend as to your purchase of the five-per-cent. bearer bonds in August was consistent with the character of a man who has been a life-long meat-eater and hypocrite, or not, Mr. P——? Answer the question.

The witness paused suspiciously before replying.

Sir Thomas Trout, K.C., objected.

Sir Ethelred. Very well, melud, if me learned friend insists, I withdraw the question. Melud, there are four men on the jury, and in view of the delicate character of the questions I have now to put I propose, with your permission, melud, to write them down in invisible ink and hand them to the witness in a sealed box.

The Judge. Very well. This is great fun.

Sir Ethelred then handed the witness a series of written questions. On reading the first he was unable to conceal his emotion, and exclaimed indignantly, "Milord, I *never* have a hot-water—bot——!"

Sir Ethelred (*sharply*). No, no! For your own good, Mr. P——!

The witness then wrote down his answer, and it was examined by counsel for the plaintiff, who kept it, it was noticed, from his juniors. The question and the answer were then tied up with string and carefully disinfected, after which his lordship carried them to the jury-box, where the foreman unpacked them, and fainted.

The same procedure was followed with the other questions. Meanwhile public interest in the case was steadily mounting; there was a baton charge in the corridor outside the court, and in the street the troops were compelled to fire a volley over the heads of the crowd.

When the three questions had been put in this way, Sir Thomas Trout rose and said, "Melud, I protest. What is the point of those questions?"

The Judge. It is very painful, is it not?

Sir Ethelred. Melud, perhaps I can make it clear in this way. The answers which have just been given by Mr. P—— could only have been given by a person cognisant of the answers to the questions which would have been put to the person called Lady G—— if we had not agreed to keep her out of the case altogether, and that being so, melud, the answers which she has *not* given, melud, are relevant to this extent, that they throw a light on what was in the mind of the present witness, melud, *before* I put to him the question, which I now propose to put to him, melud, but of course without prejudice, melud, to——

The Judge. Yes, yes. I think that 's reasonable, Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas (*sulkily*). Your lordship is very good.

Sir Ethelred (*resuming*). And on the 3rd of May last, Mr. P——, did you split a man's liver?

Witness. I did.

Sir Ethelred. Ha! And was his name Smith?

Witness. Yes.

Sir Ethelred. Very well. We will call him "Z——," to make him more exciting. Did you split Mr. Z——'s liver by striking him a blow in the back, Mr. P——?



All-the-year-round Bather (to skater who has found the bathing-pool). "WHAT 'S THE WATER LIKE THIS MORNING, SIR?"



Manager of Dinner Dance Club. "NO MORE TABLES, SIR; WE 'RE ABSOLUTELY FULL UP."
Patron. "BUT THERE 'S SPACE FOR ANOTHER TABLE THERE."
Manager. "SORRY, SIR; THAT 'S THE DANCE FLOOR."

The Witness. It wasn't a blow, exactly.

Sir Ethelred. Ah! You split this gentleman's liver, but not with a blow, exactly? Will you tell the jury what you mean by that—"exactly"?

The Witness. It was a *slap*, Sir Ethelred—a friendly slap on the back.

Sir Ethelred. Ah! So you split this gentleman's liver with a friendly slap on the back? Where was that, Mr. P——?

Witness. In the bar of the K—— Golf Club, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred (*amazed*). The bar?

Witness. The bar. You 've heard of bars, I daresay?

The Judge. Now then, I will not have learned counsel sat upon in this court.

Witness. I am very sorry, milord. Milord, Mr. Z—— had just been playing golf, his muscles were relaxed, and by mistake I slapped him over the liver. An accident, milord.

Sir Ethelred. Ah! Do you know a man called Toad?

Witness. No.

Sir Ethelred. Is he a burglar?

Witness. I don't know.

Sir Ethelred. I put it to you that he has varicose veins.

Witness. Put it then, Sir Ethelred, and cuss the consequences.

Sir Ethelred. I suggest to you that you are a bully and a blackguard.

Witness. You have a suggestive mind.

The Judge (*sternly, raising his voice*). I commit you, Mr. P——.

The witness was then taken from the court and thrown into jail.

Sir Thomas Trout (*dramatically*). I call Mrs. Y——.

Mrs. Y——, the mysterious lady whose name has figured so prominently in the case, was then introduced into the court in a basket, to avoid scandal. A sack was placed over her head, and she gave her evidence kneeling on the floor of the box.

Sir Ethelred (*in cross-examination*). On the 7th of December, 1923, did you have a male visitor, Mrs. Y——?

Witness. Very likely.

Sir Ethelred. Be careful, Mrs. Y——. The house was being watched, you know. At 9.0 P.M. did you draw the blinds in your sitting-room?

Witness. Very likely.

Sir Ethelred. Ah! So you drew the blinds? Tell the jury why you drew the blinds, Mrs. Y——.

Witness. To annoy the watchers.

The Judge (*sharply*). Put her in the Tower.

The witness was then replaced in the basket and the case was adjourned.

A. P. H.

THE JAZZ CANNIBAL.

["The noisy beats of jazz-bands are merely a disguised and modern form of the tom-toms of old, which incited savages to fury and fired the fierce energy of cannibals."—*From a letter in "The Daily Graphic."*]

My Phillida, before the jazz
  Began its devastating boom,
My thoughts of you were gentle as
  The tunes that whirled us round the room;
To perfect harmony with grace
  We moved, delighted and content
To smile into each other's face
  With meanings kind and innocent.

Alack! my Phillida, to-day
  The music does not soothe my mind;
In truth I am compelled to say
  My dreams are horrid and unkind;
For, while the bawling niggers biff
  The drums that agitate our feet,
I 'm gravely speculating if
  You 're really nice enough to eat.

"SLIPPING.
FACILE DESCENSUS AVERNUS."
Headlines to Poem in Provincial Paper.

We note the slip.

"The softer mood had passed, the mood in which self-reproach and remorse had griped Sara."—*Weekly Paper.*

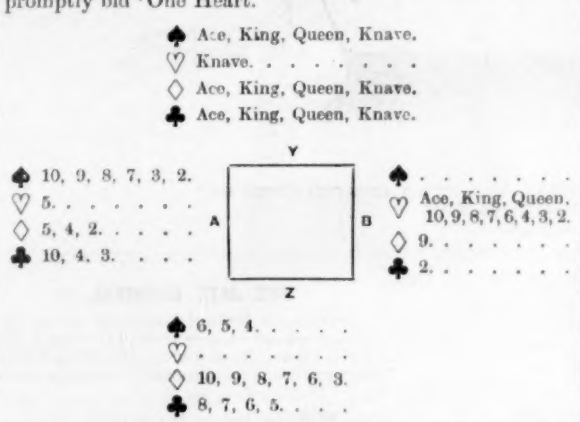
Or could it have been the lobster supper?

BRIDGE NOTES.

By "PORTLAND" (*author of "Bridge for Bridget," "Brighter Bridge," "The Last Trump," etc., etc.*).

I HAVE received an interesting letter (postmarked Manchester) from a reader who signs himself "Man from the North." "I was travelling to London last week," he writes, "and while in the train I was asked by three gentlemen if I would care to make a fourth at bridge. Cards were produced, and the tallest of the three, who stated, somewhat irrelevantly, I thought, that he was ex-amateur middle-weight champion boxer of Wessex, said, 'We don't want to play for high stakes—just enough to make a game. Suppose we say ten shillings a hundred?' I must confess that this is a somewhat larger sum than is usually played for at my Club, but, as it appeared eminently satisfactory to the others, I agreed.

"My luck was terrible. Only when I myself dealt did I even secure average hands. On the other occasions I was usually without a court card, and, added to this, my partner consistently overcalled his hands. At last, however, my partner dealt the hand reproduced below (I am Y) and promptly bid 'One Heart.'



The rest of the bidding was as follows:—A, 'No'; myself, 'One no trump'; B, 'Two Hearts'; Z, 'No'; A, 'Three Spades'; myself (counting on getting in on Hearts at latest by the fourth round on the strength of Z's original call), 'Three no trumps'; B, 'Double'; myself, 'Re-double.'

"Imagine my astonishment when, after B had led the ace of hearts, Z put down the hand shown above. The ex-amateur middle-weight champion of Wessex (for *he* was my partner) immediately apologised profusely for his original call. He had mistaken his diamonds at a hasty glance for hearts, he said, and the three, partially covered, for the ace. Would I accept his word as ex-amateur middle, etc., that it was a genuine mistake? I am in the habit of accepting the word of boxing champions on most occasions and could only sit in a half-dazed condition while B displayed his cards and said airily, 'I'll give you the last two tricks.'

"The next hand gave our opponents another rubber, and as, after settling for that, I had only my return ticket and 1*s.* 8½*d.* left, I withdrew from the game.

"On saying 'Good-day' when we arrived at St. Pancras, they particularly warned me against playing cards with strangers in London and walked away arm-in-arm to the buffet, my partner, who had, of course, also lost heavily, being the most cheerful of the trio."

"Man from the North's" partner was evidently a champion at "stacking" a pack as well as boxing. My correspondent will do well in future to take the parting advice offered him, with the addition of the words "travelling to and" before "in London."

* * * *

MISS K. (Bolderstone) writes:—"I have read carefully through the revised Portland Club Rules and am unable to find the one which forbids you to trump your partner's ace. Is this expressly declared to be illegal anywhere, or is it merely a matter of form?"

No; this method of play is not specifically illegal under the Rules, but its avoidance is usually dictated by the general instinct for self-preservation.

* * * *

AMATEUR (Southend).—I regret to learn that you have found the notes on "conventions" given in my *Bridge for Bridget* somewhat too difficult. The following additional ones may be of some assistance to you:—

Shins, Kick on the.—This is a particularly useful convention when your partner is obviously hesitating whether he shall put you up another trick, and when it is equally obvious to you that his doing so will put you down. Perhaps a more subtle method (especially if you are on friendly terms with your partner) is to kick one of your opponents sharply on the shin. Your subsequent apology is the informative convention.

The Wink.—The merit of the wink as a convention is, in my opinion, overrated, owing to the extreme difficulty of distinguishing between a wink and a blink, or a wink voluntary and a wink involuntary. I was once five down through a particle of cigar-ash entering my partner's eye at a critical moment and causing him to indicate unusual strength in spades.

The Emphatic and Despairing "No."—There are many ways of saying "No bid." The "emphatic" indicates decided weakness, the "despairing" is used when weakness is utter, and experts have been known to produce a "No bid" resembling the cooing of a wood-dove which indicates "I hold a fairly decent hand and am prepared to support you in most suits."

* * * *

I am always glad to hear from lady players, and the following letter from one in Shropshire shows more than the average amount of penetration and grip of the game:—

"I have played bridge with my nieces and nephews for nearly two years and have never yet lost on any one evening. Of course it does not matter, as they will get it all back when I am gone, but I thought you might be interested to know my methods. In the first instance I never call—I always leave this to my partner or my opponents—and in the second place I never double.

"But the great secret of all is this. In a suit call *I always keep some of my trumps till the end.* I laugh when I see my nephews throwing theirs away at the beginning of the hand, just because a trump is led, and then, at the end, when nobody else has any left, I produce my three or four trumps and invariably win the tricks. My only difficulty is in no-trump hands, and I shall be very glad if, in exchange for the above information, you can tell me any really satisfactory way of dealing with them."

I am afraid I cannot help this lady. She already knows more than most of us, and I can only be thankful she confines her talents to the family circle and leaves the Club tables alone.

Pacifism in the Lower World.

"Men should never cast aside the moral right to be intelligent, and they should demand that the State be made to express the purposes of England in the way Pluto laid down when he said that the Minister of Education was more important than the Minister of War."
Provincial Paper.



"ONLY ONE EGG THIS MORNING, CHUBB?"

"THAT'S ALL, M' LADY. WHEN HEGGS IS FOURPENCE YOU CAN'T MAKE THEY HENS LAY. WHEN THEY'RE TUPPENCE YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM."

ALPHABET À LA MODE.

A 's an initial denoting high rank.
B stands for Bcodle that 's lodged in a Bank.
C 's for the Crooks of the blackmailing tribe.
D for Lord DARLING who must have his gibe.
E is for Erin, still keeping her head up;
F is the Freedom with which she is fed up.
G is for Glasgow (with fewer Red men in).
H for *The Herald* which glorifies LENIN.
I 's the Inquiry which never decides.
J is the Jazzer who slithers and slides.
K stands for "Kasha," the favourite material.
L for the Liberals, far from funereal.
M is MAGNASCO, by freaks resurrected.
N is for NASH, by our builders rejected.
O is for ORPEN, so smart and so slick.
P for the Protocol Diehards can't stick.
Q 's the Quandary that 's faced by the rich.
R is for RAMSAY, who queered his own pitch.
S stands for SIMON, too clever by half.
T for JIM THOMAS, so free with his chaff.
U is the Underdog downing the Uppers.
V is the Vamp seen at cabaret suppers.
W's WINSTON, the prodigal spender,
With **X** the Exchequer constrained to be tender.
Y 's WILLIE YEATS, with his fat Nobel prize.
And **Z** is ZINOVIEFF, lavish of lies.



Provincial Mayor (to leader of famous string quartet). "ON BEHALF OF THE AUDIENCE I BEG TO THANK YOU, SIR, FOR THE GREAT TREAT YOU HAVE GIVEN US. I AM GLAD TO KNOW THAT YOUR CONCERT HAS BEEN A FINANCIAL SUCCESS, AND I DO HOPE THIS MAY ENABLE YOU TO AFFORD TO ENLARGE YOUR EXCELLENT BAND."

NEW POETRY.

MR. TWITTERLING'S EMPRISE.

IN reviewing Mr. Amos Twitterling's *Ichabod, an Epic Poem on the Recent Alterations of Route Numbers on the Lines operated by the London General Omnibus and Allied Companies*, I feel bound to say at once that the author has, in my opinion, been mistaken in his choice of a theme. The subject is not one suitable for epic, elegiac, lyric, or indeed any other kind of verse.

Mr. Twitterling defends himself in a preface by stating that poetry is not yet sufficiently near to the heart of the people, and that more than a political crisis, more even than a sensational divorce case any sudden alteration in the omnibus service sends a thrill of romantic emotion into countless suburban homes.

This contention may or may not be justified. Yet even if it be true, surely the stately paragraphs of prose with which the Company's own waybills usher in the new *régime*, beginning with the striking passage:—

"To conform with new Regulations made by the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, in consequence of the operation of the London Traffic Act, 1924, the London General Omnibus Company, Limited, gives notice that alterations to certain numbers of existing routes run jointly"—and so on and so on—

coupled with the actual details of the changes printed in a small but very legible red type, are entirely adequate to the solemnity of the occasion. Poetry merely handicaps itself in a case of this sort through a monotony not only of subject-matter but of rhyme sounds. Muses rather than Buses should be the object of a young poet's affections, and even as an aid to memory we doubt whether Mr. Twitterling's verses will prove helpful to the patrons of the Company in Hammersmith and Muswell Hill.

I have two other crows to pluck with Mr. Twitterling. He varies his metre far too often, as I shall endeavour to show by the passages which I am about to quote. And, secondly, much of his verse has a derivative, not to say an imitative, note.

Who, for instance, can read the lines beginning—

"At Elephant since time began
A 10A bus was there to see,
Till some one changed it by a plan
Entirely meaningless to man
Into 100B—"

without detecting the influence of COLERIDGE? Or the short lyrical interlude—

"Oh to be in Tooting
Now that winter 's there,
And whoever wakes in Tooting
Sees some morning, unaware
That 77 has passed away
And has turned into 77A,
With never a word of why or how
In Tooting, now—"

and not perceive that ROBERT BROWNING has exercised too great a spell over the poet's mind? Besides, the last line but one is not even true. The schedule of alterations could easily be obtained on application at the Company's Offices.

Still more clearly marked, I venture to think, is the obligation to an earlier poet in the blank verse speech—

"2B or not 2B, that is the question.
It all depends on whether you are anxious
To see the statues at the Crystal Palace,
Or visit your Aunt Mary at West Norwood;
If so, 2C will serve you."

And once again, in a passage where the note of optimism is struck so that Mr. Twitterling's muse trips to a livelier measure—

"From Liverpool Street to Acton Vale,
When the sun shines high in heaven,
We 'll follow the old, the outbound trail
On 7, glorious 7—"

I find a lack of originality in the phrasing. While later on, almost at the end of the poem, occurs perhaps the most familiar echo of all—

"In the two Watfords nothing seems to change." . . . . .

Let us now turn to the passages where Mr. Twitterling shows himself more individual as a craftsman. There is genuine feeling in the lament entitled

ALDWYCH—HENDON,

running as follows:—

"Infants lisped it in their slumber,
Every lady, every child
Felt the magic of that number
Thrill them as they stood enisled.
Often have I strained a tendon,
Prancing with a joyous mien
To waylay the Aldwych—Hendon,
Lovely, winsome and 13.

All the world is full of changes;
Time with his relentless hand
Mercilessly rearranges
In the glass the running sand;
Little faith can we depend on;
Thrones and empires cease to be,
And the grand old Aldwych—Hendon
Now is numbered 13C."

Still more in the striking threnody called

VICTORIA—BARKINGSIDE,

which begins:—

"No more, no more
With shouts of pride
We leap up on the bus for Barkingside;
The beauty and the grace that once it bore
Have died,
Have died.
With our umbrellas and our sticks
We have to hail a 26,
And not that free
Proud spirit that we loved and clasped before,
The five-and-twenty B.
In grief profound
We wander round
And fill Victoria with a wailing sound,
Asthore!"

I have not the faintest idea what "asthore" means, but that is a small matter. Mr. Twitterling has been moved, in dealing with these routes, to something very like a genuine passion.

What, however, are we to say of the following?—

"Oh, long's the way to Hanwell
That leads from Hither Green,
But 1—2—1A ran well
And burnt the miles between.

Oh, life for me began well,
And glorious was the scene
That day I went to Hanwell
By bus from Hither Green!"

Or this—

"The Hackney Wicks
Were No. 6,
And still by stout endeavour
The one that plies
To Kensal Rise
Goes on the same as ever;
Yet only 64 will do
To take you now to Waterloo."

They are veritable jingles. And little if anything better are the concluding lines of this so-called epic:—

"How hard it is our minds to fix
Upon the fact that 66
Has taken all the power and state
That once belonged to 68
(King's Cross to Waterloo).
Life's worries never seem to cease—
Empty a tin of axle-grease
On the Commissioner of Police
Is what we'd like to do!"

The sentiment here is both paltry and vindictive. Mr. Twitterling expresses a hope at the end of his preface that many selected lyrics from his volume may be chanted by passengers as they gather in the streets to await the approach of an omnibus, or even be carolled by householders at breakfast-time or in their baths. He has, I think, a far too sanguine mind.



Cashier (in small general stores). "WHERE 'S THE CARRIER?"
Boy. "'E 'S GORN."
Cashier. "BUT HE HASN T BEEN FOR HIS BEER MONEY."
Boy. "THEN 'E AIN'T GORN."

BOY-SONGS.

IV.—GOLDEN DRAGON.

A.D. 980.

THE sail, the great square sail, is furled,
Not yet we grip the oar;
Our ship, that seeks the brink o' the world,
Still lies upon the shore;
With clashing spear and wingèd helm
They fill the armour-chest,
Then forth, o'er Ægir's silver realm,
Forth, forth unto the West.

My runes are learnt; I have laid by
My balls of wood and bone;
Now must I con the runes o' the sky
And leave all toys alone;
The golden dragon on the prow
Stares fiercely out to sea;
He feels the seawind's kiss, and now
He longs to go, like me.

Our golden dragons of the North,
Our grinning beasts of fear,
Cleaving the cold grey waves go forth
And towards the sunset steer;
And, till a boy has sailed away
To sunset and beyond,
A babe he is and best had play
With wood-chips on a pond.

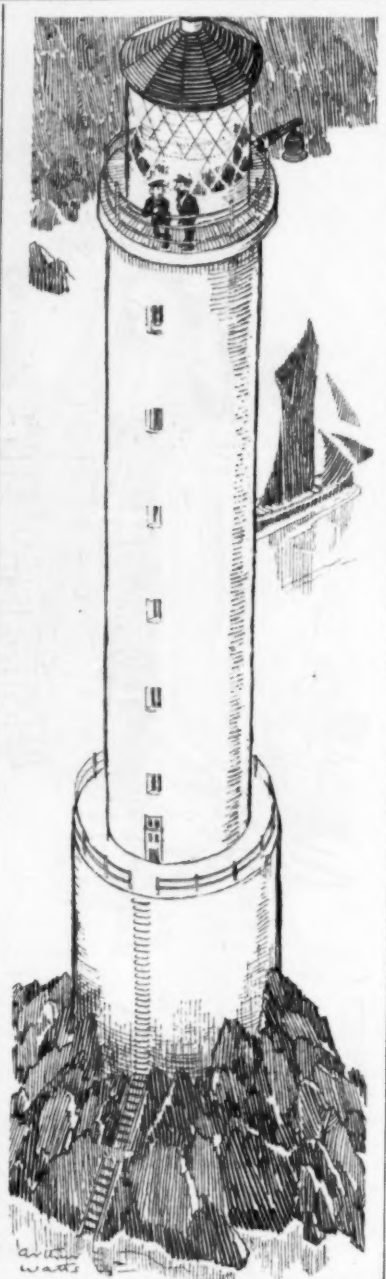
Soon down into the frothing blue
The lean long ship will slide,
With all the bucklers of the crew
Slung gleaming on her side;
Soon will the dragon's golden scales
Be flecked with silver foam,
When all our red and purple sails
Fill with strong winds from home.

Now whither will our dragon swim
When land dips down astern?
Although he looks so wise, from *him*
I cannot hope to learn;
Only our leader knows, who stands
Behind the dragon's wing,
Shading his fierce brows with his hands
And softly muttering.

It may be wise, it may be well
To load the ship with stores
Of hams that have a sharp salt smell,
And mead that speeds the oars;
But I—I would the sail were out
To catch the humming breeze
And that our dragon's golden snout
Were cleaving through the seas.

Whither? I care not, or not much,
And I can wait to learn
What strange far shores our keel shall touch,
What far walls we shall burn;
Nor hams nor mead our casks shall hold
When back to port we speed,
For they seek gold and they find gold,
The golden dragon's breed.

D. M. S.



Lighthouse-keeper (to his mate). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M A-GOIN' TO DO WHEN I RETIRE FROM THIS JOB, BILL? TAKE A PERISHIN' BUNGALOW."

"'Whenever people come to me to be married,' said the Bishop of ——, 'I always look to see if they cross their t's and not their i's when they sign the register. It may seem a small thing, but it is a sure mark of character. It is the little things of life that count.'"—*Birmingham Paper.*

For our part we never marry a woman who crosses her i's.

LUCINDA'S IDEAS.

"DON'T you ever not smoke," I asked her, "when you drive?"

"Oh, yes, quite often," she said. "I'm not really a chain smoker at all."

"A sort of clutch smoker?" I suggested. "I sometimes wonder if it's quite safe for you to take them out and light them like that."

We were simply wriggling along the tarmac.

"It took me a year to learn," she admitted. "There ought to be some kind of machine really for feeding cigarettes to the driver out of the centre of the wheel."

"And you could have a kind of hanging torch——" I began.

"Oh, blast!" she interrupted; "there's another policeman."

"Funny," she went on, when the menace had cleared away, "how, instead of regarding policemen as perfectly delightful people, as I did when I was at school, I am always being afraid of them now."

"Like the poor," I said.

"They can practically do anything, you know, to a motorist. And, what's more, they do. It isn't only a matter of looking at one's licence. One of them stopped me the other day to measure the size of my number-plate. And once they actually came and examined my brakes."

I thought it was a pardonable curiosity, but I did not like to say so.

"Supposing," she said, "one had a right to stop policemen and examine *them*. I don't see why not. One could get out and measure their boots, or test the holes on their belts, and see if their number was properly displayed. Or look at *their* licences. They *have* licences, haven't they?"

"I expect so," I agreed, "concealed about their persons somewhere or other. It's possible, of course, that wild humourists do dress themselves up as policemen and go and stand in lonely country roads for the purpose of annoying motorists. I never thought of that. It's a weary life, a motorist's, I suppose. One is everybody's slave."

"There are compensations, though," she said, cleverly avoiding a cow. "Somebody hooted behind me on a hill the other day. Apparently they wanted me to slow down and let them pass. I wasn't going to let them pass on a hill, of course, but I did when I got to the top. Then I saw that the car had no number-plate. So of course it was the KING."

"I see," I said.

"And I passed the QUEEN a week or two ago," she continued, "on a lonely country road, and she bowed. It was

rather awkward, because what was I to do, tucked in behind the wheel like this?"

"You could stop smoking, of course," I said.

"I know; but that was practically all. One ought really to have a little flag that one could run up and wave quickly on occasions like these."

"You 're rather adding to the number of handles," I complained. "A beginner, you know, would be always waving flags or feeding himself with cigarettes when he wanted to avoid hitting the back of a bus. Do you, by the way," I asked rather nervously, for we seemed now to be going very fast indeed, "hit the back of many things?"

"I shaved a steam-lorry yesterday. You can see that by the front mud-guard." (I could.) "It had been pouring the most putrid clouds of smelly smoke all over me for nearly a mile and wouldn't listen to my horn. And then it came out when I tried to pass it. I was half in the ditch too. It was plastered all over with advertisements. And what do you think they were? 'EAT CRUSTO BREAD, THE FOOD OF LIFE.' I asked the driver whether he was cooking it inside. But he didn't seem to have any sense of humour."

"They seldom do on steam-lorries," I agreed. "It 's something in the life. But don't hit another if you can help it. I always think the second time 's so unlucky."

We shaved a dog.

"Airedale," she said. "I had him marked. Aberdeens and Cairns are the worst. I had to stop altogether for a Cairn the other day. I slowed, and then slowed some more, and then tried to dodge him. But he would walk in front. And when I 'd stopped, what do you suppose he did?"

"Licked the radiator?" I suggested.

"Came round and asked to be taken up into the car," she said. "Apparently he liked motoring. Hobby of his. And that was his notion of getting a drive."

Dusk and our lights came on. There was a loud bang against the side of the car.

"What on earth was that?"

"Don't know," she said. "White owl, possibly. I did kill one like that."

"Then you do really kill—er—things sometimes?"

"Only that," she said, "and a hare once. And nearly a butcher boy. He came through the wind-screen, but he wasn't very badly hurt. It was his fault entirely."

The outer suburbs began.

"Great Scott," I said, "you nearly did it that time!"

They were two cyclists.



Romantic Nephew (on the subject of his engagement). "IT MAY SEEM STRANGE, BUT HER GREATEST CHARM IS A SLIGHT CAST IN ONE OF HER EYES WHICH COMES AND GOES IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE WAY. DO YOU KNOW THE KIND OF THING?"

Prosaic Uncle. "QUITE. NOT *always* SQUINTING."

"Bravest people in the world," commented Lucinda. "If I were a cyclist I wouldn't ride without a rear-light for a thousand pounds. And they always wobble."

I supposed cyclists ought to be compelled to wear rear-lights by law.

"Either that," she said, "or cowbells hung round their necks."

"You seem to me to have a wonderful lot of original notions," I observed. "You ought to have a stand at Olympia on your own next year to exhibit them. I suppose you know everything about the inside of a car—the engine, I mean, and all that sort of thing?"

"Nothing in the world," replied Lucinda cheerfully. "I never bother with the inside of my engine except for water and oil."

"But surely——"

"Well, why should I? People are so awfully good at making engines and things nowadays. One doesn't have to keep looking inside one's watch to know how the works are going."

"No," I said, "I suppose not."

We escaped, apparently by the mercy of Providence, between two converging trams.

"Have you got any cigarettes?" inquired Lucinda. "I 've run out."

EVOE.

From an article on American "town-boosting":—

"One of the most brilliant inspirations on the part of a booster was that of a long train packed with people . . . each carriage being labelled in huge letters: 'This train contains more population for Portland.'"

Provincial Paper.

They daren't do that in our country.



Angela (to her departing Governess). "I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY I'M NOT SORRY YOU'RE GOING."

PERSONAL SERVICE.

(*The poet undertakes the chase of an animal whose fur is now fashionable as a trimming.*)

LET other lovers cling to humdrum courses
And from such treasures as the marts afford
By means of mere pecuniary resources
Acquire an offering meet for their adored;
Not such am I; no shopman shall deliver
The birthday present I have lately planned;
Some trophy of the chase I mean to give her,
Spoils of my good right hand.

To her I 'll tell the saga of my daring,
My breathless vigil and the blows I dealt
Ere I had captured for her winter wearing
That choice example of the modish pelt;
Tell how the moon in disobliging mood shed
Naught but the merest glimmer, pale and sick,
The night I lay ensconced behind the woodshed
Armed only with a brick.

I 'll tell her how the cold had made me nigh numb
Without evoking any trace of fear
Before a rustling round the antirrhinum
Came as a signal that my prey was near;
Tell how I stalked him yard by damp and black yard,
Spurred by a vision of the pride she 'd show
To hear how in its native haunt (or backyard)
I laid my quarry low.

Such gift will bind us in a closer tether
By filling to the brim her pleasure 's cup,
And hand-in-hand will we fare forth together
To find a furrier to make it up,
Although, perhaps, because her heart is tender,
The passing she will pensively deplore
Of my near neighbour's cat (an old offender),
Who 'll wake the night no more.

An Appeal from Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in publishing a letter that he has received from Miss ELLEN TERRY, and begs leave to ask for a generous response to her appeal.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Perhaps I may plead some partnership with yourself in having contributed to the happiness of a generation, although, unlike yourself, I am not making regular public appearances to-day. However, I long to appear in print to plead for funds to aid in the work of caring for blind defective children. The first of the 'Ellen Terry' National Homes for this purpose is almost ready for opening.

"Imagine the happiness of little children this Christmas. Then think of these little ones—sightless and otherwise defective—and I am sure that your readers will send a generous donation addressed to me personally at 3, Upper Woburn Place, W.C. 1.

"Yours very sincerely, ELLEN TERRY.
To the Editor of 'Punch.' *President.*"

Mr. Punch invites his readers to attend the exhibition which is now being held at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, of ERNEST SHEPARD'S *Punch* and other drawings, including his illustrations for A. A. MILNE'S *When We Were Very Young*, many of which appeared in these pages.



"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

(THE NEW ANGLO-RUSSO-GERMAN BALLET.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 2nd.—To historical students it will seem appropriate that the day on which, seventy-three years ago, NAPOLEON THE LITTLE overthrew the Second French Republic should have been chosen for the formal recognition of what is hardly less than another *coup d'état*, even though it was carried out in our stolid British way by ballots instead of bullets. Two months ago a Labour Administration was in office, and seemed likely to stay there, so long as it did not by mishandling cause the "patient oxen" of the Liberal Party to kick over the traces and upset the Ministerial apple-cart. To-day triumphant Unionism overflows the Government Benches on to the opposite side; there are great gaps in the ranks of Labour, and, as for the "oxen," more than half of them have been butchered to make a Tory holiday.

The rush for seats was somewhat less marked than usual. The two Opposition parties will have no difficulty in finding accommodation for all their Members who desire to attend. The Unionists will have more trouble. Hence the enterprise of the two Members for Stockport, Messrs. GREENWOOD and HAMMERSLEY, who arrived at the House at midnight, and kept a seven-hours' vigil in the Lobby.

I rather wonder that the former, who showed us during the few warm days of the so-called summer that he has a liking for airy attire, did not don his pyjamas and night-cap. It would have been pleasant to see him joining the Yeomen of the Guard in their customary search for GUY FAWKES'S successors.

The Upper House also had its reminders of the recent revolution. On the Bench below the Throne were Lord CAVE and the other Lords Commissioners; on the Government Bench sat Lord SALISBURY all alone. Facing him were the seven Members of the late Administration, who thus early have established their claim (on the strength of their Party's position in the Commons) to be treated as the official Opposition.

No one could have complained if Mr. WHITLEY had displayed some symptoms of boredom at the speeches delivered on the occasion of his re-election as



"A FAWKES FROM HIS LAIR IN THE MORNING."
MR. W. GREENWOOD.

Speaker. The late Lord PEEL was elected only four times during eleven years' tenure of the Chair; Lord ULLSWATER, in sixteen years, only five; but Mr. WHITLEY in less than four years has already equalled the PEEL record. It is almost impossible to find fresh ideas or even fresh words for a ceremony so often repeated.

Lord HENRY BENTINCK, by way of a change, introduced a few sporting metaphors *à propos* of this being "a stable Government," but caused, I think, less amusement by the matter of his speech than by its *staccato* manner. There is no one in the House who gives a more absolute impression of sincerity; but it is as if the truth lay at the very bottom of his heart and had to be extracted by successive bucketfuls. By contrast Mr. SMILLIE was the smooth and accomplished orator. Although he claimed to be only a prentice hand (and so enabled the PRIME MINISTER to call attention to the advantages of "dilution") he fully deserved the compliments paid him by the SPEAKER-ELECT and those who followed.

It was pleasant to hear the Father of the House describe Mr. WHITLEY as the embodiment of "the very highest qualities of the British character—control of temper, fairness, good humour, consideration." But, with recollections of some of "T. P.'s" earlier speeches in my mind, I could not help wondering how British statesmen had so uniformly failed to exercise those qualities when dealing with Irish affairs.

Wednesday, December 3rd.—Members of the House of Commons are always delighted when Black Rod, whom they regard officially as their sworn foe, makes a slip in his summons. They were much pleased therefore when he addressed Mr. WHITLEY as "Mr. Deputy-Speaker," instead of "Mr. Speaker-elect;" and Mr. WHITLEY himself perhaps thought it necessary, when he reached the Upper House, to impart an extra sonority to the announcement of his election. The LORD CHANCELLOR thereupon hastened to assure him that HIS MAJESTY most readily approved the Commons' choice; and the SPEAKER, now completely mollified, then sought "with all humility and gratitude" the confirmation of all the Commons' ancient privileges. This too having been graciously accorded, the SPEAKER



Mark Antony. "I THRICE PRESENTED HIM A KINGLY CROWN, WHICH HE DID THRICE REFUSE. WAS THIS AMBITION?"

Mark Antony . . . . . MR. MAXTON.
Julius Cæsar . . . . . MR. LANSBURY.

returned to the Lower Chamber to don his full robes and preside at the swearing-in of Members.

This was conducted with much greater expedition and decorum than in some former years and with an almost complete absence of incident. Mr. CHURCHILL as usual came in for some chaff from the Labour Members; the Duchess of ATHOL and Miss ELLEN WILKINSON (whose victory at Middlesbrough helped to console the Labour Party for the defeat of all their other women Candidates) were specially cheered as they came to the Table; and Mr. JACK JONES thus early tried to make himself a nuisance.

The real interest of the afternoon centred not in the Chamber but in the Committee-rooms, where both the Opposition parties were licking their wounds and making a good deal of moan over the process. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD had to listen to some plain speeches about his handling of the ZINOVIEFF letter, which the Clyde brigade persist in regarding as a forgery. Mr. MAXTON was for turning him out of the leadership, and putting the Member for Bow and Bromley in his place, and a damaging division seemed imminent; but CÆSAR LANSBURY wisely rejected the crown proffered him by KARL MARXTON ANTONY, and saved for the moment an open schism.

Hard by, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was having a similarly harassing experience at the hands of a little group of "Wee Free" stalwarts, who, more Asquithian than Mr. ASQUITH, cannot forget or forgive their sufferings under the second Coalition. Having failed to prevent his election to the sessional chairmanship of the party they now endeavoured to tie his hands by an assertion of uncompromising opposition to the present Administration, which contains several of their new chief's friends and former colleagues; and, though they eventually agreed to a somewhat milder resolution, they proceeded to form themselves into a Radical group, whose special aim, I gather, will be to keep Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from straying back to forbidden paths.

Thursday, December 4th.—In the House of Commons the swearing-in process was practically completed. In Liberal and Labour circles the swearing-at process is expected to last a good deal longer.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

I.—SOCIAL LIFE.

THE majority of Filmlanders, when not yearning for wild open spaces, are gregariously inclined, and prefer to seek their social pleasures abroad rather than in their own homes. This is due in some measure to the fact that they are restless folk whom even the attractions of a wireless receiving set *de luxe* fail to reconcile to spending the long winter evenings *en famille*. Popular wireless transmission appears to be anything but a paying proposition in Filmland; life there is too real and too earnest to be frittered away in sitting about and saying "Ssh!"

I fancy, however, that the home itself has a good deal to do with the average Filmlander's preference for places of public resort and activity. There is about the Filmland home an eternal atmosphere of impending disaster which makes one wonder sometimes whether it is really worth while paying rent. If it is a wealthy home the tenants are fairly certain to be unhappily married or living in fear of their lives, and if it is a poor home there is the constant dread of the hard-hearted mortgagee turning nasty and making it necessary for the only son or daughter to go out into the world and become a Derby winner or a star actress. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the Filmlander likes to spend as much time as possible in restaurants, or attending race meetings, or joining in an occasional riot.



"THE MAJORITY OF FILMLANDERS PREFER TO SEEK THEIR SOCIAL PLEASURES ABROAD RATHER THAN IN THEIR OWN HOMES."

The restaurant may almost be said to be the centre of social life in Filmland. If the Filmlander wishes to meet anyone, or celebrate some particular occasion, or lure a country cousin from the path of bucolic virtue, or plot revenge, or polish off a rival, or play a practical joke, he does it in a restaurant. You cannot go into a really high-class Filmland restaurant without seeing the faces of half the customers registering emotion.

These restaurants are very imposing places. Most of them appear to be about a mile in length, so that people entering at the far end are mere specks in the distance. They are chock-full of suggestions of vice, such as bottles of champagne, bare backs and bulging shirt-fronts. Everybody drinks champagne—pails of it. There is very little doing in the way of food; society Filmlanders have not much time to spare for eating. They just toss off a few goblets of champagne, look at their watches and walk or slouch or slink or stagger away. They settle their bills with a sheaf of notes and never expect any change. Here you may see Filmland's oppressed husbands and wives having supper with other people's oppressed wives and husbands. There is scarcely a vacant seat.

The humbler restaurants are frequented by the less intriguing but more humorously minded classes. Like their social superiors, they too are not greatly concerned with getting a meal. All they want is a little light relaxation in the way of throwing sausages and custard-pies at the manager or other customers, or flooding the place with the contents of soda-water siphons or tea-urns. During the rush hours the restaurant is liable to become a total wreck, but, despite that, there is money in the business.

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But books, it seems, can exercise upon others a most unholy lure. I was hearing about it the other day, in the company of a number of adepts—not adepts at book-lifting, I hasten to explain, but adepts at book-selling. There is, after pictures, and cricket, and the merits of ourselves, and food and drink, and the foibles of our friends, no such excellent topic of conversation as books, book-buyers and, I would now add, book-stealers. For the world appears to be full of well-to-do people who enrich their own shelves by borrowing from those of the trade, new and second-hand.

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returned to the Lower Chamber to don his full robes and preside at the swearing-in of Members.

This was conducted with much greater expedition and decorum than in some former years and with an almost complete absence of incident. Mr. CHURCHILL as usual came in for some chaff from the Labour Members; the Duchess of ATHOL and Miss ELLEN WILKINSON (whose victory at Middlesbrough helped to console the Labour Party for the defeat of all their other women Candidates) were specially cheered as they came to the Table; and Mr. JACK JONES thus early tried to make himself a nuisance.

The real interest of the afternoon centred not in the Chamber but in the Committee-rooms, where both the Opposition parties were licking their wounds and making a good deal of moan over the process. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD had to listen to some plain speeches about his handling of the ZINOVIEFF letter, which the Clyde brigade persist in regarding as a forgery. Mr. MAXTON was for turning him out of the leadership, and putting the Member for Bow and Bromley in his place, and a damaging division seemed imminent; but CÆSAR LANSBURY wisely rejected the crown proffered him by KARL MARXTON ANTONY, and saved for the moment an open schism.

Hard by, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was having a similarly harassing experience at the hands of a little group of "Wee Free" stalwarts, who, more Asquithian than Mr. ASQUITH, cannot forget or forgive their sufferings under the second Coalition. Having failed to prevent his election to the sessional chairmanship of the party they now endeavoured to tie his hands by an assertion of uncompromising opposition to the present Administration, which contains several of their new chief's friends and former colleagues; and, though they eventually agreed to a somewhat milder resolution, they proceeded to form themselves into a Radical group, whose special aim, I gather, will be to keep Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from straying back to forbidden paths.

Thursday, December 4th.—In the House of Commons the swearing-in process was practically completed. In Liberal and Labour circles the swearing-at process is expected to last a good deal longer.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

I.—SOCIAL LIFE.

THE majority of Filmlanders, when not yearning for wild open spaces, are gregariously inclined, and prefer to seek their social pleasures abroad rather than in their own homes. This is due in some measure to the fact that they are restless folk whom even the attractions of a wireless receiving set *de luxe* fail to reconcile to spending the long winter evenings *en famille*. Popular wireless transmission appears to be anything but a paying proposition in Filmland; life there is too real and too earnest to be frittered away in sitting about and saying "Ssh!"

I fancy, however, that the home itself has a good deal to do with the average Filmlander's preference for places of public resort and activity. There is about the Filmland home an eternal atmosphere of impending disaster which makes one wonder sometimes whether it is really worth while paying rent. If it is a wealthy home the tenants are fairly certain to be unhappily married or living in fear of their lives, and if it is a poor home there is the constant dread of the hard-hearted mortgagee turning nasty and making it necessary for the only son or daughter to go out into the world and become a Derby winner or a star actress. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the Filmlander likes to spend as much time as possible in restaurants, or attending race meetings, or joining in an occasional riot.



"THE MAJORITY OF FILMLANDERS PREFER TO SEEK THEIR SOCIAL PLEASURES ABROAD RATHER THAN IN THEIR OWN HOMES."

The restaurant may almost be said to be the centre of social life in Filmland. If the Filmlander wishes to meet anyone, or celebrate some particular occasion, or lure a country cousin from the path of bucolic virtue, or plot revenge, or polish off a rival, or play a practical joke, he does it in a restaurant. You cannot go into a really high-class Filmland restaurant without seeing the faces of half the customers registering emotion.

These restaurants are very imposing places. Most of them appear to be about a mile in length, so that people entering at the far end are mere specks in the distance. They are chock-full of suggestions of vice, such as bottles of champagne, bare backs and bulging shirt-fronts. Everybody drinks champagne—pails of it. There is very little doing in the way of food; society Filmlanders have not much time to spare for eating. They just toss off a few goblets of champagne, look at their watches and walk or slouch or slink or stagger away. They settle their bills with a sheaf of notes and never expect any change. Here you may see Filmland's oppressed husbands and wives having supper with other people's oppressed wives and husbands. There is scarcely a vacant seat.

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To the book-lifter this bustling animated confusion is clover.

Many were the stories that were told of the various ruses employed and the difficulty of detection; and one or two where detection had a pathetic sequel, for the chief offenders are not always poor and obscure. But now and then comedy broke in.

"I 'll tell you," said one of the company, whose experience in the trade had perhaps been longest, "a strange thing about one of my best customers. Some years ago I was sitting at my desk looking at a very fine and costly limited edition of a work on ornithology that had just been published in two volumes at three guineas each. While I was examining it, a man with a bag came in and began to drift about, not exactly suspiciously, because he had a good coat on, but oddly. However, eccentricity and literary tastes so often go together that it doesn't do to jump to conclusions.

"Having other things to do," he continued, "I forgot him, and did not think of him again till, on returning to my desk, I noticed that one of the two volumes of the new bird book had gone. I looked about for it everywhere, and then I caught sight of the man.

"On an inspiration which I can't in the least account for, and which might have landed me in some very awkward trouble, I went up to him and took his bag out of his hand and opened it—and, sure enough, there was the missing vol. one!"

He paused.

"Well," we asked, "you sent for the police, of course?"

"No," he said, "I didn't. I went back to my desk and fetched vol. two and handed it to him. 'The one you've got is no use to you without this,' I said, 'and this one is no use to me without the other, so you 'd better take it.' And he did. He took it, put it in the bag and left the shop without a word."

"What an extraordinary case!" I remarked. "But I thought you were going to tell us a story of one of your best customers."

"That 's the joke of it," said the bookseller. "Through that incident, which was never referred to again by either of us, he became one of my best customers and still is."

Well, when it comes to queerness, you can't beat folks, can you?

E. V. L.

PETE.

He is five months old and can nearly reach my shoulders already—a lovable, tempestuous, woolly-coated pup, black with white front and paws, and eyes so mournful that you could cry in sympathy until you remember what he did yesterday morning, and then you realise how deceptive eyes can be. But of course you want to know what breed he is. Why this should always be so with dogs while it never is with men is a mystery. If you ask me to describe a friend to you I do not say that he is "pure dolichocephalic Iberian;" I tell you his qualities. However, it is no use arguing . . .



"Yus, an' in the finish I called 'er a puggernashus female. I don't know what the word means, but it didn't 'arf frighten 'er."

Pete then is at the moment a sheep-dog. I say "at the moment" because I am not sure how long I shall be able to maintain this view against the dog-fanciers of my neighbourhood. They are courteous but firm; and quite unanimous. For the most part I meet with politely-raised eyebrows and murmurs of incredulity. I have only once been flatly contradicted.

"But there are sheep-dogs and sheep-dogs," I had said. "Yes, and mongrels and mongrels," was the reply. "But he 's a good sporting dog all the same."

And that certainly is true. No ancestor of Pete's ever smelt a London fog or walked an esplanade beside a bath-chair. He is "country" all through. It is perhaps this rural ancestry of his which makes him such a perfect fool with traffic. With a car right on the top of us he looks up at me and says:—

"I am just going across the road to speak to a friend. That car is a good ten yards off and it 's only doing thirty-five."

Before I can stop him he is in the road. There is a shout from a bystander, an agonised squeal of brakes from the car, and Pete emerges from beneath the bonnet, slightly dishevelled but with his tail going as strongly as ever.

I go up to the driver, who is trying to re-start his engine, and I humbly apologise.

"That 's all right," he says. "Near thing, though. He 's only a pup, isn't he? What 's the breed?"

"Sheep-dog."

"H'm! . . . . Well, it 's a nice head, anyway. Good day!"

But the laying of traps for motorists is only incidental to the main purpose of his life, which is the destruction of material in the shortest possible time. For this was he born and for this were his teeth given to him. (So he says, and it is at least a fact that he never uses them for his meals, which he inhales after the manner of a vacuum-cleaner, but much more quickly.) A few weeks ago I went out after breakfast and found him with his jaws festooned with some dark-coloured cord or twine.

"My dear old chap, what *have* you been doing?"

"Oh, this? It 's not very good," he said, and laid the remains at my feet. (It was the dress-guard off the maid's bicycle.) "But come on to the tennis-lawn and I 'll show you something really worth looking at."

I followed him to the lawn, and there I found what at first I took to be a fall of snow, but was actually some thousands of pieces of paper, not one of them bigger than a florin.

"Yesterday's *Times*," he said. "All of it, including the special Wembley Souvenir."

On occasions like these I ask myself whether there is anything I can put on



Scots Caddie Master (to Member). "WEEL, AN' HOO DID YE GET ON THIS MORNIN' ?"
Member. "OH, SPLENDID UP TO THE GREENS—THEN FOUND I COULDN'T PUTT."
Scots Caddie Master. "AY, AY, I KEN—JUIST GUID USELESS GOWF."

the other side of the account. Is he a good watch-dog? It makes me laugh to think of it. Why, every human being he meets is just another master or mistress to love and to obey. I can see him saying to a burglar:—

"What, burgling? Well, you've come to the right place. You're not allowed in the house, but on the scullery window there's the finest set of blacking-brushes in the county. I'll show them to you if you'll let me off the chain."

No, not a watch-dog. Is he useful in any other way?

Well, he does exercise the hens for us, having read in *Poultry for Profit* that they must not be allowed to get lazy. The book does not prescribe the daily ration of exercise, but Pete thinks—and the hens agree with him—that four times round the stable-yard and once up and down the drive is sufficient. And he also helps them with their moulting, which the book says should be got through as quickly as possible.

Poor Pete! He has so much to learn, and experience is so bitter. He has still to learn that all mankind does not wish him well. He has already learned it, cruelly, about his own species. The disillusionment came suddenly at the hands, or teeth, of a surly-looking old terrier who didn't like games and who was still apparently nursing a grievance because an ancestor of his had been made to wear a muzzle in '95. (He was an Irish terrier.) After that rude awakening Pete lost his nerve for a time and would even cross the road to avoid a kitten. Even now he approaches all four-footed things a little warily.

For a five-months-old pup his life has been very full of incident. He has had at least three last-second reprieves by motorists and one fierce hour of vindication triumphant.

It was yesterday, and his tail still wags at the thought of it. In the course of our walk we had to cross a field in which some sheep were grazing. Instantly upon Pete's appearance, and without a sign or sound from him, they rushed together and stood in a solid mass, heads facing him and ready for any manœuvre he might call on them to execute.

"Now," said Pete, in a perfect frenzy of delight—"*now* let's find that friend of yours who said I wasn't a sheep-dog!"

We found him; but he took his defeat very hardly. "You mean," he said, "the first field after the railway-crossing? Yes, I know those sheep, mongrels every one of them."

Another Impending Apology.

From a concert notice:—

"That tightest of tight tenors, Mr. ——, gave us a real musical treat."—*Irish Paper.*

"——'s Crackers—
WITHOUT WHICH NO PARTY IS COMPLETE."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It would be only kind to send a box this Christmas to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

AT THE PLAY.

THE DIAGHILEFF BALLET (COLISEUM).

IT would seem that M. DIAGHILEFF is something of a humourist. I give his own account of *Le Train Bleu*, with a few remarks of my own in brackets. "The first point," he says, "about 'Le Train Bleu' is that there is no blue train in it. This being the age of speed, it has already reached its destination and disembarked its passengers. These are to be seen on a beach which does not exist (this is true), in front of a casino which exists still less (this is still truer) . . . Yet, when it was presented for the first time in Paris, everybody was unaccountably ('unaccountably' is the right word) seized with the desire to take the blue train to Deauville and perform refreshing exercises. (At first I wondered what the Riviera Blue Train was doing in Normandy, and thought it was like placing a ballet at Clacton and calling it 'The Irish Mail'; but I am informed that this *train-de-luxe* is put on to the Deauville service in the summer.) It is danced by the real Russian Ballet, but it has nothing to do with Russian ballet. (This relieves Russian ballet of a good deal of responsibility.) It was invented for ANTON DOLIN (an Irishman). The scenery is painted by a scu'ptor (and a Jazz one at that), and the costumes are by a great arbiter of fashion who has never made a costume. (Let off lightly as a first offender)."

Of course I am glad for Mr. DIAGHILEFF'S sake that he should be a humourist, but I don't care to have him playing a practical joke on me. This may not be the first time that a Russian Ballet Company has pulled the public's leg, but it can never have pulled it quite so hard.

The performance consisted largely of a series of physical jerks done by "Poules (Flappers)" and "Gigolos (their Boys)." The bathing costumes of the latter were of the regulation or university pattern; those of the Hens consisted of high-necked long-sleeved jumpers and shorts—very uninteresting. One could trace no ordered scheme in their movements, no particular method in their general imbecility. Individuals or small groups would run about, or jump, or turn somersaults, or maul one another, or pretend to swim on the shore, just as it occurred to them; and then suddenly rush away to the water (OFF) and come back dripping dry.

"CIMAROSIANA."



PAS DE DEUX.



TARANTELLA.

By way of a forlorn relief *La Championne de Tennis* came on with a racquet and gave a dance with motions designed to illustrate the game, but mostly unrecognisable. Also *Le Joueur de Golf*, in plus-fours and armed with a single club, who strolled aimlessly about the *plage* and practised a little driving, in which he fell back badly on his right leg.

M. DOLIN (*né* Mr. DOLAN), as the prime bather—he was described in the programme as "Beau Gosse (a Bright Lad)"—took a lot of very big strides through the air and performed various feats that were most creditable for an amateur in acrobatics. Perhaps the best that can be said for the general performance is that everybody kept admirably strict time with the music. But this mechanical precision only served to emphasize the waste of good material on third-rate stuff. Frankly, if M. DIAGHILEFF wants to keep his company in condition with physical exercises he should arrange to get them done in private.

On the other hand, in *Cimarosiana* we had the "real Russian Ballet," with its old delicious grace of gesture, its exquisite daintiness, its bird-like poise, the *entrain* of its concerted movements. Here again there was no plot, but just a series of detached turns—a pas de trois, a pas de six, a tarantella and so on—danced to the authentic eighteenth-century instrumentation of CIMAROSA, before a company who themselves joined in for a contre-danse and a finale. If one has a complaint to make about this delightful entertainment it is that, in the matter of costumes, it illustrates the tendency of Russian Ballet, straining after novelty, to sacrifice colour harmonies to *fantasque* effects. Our eyes are made to suffer from discords which would never be permitted to assail our ears. Here, for instance, the scarlet trunk-hose of some of the company shrieked badly against the salmon-pink tights worn by M. DOLIN in his pas de deux with Mme. NEMTCHINOVA.

"YOICKS!"—NEW EDITION (KINGSWAY).

As it was a colleague who attended the original production, I am not prepared to say what exactly are the novel features in the present show. It was all new to me, including the pronunciation of BORGIA with a French "g" instead of an Italian. You may wonder what a BORGIA was doing in an entertainment called *Yoicks!* I suppose it was a case of heavy relief. Something had to be done to give our ribs a rest, so they introduced "The Terror"—a tragedy in a nutshell.

The idea was to show that even so intrepid a poisoness as LUCREZIA BORGIA might have her moment of fear. She is about to be married, and a certain priest, *Castracane*, who has been her lover, takes a dislike to the man and wants to spoil the arrangements. So the priest has to be removed. The lady is quite frank about it. She offers him the option of poison at her own fair hands or a long drop from one of the palace windows at the hands of her men-folk. He chooses the poison, and she administers it openly from a very expensive decanter. While the potion is doing its work she becomes curious about the near view which the priest must be getting of the next world. It is not that she takes a kindly interest in his prospects, but, as he is a priest who has broken his vow of chastity, she assumes that he is going to the same place as she will be going to later on, and she would like to have a rough idea of it. "What do you see?" she asks, getting a bit scared. So the priest, who seemed a very decent fellow, says "Nothing." Of course he may have been speaking the truth, but I give him the benefit of the doubt and prefer to think that he was lying like a priest and a gentleman. Anyhow *Lucrezia* was quite satisfied; and his death agonies (nobly dissimulated by Mr. DONALD CALTHROP) caused her no further concern.

That 's about all there was to it, except that it gave Miss LAURA COWIE a nice little chance, which she took, and an orange wig, which was most becoming.

There was other heavy relief, but not intentionally so. There was Miss RENÉE MAYER and a chorus of perfunctory dancers who did a thing called "Home, Sweet Home Blues," and another (rather worse) called "Step Henrietta." And there were songs of sentiment which I could easily have done without. Of course, if you *must* have them, then Miss MARJORIE GORDON, with her pretty voice and face, is just the person to make them bearable.

As for the fun, which at its best was very, very good, I greatly enjoyed the conversation of three bar-loafers, who kept on raising their hats to the memory of departed cronies. At the end one of them is called away, and a devastating crash outside is the signal for the two survivors to repeat this salute in his honour.

Then there was an extraordinarily good dialogue—also in low life—between Mr. CALTHROP and Mr. MARK LESTER, and the killing performance of Messrs. SELIG and HART as a horse—a Wembley broncho, as I understand, in the original version, but now just a horse.

Apart from the old episode of the Wife and the Sheikh there was no burlesque of fiction or drama. One felt that not quite sufficient scope had been allowed for the higher intelligence of Mr. HASTINGS TURNER (the editor of the revue) or of the audience. Still, if there was no very strong call made upon my higher intelligence, I laughed quite loud enough with my lower one.



LUCREZIA BORGIA (MISS LAURA COWIE) WITH POISONED WINE, DOUBTFUL FRUIT, DAGGER AND VICTIM (MR. DONALD CALTHROP) IN BACKGROUND, ALL COMPLETE. YOICKS! TALLY-HO!

I think that perhaps Mr. MARK LESTER made me laugh most; but Mr. CALTHROP was more versatile. Among other things he was a bar-loafer, an embarrassed speech-maker, the life and soul of a party, a girl-boy of the future and an Italian priest (poisoned). He bore a strong resemblance to all of them, though in the last two cases (and, I hope, in the first) imagination had to be called in to supply the lack of experience.

O. S.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"In spite of his 82 years he is still very active, and his brain is as alert as ever. He invariably walks on foot."—*Evening Paper.*

"Brick-Bats Wanted; 3s. load.—Conservative Club, ——."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

But won't they be rather late for the Election?

A VERY OLD STORY.

THOUSANDS and thousands of years ago, in a land of blue hills and white cliffs that went sheer down to a sea that sparkled till it seemed to be made of kingfishers, dragon-flies, blue diamonds and all unbelievable bluenesses, a shepherdess and a shepherd-boy lay on the top of a cliff and looked down into the peacock-coloured sea-pools below them.

Occasionally a gull sailed by, silver as a snowflake, or a big gold-banded bee bumbled in the little hill daisies and thyme on which they lay. They felt the morning sun very kindly on their necks, and they saw the small white-scut cliff-rabbits run like beads on the ledges. The Boy thought, and wanted to tell the Girl, that the blueness of the water beneath them was but the dear reflection of her eyes; but he had never thought anything of the sort before and somehow the words wouldn't come. The Girl thought, but wouldn't have wanted the Boy to know she thought for all the gold apples of the Hesperides, that it was a wonder that none of the grand ladies of Olympus (the cats!) had fallen in love with him long ago, so beautiful she thought him, and yet so sunburnt and strong. He was as a matter of fact quite a decent-looking ordinary boy, but you will recognise of course that they were in love with each other, though they didn't know that they were.

Presently the Girl said, as she wriggled her pretty toes into the warm thyme, "I wish I was a nymph!"

"Why?" said the Boy.

"I 'd like to live for ever," she sighed.

"Oh," said the Boy, "but I wasn't thinking of dying" (more was the Girl really; she only thought, 'Why should a hussy of a nymph be immortal and not me?'); and he added, "But, if *you* were a nymph, it would be fun to be a faun."

"But how I should hate you to be," said she; "I think goat's legs are so unbecoming on a man."

Now, while they argued it, along the path that led inland to the greenwood and the murmurous Palace of Pan (murmurous by day with the voices of pines and wood-pigeons, and by night with that piping that makes the world spin and the stars dance), there came a wise old Centaur.

"Good morning, my children," quoth the Centaur in a big fox-hunting sort of voice; "and what are you debating so earnestly? The flocks and the weather, I'll bet," he added. Topics, you see, were limited as a rule in that pastoral place.

"Sucks then," cried our shepherdess and shepherd (or words to that effect), "for we were saying that we wished we were of the Immortals."

"Why, now," said Cheiron, for it was he, "how old are you?"

"I am twenty," said the Boy.

"And I," said the Girl, "am seventeen."

"*And*," said Cheiron (and he was wisest of mortal things), "it is morning, the sky and the sea are very blue, the sun is warm and the grasses and hill-flowers most cool and sweet; and (he looked into their eyes), by the Bow, you love each other, so, bless me, you *are* as the gods—don't you *see*?"

To tell the truth they didn't, I think, quite, though they did when they were older; but they were so pleased to find that they loved each other (which they both discovered simultaneously as soon as the Centaur said so) that up they jumped for joy and ran, all hand-in-hand, laughing down a little path to the sea, who is, as you know, mother and fairy god-mother to all things young or old.

Cheiron jerked a kindly thumb after them and winked at a couple of young rabbits romping on the close-bit cliff edge. They regarded him with bright boot-button eyes, and the same indifference that they bestowed on an old hill-falcon that hung far, oh! very far, away, the keen curve of a scimitar in the blue sky.

A Sportsman.

"In Sir Joseph's garden . . . I knocked down a cock pheasant one morning and sold it. . . . I caught two brown owls by baiting a live rat in Dairy Walk and sold them. . . . I secretly set a brick-trap one day in a garden beyond the old butts and caught a bullfinch and a robin . . . and sold the bullfinch for twopence. . . . By baiting two fish-hooks with boiled wheat I tried to catch partridges, but with no success. . . . Now I am a grandfather, but I can still enjoy the bird-life of London."
Letter in Evening Paper.

"Enjoy" is good.

"I think I shall have to quote 'Rudyard Kipling' and say—

'The world is so full of wonderful things,
We all should be as happy as kings.'"
North-Country Paper.

Just—Not—Quite So.

"Fishing on the Floors Lower water, Mr. ——, Mayor of ——, had the record catch of twenty-one salmon."—*Scots Paper.*

Encouraged by his success on the lower floors, His Worship should try the top storey.

OUR CURIOSITY COLUMN.

(*With acknowledgments to "N. & Q."*)

Music in the Milk Trade.—The vocal proficiency of persons engaged in the retail milk-trade has long been notorious, but so far I have been unable to trace the names of any instrumentalists or composers who followed this calling. Perhaps some of your readers would be able to inform me whether any dairy-maids, milk-maids, milkmen and milk-boys have written or published any songs or pieces. RICHARD STRAUSS has recently produced a Ballet entitled "Whipped Cream;" I understand however that he has no interest in the milk trade, but has, or had, some family connection with a large firm of brewers of Lager beer. Can it be possible that the "crumpled horn" mentioned in "The House that Jack Built" was a musical instrument?—ALFONSO TOOTILL.

Ancient School Customs.—Mr. ERIC PARKER, in his interesting Eton Anthology, gives an account of the old custom, which dates from the days of QUEEN ELIZABETH, known as "slunching the paddocks." He makes no mention however of another old ceremony which was practised, though apparently not at Eton, in the seventeenth century, viz. "heaving the chunk." The references to it that I have been able to collect are somewhat vague, but it does not seem to have been a form of athletic exercise like tossing the caber or putting the weight. The nature of the "chunk" is not made apparent, but I am inclined to believe that it was of sandstone, and that in some way or other it is connected with Hever Castle.—OSWALD BASTABLE.

Forgotten or Obsolete Games.—The other night I woke up with the words "Doogan's Corridor Game" in my mind. I should like to know who Doogan was. The name has an Irish ring, but I have failed to find it in the Dublin Directory, and recent works on the interpretation of dreams throw no light on the subject. Some years ago I remember hearing or reading about the phrase, "Corridor Soap. Won't wash hands." Perhaps Doogan was the name of the firm which manufactured this detergent. Or possibly it might be Doolan. Soap is not usually associated with pastime, but it is occasionally used as a missile. In this context I should be glad of a list of the rules of "Bumble Puppy" and explanation why a card game should be named after an immature bee.—MARMADUKE MORON.

Authors Wanted.—(1) Who wrote "The best way to make a Venetian blind is to poke a stick in his eye"? (2) Who wrote the following stanza, the MS. of which has come into my hands with other literary matter:—

"Nature cares not whence or how,
Nature asks not why;
'Tis enough that Thou art Thou
And that I am I"?

(3) Who first introduced the words "to voice," "to glimpse," "to sense," and "slogan" into the phraseology of journalism, and what suitable reward would repay his services?—HEREWARD WAKELING.

The Banjuka and the Banjo.—I have recently read in Society paragraphs of the popularity in aristocratic circles of a new instrument called the Banjuka, and should be glad of any information as to its structure and the quality of its tone. It seems to be a sort of blend of the banjo and the balalaika, and thus represents the two dominant influences in modern music—West African and Russian. It may even compete with the saxophone in the realm of syncopated or stincopated sonority. But for the moment I am more concerned with the derivation of the word "banjo." The *N.E.D.* regards it as a corruption of *bandore*, itself a corruption of the Spanish *bandurria*. Personally I am inclined to connect it with "banshee," especially as the form "banshaw" is found in early writers. The banjuka is, I take it, played, like the banjo, by plucking or twanging the strings. This method is commonly known as "plunking;" and it has been a source of surprise to me to find that Mr. PLUNKET GREENE is not an instrumentalist but a vocalist. But the ways of musicians, ever since the days of NERO, have always been inscrutable.—ARNOLD BAXTER.

Academic Costume.—During a recent visit to Oxford I was struck, while walking through Christ Church College, by the fact that most of the undergraduates were arrayed in "*plus* fours." Since when have they been allowed to give up the long blue belted coats and yellow stockings which I always understood were obligatory on all members of this Foundation?—A. PULLMAN LEGGE.

Strange Surnames.—The surname "Whalebelly" still survives in some rural localities. I wonder whether any of your readers familiar with the annals of this family could inform me whether any member of it ever bore the Christian name Jonah, and if not, why not?—ARTEMAS WARDELL.

Journalistic Candour.

"You cannot buy much for two shillings nowadays; but for two shillings you *can* buy THE ——'s CHRISTMAS NUMBER."
Advt. in Daily Paper.



THE KINDLY DEED: OR, THE MAN WHO TOOK ONE.



Early Christmas Shopper. "HOW HELPFUL THOSE WINDOW DISPLAYS ARE! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING TO GIVE UNCLE TOM. AN UMBRELLA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE Middle West seems to have taken over for good the puritan-pastoral type of novel which was once the glory of New England; and Miss MARGARET ASHMUN, who is, if I am not mistaken, a newcomer, reinforces the tradition very capably in *The Lonely Lake* (MACMILLAN). The action of her story takes place on three isolated homesteads; and, like that of *The Scarlet Letter*, is rather mysteriously and very fastidiously concerned with the consequences of past sin. It opens on the twelfth birthday of *Hubert Faraday*, only child of an ill-assorted couple who live in a shabby farm between a lake and a hemlock-grove. *Willard Faraday* is a man of violent moods and pitiful repentances; in love with his wife, yet obviously bearing some grudge against her and the boy. *Averil* is a beautiful unhappy woman, more resigned to her husband's outbursts of fury than to his demonstrations of tenderness. And *Hubert* is a sensitive observant little fellow who loves his mother, fears his father and adores his "*Uncle*" *Alec*, the bachelor proprietor of the remotest of the three farms. It is mainly through *Hubert's* troubled but uncomprehending eyes that you realize that *Averil* has been unfaithful and that *Alec* is the father of her son. *Willard* takes very much longer than I did to convince himself of these truths; and no sooner has he done so than he meets with an apparently accidental death, and *Alec* marries his widow. *Hubert* grows up, and has just won the hand of an old playmate when the facts about his own birth and his supposed father's death are conspicuously put before him. His scruples and their alleviation are both cleverly handled; and the part played by his sweetheart in solving her wooer's case of conscience is delightfully indicated. But the deftest touches of all go to depicting the girl's mother, the mistress of the third farm, whose little legend of charity, self-sacrifice and courage is undoubtedly the most pleasant achievement of Miss ASHMUN'S promising book.

The Life of Lord Wolseley (HEINEMANN), as presented by Major-General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE and Sir GEORGE ARTHUR, is a study of a great soldier's life-work rather than of a great man's personality. We are reminded that it is hardly more than a generation since a popular jest was current to the effect that we possessed only one General—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY—and still less since the picturesque phrase, "All Sir Garnet," gave way to the barbarous expression "O.K." as a popular certificate of correctness. If mentally and spiritually we have travelled so fast and so far since then as hardly to have had breathing space to assess Lord WOLSELEY'S position, we are for that reason the more indebted to the present authors for bringing the matter to remembrance. Though they are not slow to praise his leadership in the field in the "little wars" of his time, they plainly consider that his greatest victories were won at home. Egypt indeed is still with us (or against us), but ARABI PASHA'S rebellion is an affair of the remote past. On the other hand the abolition of purchase in the Army

and the institution of the short service system, to mention only two of the reforms here discussed, are very foundations in the modern military organisation. Inevitably a volume of this kind raises fascinating unanswerable questions as to what its hero's record might have been had he been still in command when there came the War that was "great." The only reply the writers can offer, which is no reply, is that he was one, and possibly the greatest one, of the half-dozen leaders who converted the soulless machine of mid-Victorian days into the marvellous if all-too-limited fighting force that took the field at Mons.

I suppose it is just possible that a doctor who, operating under the influence of a night out, bungled and killed his patient might merely leave the place by the next train without even learning the dead man's name. Anyhow you must believe it if you want to enjoy Miss MARGARET PEDLER's entertaining tale, *Red Ashes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). After that it seems to follow quite naturally that the doctor should meet and love and be loved by his victim's sister, who has never been told that her brother's death wasn't inevitable. On this foundation Miss PEDLER builds up quite a good story of love and remorse and pleasant young people in county society, and makes it end happily by force of sheer common sense without either resuscitating the patient or proving that it was not the hero-doctor who killed him; which, I admit, seemed to me the only ways out of it. I quite enjoyed the story, except that I found it a little too damp for reading in such a year as this. There is a terrific cloud-burst, in which the hero and heroine are nearly drowned, because apparently it never occurred to them that when a river rises swiftly in a valley you can generally find a dry hill-top on which to wait. But that is nothing compared with the floods of tears shed by the young ladies of the story on the shoulders of the young gentlemen, who kindly mop them up with their manly handkerchiefs.

O PHILLPOTTS, whose ancient *prænomen*
  Of EDEN has fostered your powers
And served as a prosperous omen
  Of writings on gardens and flowers,
I thought it would baffle your wit a
  Fresh theme to embroider, but no!
For here you undoubtedly fit a
    New string to your bow.

'Tis a fantasy kindly and gracious,
  On quite an original plan,
Of Greece in the days that were spacious
  Before the departure of Pan;
And we eagerly follow the test of
  A hero whose mood was "acerb"
Till sweetened and tamed by the quest of
    A magical herb.



Rugger Enthusiast (who has inadvertently peppered keeper's dog). "BY JOVE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY; BUT HE *WAS* OFF-SIDE, YOU KNOW."

To the Hellas of old EPICURUS
  From Dartmoor 's a very far cry,
But the characters charm and allure us,
  And *Typhon* is just you or I,
Mistaking, with many a stumble,
  The ultimate goal of his quest
And finding that only the humble
    Are really the blest.

In short, in *The Treasures of Typhon*
  (GRANT RICHARDS), I welcome a book
With ancient philosophy rife, on
  The problems we can't overlook;
For, in spite of the jocular snarling
  Of England's most sprightly Law Lord—
That professional humourist, DARLING—
    Greece can't be ignored.

How sweet, and how profitable to others, is the lot of the critic at liberty to choose his own pasture! Take Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY for instance. He wastes no time convicting charlatans or regilding idols. He deliberately shuns "the usual set, the Shaw—Wells—Galsworthy—Chesterton gallery." BENNETT, DE LA MARE, HEWLETT, HOUSMAN (A. E., not LAURENCE), JACOBS, LYND, SAINTSBURY, SANTA-

YANA and SQUIRE—these are the *Figures in Modern Literature* (LANE) that he favours. Mr. BENNETT, I think, gets favoured least. He is a trinity of authors; "the tipster of life and the arts;" the provincial 'prentice—a sort of *Whittington réussi*—who finds the pavement of London even more golden than he dreamed, and a philosophic pessimist. But a "prolific, entertaining and conscientious" writer all the same. Mr. W. W. JACOBS meets with well-deserved appreciation. What an artist he would have been acclaimed if his stories "had succeeded in depressing a handful instead of amusing a multitude of readers"! And with what congenial vivacity does Mr. PRIESTLEY analyse the unique little world of *Many Cargoes* and its fellows, a world "just as small, bright and artificial as that of Jane Austen." Certainly I enjoyed the JACOBS essay as much as anything in the book; but "MR. ROBERT LYND," an enthusiastic and admirably illustrated study of one of the few men who has bridged the gulf between literature and journalism, runs it pretty close. The HEWLETT essay I thought a little unfortunate in its exaltation of the poet and essayist at the expense of the novelist. It is part of Mr. PRIESTLEY'S delightful deference to accept an author's own estimate of himself and his writings when that author is as modest as the final HEWLETT—or even (on occasion) when he is not. In the abstract, however, his judgments are exquisitely poised. There is not one eccentric piece of general critical meditation in the whole book; or one dull one. And its sidelights on the mechanism of writing—those on the function of style, for instance, and on punctuation—are as valuable as they are unaffected.



Villager (referring to local constable on point duty). "SMART YOUNG FELLOW, WILLIAM PARKINS. PUT 'IM DOWN IN THE MIDDLE O' LEICESTER SQUARE AND I LAY 'E 'LL MANAGE THE TRAFFIC ALL RIGHT FOR 'EM."

When Miss ROSE MACAULAY embarked for *Orphan Island* (COLLINS) I choose to imagine that she intended to make her new book a comedy, but that before she had finished the prologue she exercised her option as authoress and decided on a satire of the guild of *Gulliver*. I regret this, for I found the prologue, *i.e.*, the first three chapters, delightfully laughable. I have read all however with amusement, if with the reservation that, in books as elsewhere, I laugh best when I laugh last. *Miss Charlotte Smith*, in 1855, being thirty years old, sailed for San Francisco in charge of forty orphan children of both sexes and various nationalities. The ship is wrecked, part of the crew and seven orphans being drowned. (You'll find even a shipwreck funny if logged by Miss MACAULAY.) The survivors land on an uninhabited island, where what 's left of the crew, under leadership of one *Thinkwell*, abandons the women and children. The ship's doctor, *O'Malley*, drunkard, bigamist, wit and brave man, stands by *Charlotte Smith* and her charges. He "marries" her by Scottish rite, and, having laid the foundations of a flourishing colony, is, to my regret, eaten by a shark. The orphans, growing up, marry too and multiply. The island remains unvisited until 1922, when a death-bed confession and chart, left by the marooning rascal, *Thinkwell*, reach his grandson, a widowed Cambridge don. He and his three grown-up children visit the island. They find *Miss Smith*, her maiden name retained in virtue of her autocracy, now nearing her hundredth year and absolute (with an amiable taste for fermented mango-juice) over a prosperous Victorian community. This for prologue. Miss MACAULAY devotes her remaining two hundred-and-fifty pages to the politics, society, etc., of her Utopia, with only a slight leavening of love interest. In the end *Charlotte Smith* dies, but not before giving the *Thinkwells* a facetiously outrageous *Roland* for their ancestor's *Oliver*. This clever book will, I imagine, add to the weight of Miss MACAULAY'S accumulating laurels. I regret my comedy, though.

Lord Robert Mountmichael was not one of the world's workers, and an attempt to improve his finances by a flutter at Monte Carlo had left him on his beam ends when he met *Dr. Quixano*, who was the moving spirit of the *Ligue Internationale pour la Défense de l'Ordre*, called more briefly L.I.D.O. This league had been formed to counteract Bolshevism in Europe, and at the moment Bolshevist propaganda was flourishing in England. "You," *Quixano* said to *Lord Robert*, "think you are witnessing a movement originating in the depths. I know that this movement is a conspiracy engineered and controlled from above." Naturally enough he wanted to discover these engineers and controllers, and rather surprisingly he thought that his impecunious young gentleman could find them. *Lord Robert* returned to England, changed his name and his style of clothes, and set to work. I will say no more except that Mr. JOHN RHODE, in *The Double Florin* (BLES), has written a story that is original and exciting without being wildly improbable.

The Rev. J. BRETT LANGSTAFF would have left a noble task uncompleted if he had not written *David Copperfield's Library* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and so given us an opportunity to read of the establishment of a Children's Library at 13, Johnson Street, Somers Town (where CHARLES DICKENS lived during a part of his boyhood), and a chance to support this good work now that it has been established. When I have told you that the profits of his book are to be devoted to the upkeep of the Library, I feel sure that you will give it the cordial welcome which, for more reasons than one, it deserves. Most ably has Mr. LANGSTAFF performed his labour of love. May the Library's prosperity never wane! Well-known artists and authors have given their assistance to Mr. LANGSTAFF, and added to the attractions of a most interesting record.

A Wrist-watch for Hercules.

"Good quality lever watch, fully jewelled in 9 cwt. case, fitted with silk band."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

VISCOUNT JELLICOE, when retiring, said that the motto of his Service was to go, and say nothing. It sounds just like the Domestic Service.

* * *

"Everything and everybody is against me, whilst even fate is at war with me." This was the complaint of a defendant at a London County Court. We now hear that the Farmers' Union have offered to adopt him as a mascot.

* * *

Official statistics issued the other day indicate that a large number of women are employed as bargees. We are glad to know that they always put out their back answers to be done by male experts.

* * *

One day last week a London reporter failed to find a single smiling face in the streets. In our opinion they should make the acrostics easier.

* * *

Although the Advisory Committee on London Traffic was set up four months ago no meeting has yet taken place. It is feared that some of the members are held up in a traffic block.

* * *

A well-known authoress recently stated that men with blue eyes run greater risk of being murdered than others. The postman who usually brings our Income Tax Demand Note on Christmas morning has blue eyes.

* * *

Answer to Correspondent.—No, we cannot give the names of husbands included in the list of Unclaimed Property left in South Coast trains last year.

* * *

"The two great idols of Hungary just now are Shaw and Shakespeare," says Mr. J. L. GREIN. Hungary would have been wise to make Mr. SHAW both of them.

* * *

An American super-sousaphone is described as the largest brass band instrument ever made. The idea, we fancy, is to use it for asphyxiating saxophones.

* * *

A musical writer wonders if there is anything to equal the sound of the saxophone. Has he ever tried stepping on two cats at the same time?

* * *

We are asked to contradict the rumour that among the Christmas arrangements being made by the railway companies is a special excursion for absconding slate club secretaries. It is hoped this intimation will prevent disappointment at the last moment.

* * *

An automatic post-office, consisting of a large cabinet containing a telephone and a machine for the issue of stamps, has been designed by the authorities to take the place of post-office assistants. Yes; but can it keep customers waiting long enough to make it look natural?

* * *

According to a contemporary no more is known of Mars than was known fifty years ago. Well, we know that now, and we didn't know it before.

* * *

A man who has taken the trouble to count reminds us that there are 433,300 telephones in London. There is also one man with a morbid mind.

* * *

The Hon. W. HULME LEVER finds it extraordinary that it takes the same period of apprenticeship to qualify as a bricklayer that it does to qualify as a doctor. But of course a good brickside manner cannot be acquired in a day.

* * *

A headline announces "Boxing by Wireless." It would be interesting to watch some of our heavyweights listening-in to the loud hitter.

* * *

A woman at Willesden Court said that her husband always went to bed with a hammer in his pocket. We are acquainted with several men who've got wives like that, but they haven't got that sort of hip.

* * *

Lord BIRKENHEAD states that, before he went to Oxford, he had read every one of SCOTT'S works at least three times. The rumour that he had only read them twice was never given publicity in these columns.

* * *

M. FOKINE is experimenting with methods to enable dancers to fly off the stage. If he succeeds, we hope he'll share the secret with some of our revue choruses.

* * *

According to *The Vote* there are twenty-three lady sweeps in Great Britain. It must be jolly to see them absently mistake their brushes for powder-puffs.

* * *

A cat called Cupid of Hyver is worth one hundred guineas. We hope the B.B.C. will arrange to broadcast one of its purrs some evening as soon as possible.

* * *

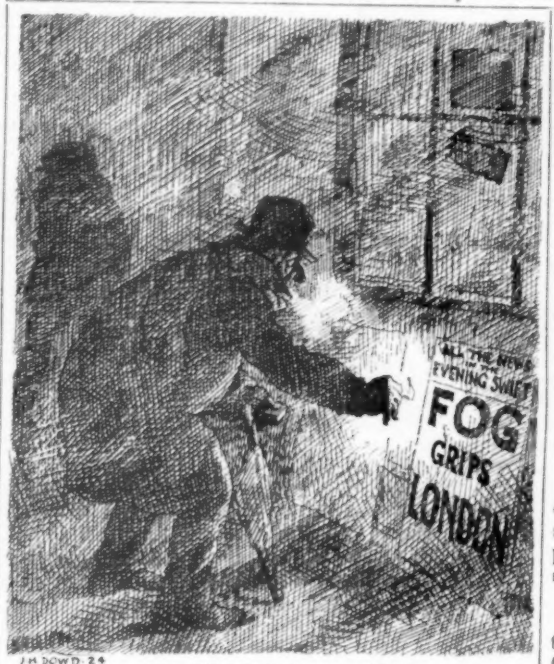
Astronomers do not yet know the reason for the spots which have appeared on Venus. Perhaps she's got the shingles.

* * *

Now that Lord ASHFIELD is chairman of the British Dyestuffs Corporation we may expect a new shade called "crushed straphanger" any day now.

* * *

Only three hundred and twenty-six dead rats were found as a result of Cardiff Rat Week. What is wrong with Welsh ratting?



OUR INFORMATIVE PRESS.

"Wanted, 10 to 15 acres turnips, to be eaten with sheep."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

What an appetite!

"As a resident in —— Park Road for nearly 20 years, may I crave a space for nearly 20 years to thank the Council for removing the ill-shaped trees."—*Letter in Local Paper.*

The local editor must be an unusually long-suffering specimen if he permits this protracted gratitude.

From an article on "Clerical Clothes":

"What is to prevent a layman in the corner seat turning to his travelling companion and asking him for a tip for the 2.30, only to find that the said companion, arrayed in tweed coat, plus fours, flannel collar and mauve socks, is a minister of religion?"—*Daily Paper.*

Wouldn't the mauve socks (with plus fours) put him off?

THE GREAT DISILLUSION.

["Christmas Time is Children's Time."
Ancient Saxon Proverb.]

POSSESSED by that spirit of whimsicality with which grown-ups are in the habit of approaching children at this time of the year, I began to talk to Robert about Father Christmas.

His mother's beaming and approving smile encouraged me to an exaggerated display of *bonhomie*, and I painted what must be to anybody with the slightest knowledge of geography and the laws of gravitation the rather patently impossible picture of the venerable Saint coming South from Iceland in a sleigh drawn by reindeer, landing precariously on other people's house-tops, squeezing himself through other people's chimneys in order to fill rows of hopeful socks, and emerging from the ordeal with cheerfulness, snowy beard and general appearance unimpaired.

Robert stared thoughtfully into the fireplace, from which a daring old Saint was soon to step. His mother's eyes glowed as the eyes of impressionable grown-ups are apt to, and those of children are popularly supposed to, when listening to improbabilities of this sort.

Then she remembered the mundane question of Robert's supper and bustled off to "see about it," leaving Robert and me to entertain one another.

It is a curious fact that, though I can treat Robert quite takingly as a child when his mother is there, his presence has always rendered me rather uncomfortable when I am alone with him. He alters in an indescribable way, without moving an eyelid, and manages to suggest without uttering a word that I have been making rather a fool of myself by pretending to think of him as he is *not*, merely in order to impress his mother. She will probably never learn or admit that he has ceased to be an infant in arms.

I looked at him doubtfully.

"Kind old man, Santa Claus," I ventured.

"It 's mother and father, I *know*." There was no indecision in Robert's tone.

"You—know?"

"Of course I do." His tone was a reproach to me. "I just pretend to believe—to please mother. She 'd have the shock of her life if she knew I 'd been awake the last two Christmas Eves and seen everything."

The barrier of a generation was down. Robert and I were two disillusioned mortals who could be frank with one another. Together we traced our mutual growth from belief to unbelief in Sankt Nikolaus. (Robert had looked up his pedigree.)

I could remember quite clearly the single anniversary when I had believed in him; when, untroubled by the damping suggestions of reason, I saw only the picturesque side of an elderly traveller squeezing himself down the chimney for my sake, instead of making a hackneyed approach through the front-door. I was grateful to him, and my dawning intelligence suggested to me that he would probably be peckish after so long a journey—for weeks I had been keenly aware of the vacuum created within me by my comparatively short daily excursions to the local park—so I insisted on leaving him some supper, which I laid myself in the dining-room, and which consisted of two Marie biscuits, a banana and half-a-glass of milk. To my hospitable mind this scarcely seemed adequate, and I asked my mother if I might stay up to welcome my guest and apologise for the smallness of the meal. It was then I learned of the old man's incredible coyness, which prevented his appearing on anyone's hearth until all little boys were in bed and asleep. Respecting, though bewildered by, his point of view, I retired and—surprisingly—*did go* to sleep."

In the morning the supper had gone and a pair of my father's shooting stockings simply bulged with toys. How could a child fail to believe?

Robert sympathised. The occasion corresponded with the Christmas Eve when he couldn't keep awake long enough for his midnight visitor, but had taken the precaution to fasten a letter of hearty welcome, in very doubtful English, on the bed-post, which had been duly answered.

Then we passed on to the moment of the Great Disillusion, when, our heads under the clothes, we realised, with the opening of the door and the slant of light from the hall, that we *had* managed to keep awake for the advent of the toy distributor. Someone was in the room . . . A sly breathless peep revealed two familiar forms, with no sign of a red-robed snowy-bearded third . . .

Sickening moment . . . when "Damn" from father, as he grazed his shin on the bed-post, and "Ssh" from an anguished mother, finally rent the veil from the carefully prepared Yule-tide mystery.

Was it worth while? So Robert and I pondered, skipping the intervening two and twenty-five years respectively with equal agility.

"Oh, well," said Robert, "it amuses the grown-ups, and presents are nice anyhow."

Two cynics grinned rather ruefully at one another across the no longer magic hearth.

But when Robert's mother entered with the supper-tray the atmosphere and my nephew changed.

"I wonder if Father Christmas wears goloshes?" he asked, wide-eyed, in his best Barriesque manner.

"He has a red umbrella," I told him in the tone of an uncle of fiction.

"Oh, I say! *Has* he, mother?" The innocence of his gaze exceeded that of the better-paid stars of cinema.

His mother's answering and affirmative smile embraced us both in its infantile delight.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE FOG.

I STAGGERED out of the yellow into the Club, choking and mopping the fog out of my eyes with my handkerchief.

In the hall was Williams.

"Hallo!" he called. "How 're you, old man?"

I looked up in surprise. I had never in my life been addressed as "old man" by Williams.

"Brrr!" I replied. "Foul!"

"Cheer up," he laughed. "It 's not so bad as that."

"What 's not?" I asked. "The weather?"

"Yes," he said cheerfully. "It 's all right indoors, anyhow. Hang up your coat and come and have a drink."

I did so.

"You know," he remarked, fingering his glass, "it 's a most extraordinary thing about fog. I never feel so fit as when there 's a fog on. I don't believe a word about the poison gas fumes and sulphuric acid and all these other things they say fog is made of. I believe it contains some sort of vitalising properties, some germ or other that braces you up like the things in the advertisements."

I couldn't understand what had come over the man. He was looking years younger and as fit as a fiddle. I had never seen such a change. Usually he is a dour, cynical, browbeaten sort of man, with a consistent grouse against everything.

"Well," I replied, "it 's an original theory, any way; it ought to make a useful newspaper article. But tell me—how about the journey home? You won't find that specially bracing, will you?"

A tiny cloud passed over his face.

"That 's the only thing," he answered. "I simply can't get down home in the fog." The cloud passed. "I 'm staying at the Club, you know. What about a game of bridge?"

And the light that shone in his eyes said "*Vive le fog!*"

It is rather sad, but I believe there are lots of men like Williams.



DOLLAR AND POUND; OR, THE LESS FAVOURED NATION.

John Bull. "I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT MONSIEUR IS BEGINNING TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN FIGURES; PERHAPS IN DUE COURSE HE'LL TRY THIS ONE OF MINE."



"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . . ."

A GUIDE TO SHORT STORY WRITING.

LESSON XII.—SOME OTHER STORIES.

IN this lesson I propose to glance briefly at a few of the remaining types of story with which we have not yet dealt.

First of all the Humorous Story. Over this we need not spend very much time beyond remarking that it vies with the Crime Story and the Simple Little Love Story for first place in an editor's heart. The reason why we see so few of them in the magazines is, we are told, because they are so difficult to obtain.

Here then is your opportunity; for whether humorous stories are difficult to obtain or not they certainly cannot be very difficult to write. They centre almost invariably about a small round man with a walrus moustache, and the story consists in retailing with much gusto the various misadventures which befall him within any given period. This is very funny.

The more misfortunes into which you can contrive to plunge your unhappy circular hero the funnier your story will be. If you introduce a goat into his drawing-room and cause him to be locked for the night in a wet fowl-house your story will be a scream. If you can throw him over a cliff and break his collar-bone and a couple of ribs your story will be a howl. If you furnish him with a hen-pecking wife and have him dropped into the path of an express train your story will be a series of atmospherics.

But don't kill him off altogether. You will want him for the series which your enraptured editor will immediately implore of you.

Then there is the Adventure Story. The scene of this is laid in the tropics and the story is stuffed as full as it will hold of square white jaws and black hearts. The scheme, though occasionally varied, is fairly uniform. Two or three men have set out on an expedition in search of something which is going to make them rich for life—buried treasure, gold, diamonds, a blotting-paper mine—anything like that. Owing to a series of misfortunes (if these adventurous gentlemen would only read the magazines occasionally they would know that they must always take just twice the amount of food they first thought necessary; it invariably runs short) and their betrayal by some black persons in whom they have most ill-advisedly and for no apparent reason at all put their trust, they are at death's door, if not half-way through it. If you have too many people in the expedition or a superfluous villain or two you can get rid of them here by pushing them quite through it.

Then, just as the hero is about to turn back in despair, he discovers quite by accident that the camp itself is actually situated right on top of a hidden gold reef or diamond dump or natural blotting-paper reservoir. He thereupon stuffs a few nuggets or a gross of assorted diamonds, or a couple of reams of wild blotting-paper into his pockets and goes home with a fortune. And that's all.

For (*a*) Sea Stories, (*b*) Historical Stories and (*c*) Dialect Stories, take any ordinary plot, reduce it to essentials

and rewrite it in the language of (*a*) the sea, (*b*) history or (*c*) the dialect required; then put it in an envelope and post it to an editor. When it comes back put it in the fire and don't waste any more stamps on it. All these three are the preserve of specialists.

The Ghost Story is a comparatively rare bird, but may be met with occasionally in the more enterprising Christmas Numbers. The idea of most editors is that people do not like reading ghost stories, especially unexplained ones. That just shows you, doesn't it?

We will now go on to discuss the Desert Island Story.

The fashion in these has changed very much in recent years. At one time the two persons saved from the wreck (I think we can take the elemental principles of this story for granted) were always total strangers. Then, through successive stages of friends, an engaged couple and two people who had always hated one another on board ship like poison, the convention has gradually arrived at husband and wife.

But not just an ordinary husband and wife; that would make a very poor sort of story. The husband and wife cast up on a desert island are always either divorced, separated or on the point of separation. This produces a very piquant situation, as you can readily see. But the end is always the same; it leaves them clasped tight in one another's arms and praying fervently that no ship ever comes near to break in upon their rediscovered bliss.

This is not an easy thing to manage. At first sight one would say that a couple, who by the proximity of married life have become so bored or irritated with each other that they have arranged, or are contemplating, a permanent separation as the only means of retaining their sanity, would not be brought back to violent love by being shut off altogether from the rest of the world and having only each other to rely upon for companionship. On the contrary, one would advance the theory that within twenty-four hours a murder would have been committed on that island.

Well, that is just where you are wrong. There is evidently something about desert islands which upsets theories. They work the other way. So you must move lightly and swiftly to your conclusion, not giving the reader time to introduce such a tedious thing as logic into his reflections. Logic and short stories, especially desert island ones, do not get on well together.

Then there is the Sport Story. This is an elaboration of the Simple Little Love Story; it has, that is to say, a plot instead of a mere situation. The plot is concerned with sport. At one time the only form of sport used in these stories was cricket, but ideas are broader now and any form of sport may be used to clamp your hero and heroine together in the last few lines. Suppose you decide upon halma.

Your hero is then the halma champion of Lower Tooting. But that is not enough for him. He is ambitious. He is also in love with the daughter of the Mayor of Upper Tooting, but for some occult reason known only to the authors of sport stories he has made a vow that he will not declare his passion until his halma has met with the recognition it deserves. This of course means playing, and playing successfully (no hero of a sport story has ever been known to be defeated), for England.

Well, one day he takes his lady to see the Halma Test Match between England and her deadliest rival for the halma supremacy of the world, Zanzibar. England is faced with disaster. A rumour has spread that Surbiton-Smith, the famous amateur centre-board and smartest mover in the country, has sprained his moving thumb on the way to the ground and will not be able to play. Consternation!

By a curious chance your hero also plays centre-board. He sits white and silent for some minutes, and then, as if urged by an uncontrollable impulse,



Shopwalker. "THAT IS OUR ENTIRE RANGE OF SQUARED LINOS, MADAM. WHICH PATTERN WOULD YOU——"

Mrs. Surbiton. "OH, JUST SEND ONE SAMPLE OF EACH. MY HUSBAND FINDS THEY GIVE HIM *SUCH* GOOD IDEAS FOR HIS CROSS-WORD PUZZLES."

mutters a few incoherent words to the Mayor's daughter and dashes madly away from her side. None saying him nay (or even anything more forcible), he rushes into the changing-room, seizes with a feverish hand Surbiton-Smith's halma shorts and—yes, we know how it goes on, till in the end we leave him tenderly clasping the Mayor's daughter in his arms while she shyly consents to leave her mayor's nest for another which he will provide.

There are ever so many more kinds of short stories, but to tell you the truth I am getting a little tired of short stories now.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. That will conclude our course of lessons on this interesting and profitable subject. Please refrain from hustling on your way out.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Mr. Punch laments that in his last issue he spoke of the first lady Professor of Anatomy as Dr. MARY REEVE, instead of Dr. MARY KEENE. By way of contrition for this regrettable error he is sending a contribution towards the endowment of her Chair. If any of Mr. Punch's readers feel inclined to share the burden of his shame, they are invited to send something to the Endowment Appeal Fund of the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Other manuscripts, which are faded, indicate that the ink used was . . . impermanent."
Monthly Magazine.

"Special Cows kept for Infants and Invalids, and delivered in Bottles."
Dairyman's Advt. in Parish Magazine.

A case for the R.S.P.C.A.

"Apparently everything that could militate to the comfort of the passengers was thought of."
Weekly Paper.

The name of the railway is not mentioned, but no doubt some of our readers can supply it.

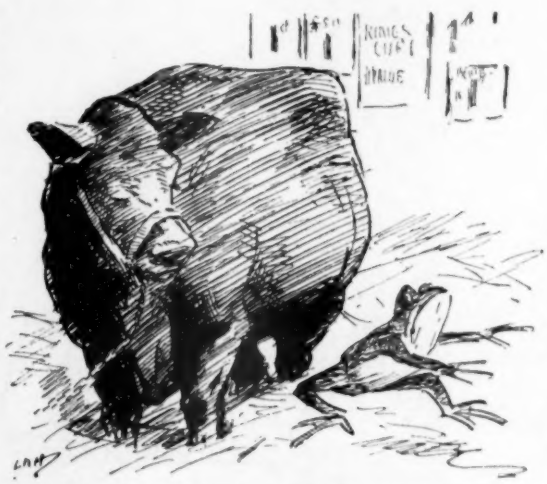
"Mrs. —— on Thursday night lost her 214 graduated pearl necklace, worth over £1,000. A remark of £100 was offered by Messrs. —— and Company."—*Evening Paper.*

They seem to have been rather sceptical.

FAT STOCK.

THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

I HAVE always felt certain that I should be a poor judge at a cattle show. Something or other—the whimsical roguish glance of a pig, the stern rectitude in the eye of a wether, the strong adventurous personality of a steer—would be sure to divert me and prevent me from giving my full attention to length of body and breadth of beam. . . .



Æsop's Frog. "ISLINGTON IS NO PLACE FOR ME!"



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

But, after all, do these judges really know anything about it either? The proof of the sirloin, like that of the pudding, is in the eating. What do the judges of fat stock eat? Who knows? Here was 167, Prince George of Maisemore, 53473, born March 20th, 1922, descended from Pride of Maisemore, and even from Idyll of Maisemore, and positively quaking like a jelly with the burden of the flesh. But alive; and, being alive, not yet ready for sentence to be passed on him. No one had ever been able to say, "Do let me press you to another slice of Maisemore?"

What if Prince George, like so many of us, my dear friends, should prove to be a failure when it comes to the supreme test? It is just as though one were to pass judgment on the New Zealanders or the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby Fifteens by slapping and prodding them all over, instead of waiting until they took the field. A jury of twelve good gluttons and true ought to be empanelled to pass their verdict on these so-called champions. And then we should know whether the jealous glances turned on Prince George of Maisemore by his less fortunate fellow-competitors were justified or no. Personally, if you had asked me, I should have said that Prince George had been blown up with a motor-tyre pump; and I rather fancied that Eric of Buckland, and Zog of Willett and Zeus of Willett thought the same. And the poor fellow had no tuft, after all, to his tail. How, I should like to know, was Prince George to whisk away the flies from his sirloins without a tuft to his tail?

This all goes to show that the judging in Fat Stock shows is an unspeakable scandal, thoroughly undemocratic and crying for instant reform.

Nevertheless an affectionate little throng hung hour after hour in front of the placid face of Prince George of Maisemore, or made little excursions to circumnavigate his monstrous sides. He was an Aberdeen Angus above two and not exceeding three years old. I would not be too harsh with him. He had made the most of his time. He had had ambitions. He had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. What Senior Wrangler could say more?

Personally, I rather lean to pigs. They do not seem to have struggled so hard for fame. Success sits on them more lightly, and their tints are more pleasantly diversified. There were chestnut pigs with curly hair, black pigs with a pink saddle,

and black pigs with a pink shawl. Naturally, I went at once to the Gloucester Old Spots. Few American ladies with a Baedeker could hover round an Old Spot as lovingly as I. But all the pigs were supreme in their philosophic calm. Not even the fact that some of them had already been bought by the heir to the Sausage King was able to disturb their slumbers.

The names also of pigs are beautiful. Caldmore Bashful Lady was the mother of one competitor at Islington above a hundred pounds but not exceeding two hundred and twenty pounds in weight. Iwerne Gold Bag was another's papa.

Sheep? No, I don't think I like sheep. They do not seem to pant so much from plenitude as from fear; and I like more colours to my sheep than you get at a fat stock show. Isn't it in *Far From The Madding Crowd* that the flocks of sheep come along the chalk ridges, seen far off in their various hues, according to the farmer's choice of dip? And sheep in Devon are like a red, red rose. You might fancy they had been reading the Fourth Eclogue. But the sheep at Islington were all white or black, or yellow shingled sheep. It occurred to me now for the first time where the fashion of shingling had begun. Their backs were broad close-cropped mats, leaving standing room for I don't know how many crows.

But I daresay that shingling doesn't affect the mutton. It is hard, in fact, to say what does affect mutton.

People tell me that sheep bred in the London parks are the best to eat, because soot is so good for them. Here again we need the verdict of twelve good trenchermen and true, and not the ante-postmortems of a tyrannical clique.

I was sorry to see that no Yuletide note was sounded at the Agricultural Hall. Much, very much, might have been done. A couple of Christmas puddings impaled on the tips of a Highland's horns, with crackers lower down, and a festooning of suitable greenery on his chine.

> "Bulls that walk the pasture in kingly-flashing coats!
> Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few!"

There is too much technique, too little gaiety about this Islington show. One felt that these beasts had not a full sense of their festive responsibilities. They were conscious of their weight and their individual worth, but not of the happy occasion that had drawn them together. . . . But I shall never forget the tranquil saint-like ecstasy on the features of one half-dozing Middle White.



MUTTON IN THE RAW STATE.

"The showing of the [Everest] film was preceded by a very cleverly arranged prologue, in which seven Llamas participated. They were clad in brightly embroidered silk and cloth robes; one trumpet player, with an instrument 15 ft. long, chased in brass and silver, on each side of the chief Llama, who himself performed on a pair of brass cymbals."—*Daily Paper.*

Altogether a pretty picture. Evidently animal-training in Thibet has reached a high pitch of perfection.



"TRANQUIL ECSTASY."

BLACKMAIL.

IT seemed a mighty long letter that Millicent was writing, and one that needed apparently a quite immoderate amount of pen-nibbling. Was there some sinister reason, I wondered, why she had not left so troublesome a letter to me?

"Give him my love, dear," I said, looking over my evening paper. "And if it's your Aunt Amelia tell her not to take too much care of herself this treacherous weather."

"As a matter of fact it isn't to Aunt Amelia," Millicent answered, reddening a little.

"*It's to a man, then!*" I rasped, tugging at my moustache. "I know it by your guilty flush."

"Well, and if it is?" asked Millicent demurely.

"If it is," I said chokingly, "don't dare to—to ask me for a three-halfpenny stamp, that's all."

"All right, darling," she answered obediently. "I may need two twopenny ones, though, if you don't mind." With which she scribbled off another line and dotted three i's with unnecessary violence.

"So this is marriage," I said grimly, setting my teeth and laughing bitterly, etc. "The virtuous husband flogs his brains to keep the home together whilst his faithless wife writes fourpenny letters to—to her——"

"Writes articles for the popular Press," put in Millicent sweetly.

"What—you writing for the Press?" I repeated with a superior smile. "Do you honestly imagine that you could——"

"But *you* can," she flashed.

"And what," I inquired pleasantly, "might be the subject of your literary labours?"

"It concerns you, dear. I'm calling it 'A Word about Henry Butteridge, by his Wife.'"

"I hate to discourage you," I said kindly, "but I would remind you that plenty of other women have made brilliant marriages besides yourself. You can't expect that the public will——"

"My intention," said Millicent with chilling emphasis, "is to warn other unsuspecting women against men like you—men who steal young hearts away and dash them on the macks of rot—on the rocks of matrimony."

"Get that bit down before you forget it," I advised her earnestly.

"It 's down. Yes, and a lot of other things besides. Listen. 'Henry Butteridge! Ah, there were times when the very name would thrill me like——'"

"Stop—stop!" I protested. "You may wreck my reputation, you may sully my fair name—yes, and ruin me in the eyes of the world—but you cannot compel me to listen to your articles. That, Hester Strangeways"—I tossed my head defiantly—*"that I will not do!"*

"If you think you 're being funny," flared Millicent, "let me tell you——"

"Heaven forbid!" I said warmly. "I wouldn't queer your pitch for worlds. But tell me, are you putting any really juicy scandals into these revelations of yours? About the sort of sock-suspenders I wear, or anything?"

"I shall tell them all I know," she answered pitilessly.

"You 'll never make an article out of that," I pointed out.

"There you will stand," she went on, getting into her stride again, "a man revealed to men. Not Henry Butteridge, idol of a dozen or so of the less discriminating public, but Henry Butteridge the husband. The man who leaves cigarette-ends in the bath-room, who comes down without a collar on Sunday morning and whose pyjamas are getting too small for him."

I hung my head for shame and Millicent paused a moment to consult the sheet before her for further material.

"And who wants to hear all this?" I asked with a very fine sneer. "What chance do you stand against the work of such journalists as Dean INGE, Lord WODEHOUSE, HOOLEY and the Bishop of——"

"It will be so intimate and daring a work that no editor will be able to refuse it," said Millicent confidently. "That is, unless you . . ."

* * * * *

Millicent got her new hat all right. But there is a distinctly unpleasant name for her method of securing it.

So, should you hear of a forthcoming *cause célèbre* between a Mr. B. and his wife concerning a sum alleged to have been extracted from Mr. B. by menaces, you will know that the worm has at last executed a revolving movement.

"AUGUSTUS JOHN TURNS RED."
Headline in Daily Paper.

This was no doubt after "doing good by stealth."

"He also left an old sack in which he had evidently intended to decamp with his haul."
Surrey Paper.

The "Cat Burglar" again, but out of the bag this time.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN CLUB-LAND.

(*By our Special Investigator.*)

MUCH has been heard and written of late years of the financial difficulties of many existing London Clubs, and of the possibilities of amalgamation as the only alternative to extinction. It is therefore a great relief to learn that, no doubt as the result of the improvement of trade, this shrinkage is likely to be more than made up by the speedy realisation of a number of new schemes designed to provide for the social needs of the moment.

Foremost among these is the powerfully-supported movement for the establishment of the Three Years' System Club. The "T.Y.S.C.," as it is already tersely described in the prospectus, proceeds on the basis that life membership is not conducive to collective comfort. Every member will therefore automatically come up for re-election, after three years, at a general ballot of the club. The institution of this probationary period will, it is felt, "impose a salutary restraint on all those who are elected, and tend to the suppression of such idiosyncrasies as are irreconcilable with the greatest happiness of the greatest number." In this context special stress is laid on the control of kleptomania or, as the prospectus words it, that "disregard of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* so frequently displayed in regard to umbrellas, hats and books." It is also pointed out that the basic principle of the T.Y.S.C. provides for a constant influx of new blood and, in general, for a relief from the deadening monotony of ordinary club-life. As a wise corollary to the rule governing the election of members, the post of *chef* will be held for six months only and then be subject to confirmation by the committee.

The wisdom of the promoters is further shown in their firm resolve to prohibit certain topics of conversation under penalty of a heavy fine, or expulsion on repetition of the offence. A provisional list has already been drawn up of these prohibited topics, and includes psycho-analysis, birth-control, the Russian ballet, golf, self-expression, the works of TCHEHOF, the compositions of the French school known as "the Six," slogans, *Fascismo* and the derivation of "cold harbour."

Another scheme, influentially backed by all those who believe in the paramount importance of stability and composure, is that of a club specially designed to act as an antidote to the strain and stress of modern life. No final decision has yet been reached as to its name, but it will probably be called the Sedatorium, the Lethæum or the Hypnosis Club. No one will be elected to membership, or appointed to serve on the staff, who has not been certified by a recognised expert to be the possessor of "a well-modulated voice, and to be a total abstainer from harsh ejaculations, cachinnations, sternutations, stertorous explosions and pulmonary ebullitions." The house will be lavishly equipped with furniture suitable to repose in a recumbent posture. Meals will be served in a Siesta saloon, to the accompaniment of muted stringed instruments, and the members and their guests will recline on couches, according to the practice of the ancient Romans. Only wines of a mellow and mollifying quality will be kept, and aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine will be supplied gratis at all hours.

Great care will be exercised in the choice of books for the library, preference being shown for those calculated to mitigate the horrors of insomnia. It is also proposed to have a large Silence Room, fitted with fifty sound-proof cubicles, in which members will be at liberty to indulge in salubrious slumber, and will only be aroused in accordance with their instructions to the attendant, or *excubitor*, whose duties will include a vigilant supervision of all persons liable to walk in their sleep.

There remains the prospectus, which has reached me in an envelope bearing the postmark Bray, of a club on entirely new and original lines. For it is composed exclusively of honorary members; there is no subscription or entrance fee, nor is any mention made of the promoters or committee. The name of the club however is illuminating, and its aims are lucidly set forth as based on the desire to reward the services of all persons who in any walk of public life have given incontestable evidences of distinguished asininity. Three ascending grades of merit are recognised under the initials O.A. (Ordinary), W.A. (Wild) and U.A. (Unending). The choice of the last and highest of these honorific epithets is no doubt dictated by CARLYLE'S application of the term "unending ass" to an eminent Victorian philosopher. The Asineum Club is open to criticism on etymological grounds, as the name is a hybrid compound, and I doubt whether, for other reasons which will leap to the ear, it will be possible to register it at Stationers' Hall without serious protest.

"Lonely bachelor (34), very respectable, smart appearance, good-looking gentle disposition, life abstainer, but no income, offers himself for adoption (matrimonially) to any lonely lady of modest independent means and home."—*Irish Paper.*

Who said there were no optimists in Ireland?



Novice (to partner who has led). "I 'M AFRAID I 'VE NO MORE OF THAT KIND. WILL ONE OF ANOTHER SORT DO?"

ANOTHER PARADISE REGAINED.

[Commenting on the new fashionable craze for grotesque dolls, a weekly paper says, "What the hitherto pampered Fido thinks of it we do not know, but it is to be suspected that he does not approve."]

THINK you that Fido's spirit will be broken?
Think you that grief will claim him as its prey
Now fashion, the omnipotent, has spoken
The word that takes his pampered ease away?
That all the house will echo with a thin din
What time he mourns with shrill and plaintive whine
The golden plate that held his little din-din
Of kidneys minced up fine?

Think you that he will turn to melancholy,
Lacking the motor-coat that once he wore
Ere a grotesquely unattractive dolly
Usurped the lap on which he used to snore?
That he will make his moan for banished blisses
And count it not the least among his woes
That no one slobbers over him and kisses
His unresponsive nose?

You may be right, good Sir, but I would rather
Prefer to fancy that the change awoke
The dormant instincts of some rude forefather
Which no absurd environment could choke;
That, whatsoever be his size and breeding,
He 'll quickly manage to forget his pain
And revel in a new-won chance of leading
A dog's life once again.

GUY'S.

WHY is Guy's Hospital called "Guy's"? And who was GUY, anyway?

You have not the faintest idea, dear but ignorant reader. I will tell you.

Born in 1644, Mr. GUY did not write *The Beggar's Opera*. But authorship was almost the only precarious enterprise on which he did not embark at one time or another. His career was in many ways like that of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's creation—"The Card." He began with eight years as apprentice to a bookseller, and that presumably gave him some idea of the horrors of the book-trade. At any rate he found out which part of it was best, for he made his own start in business by binding and selling Dutch Bibles, and from that beneficent traffic withdrew at last, it is alleged, with a profit of some five thousand pounds.

Four years later he became a Member of Parliament, and he remained in this condition for thirteen years, after which his native town, "much to his indignation," rejected him. Such was his indignation that, when his native town repented and invited him to stand again, he hotly refused, and shook for ever the dust of politics from his feet.

A very proper spirit. For thirty years earlier, at the age of thirty-five, he had presented the town with an almshouse. In 1701 he gave it a Town Hall, and most of his life appears to have rained benefactions on the ungrateful city.

Meanwhile he was engaged in the printing business with his brother, JOHN GUY, who did not write *The Beggar's Opera* either. Meanwhile also he did not cease from good works. In 1704 he became a Governor of St. Thomas's Hospital; in 1707 he built three wards for it and gave it a hundred pounds a year.

And about this time occurred his next important financial transaction. "England being engaged in an expensive war against France, the poor seamen on board the Royal Navy for many years, instead of money, received tickets for their pay, which those necessitous but very useful men were obliged to dispose of at thirty, forty and sometimes fifty in the hundred discount." GUY invested largely in this discount business—"a perfectly legitimate business," says his historian, "in view of the danger that the Government might repudiate its liabilities."

However that may be, in 1716 the Government invited holders of the National Debt to exchange their stock for shares in the historic South Sea Company. The intelligent GUY invested the whole of his Government securities (largely, we imagine, the discounted pay-tickets), to the amount of forty-five thousand pounds, in the Company. When the Bubble rose to a premium of 300 the prudent GUY (having bought at 50) was beginning to sell out, and by the time it reached 600 the whole of his interest in the Bubble had been honourably disposed of.



New Nurse (trying to interest peevish child). "LOOK, DICKIE, WHAT A DEAR LITTLE BOW-WOW!"
Dickie. "DO YOU MEAN THE CAIRN OR THE SEALYHAM?"

He built Guy's Hospital, and left it a quarter of a million; and, in the words of the inscription in the chapel at Guy's, "he rivalled the endowment of Kings. Warm with philanthropy and exalted by charity, his mind expanded to those noble affections which grow but too rarely from the most elevated pursuits. . . ."

He died on December 27th, 1724, just after the hospital had been completed, but a week, unhappily, before the first of his "four hundred poor persons" had been admitted. To-day it cares for seven hundred poor; and the endowments of Mr. GUY are not enough. Nor are those of Mr. WILLIAM HUNT. Not by 57 per cent.

There is just a chance that by this time it may have occurred to you that this is an appeal for money. It is.

Appeals for money for charitable purposes are generally directed to the good. This is a vast mistake, for the good have no money. Let me not discourage the good from bestowing a bi-centenary mite on "Guy's" this Christmas, but I speak especially to the wicked, or not so much to the wicked as to the very fortunate and shrewd, to those who have gambled largely and well, to the successful cards of this world.

THOMAS GUY, it is clear enough, was a genuine doer of good works, but the strict moralist, I suppose, would have something to say about those "elevated pursuits" which were the source of his wealth. However, there it is; I mean there are the good works. I must not say that out of evil comes forth good, but one may say that out of the South Sea Bubble and a perfectly legitimate species of war-speculation came forth Guy's Hospital, that mighty and noble doer of good in South London.

Now then, gentlemen. Have we nobody to-day who, having earned a fortune in recent years by methods and chances similar to those of Mr. GUY, would wish to earn in his declining years the immortality of Mr. GUY? I would myself if I were in similar circumstances. I assure you I would.

I would say, "Well, I made this money honestly, laboriously; but dear old Mr. Luck did most of the work after all. Some of it I made out of the War—perfectly legitimately, but still out of the War. I do my part in the way of charity—a hundred here, a thousand there—but what do they amount to? Drops in the ocean. But here's Guy's Hospital with a debt of a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds. With one glorious stroke of the pen I can set Guy's Hospital on its feet and rival the endowment of Kings, like Mr. GUY. Of course I shan't *call* it conscience-money; it won't be. All the same, a kind of recognition—hostage to fortune—well, *you* know . . . I've thought to date the cheque December 27th, 1924, the anniversary of Mr. GUY's death. But, hang it, while I'm about it I'll bring it in before Christmas."

Yes, dear Sirs, that's what *I* should say.

A. P. H.

From an auction catalogue:—

"Homeless Gramophone."—*Burmese Paper.*

Alas! not our neighbour's.



The Wife. "NOW I WONDER WHERE TO GO FOR ONE OF THOSE DARNED JUMPERS?"
The Husband. "BETTER ASK THIS BLINKING SHOPWALKER."

THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURES OF HARD TASKER.

(Re-told from memory, with sincere apologies to Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.)

PREFACE.

Hard Tasker was the chief chanty-maker of the *Waymisser*, out of *Weymouth* by *Misadventure*, bound for San Miguele in cokernuts. About the *Waymisser* has been written in a sonnet:—

"Her sheer was like a sheldrake, her jibboom
Resembled panthers: she was all a joy.
Built on the Clyde to butt into the spume,
Her scantlings were as wayward as a boy."

The other ten lines of the sonnet were lost in the revolution which happened in San Miguele in 1863.

About Hard Tasker has been written in another sonnet:—

"A lean man with a multitude of scars
And always there where there were any fights;
Punctured with bullets in a thousand bars
And covered head to foot with beetle bites."

The rest of this sonnet was lost in the revolution which happened in San Miguele in 1864. Just before my story opens Hard Tasker was at San Miguele again, on the *Waymisser*, and looking hard for more trouble. He was trying to find Ocarina, whom he did not know by sight, but had loved long ago as a child. In doing this he missed his way to the *Waymisser*, and became lost in the thorn woods of San Miguele. They were positively fetid with decay.

THRILL THE FIRST.

"This is a gully," thought Hard. "To reach the *Waymisser* I must either go round it or through it. To go round it will be shorter, but to go through it will be harder. I will go through it."

The ravine was full of rampikes, corruption and bog. In some places it was stagnant with green ooze, in others it was shining with a film of death. The air was hot with the heavy scent of iguana flowers with great pale faces which seemed to mow at him.

"It is a pity," thought Hard, "that they mow at me, but I must go on now; otherwise I shall have to go back."

He began to feel a little sick and giddy. Then suddenly he remembered that the scent of the iguana flowers was the scent which was leading him to Ocarina. He looked at the iguana flowers, and they did not mow any more. They smiled. A terebinth bit him behind. He let himself down cautiously into the ooze, which made a sucking noise and held him fast. He sank up to his neck. Above the sucking sound of the marsh he began to hear the sucking sound of the leeches which were draining the blood from his legs.

"I must get out of here," thought Hard, "as soon as I can." And he began to sing a sea chanty which the hands on the *Waymisser* had always sung when they bunted the staysail to the chafing-gear in the port-royal trucks—

"Heave-ho, yo-ho,
Yo-ho, heave-ho,
Heave all together—
Yo-heave-ho!"

A moccasin flew into his mouth as he was singing and bit him on the tongue. He sank still further, so that now his eyes only were above the slime. A few yards in front of him there lay a log.

"If I could get a foothold on that log," thought Hard, "I should have something to stand upon."

He gave a great wrench and tore himself free. He gripped the log with both hands and hoisted himself up on to it. The log rolled over, and he pitched head foremost into the green ooze, full of putrefaction and viscid death. Only his feet remained above the bog. His feet were bare, for the leeches had sucked off his boots.

"This is unpleasant," thought Hard. "I must get out of here at once."

He worked his way up through the

mud and grappled the log again. . . . Clouds of poison flies bit his face and hands. When he had drawn himself up on the log it began to sink suddenly. Hard knew then that the log must be a crocodile. He could feel the life in its rough scaly surface with his bare feet.

"I must stop it from sinking," he thought, "or it will go down."

He remembered that to master a crocodile one must press its eyeballs with both thumbs. Moving cautiously along he felt for its eyeballs and pressed his big toes into them. There was a stretch of dark fetid water between himself and the bank. Bubbles kept rising to the top of it and bursting with an abominable smell. The swamp was full of dead llamas and water-rats.

"Nevertheless I must jump now," thought Hard, "and swim for it."

He swung both hands and prepared to jump. As he did so he remembered a day, many years ago, on the *Waymisser*, when he had jumped down the main hatchway to look for the foc'sle, and hurt his forehead against the main-brace of a bulkhead. Then he jumped. As he did so he felt a sharp pain above the knee. The crocodile, released, had bitten a piece out of his right leg. The pain ran like a livid fire through the whole of his body. Tentacles of pain clutched at the cockles of his heart. His muscles grew numb with pain. He was too dizzy to swim. His right leg was useless now. He trod water with his left.

"I must swim nevertheless," he thought, "and swim soon or the crocodile will bite me again."

He began to swim. The bank was very steep and thick with the rotting trunks of trees. His hair was full of scorpions, and there were white ants in his ears. As he drew near to the bank an ounce looked out of its drey and snarled at him. He slapped it in the face and it disappeared. He caught hold of the root of a tree, hoping to draw himself up on to the bank. The bank broke off and fell into the water. There was nothing left but an evil wall of swamp, full of white fungoid growth that seemed to drip with blood . . .

THRILL THE SECOND.

Hard was in prison. He had been arrested for falling off a truck. He had travelled on the truck because by doing so he would have to walk four hundred miles over the mountains to get to the coast again.

"It will be a long walk," thought Hard, "but it will be worth it."

The floor of the prison was made of baked mud and very difficult to dig. Hard began to dig with his sailor's clasp-knife. After two or three digs the knife broke. Hard went on digging with his hands and teeth. When he had dug for two hours he had made a hole as deep as a man. Then he looked up and saw that there was an opening in the roof. He climbed out. In jumping over the adobe wall he kicked a sleeping soldier.

"Dog of a gringo!" muttered the soldier.

Hard ran. The street became full of soldiers shooting at him. Bullets began to hit him in the legs and make holes through them. He could hear the wind whistling through the holes as he ran. It made a thin piping sound. Hard ran harder. The sun was terribly hot. He saw that he would have more chance of covering his head from the sun if he could get a hat, and he had left his hat in the prison. He ran into a house, climbed upstairs into the bedroom of a sleeping man, stole his hat and jumped out of the window.

"Dog of a gringo!" muttered the man.

Hard fell head-first into a midden. He got up and ran till he reached the river-bed. Soldiers with bloodhounds were pursuing him. He dodged them and lay behind a boulder. Every time he put his hat above the boulder it was riddled with bullets.

"I must keep my head down," thought Hard, "or I shall be shot."

He had had no food for five days. Finally the men went away. By mistake during their volleys they had shot a terebinth. Hard cooked the body over a wood-fire, ate it and went on. The pain in his stomach was excruciating. He knew that he had four hundred miles to walk, but he did not know the way to begin. . . .

THRILL THE THIRD.

Every time that Hard slipped on the narrow mountain-path the vultures came and beat him with their wings. He hit one in the face, but it pecked him in the hand. He was fainting with hunger and thirst. He found a buzzard's nest. The eggs in it were stale, but he ate them with delight. Once he met a white-skinned Occidentale and asked him the way to the coast, but the man shot at him. Another time he met a yellow-skinned Accidentale, and asked him the way, but the man spat at him.

"If you come any nearer I will cut out your tripes," said the man.

"I am not very popular in this evil land," thought Hard. Then he remembered the scent of iguana flowers and went on. He had stopped the draught through his legs by stuffing up the holes with carib-leaves.

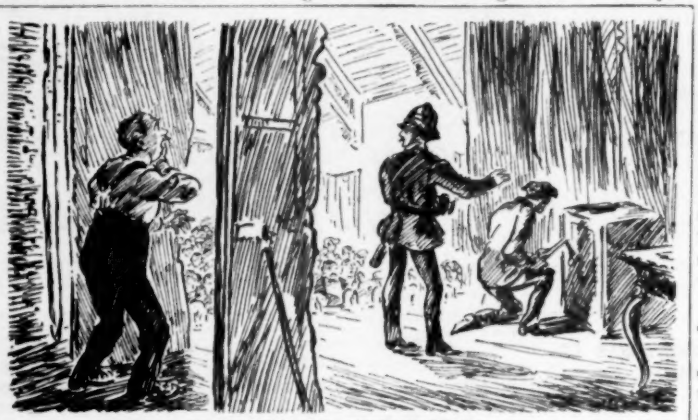
He came to the top of the mountain pass. All the mountains were carved at the top into the shapes of savage and terrible gods which vomited red blood from their gigantic mouths. This gave an uncomfortable feeling to the mountain tops. The blood was water with iron ore in it, but Hard did not know this, and he hurried over the mountain-pass until he came to a forest on the other side. When he reached the forest it caught fire.

"There is a power of evil," thought Hard, "which is opposing me." He was becoming a little light-headed now. Sometimes he felt that, if he had not taken such a long journey in the wrong direction, he would have been more likely to find Ocarina, and more likely in the end to get back to his ship.

He had had no food since the buzzard eggs, many days ago, but now he found some honeycomb in the trunk of a fallen tree. He sat down and shared it with an armadillo. . . .

THRILL THE FOURTH.

Hard was in San Miguele again. The *Waymisser* had been wrecked off Cape Horn, but two sonnets about her



OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

Our Village Constable (from the wings). "I WANT THEM BACK NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO ON DUTY SUDDENLY."



Uncle. "WELL, MAISIE, HAVE YOU DECIDED YET WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT?"
Maisie. "YES; BUT I 'M NOT GOING TO TELL ANYBODY, COS I WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE."

had been published by Lloyds in their Shipping Report. On the water-front Hard heard a voice calling him from an evil shuttered house. He knew that the house was full of rum-smugglers, voodoo-worshippers, desperadoes and dacoits. The voice was the voice of Ocarina, and she seemed to be in pain. The night was very dark.

"Shall I summon the guardias?" thought Hard. "No, for there are many parts of my body which are quite undamaged yet."

He burst into the house and an Indian seized him by the legs. He kicked the Indian in the face, but another Indian gripped him round the waist. The house was writhing with Indians. They tied Hard hand-and-foot and bound him to a stake in the middle of the dining-room. By the light of two candles on an altar he saw that Ocarina was tied to another stake by his side. A huge man with an evil face, dressed in the robes of a priest, came into the room.

"Who are you?" asked Hard.

"I am the Priest of Evil," he said.

"I thought as much," sneered Hard; "you look a lousy swine."

The man came up and broke both Hard's arms with a fulcrum. Then he ordered Hard to be released.

"You can fight me now," he said. "After that I will sacrifice you and your woman on the altar and drink the blood."

"Thank you," said Hard, and began to fight him with his feet. The Indians tripped him up and tied him to the stake again. The room became empty. Hard began to talk to Ocarina in a quiet voice about their youth, when they had met as children long ago.

"But we are in a difficult position now," said Hard.

She fixed her great eyes on him. They looked like iguana flowers, and Hard was comforted.

There was a brazier in the room, on which carib-leaves were burning. They were almost stifled by the fumes. Hard sneezed. Ocarina was coughing quietly to herself. The Priest of Evil came into the room again and put his face close up against Hard's.

"Have I the power, or have you?" he asked.

"I have," said Hard quickly, and bit off his nose.

"You shall pay for this," said the priest.

He took a great shining sword and pressed it against Hard's breast.

"You filthy porcupine!" said Hard.

Two Indians began to scalp him. The blood trickled down his face. Two other Indians were pommelling his ribs. Two others were hitting him in the wind.

"Never mind," said Ocarina. "You are the conqueror."

"I know I am," said Hard, and smiled.

He gave the shrill bosun's whistle which he had learnt on the *Waymisser* as a boy, and then began to sing the *Waymisser's* chanty—

"Heave-ho, yo-ho,
Yo-ho, heave-ho,
Heave all together—
Yo-heave-ho."

Just as he was finishing the fourth line the guardias of San Miguelo burst into the room . . .

EVOE.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

I.—TONYPANDY.

I 'd like to go to Tonypandy;
There the stones are sugar-candy;
There geese are green and cows are blue
And one and one are never two;
There roofs are tiled with acid drops,
And there the placid night-mare crops
In fields of frozen lemonade,
And no one is the least afraid.
The doors are made of almond-rock
And no one ever needs to knock,
Because they all are open wide
And bulls'-eyes lie in heaps inside.
There Columbine and Harlequin
And Pantaloon come dancing in;
The Clown with sausages in strings,
The P'liceman doing silly things,
The Comic Man, red-nosed and bandy—
All these belong to Tonypandy.
They live on sweets and ginger-beer
And no one thinks it wrong or queer . . .
When we are old, just me and you,
Suppose we go and live there too?



Customer (with daughter, as mannequins enter in winter sports costumes). "GRACIOUS HEAVENS! WHAT ON EARTH——?"
Modiste. "MADAM, WE ENDEAVOUR TO EXHIBIT THE POSES WHICH ARE MOST LIKELY TO BE ASSUMED BY OUR CLIENTS."

WILLIAM'S FAUX PAS.

A CAUTIONARY TALE OF THE MEN'S WEAR TRADE.

THE progress of young William Pumfree towards success has, I regret to tell you, been temporarily checked by an unfortunate *faux pas*.

William was, and still is, a suburban vendor of men's wear. His employer thought highly of William, and customers liked to be served by this spruce and sunny youth whose manner mingled deference and *bonhomie* in just the right proportions; whose small talk was bright without being familiar; whose head was anointed with a judicious quantity of scented oil, and whose taste was impeccable in every article of male apparel from a swivel-top collar-stud to a four-piece golf-suit.

The prospect seemed rosy for William. In fancy one saw him promoted to chief assistant, then to shopwalker, then to manager. His final destiny, one felt, could scarcely fall short of the headship of a great London House, from which position of eminence, at the early age of thirty-eight, he would, through the public Press, exude benign and sagacious counsel to aspiring novices of retail commerce.

That is the kind of man that William was. And now . . . .

Last Monday morning William dressed a window. It was his first, for previously he had but fetched and carried in the capacity of window-dresser's mate.

William made pretty work of his window. Subtly he punctuated it with shirtings of chaste design and elusive hue, collars to match, ties to harmonise, socks to blend, gloves in tone, and just a few distinguished hats in concord. William's purpose was to lure the customer within, then to sell him, not one isolated article, but a complete range of garments with a common *motif*. That was business.

Towards afternoon William's boss arrived, hale and friendly after a week-end in rural parts. He strolled briskly past the plate-glass frontage, then back again, thereby making himself akin to the Man in the Street, upon whose roving eye casual custom depends. That also was business.

The boss's eye was genuinely attracted by William's window. "A splendid lad, young Pumfree," he meditated. "A lad who will go far. For a first effort that window is remarkable."

He halted on the pavement and inspected William's window more minutely.

If only I could here relate that the boss entered the shop and straightway summoned William, to advise him of promotion and enhancement of pay! Alas, I cannot. Censure, not praise, was William's portion . . . .

"The public must be protected," said the boss. "A shop window must mirror truth. What a thing is, so in my establishment shall it be described to be."

And then the boss administered the sad check to William's career. Not until twelve months had elapsed, he decreed, should William dress another window. He must revert forthwith to his former status of fetcher and carrier and holder of the steps. He needed to learn the virtue of exactitude in commerce. This set-back, the boss sincerely hoped, would teach him.

William bowed his head. The judgment was fair and he knew it. He stumbled away under his load of just reproach.

It is a pity of pities. William may still make good, for youth is ever resilient. But a precious year must be lost in marking time instead of marching on. For what, I ask you, can be done with a lad, however bursting with promise in other respects, who culpably affixes the label "Stylish" to socks that are "Pleasing" and the label "Pleasing" to a hat that is "Stylish"?

Tut! *tut!*



YOUTH AND THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

["We may have to force a way through the jungle of interests which are involved in the slums of the large towns, but we have behind us in that magnificent recruitment of young Members sufficient driving force to put anything through."
Mr. BALDWIN at the Albert Hall.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 9th.—The Speech from the Throne was of unusual length, and one felt that HIS MAJESTY might not have been sorry if Lord BIRKENHEAD, who bore the Sword of State, had exchanged it for a Blue Pencil, and pruned away some of the redundancies of his colleagues' literary effort.

Much of it, dealing with such themes as the Russian Treaties, Imperial Preference, the Singapore Base, and sundry domestic problems, might almost have been compressed into the formula "As you were!"

There was, however, some fresh matter—the situation in Egypt, for example—which helped to account for the length of a speech which, as Lord PLYMOUTH, who moved the Address, observed, indicated the vastness and variety of the problems confronting the Government.

Lord CURZON was in very good feather, and treated the two Oppositions to some genial chaff. His doubt as to whether the Liberal Peers intended to oppose the Government or the other Opposition brought from Lord BEAUCHAMP the almost truculent announcement that they intended to resist the Government "in so far as we think them wrong" with all the forces in their power, and a hint that they would be found much more desperate fellows than the *Fainthearts* of Labour.

"As you were!" was the order of the day also in the Commons, for the first business after the Sessional Orders had been passed was the reappointment of Mr. JAMES HOPE and Captain FITZROY to the offices of Chairman and Deputy-Chairman respectively, from which they had been dispossessed by the Labour Administration.

The Mover and Seconder of the Address furnished an effective contrast of styles. Mr. GEOFFREY ELLIS was a little *piano* in tone but decidedly stimulating in matter—so much so that he was freely interrupted from the Labour Benches; while Lord BALNIEL devoted a resonant voice and a lively manner to some occasionally humorous but wholly uncontroversial observations.

Not for the first time the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION revealed himself as two single gentlemen rolled into one. First we had the *Dr. Jekyll* part of him, which paid the usual compliments to the Mover and Seconder, congratulated the PRIME MINISTER on his electoral luck—though he thought that, like the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, he might find his progeny too numerous for him—and commented keenly but quite good-temperedly upon a number of the proposals in the King's Speech. But with the mention of the Russian Treaties *Mr. Hyde* appeared. Voice, manner, language were all transformed, and in a few minutes the House found itself listening to a *réchauffé* of the deplorable series of speeches regarding the ZINOVIEFF letter which the then PRIME MINISTER delivered on the eve of the Elections, and which accounted for the downfall of so many of his followers. Once again he exploited the theory that the publication of the Letter was a newspaper plot, to be met with the reminder, "You gave it!" for which he did not seem to be very grateful.

At that, however, he pulled himself together and, after an analysis of the Social programme in the King's Speech, amused the House by begging the Government to conduct themselves wisely—"Don't make things too bad for us when we come in!"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, seated between Captain WEDGWOOD BENN and Mr. RUNCIMAN and, to judge by his animated chat, bearing them no malice for their hostility to his leadership, now rose to give the House in general and Mr. MACDONALD in particular an object-lesson in the art of Opposition. By a study of electoral statistics the EX-PREMIER had proved to his own satisfaction that one jolly Labour man was worth a brace of Tories; his predecessor twice removed showed that on the same analogy one jolly Liberal was worth a brace of Labourites. The House laughed heartily—even the Labour Benches found it hard to keep a straight face—and was soon quite in a mood to listen to his serious but always restrained criticisms of the Government policy. By the time he sat down he must, I think, have begun to reconcile the Liberal recalcitrants to his continued political existence and possibly have insinuated a doubt into some Labour minds as to the efficacy of their own chief's Parliamentary methods.

The PRIME MINISTER made one of his typical speeches, studiously quiet and unprovocative, but containing an occasional neat and telling phrase. One of them, "I have always tried to fish with clean bait," produced the only scene of the day, for Mr. WALLHEAD jumped up and, waving a parti-coloured election placard, called out, "Is that clean bait?" But a soothing word from the PRIME MINISTER, who deprecated the intrusion into debate of election extravagances, for which all parties were responsible, soon restored peace.

Steam was blown off by Mr. SEXTON (whose full-blooded sentiments contrasted oddly with the gigantic white flower in his button-hole), Mr. NEIL MCLEAN and Mr. MAXTON, who sent us out into the fog with yet another appalling picture of the horrors of the Clyde.

Wednesday, December 10th.—Mr. CLYNES, following his chief, again brought up the ZINOVIEFF letter, and complained of the gross misrepresentations to which the Labour Party had been subjected. Just as yesterday Mr.



"So here they fell to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life."

The Whitehall Babes. "IF THIS IS THEIR WAY OF DESPATCHING US, IT LOOKS AS IF WE MIGHT REACH A RIPE OLD AGE."

MR. BALDWIN,
MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. CHURCHILL.

LLOYD GEORGE was the most trenchant critic of Mr. MACDONALD, so now it was Sir JOHN SIMON who replied to Mr. CLYNES. The country had declared against the Russian policy of the late Government, not owing to Tory misrepresentations, but because the proposed Treaties were "fundamentally silly."

Maiden speeches were made by Sir H. SLESSER, who protested against the idea that his Labour colleagues were Red revolutionaries, and himself used language that was the pink of propriety; and by Miss WILKINSON, who, alluding to the fate of Labour's other women Candidates, described herself as an "orphan of the storm."

The outstanding feature of the debate was the *début* of Mr. CHURCHILL as Chancellor of the Exchequer. And very well he acquitted himself, as his predecessor, Mr. SNOWDEN, was the first to acknowledge. Some curiosity had been expressed, in view of Mr. CHURCHILL'S original criticisms of Mr. BALDWIN'S American debt settlement, as to the attitude he would now assume. It was soon allayed. The settlement, said the CHANCELLOR, had been "the indispensable forerunner of that consolidation and increasing establishment of our credit throughout the world on which our world-wide trade depends." Mr. BALDWIN smiled. On the general question of inter-Allied debts Mr. CHURCHILL contended that any payments made by our debtors to America should be accompanied simultaneously by proportionate payments to Britain. The House loudly cheered this announcement. Some of us, I think, were even more delighted by his reference to the heavy burden on industry caused by direct taxation, which we translated—I trust not too optimistically—into a hint that he does not regard 4*s.* 6*d.* in the £ as an irreducible minimum.

Thursday, December 11th.—A lawyer's day in both Houses. In the Lords Lord CAVE moved an Address praying for the appointment of two additional judges to the King's Bench, and proved so conclusively that at five thousand a year they were cheap commodities that I wondered at his moderation in not indenting for half-a-dozen.

There was no opposition, but Lord BUCKMASTER put forward a plea for the reform of the circuit-system, to which Lord HALDANE replied that it would be very difficult, in view of the desire of Members of Parliament to have a Red Judge visiting their constituencies. No political significance of course attaches to this designation. It appeared indeed that at the provincial assizes the principal function of a Red Judge is to receive White Gloves.

In answer to a supporter the PRIME MINISTER announced that the Government did not propose to hold an inquiry into the CAMPBELL case. They were quite content with the verdict passed by the tribunal to which Mr. MACDONALD had referred it—the electors of the country.



The Guv'nor (giving a hand with the Christmas parcels). "'ERE, GEORGE, 'AND ME OVER A COUPLE O' LABELS. THERE THEY ARE, IN THAT LABEL-BOX LABELLED 'LABELS.'"

What's in a Name?

"HELD ON BOOZE CHARGE.

Elias Syphon, 52 years old, an Assyrian, was held for court, charged with violating the Snyder act."—*American Paper.*

"YOUTH WEEK CELEBRATION.

A public meeting was held on Tuesday evening with Mr. S. M. Fossil in the chair."
Indian Paper.

From a letter regarding the traffic problem in Manchester:—

"I am sorry I cannot agree with the suggested by-law to compel all motor-vehicles to stop on the approach of a stationary tramcar. The remedy would be worse than the disease."
Local Paper.

Still something ought to be done about it. Could not the stationary tramcars be induced to keep still?

RE-UNION.

THE other night I was lost, hopelessly lost, within a few yards of my abode.

The recognisable world had disappeared, sunk beneath a sea of soft and stealthy obfuscation. But for the feel of the solid ground under one's feet one might have been a phantom in a phantasmal planet.

I have been out in many fogs in my time, but hitherto have always retained a hold on the points of the compass. But on this occasion I had descended from a friend's taxi without giving sufficient thought to its position, with the result that I was lost.

Conceive of me, then, to whom a certain stigma of familiarity with London may be said to attach, fumbling my way for two of the smallest and chilliest hours of the night, along the streets and squares of the neighbourhood in which I fondly believed that I dwelt. In no fog is it too dark to see something, to touch now and then upon a landmark which, even if it dissolves, gives you, before that dissolution, momentary hope or even confidence. Now and then such assistance was mine. But almost instantly it vanished again; the shrouding envelopment was too complete, the spirit of mystification let loose on these occasions, with its special attack on the bump of locality, was too powerful.

For how long I was humiliated it is difficult now to tell, but long enough to crowd my head with new appreciation of the courage and fortitude of the blind. And then came salvation. I was conscious first of an old familiar sound, a tinkle of bells which I had not heard for far too many years, a tinkle of bells married to the beating of hoofs. Once it was one of the principal strains of melody running through the London symphony; to-day it exists no more. But special occasions can bring it again to the surface—convulsions of nature, such as a fog, or economic crises, such as a strike of taxi-drivers. Where they lie hidden, these incredible vehicles and these tired but tireless steeds, who shall say? But give them an opportunity and out they come. Thus was it that, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge (if it were a matter of life and death I could not be more precise), at two-thirty in the morning, when all help seemed to have vanished and there was nothing for it but to wait till the milkman or the postman arrived with authentic



Phyllis (who rather fancies her spelling). "H-O-T—TAP. C-O-L-D—*OTHER* TAP."

topography, appeared this ghost from the past, this heaven-sent hansom.

I can still remember with vividness my first hansom ride. It was about forty-eight years ago, and it took me from Victoria Station to King's Cross. Everything was new and wonderful, but nothing in the London that we traversed was so strange and exciting as the hansom itself. For some reason which I have never fathomed, the hansom was held to be suitable only to the metropolis. The town from which I was travelling, although it had a hundred thousand inhabitants, many of whom from time to time needed to be conveyed to and from the railway-station, dinner-parties, dances, theatres, weddings and even funerals, had only four-wheelers at their service. Hansoms and the provinces did not agree—with of course a few exceptions, of which Oxford was a shining example. But in my town there were none. Our public conveyances went by various names; sometimes they were called cabs, sometimes flies, sometimes landaus, but whatever they were called they had four wheels, and the driver sat in front, on the box; and what views of the world were ours as we moved along came either through the window on the right or the window on the left.

Imagine then the turmoil of my pulse when for the first time I found myself in a carriage where there was nothing between me and the universe but two folding doors and a horse, and where the control of the horse was effected by an invisible power seated aloft. It was as though I had secured a stall at the drama of life and the stall moved.

But that was very long ago, and now, on this terrible night of December, 1924, a hansom again hailed me!

"Where," said a cheerful voice in the clouds, "do you want to go?"

I named the desired locality.

"That 's all right," said the voice; "leave it to us."

Us! What did the voice mean by "us"? The choir invisible? The blessed army of tutelary saints? No. Nothing so unpractical. It meant just the driver and the horse, those ancient and trustworthy allies who in the distant past were responsible for our safe conduct after I would not like to say how many follies and escapades. And here—not out of a clear sky, not as a bolt from the blue—anything but that!—but like an answer to prayer—here they were again, even more friendly than of old.

"Jump in!" said the oracle, and, as of old, the doors mysteriously parted, like the waters of the Red Sea, and I slid between and sank, also as of old, into the welcoming seat.

Instantly the reins fluttered, the horse moved and I was going home in a hansom just as if nothing had happened since 1876 either to the universe or to me.

In a few minutes the cab stopped and the voice told me I was there.

By what gifts of intuition the driver found his way, or whether the horse was the real diviner, I cannot explain. I prefer to think of the whole episode as supernatural. E. V. L.

The Cheap House at Last.

"To Let, Bijou House, containing 2 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 reception, bathroom, kitchen, etc.; nice garden; beautifully decorated; rent 35*s.* per annum inclusive."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"THE EVE OF PARLIAMENT.
ALL ABOUT THE CATTLE SHOW."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

But isn't it about time the "patient oxen" were given a rest?



Auntie Maud. "DO YOU WANT TO BE A SAILOR, MICHAEL?"
Michael. "No."
Auntie Maud. "A SOLDIER, THEN?"
Michael. "*No.* I WANT TO BE JUST A PLAIN MAN, LIKE GRANDADDY."

THE LAST DRAGON.

"THERE are four each of the four Winds," Betty was saying, "four each of three Dragons, four Flowers and four Seasons."

"Talking of dragons——," I began.

Betty looked at me reproachfully.

"You're not *trying* to learn," she said.

"I am," I answered stoutly; "I'm trying ever so hard. But Mah Jongg is difficult, Betty, and life is short. I hear that no Chinese professor will think of teaching anyone who hasn't played for seven years. You can afford to go on with the game—nine and seven make sixteen, don't they?—but an old man like me——" I paused, and, as Betty remained silent: "The Dragons made me think of a story," I explained. "You have never heard of the Last Dragon, I suppose?"

Betty shook her head. She hadn't heard the story, and it was clear that she didn't want to hear it. Then remembering, no doubt, that her mother was out and she was my hostess that afternoon, she perched herself on the arm of my chair.

"Tell me about the Last Dragon," she said indulgently. So does woman, from nine to ninety, minister unselfishly to the weaknesses of man.

"The dragon," I began, "was a beast with a crest and a large mouth, with teeth like a saw and a powerful tail. That is PLINY'S description of it. Here is another:—

"'The dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon his shoulder,
With a sting in his tail as large as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.'

That is Mr. MOORE'S dragon, the dragon of Wantley."

"And ST. GEORGE'S dragon?" asked Betty.

"Forget ST. GEORGE," I said. "There is a painful ambiguity in the career of the Cappadocian. The dragon lost its character through ST. GEORGE. For the dragon, Betty, never was a pugnacious creature. Far from provoking men it sedulously avoided the towns and villages. The fights you read about were forced upon it by knights who were unable at the moment to pursue other adventures—the conversion of recalcitrant heathen, for instance. The dragon was always a solitary beast. It was sensitive too, so much so that when people who had never seen a dragon said that such animals didn't exist, the dragon of that parish used to retire hurriedly into its cavern whenever the sceptics passed by. What wonder then that, being solitary and sensitive, the dragons quickly disappeared. Some died, others were killed. There was no way of preserving them, you see, for you couldn't have a close season for dragons when the presence of one in any neighbourhood became more and more a matter of conjecture as the incredulity of people increased. Finally, in 1829, the last of the dragons died."

"How do you know the date?" asked Betty. "Were you alive then?"

"Not quite then," I told her.

"But——"

"The papers were full of it," I ex-

plained. "It was a very old dragon—over three hundred years old, some people said—and it had always lived in the same place. Somebody's great-great-grandfather had seen it several times when he was a boy, for the creature was friendly then, and would bask in the sunlight in a valley with the tip of its tail coiled around a little hill. So fine a sight was it, with its coils glinting and its eyes flashing, that people would come from the neighbouring villages to watch it as it sunned itself or gambolled round the entrance to its cave. Sometimes a man with a swift horse would challenge the dragon to a race, for it was proud of its turn of speed, and on those occasions the whole countryside gathered to see the sport. One day a stranger, hearing about the dragon, pooh-poohed the innkeeper's stories. The dragon retired precipitately into its cavern. The people called it, placed food to tempt it out, and even sent three of their fastest horses to challenge it to a race, but the dragon refused to show itself."

"What a huffy dragon!" said Betty.

"Dragons were like that," I reminded her. "At last, a hundred years or so later, the dragon emerged from its cave, but when it tried to gambol it found that its limbs were very stiff. It had been hibernating a long time, you see, and of course it hadn't grown any younger. The cave must have been damp too, I fancy, and the dragon, without knowing it, had become rheumatic. The sunlight blinded it, and it went indoors again to overhaul its scales and prepare for a little exercise that evening. For it was still proud of its speed, you know, and wanted to get back its old form before reappearing in public. As soon it was dark, then, the dragon came out once more. It stretched its legs, it sat up, it lay down, it turned itself over and over, and then,



"PEOPLE WOULD COME . . . TO WATCH IT AS IT GAMPOLLED."

feeling that its muscles were in working order again, it broke into a gentle canter. At that moment—" I paused impressively—"at that moment, Betty——"

"Go on," said Betty.

"At that moment it saw a Shape winding across the country. The dragon's sight was a little dim, but it could see that this Shape was dark and long and that it had two bright eyes in its forehead, while here and there other lights seemed to twinkle upon its body. The dragon stared at the intruder indignantly. Some dragon from another district had invaded its parish, thought our friend (not knowing, of course, that all its kinsmen were dead), and thereupon it determined to challenge the stranger. The dragon drew a deep breath, lashed its tail, arched its neck and set off at a gallop. Up hill and down dale, wading brooks, leaping hedges, the dragon galloped furiously, drawing closer and closer to the Shape until at last it could hear the hissing and discern the enormous bulk of the other. The hedge-rows raced past, the earth flew by, as that frantic race continued. But the dragon began to falter, while the other, never swerving from its path, kept on at an even pace. They came abreast at last, and the dragon, making a desperate effort, endeavoured to sprint ahead. But the struggle was too great for rheumaticky limbs and a shaky heart; the dragon collapsed, while the "Rocket," Mr. STEPHENSON'S "Rocket," making thirty miles an hour, panted and hissed upon its journey. So died the last of the dragons."

Betty climbed down from my chair and resumed her seat at the table.

"You'll be able to remember the Dragons now," she said. "But you mustn't forget that there are four Winds and four Flowers and four Seasons."

I looked surreptitiously at my watch. "The Seasons——" I began reflectively.

Betty shook her head. "I don't believe you *want* to learn!" she cried.



"IT SAW A SHAPE WINDING ACROSS THE COUNTRY."

AT THE PLAY.

"ORANGE BLOSSOM" (QUEEN'S).

I AM not acquainted with the French original of this play, which has so sweetly innocent a title, and therefore cannot say what there was in it that appealed to so nice a judge of humour as Captain HARRY GRAHAM. But I can easily conjecture that he was impressed by certain peculiarly Parisian elements which in the course of adaptation he found to be unsuited to the Censor's taste. Indeed the chief sources of titillation which remain after the purging process are those which impinge upon the borders of impropriety. There is a middle-aged wife, deserted before the consummation of her marriage, whose views on wedlock are so charged with piquancy that it is incredible that her virtue should, as we are given to understand, have survived the many chances of consolation that must have offered themselves. There is a fashionable maker of *modes et robes* who, in presenting her bill to her client's father-in-law, permits him with the greatest good-humour to mistake the nature of her profession in a sinister sense. These were only incidental features in a scheme that was rather commonplace.

The plot was machine-made, on a model of engaging simplicity. Young *Raymond de Mericourt's* marriage with a shop-girl, daughter of a frank vulgarian, has been veiled from his father, a provincial Public Prosecutor, stern, pompous and absorbed, to the extreme of detachment, in his own affairs. Suddenly he descends upon his son's house in Paris. *Raymond's* wife has to be disguised as his typewriter by day, and by night located in a neighbouring hotel, where he visits her (easy scope for scandal). Mild complications are introduced by the arrival of the virginal grass-widow above referred to with a niece who is designed for affiance with *Raymond*—a scheme dispassionately approved by the stern parent and actively encouraged by the girl herself.

To the great inconvenience and boredom of his wife *Raymond* continues through three Acts to shirk confession, and when at the last he inadvertently blurts out the facts his father accepts the situation with a generous grace of which nobody but the authors—and not even they, I think—could have believed him to be capable.

The play is described as a comedy. It can hardly have changed its nature between the first night (to which I was not invited) and the fourth night (when I was suffered to attend); and I found it more like a farce. I don't mean that things were thrown about very much or that people fell over one another, but that its characters and motives were only sketchily related to the probabilities of human nature. The sole figure of real comedy was that of *Madame de Mericourt (mère)*, played by Miss SYBIL CARLISLE with that easy and gracious naturalness which is the secret of her charm.

When they wrote the play the French authors don't seem to have contemplated the idea of *Raymond's* wife being played by an actress with Miss FAY COMPTON's personality. She is always irresistible and could obviously have saved us a lot of trouble by melting the old man's heart in the First Act or early in the Second. Alternatively the girl's temperament, as they drew it and as Miss COMPTON rightly reproduced it, was not of a meekness to tolerate all this delay in the regulation of her status.

There is still no one to compare with Miss MARIE TEMPEST in the art of conveying implications between the lines of her text, and her too brief sketch of the lady with the unfulfilled desires was very perfect. Miss HELEN HAYE's fluent *modiste* was scarcely less admirable. Mr. FRANCIS LISTER, as *Raymond*, played smoothly. Not much else—not even sincerity—was asked of him. Miss DOROTHY TETLEY looked the part of an engageable young thing, eager to expedite the matrimonal designs which had been planned for her. A little broad comic relief was afforded by Mr. HENRY WENMAN as *Pidoux*, father of *Raymond's* wife. For such a purpose his mobile features are a gift. When he opens his face it is a BATEMAN picture.

Finally, the most picturesque and imposing figure was that of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH as *Raymond's* father—the only character that remained French in anything more than name, unless we except *Madame Vinet*, the *modiste*, and she belonged to a cosmopolitan type that has long been naturalised over here. On his first appearance we expected great things from his short, sharp, devastating utterances; but somehow



MODERN COURTSHIP.

Mlle. Bonchamps . . . . MISS DOROTHY TETLEY.
Raymond de Mericourt . . MR. FRANCIS LISTER.



THE POWER OF THE INHUMAN EYE.

M. Pidoux . . . . . MR. HENRY WENMAN.
M. de Mericourt . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.



P.T. Instructor. "HEAD BACKWARD—BEND! SHUT YOUR MOUTH, THAT MAN. THIS AIN'T A BEER-DRINKIN' EXERCISE!"

—in part because the things he was given to say were often more solemn than humorous, which was not the actor's fault; and in part because he resolutely aimed at comedy rather than farce, which was to his credit—we were seldom quite so much amused as we hoped we were going to be. Still, Mr. AYNESWORTH's part provided the one note of distinction in the play, as far as its authorship was concerned. What the original lost in the course of adaptation for British consumption I can, as I said, only conjecture. But as it stands it is the cast, and not the play, that is "the thing." O. S.

Our Cryptic Advertisers.

"Girl Wanted, with only one eye, for office work."—*Provincial Paper.*

We presume the eye that's not required is the glad one.

"CHRISTMAS FRUIT FOR THE TABLE.
LARGE ANIMALS EXPECTED SHORTLY."
Yorkshire Paper.

Sultanas, possibly.

"I am writing my memoirs, which will extend over the period 836—1924, and they will contain matter that I think will astonish the world."—*Sunday Paper.*

The earlier portions, particularly.

THE APOSTATE.

WHEN serving as a soldier, while
My nerves grew very frayed and sore,
Most lustily did I revile
The horrid implements of war;
Than guns of every sort and size,
Than bombs ejected from the skies,
Than things that whined and things that whizzed,
And things that spluttered, things that fizzed,
I hated nothing more.

And then I swore a mighty vow
That, if I ever had a boy,
No martial games would I allow,
Nor any kind of warlike toy;
That with no militant array
Of leaden soldiers should he play,
Nor anything that stabbed or shot,
That so our home might be a spot
Of quiet, peace and joy.

I have a son. He has a fort,
A sword, a drum, a bugle too,
And guns of every size and sort
Which pierce the silence through and through;
Soldiers he has in ordered ranks,
And model aeroplanes and tanks;
And frequently he draws and snaps
A pistol with explosive caps,
Stunning us all anew.

And I permit it meekly. Worse—
I'm in collusion with my son;
His war-chest is my private purse,
And when he wants another gun
He gets the money from his dad
Without a protest. Let me add
The final touch of shameful truth—
I play at battles with the youth,
And I enjoy the fun.

Commercial Candour.

From a Chinese business-circular:—

"Our Chili Sauce is the greatest help to indigestion of any sauce on the market."

"A motor-car was driven up to a pillar-box at Peckham, S.E., by a man who got out, opened the box with a false key, removed the letters and drove away before the onlookers realised what was happening.

The Rev. —— performed the opening ceremony on the second day, and it was announced that up to that time £355 had been raised."
Suburban Paper.

They say that some of our clerics will stick at nothing in the cause of charity.

From a musical criticism:—

"The second nuisance consists of commencing to clap when the end of a piece is in sight. This led the audience—or rather its more militant element—into an unhappy *faut pas.*"
Provincial Paper.

Not at all *comme il faux.*

I JIB AT BARRATRY.

My name is Walter Nathaniel Bloggins; a simple boob; citizen, they tell me, of the greatest maritime empire in history.

I have gone in a bowler hat to work for, in a tin hat to fight for, and in somebody else's limousine to vote for, the preservation (*inter alia*) of our overseas commerce; so I thought the other day I would go and see what it was all about; that I would take a little trip abroad.

Humbly I entered a palace not a hundred miles from Cockspur Street to see by what machination, largesse or intrigue I could secure a berth in the quite impossibly glorious ship whose model stands in the window.

When I had paid my passage money, the Company told me on the back of my ticket the conditions under which they would (or rather might) take me to the port I wanted to reach.

Briefly they were these:—

They do not guarantee that my ship shall start; or, if it starts, that it shall go on; or, if it goes on, that it shall get there. Yet it looks a nice sort of a ship.

If they land me at a port to which I don't want to go, the Company will return to me the proportion that remains of my fare in the coinage of the place, and that 's that. I notice several islands, more or less on our (unguaranteed) route, where, I seem to remember from the cinema, the coinage consists of cowrie shells and sharks' teeth. If I were landed on one of these, with fifteen pounds' worth of these symbols, it would be rather useful, would it not?

Having got me to my destination (aren't we growing rather optimistic?) the Company do not guarantee to find a boat to get me back.

If the captain of the ship won't let me ashore when we arrive at the port to which I *did* rather want to go, I must pay some more for every day he won't let me off.

If the ship has a leak when she starts (but she looks a nice sort of a ship; I will swear there is no leak in the model—not the half I have seen anyway), the Company are not responsible. It is up to me—a simple boob.

If the ship is subjected to capture, seizure, embargo, restraints of princes, rulers and people, the Company are not responsible. It is up to me.

If she gets on fire at sea, bursts her boiler, runs ashore, sinks, turns turtle, gets hot in the hold, or suffers from strikes, vermin, insufficiency of wrappers, rain, spray, sweating or chafing, the Company, etc. It is up, etc.

If I or my baggage be lost, damaged, delayed or detained; if the pilot, master, engineers, mariners and stevedores combine to appropriate it, the Company . . . . as usual.

Well, well. We must not be too suspicious. I shall peep over the edge when we cast the pilot (is that right?) and make sure we are not also casting a green trunk with brass corners, labelled "Not wanted on voyage." I have not yet met the master, engineers, mariners and stevedores; but I feel sure they wouldn't do such things.

And supposing (I wish I had read for the Bar!)—supposing, despite all that is on the back of my ticket, I *do* have a claim, then, if I do not deliver it within seven days of getting to my destination; or, if I don't get there, within three months of my getting back (supposing I do get back), the Company. . . and so on.

But what is this? If the master or mariners commit Barratry the Company are not responsible. I am rather worried about this. Is Barratry a habit or an impulse?

I might have chanced restraints of princes; I might even have chanced being set ashore on some spot where I didn't want to go, and left there with a handkerchief full of beads (the coin of the place); but I bar Barratry. I mean, where are you?

I shall not go.

I shall ask for my money back.

But no doubt (I have only read the first two hundred rules) it says lower down that, if the passenger, having read these conditions, gets the wind up, the Company undertake no liability to give him his money back. In fact, I am not sure they can't seize my body and make me go. Anyway you may be certain the Company are not responsible. It is up to me—a simple boob.

LONDON PRIDE.

[See leading article "To Rhyme with Dog," *The Times*, December 11th.]

THE Londoner—that very complex blend,
Efficient whether as a foe or friend,
Strange compound of vivacity and *nous*,
Long-suffering and seldom given to grouse—
According to a scribe, "a great *incog.*,"
Is genuinely proud of London's Fog.
The argument's ingenious and is traced
Back to a trait on human nature based,
Viz.: that we love to honour and enthrone
A thing that is peculiarly our own.
For high among the London wares that duly are
Acknowledged as outstanding and "peculiar,"
Higher than even Magog or than Gog,
Is London's very special brand of Fog.
Other great cities boast a smoky pall,
But London's is the thickest of them all,
Ranging in colour from a sickly white
To yellow or the sable hues of night,
It dislocates our 'bus and railway traffic;
It ruins tempers normally seraphic;
It gets into our noses, eyes and throats,
Defying therapeutic antidotes,
Offends outrageously our sense of smell
And has a nauseating taste as well.
But what are these and other consequences
Which damp our spirits and affront our senses—
Head-on collisions, crossings that perturb
Timid pedestrians when they quit the kerb—
Compared with the contemplative delight
Of those who read Fog's inwardness aright?
Think of the rapture of the gloomy cleric
As he surveys these wonders atmospheric;
Of specialists who find them hygienic,
And modern artists wedded to the scenic.
Think, lastly, of the "copy" they provide
For our alert and philosophic guide
Who daily in the columns of *The Times*
To transcendental levels soars and climbs,
Revealing polymathic erudition
Tempered by many a genial ebullition;
Roaming at will from *Alice* to *Salammbô*
And borrowing a title from "Dumb Crambo."

"After a 2 at the twelfth, where he holed a putt across the green, and a commendable 4 at the next. Mr. —— literally went to pieces."
Daily Paper.

We trust that after this terrible disintegration he literally pulled himself together.

"Chapman had scored 80 out of 136, put on for the fifth wicket in seventy minutes. He hit one 5 and ten 4's."—*Evening Paper.*

Even the cleverest batsman only half gets hold of one occasionally.

THE FULL-BACK.



THE WORST OF PLAYING—



FULL-BACK—



IS THAT—



YOU 'RE NEVER—



VERY—



BUSY—



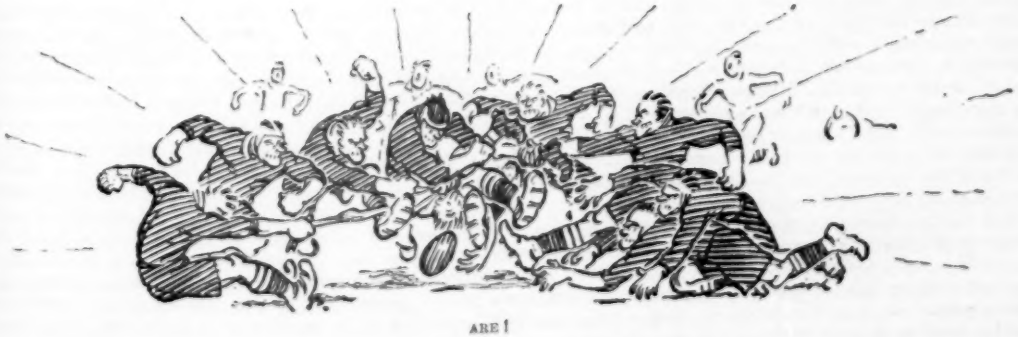
EXCEPT—



WHEN—



YOU—



ARE!



GEMS FOR OUR DARLINGS.

Customer (at Jeweller's). "KINDLY SHOW ME SOME PRESENTS SUITABLE FOR A SMALL DOG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ORIGINALITY, but originality of a rather artificial cast, was, I thought, the mark of Miss MARGARET KENNEDY'S first novel, *The Ladies of Lyndon*. Its successor, *The Constant Nymph* (HEINEMANN), not only outstrips its forerunner in invention, but conveys a greater perception of stark truth than any book I have met with on the same theme. The theme is an old theme and a tragic one—the mutual incompatibility of artistic and social ideals where both are untempered by any more comprehensive discipline. Art is represented by a set of moral outlaws: *Albert Sanger*, a burly Wagnerian figure, of English birth and many Continental residences; "*Sanger's* Circus," the children he has begotten or misbegotten in lawful wedlock, legalised liaison and other less permanent unions; *Birnbaum* and *Trigorin*, his *entrepreneurs* and satellites, and *Lewis Dodd*, his fellow-composer and friend. Society, as embodied in the academic relations of the second *Mrs. Sanger*, intervenes in the affairs of the "Circus" on *Sanger's* death, when *Florence Churchill*, the typical Master's daughter of a small Cambridge college, hastens with her *Uncle Robert* to *Sanger's* châlet in the Austrian Tyrol. Here seven of *Sanger's* offspring have been left, "with a good sound musical education and nothing else," to the casual mercies of their father's last mistress, *Trigorin* her lover, *Birnbaum*, who has just spent a week in Munich with sixteen-year-old *Antonia*, and *Dodd*, who has half lost his heart to her younger sister, *Tessa*. The result of the *Churchill-Sanger pourparlers* is the marriage of *Birnbaum* and *Antonia*, followed, to the horror of both camps, by that of *Dodd* and *Florence*. And the remainder of the book is mainly concerned with the felicity of the first couple, the misery of the second and the revelation of *Tessa's* extraordinary loyalty to the only creed she knows. It is by the success or failure of her heroine that I feel Miss KENNEDY would wish to be judged. And I can only say that, in my opinion, the masterpiece of the book is the innocent and tragic figure of *Tessa*.

When we last took leave of *Anthony Dare* he had just left Hilbury school and was safely planted in his half-brother's office in the City. I think I intimated then that we might expect to hear more of this amiable youth, whose literary tastes did not seem likely to find adequate fulfilment in a commercial life. And here, sure enough, we have Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL coming forward again, after a not unreasonable interval, with *The Education of Anthony Dare* (COLLINS), which carries the history of that young gentleman's fortunes a little further. I hasten to assure Mr. MARSHALL'S admirers that *Anthony* is not yet done with by a long way. I see no reason why he should not continue at the current rate for several years more. At present, having proved a failure in the office, he is still only at the beginning of his third year at Cambridge, and what he has achieved there is "symbolised by the pink-and-white ribbon

of the Athenæum Club round his straw hat." Socially, in short, he has been quite a success; and he has been reading Law and doing a little University journalism and preparing himself generally for that plunge into Fleet Street that seems inevitable in the course of two or three more volumes. In the meanwhile there is some news for readers of the earlier book. *Henry*, the half-brother who made a half-hearted attempt to turn *Anthony* into a pillar of commerce, is dead—rather suddenly in the last chapter—leaving him two thousand pounds to help him through the third volume of his adventures. *Stephen Hawthorne*, who has also been at St. Hugh's, incidentally getting his blue for rowing, is now going out to join the Bishop of Polynesia as a missionary. *Laura, Henry's* widow, is a shade more enigmatic than before. And there is one *Frere*, whose father owns *The Plain-speaker*, a London weekly, and means to put him in to manage it when he has finished his course at Cambridge. We shall no doubt hear more of the *Freres*. And I really am a little curious to see whether *Anthony Dare* will break the record, say, of *Jean Christophe*.

In *Hesketh Prichard, D.S.O., M.C.* (FISHER UNWIN), Mr. ERIC PARKER has made, out of the abundant material at his command, a most sympathetic and illuminating memoir. PRICHARD lived for only forty-five years, but it was a very full and varied life. "He was more than an explorer and a pioneer; he had the courage and the daring, almost the foolhardiness, of the man who means to make his way for the first time into the unknown; but he also had the rarer quality of vision." When a man of such attractive and commanding personality as PRICHARD is so gifted, it is a certainty that things worth doing will be done. Whether he was exploring, hunting, playing cricket or fighting, he gave his whole mind to the business of the moment. I have no space to mention fully the wonderful work he did in the War. Mr. PARKER is right when he says that his *Sniping in France* is a classic. "No other book is like it. No book of the kind went before it; no book will supersede it." And it is impossible to read these pages without recognising that in his intimate relations he was a most affectionate and loyal friend. Regret that he has gone from us must be tempered by a feeling of real thankfulness that during his short life he set an example from which others may draw encouragement and inspiration.



1860.
SAYING IT WITH WHISKERS.

The Undiscovered Island means (I think)
A dream that don't come off; it is the title
Of E. M. TENISON'S new book; her ink
Is shed in the lugubrious recital
Of how *Miss Mary Erskine* just adores
Raoul de Kerouanne, her Gallic cousin,
Who worships her; his suit her father floors
For reasons good or bad—say half-a-dozen.
Raoul resolves intense fidelity
(*Mary's* thirteen!), but till she's one-and-twenty
He takes a ship and sojourns over-sea
And soldiers and keeps silence good and plenty;
The fourth of August, nineteen-fourteen, is
The date at point when partings—lucky chap!—end;
The month before, anticipating bliss,
Raoul's in England; but you know what happened.

He meets his *Mary*, kisses her adieu,
This time for ever, for the Boche's gunnery
Makes tragic end; and *Mary*, ever true,
Talks as though qualifying for a nunnery.
Raoul's unreal, and *Mary's* virtues fail
Quite to convince. (It seems I've made no hurry
To say who publishes their blameless tale.
This now becomes acute; it is JOHN MURRAY.)

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS in the twelfth century said that Ireland would in the end be pacified *vix paulo ante diem judicii*—just before the Day of Judgment. Mr. STEPHEN

GWYNN, in *Ireland* (ERNEST BENN) the first of a series of volumes on "the Modern World," edited by Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, does not endorse this "desperate saying." He does not "despair of the republic," or, let me rather say, of Ireland, for "republic" is a thorny word. I have only noticed two hard sayings in his pages; one that "unwillingness to risk money in order to earn money is a noticeable part of the Gaelic character;" the other, in connection with the establishment of Irish as the national language by statute of the Imperial as well as of the Irish Parliament, that "if it cease to exist, it will die in defiance of the law; yet it may be doubted whether in Ireland this is a good omen for its longevity." It is Mr. GWYNN'S aim, in his balanced survey of the tendencies and forces which are moulding the life of Ire'and to-day, to emphasize, without exaggerating, the factors which make for that fusion between the older race and the "middle" or Anglo-Irish nation, without which the Irish nation as it exists must remain incomplete and imperfect. He finds them in the increasing freemasonry of sport, in the universal cult of the horse and his rider, in the large representation of Southern Unionism in the Senate of the Free State, in the non-partisan and unsectarian quality of contemporary Irish literature, drama and art; finally in the respect with which, since the Treaty, British statesmen and the British character are regarded in Ireland. "It is recognised that in carrying out the detail of this covenant the British authorities have been more than as good as their word." Mr. GWYNN has no illusions, but he writes to clarify, not to inflame, public opinion. The solution, he maintains, lies in the voluntary alliance of the two national strains; "a romantic match is out of the question; the future Ireland must be the offspring of a *mariage de convenance*." But it is Ireland's task from now onwards; "nothing that is not Irish stands in the way of its accomplishment."



Aunt (who has taken nephew to lunch, after a long wait). "WE SEEM TO BE RATHER OVERLOOKED HERE, WAITER."

Busy Waiter (shortly). "CURTAINED ALCOVES UPSTAIRS, MADAM."

I cannot help thinking that Miss MOIRA O'NEILL, in the course of composing *From Two Points of View* (BLACKWOOD), was so attracted by several other points of view as she went along that she rather lost sight of the theme of the story. It is told in the first person by two of the characters. One is our old friend the world-worn bachelor, concealing a too sympathetic heart beneath a quite unnecessarily brusque manner. The other is a frivolous and disagreeable girl. To represent two different aspects of the same series of events is an orthodox and often an interesting method of narration. But surely its successful practice requires two versions of the same series of events? Whereas Miss O'NEILL allows the frivolous girl, *Joey* (or *Josephine*), not only to give her version of the events recorded in the narrative of the bachelor, *Bill* (or *William*), but to continue the story without giving *Bill* a chance of being heard. Moreover, the reader's expectations are continually baffled. The story of the very unpleasant child, *Lina*, is begun and dropped. The affair between *Bill* and *Joey* ends just when it promises to become interesting. The apparition of his dead master, beheld by the butler, excites hope, but nothing comes of it. Finally, all the persons of the story are transferred bodily to Canada for no reason in particular. Still, it is not until they arrive in Canada that things really begin to happen with some semblance of truth to nature; but even so I am reluctant to believe that people could have died quite so lavishly had it not been necessary to end the book.

Sir PHILIP GIBBS writes so uniformly well that one can pick up any book of his with the pleasing certainty of a long evening's enjoyment. If I had any doubts at all about his latest book, *The Reckless Lady* (HUTCHINSON), they were dispelled for ever on page 19, where *Mr. Edward P. Hillier*, of Grand Rapids, U.S.A., makes his bow to us with the restrained yet typical Americanism, "I certainly will," when he might so easily have said, "Sure!" It is in a score of deft little touches of this kind that Sir PHILIP reminds us—and I say it in no disparaging sense—of the debt that literature owes to the higher journalism. He has observed surely and has mentally recorded his observations with the precision of a cash-register. In *The Reckless Lady* we follow the fortunes of *Sylvia* and *Stephen Fleming*, children of separated parents who patch up a truce as the story opens. The children were brought up abroad, but with the reconciliation the family is transferred to England, where *Stephen* practises Art and *Sylvia* drives four men to despair without any practice at all. I lost my heart early to *Sylvia*, an exceptionally charming specimen of the modern minx with a heart of gold. With her marriage to *Edward Hillier* and their departure for America on the *Olympic*, the rest of the characters in the book, like the cliffs of old England, fade slowly out of sight (*Stephen* amongst them, with his youthful problems still unsolved). The remainder of the book describes very entertainingly *Sylvia's* attempt to fit herself into the life of an American town in the Middle West. As I feared, the queer compound of busybodying, kindliness and moral uplift which constituted the life of Grand Rapids proves too much for her, and in spite of her genuine love for her husband she is on the point of flight when the situation is saved in the accepted manner. The author seems to imply that *Sylvia's* troubles are now over, but I doubt whether even the baby will cure her restlessness for very long. Fortunately the remedy is one which can be repeated.

"ERRATA:—*for* 'anhydrocarboxyphenylaminotetrahydrocarbazoleacetic acid' *read* '5-keto-5:10:16:17:18:19-hexahydroacrindoline-21 acetic acid.'"—*Scientific Journal.*

We breathe again.

CHARIVARIA.

WHAT is the use of taking our hats off to France? She never drops any money into them.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* placard recently ran, "Our Huge Cheque to America." Judging by other similar placards, it sounds as though America had slipped somewhere after signing the *Daily Mail* coupon.

* * *

The French Government is to distribute the Legion of Honour to all the best craftsmen in the various trades in France. Can't the cat-burglar be persuaded to go over there and qualify for his ribbon?

* * *

"What has Russia done for us?" asks a morning paper leader-writer. We can only say that it has kept Mr. R. PURCELL out of England for a few weeks.

* * *

The Daily News mentions that the Liberal Party can do with a new rallying song. What about "Marching through Lloyd-Georgia."

* * *

The Wandsworth Council is considering whether information upon how to call the local ambulances should be printed on the backs of rate demand notes. The idea is good, but they might also indicate what is the proper first-aid treatment for a stricken ratepayer.

* * *

Two hairless rats have been caught in North London. It is believed that the terrors of the recent Rat Week had driven them bald.

* * *

Dealing with Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD'S recent statement, a girl writes to the Press to say that City typists can cook like others, even if they do not cook by the book. Some of them cook by ear perhaps.

* * *

Telephone operators in Bombay must be able to speak six languages. British telephone subscribers use only one—but what a one!

* * *

It is estimated that each cold costs the catcher five shillings. We have decided to wait until they are cheaper.

* * *

A noise like the whining of a wolf has caused a sensation at Matlock. Could it have been the whining of a taxpayer trying to keep the beast from his door?

* * *

It is stated by a weekly paper that the haggis was originally English. It seems rather late in the day for our contemporary to make an attempt to fix the blame.

* * *

We hear of a man who stated that his Ford car stopped because it ran out of petrol. In Detroit they say that the idea of its stopping for such a trivial reason is ridiculous.

* * *

Our own view is that it wasn't the petrol at all, but that it stopped because a dog was worrying it.

* * *

It was a keen footballer who, when filling up Schedule D of his income-tax return, gave six teams to win at home, three away and one draw.

* * *

Twenty-six saxophone-players are to leave Southampton for South Africa next month. We respectfully wish them good speed, or even better.

* * *

It is stated that vitamins revel in mince-pies. Should a vitamin prove annoying at dinner just throw it a mince-pie so that it can play with it on the mat.

* * *

An economist remarks that we are all waited on hand and foot by thousands of people. We hate people who wait on our feet.

* * *

Pretty girls are being appointed as detectives to deal with night clubs. We understand that applicants for the position of "My dear Watson" will be expected to form a queue.

* * *

A tailoring paper says that a man with a new suit is instinctively trusted. Of course. If he wasn't, how would he get the suit?

* * *

We read of a tailor who has come into some money. But we always understood that that was the last thing people ever thought of leaving to tailors.

* * *

It was said in the middle ages that all the dull people lived on the north bank of the Thames. But what do they know of Hampstead who only Highgate know?

* * *

"People who provide better transport for the public are deserving of all honour," says a writer. Couldn't Lord ASHFIELD be made the Jam of Piccadilly?

* * *

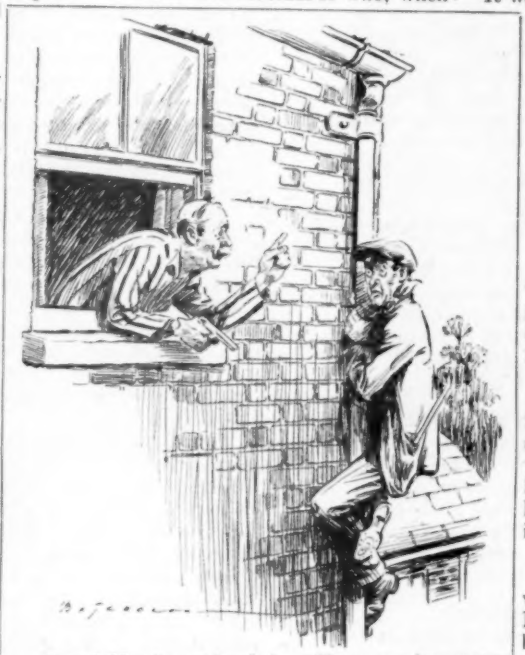
London costers urge that their donkeys should be allowed to graze in Hyde Park. We see no harm in this as long as they don't interrupt the other speakers.

* * *

A burglar who entered the bedroom of a famous movie actress at Los Angeles took away eleven wedding-rings. It is reported however that the bulk of the lady's collection had been deposited in a bank.

* * *

A mysterious rumbling noise was recently heard in the West End. It is thought to have been the cat-burglar purring with satisfaction.



Householder (to cat-burglar). "WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT YOU MIGHT CLEAR THE LEAVES OUT OF THE GUTTER UP ABOVE. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

"The oldest oaken door in the country, which hung on the south side of Balliol College, Oxford, for over five centuries, has been found in Great Nelmes, in Essex, after being lost for a hundred years. The door could tell some wonderful stories."—*Daily Paper.*

At this age it should surely know when to shut up.

"BOXING BY WIRELESS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

It is rumoured that the man who took on DEMPSEY in this manner positively refused to use an amplifier.

"The engagement is announced of Dorothy, only daughter of incipient Varicose Vein."
South African Paper.

A case of calf-love, we suppose.

"Wanted, experienced nurse (English preferred) take entire charge baby 3 mouths."
Advt. in Riviera Paper.

It should want a lot of feeding.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

[*The Times* having stated that Æneas holds the record for an after-dinner speech with fifteen hundred solid hexameters delivered at Dido's banquet, Mr. E. E. SIKES, of St. John's College, Cambridge, writes to our contemporary to say that this honour belongs to Odysseus, who threw off at the Court of Antinous a speech that extended to the length of two thousand, two hundred and thirty-two lines.]

The Times has lately talked about
The size of after-dinner speeches;
To fifteen hundred lines of spout
It told us how the record reaches;
Æneas made this effort—(Cheers)—
When feasting with his would-be bride (Oh,
What joy enlarged the listening ears
Of poor deluded Dido!).

But Mr. SIKES, the Cambridge don,
To ignorance a holy terror,
From the foundation of St. John
Writes to convict our friend of error;
"The Trojan's claim," says he, "is wrong;
The laurels for this flagrant misuse
Of hospitality belong
To that old dog, Odysseus."

For me, who 've been, at many a spread,
The tedious talker's helpless victim,
And, could my wrath have had its head,
Would oft have risen up and kicked him;
Who have myself, from copious notes,
Reduced a banquet-room to boredom,
Gazed on a sea of yawning throats
And steadily ignored 'em;

Who, when digestion 's just begun,
Dislike to have some shameless fellow
Undo the good work being done
By fruity port that leaves me mellow;
Who loathe the windy kind of chest
Modelled upon the Greek sea-rover,
And ever deem that speech the best
Which is the soonest over;—

For me, I would at once efface
All forms of meal-time declamation
Save two (apart, of course, from Grace)
That rouse in me a fine elation;
Just two that make me want to sing
And call each fellow-guest my brother:
The one is "Gentlemen, THE KING!"
And "You may smoke" the other. O. S.

UMBRELLAVILLE.

THIS is my name for Nice. Occasionally it rains here. The three local newspapers and the inhabitants, whilst they never apologise for the rain (it is unusual indeed for them to apologise for anything), go to a good deal of trouble to explain it. I gather that the pleasant climate of the place is due to the forethought, enterprise and constant care of the natives, and that a wet afternoon is a wanton spiteful bit of nasty work by Nature, bent upon getting the place a bad name and so spoiling the season.

The other afternoon I was walking down the main street, and so were a great many other people. A few drops of rain fell, just enough to spot the pavement here and there. Within five minutes I was the only human in sight without an umbrella up. And in five minutes more I was three times *abordé* by itinerant umbrella-mongers who sought to sell me of their wares. That rain was nothing, but the spectacle of the umbrella was impressive. I can't say that I enjoy trying to move about amongst a crowd of people, mostly on the short side, who all carry umbrellas clutched tightly and well down over the head and barge along. Because, unless you arm yourself with one and carry it so and barge along like the other folk, it is my experience that you suffer damage. Very wearing to the temper it is too. I must confess that on that afternoon I disliked the Nice people.

But on another, more recent afternoon I got my own back. There was some rain, and the usual crowd of bargers with umbrellas up. Suddenly, across from the sea there came what in Africa we call a tornado. The local papers called it all sorts of names afterwards—cyclone, typhoon and others—but it was really a tornado. And it did great work. I have never seen so many umbrellas inside out as I saw then—hundreds and hundreds of them. As they broke they crackled, which was to me a very pleasing noise. Their owners seemed to be stricken speechless, but in their eyes was a look of hate—such hate. If the Clerk of the Weather had happened along the rue de France just at that time he would have learned what it costs to turn a Nice citizen's umbrella inside out, and then rape the remains from him, sending them banging about in the mud and wet and wind.

Unhappily, though I had a good view of all that happened, I did not see any of the umbrella-mongers about. I looked out for them, hoping to catch a glimpse of, at any rate, one of the brotherhood with an umbrella up and a dozen others bundled under his arm, making face to the tornado. That happiness was denied me. Still, what I did see was very pleasant and, so far as it went, satisfactory. I returned to my village a little damp, it is true, but much gratified at the complete abolition of the umbrella nuisance, for such I reckoned it to be.

I was, however, wrong. Yesterday it rained a little more, and, bless my soul! if there were not just as many umbrellas in the street as ever, and no kindly tornado to deal with them. I did see one man, a serious-looking grocer from the rue de la Grosse Horloge, paddling along without an umbrella, that is true. He looked thoroughly ashamed of himself, just the sort of look I 'd have expected to see on him if he 'd been caught walking naked through the streets.

Myself excepted, I do not think there is a creature in Nice that does not resent the rain and hate it. Unless it be the cab-horses. These are mostly small animals, and the drivers of them are big, strong, stout men, who sit almost on top of them and do much business with their whips. When it rains, however, these big, strong, stout men put up an umbrella apiece, and that involves quitting the whip. You can see some of the more intelligent horses looking anxiously about on a likely afternoon, smelling for rain; and if rain comes they positively smile. During the tornado I saw one cabman, with umbrella, lifted by the wind clean off his perch and parachuted some distance into a considerable puddle. And if ever a horse's face wore an expression of satisfaction, of real beatitude, a look that seemed to say, "Life has its little compensations after all," that was the horse and his face.

Our Expressive Contemporaries.

"There was a remarkable silence. Stillness seemed hushed into quiescence."—*Sunday Paper.*

From a *feuilleton*:—

"For one wild instant she knew a fear. Could —— have himself been looking on the wine when it was red, the gin when it was pink?"—*Daily Paper.*

Or on the green chartreuse when it was yellow?



THE HORATIUS COCLES TOUCH.

THEN OUT SPAKE BOLD AUSTENIUS,
THE CHAMBERLAIN OF BRUM,
"I HAVE THE ROMAN MANNER;
LET EVERYBODY COME!"

[Immediately on his return from Rome Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was bombarded in the House of Commons with questions on every branch of foreign affairs.]



CHRISTMAS AT LOS ANGELES.

(An imaginary Scene.)

Cinema Star (stuffing wads of notes into parents' stockings). "GEE! THEY'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH WHEN THEY WAKE!"

THE WICKED BARON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Me and some freinds are going to act a play at Xmas at least I hope we are because I have written it and I had a thouhgt that if you didnt mind you might print it in your funny paper. Only it isnt meant to be exacly funny (the play not your paper) more sort of thrilly if you know what I mean but will that matter for once because you see Joan and the others may not think it quite a real play if it is only on exersise paper in ordinery writing. And I do so *dredfully* want to act it and I cant act all by myself can I at least not with poeple watching.

Your obedient MYRTLE GRAHAM.

P.S.—I put remarks in brackets partly to explain to you and partly for us when we act in case I forget.

THE WICKED BARON.

A Play.

Charecters:

Me . . Lady GWENDALINE VAUHGAN (I am not quite sure how this is spelt but I know its diffrent from what it sounds) (the heroin)

Joan . Lord CIRYL MONTMORENSY (the hero)

Mary . Baron BROWN (the villian) (I give him a dull name because he is horrid)

Betty . ALICE (Lady GWENDALINE VAUHGAN'S maid)

SCENE—*A room in* Lady Gwendaline Vauhgan's *manshion. She is sitting in it kniting socks for somebody.*

Lady G. V. (as her name is rather long I put inishals). Oh how lonely I am for ten long years I have been incorperated in this dark and gloomy manshion. Though it is my own dwelling yet am I a wretchid prisoner all because of Baron Brown who wants me to die and leave him my money because I have a good deal. Nearly fifty pounds. (*Enter* Alice *with a basket of eggs if Cook will let us have them.*) But here comes Alice my trusty freind although really my maid. What if she has news for me from the outer air.

Alice. Good morning My Lady.

Lady G. V. (grasiously). Good morning dear Alice. Sit down and tell me whether you have seen Lord Ciryl Montmorensy on the road to market.

Alice. He galopped past on a snow-white steed My Lady and would have carried my baskit for me only there wasnt time.

Lady G. V. How kind of him but tell me all he said for I love him more than all my jewelery.

Alice. He only shouted Wo to his frisky steed.

Lady G. V. He is the bravest man in all the world.

Alice. Perhaps someday he will kill Baron Brown.

Lady G. V. O I hope not it would be so dangrous for both of them. I want nought but to have the Baron prostrat at our feet so that someone can take the keys away from him for alas any day I may starve to death in this gloomy manshion.

Alice. He is a desprat villian but never fear My Lady I am jolly good at climbing walls and things. (Betty *is good at gym. The aujence wont see her climb the wall because she wont do it really but she will enjoy saying it.*)

Lady G. V. (more grandly). What have you perchased for my humble repast wench?

Alice. New-laid eggs farmer Smith's hens each lay about six at a time so we can have plenty.

Lady G. V. Poche them please. (*If there are no eggs left because of the Xmas pudding I will alter this bit.*) Hark is that horse's hoofs or only my own heart beating?

[*She gets up and hasens to the casement.*

Alice. Hoofs.

Lady G. V. Tis he tis Lord Ciryl begone girl get thee out of the kitchen window and help him over yon wall.

Alice. O how exsited I feel.

[*She goes out.*

Lady G. V. (*watching her valaint lover*). Quick quick Lord Ciryl or Baron Brown will come how glad I am there are no spiky bits of glass on the top of the wall O well played he has jumped down without Alice helping him quick this way my mostly beloved.

Lord Ciryl (*apearing at the casement. He is very splendid looking*). At last I have found you.

Lady G. V. O get in quick.

[*He gets in and they kiss each other.*

Lord Ciryl. Now I will wait here for the Baron and in a tremendos powerfull fight get the keys out of his wicked pocket.

Lady G. V. O that will be a noble deed and if you win do you think you would ask me to marry you?

Lord Ciryl. I was going to as you are dazzling with beautifulness. (*Of course I'm not like that generally but a traily white dress and gold brade round my hair will make a lot of difference won't it specialy if the aujence pretends properly.*)

Lady G. V. How I long for the fight to be over.

Enter Alice *out of breath.*

Alice. Please My Lord your horse has bolted away and the wicked Baron Brown is coming in at the gate jangling his ill-goten keys.

Lord Ciryl (*taking his sword off his belt to be ready*). Fear not ladies let him come.

Lady G. V. (*flinging her arms round his neck*). I am only a little frightened but do be careful in case he hits you.

Lord Ciryl. You and Alice go and hide in the cubberd and peep through the crack. (*The cubberd will be a screen of mother's.*) (Lady G. V. *and* Alice *go and hide. Enter* Baron Brown *in at the door. He is fierce and swagering.*) (Mary *likes swagering.*)

Baron Brown (*teribly supprised*). Ha who have we here.

Lord Ciryl. Never mind who. Give me those keys.

Baron Brown (*drawing his sword out*). O thou impudent young nobel you are a dead man.

Lady G. V. Isn't he *wicked.*

Lord Ciryl. Ha ha come on.



Editor (*to contributor*). "NO, NO. I CAN'T ACCEPT A JOKE ABOUT THE ALL BLACKS. I'M SORRY, BUT THE SUBJECT IS TOO PAINFUL."

Alice (*wispering*). Lord Ciryl will see to him.

[*They have a great fight till at last when it gets too difficult* Baron Brown *drops the keys.*

Lady G. V. (*dashing out of the cubberd*). The keys the keys!

[*She picks them up* Lord Ciryl *puts his sword between her and* Baron Brown.

Baron Brown (*falling on his knees*). Mercy.

Lord Ciryl. Lady Gwendaline Vaughgan what shall I do to him?

Lady G. V. Just give him a little wound in his arm not to kill him and put him outside of the gate and take his horse in exchange for your milk-white steed.

Lord Ciryl (*digging his sword in gently*). Tis done. [*He takes him out.*

Lady G. V. At last am I free!

Alice (*who came out of the cubberd before this but I forgot to say so*). Lord Ciryl is a brave gentleman but I like blue eyes best.

Lady G. V. I don't. (Joan's *eyes are brown.*)

Alice. Will he stay to dinner?

Lady G. V. Yes if he likes poched eggs go and cook them.

[Alice *goes out and* Lord Ciryl *comes in.*

Lord Ciryl (*droping on one knee*). Fair Lady Gwendaline Vaughgan will you marry me?

Lady G. V. Yes presently.

CURTAIN.

"GREAT MUSICAL EVENT.

'Tasmania's Florence Nightingale,' Miss ——, will appear."—*Local Paper.*

Did she earn her title by "nursing" her upper register?

THE SHOOTING STICK.

£500.—This reward will be paid to anyone giving information as to the whereabouts of Albert Arthur Prendergast of — Jermyn Street, W. Apply, etc.

Possibly you may have read this advertisement above the address of a celebrated firm of solicitors, and you may also have heard that Albert Prendergast was last seen at a shooting party at Oakover, Lincolnshire, which he left as unobtrusively as if he 'd shot a fox.

As the only person cognisant of the real facts (which obviously preclude any approach of solicitors, at any rate on my part), I think it well to endeavour to give the truth, even in the form of light fiction. A short introduction is however necessary.

You know that some people collect walking-sticks; Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey did for one, and that delightful if eccentric scholar, the late Archdeacon of Dimchester, for another. His collection however differed from Mr. Crowdey's, inasmuch as its specimens were chosen as having been at one time or another the property of some notoriety; nor did he confine himself strictly to walking-sticks, or to work-a-day fact either, one sometimes thought, when he claimed for his treasures a distinction equally difficult to support or to gainsay. He had, for instance, a bit of witch-hazel which he asserted had been a witch's broomstick. It had a rather noticeable mark in the grain, shaped like a conical hat, which he would point to as a proof of his assertion. He would tell visitors to his museum (of which the stick collection was but a part) that "once a witch's broomstick always a witch's broomstick," and that doubtless the stick was still capable, *on the utterance by anyone of the right word*, of sailing off with its owner like a blown leaf; "and if you weren't able to manage it, there 's no saying *where* you 'd land."

"Wouldn't it be rather sporting to *try*?" I once asked him. "That is, if anybody present happens to know its sailing orders."

"Black magic? Certainly *not*," he said. "I should have the Bishop down on me like a ton of bricks."

His audience of school-children giggled, and I felt that my suggestion had been an unwitting breach of good taste.

On his death some eighteen months ago the collection was sold. I heard that only one or two of the more distinguished sticks had gone to collectors, and that the rest had been disposed of to a certain well-known firm, manufacturers of umbrellas, shooting sticks, etc.

This for prologue.

I was shooting at Oakover on the day of Albert Prendergast's disappearance. A small "one-gun" day and six out. Albert Prendergast is (or was) my pet aversion; he talks leoninely of himself and he abominably shoots at hares when they are too far away. I wonder that he is ever asked anywhere at all. I drew the number consecutive to his and consequently had him next me nearly all day. I loathed him even more than usual.



First Carol Singer. "'OW MUCH DID SHE GIVE YER?"
Second ditto. "A PENNY."
First ditto. "WHY, LAST YEAR SHE GIVE US TUPPENCE. I SAID YOU WAS SINGIN' FLAT."

If you 've shot at Oakover you 'll know White Wood, usually the last beat of the day. It is T-shaped, and the shank of the letter is nearly half-a-mile long. They always drive it towards the top of the T. Two guns stand forward and in front; and two, one on either side of the shank, about a hundred yards from each angle; these advance as the beaters do, and eventually stand at the two ends of the horizontal. Two guns walk with the beaters and stand, come the "beat out," in the two angles. They get birds going back. I have to explain this to show why, later, no one but myself saw anything unusual.

I was one of the beaters' guns, and Albert Prendergast was flank, in the field, on my side. The light was getting bad and a westerly wind had risen and was making the branches creak and swing. It is a favourite place for woodcock. The outside beater, with a view of the field, was an enthusiastic small boy of terrier-like devotion, who plunged into brambles and kept up a continuous accompaniment to his bush-whacking of "Hi-cock!"

As I came on, a hare broke about thirty yards from me. I hate shooting hares and let her go. Not so Albert, who unfortunately spotted her. He fired at seventy yards' range, the hare wincing at the shot.

"Peppered him, by Jove!" he exclaimed gleefully.

By now I was approaching the monster, but, instead of moving on, he waited for the line, standing at "the ready," his shooting stick hitched on and dangling behind him.

"A woodcock flew into those laurels," he explained over his shoulder as I came up. "Beat 'em out, boy," he added to the enthusiast.

"Hi-cock!" shrilled the urchin in headlong obedience.

At that moment I recognised something very familiar in an oddly-shaped mark in the grain of Albert's shooting stick, down which at the boy's yap a ripple of movement ran, such as may well have stirred Moses' staff just before it became a snake. It was the witch-hazel.

"And trying to *do* something," I thought.

Then in a rush I remembered my *Ingoldsby*, as the stick again writhed impotently in response to the hidden treble in the laurels crying "Hi-cock!"

"—— *olorum!*" I prompted very quietly, and the charm worked. The ex-broomstick flung forward and up, somehow seating Albert Prendergast (who held on tight and seemed annoyed) astride of it, gun, cartridge-bag and all. It sailed aloft and away with him, over and back down the wood again into the windy dusk, just as had been said of it, "like a blown leaf."

"What 's become of old Albert?" Robin Oakover asked me twenty minutes later as we walked up to the house to tea.

"Blest if I know," I answered truthfully. Nor do I know now.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Mrs. —— had a sudden rush of tears in her eyes."—*Daily Paper.*

A pleasant change. The modern heroine nearly always has them in her voice.



She. "HOW FRIGHTFULLY FAT PHYLLIS IS GETTING! LIKE ONE OF RUBENS' PEOPLE."
He. "REALLY!—AH—REUBEN WHO?"

THE NOAH'S ARK: NEW STYLE.

"Uncle Henry asked me what he should give Jimmy for Christmas, and I told him a Noah's Ark," said Janet.

"Do you think he will like that?" I inquired.

"I don't know," she confessed; "but I shall. I haven't had a chance to play with one since I was about eight, and I've been looking forward all these years to meeting Shem again. He wore a green petticoat and a *cloche* hat, and he came to a sad end: Nurse trod on him. I hope nothing will happen to him this time," she said anxiously.

The parcel arrived the following evening by the last post, after Jimmy had gone to bed, but we agreed that we had better just open it and have a look at the thing in case there were any nails or sharp edges. You can't be too careful with children.

"There!" said Janet as she stripped off the last of the brown-paper wrappings. "Isn't she a beauty?"

She was. And her build had not changed with the passage of time. She was the same thoroughly unseaworthy craft as of yore. But where was her coat of sticky red and green paint picked out with yellow? Evidently the diluvian drama was being put on by a new producer of the grey and drab Lancashire school. I contemplated his colour scheme, natural pitch pine with fumed oak panels, with a shade of doubt. "It's very quiet," I said.

"Yes," said Janet; "but, if you stop to think, it isn't likely that Noah, with the rain coming down harder than ever, would have bothered to paint the thing very bright. It's more natural like this."

"The L.C.C. wouldn't pass these emergency exits," I said, testing them: "but the roof comes off all right. Janet, is it natural for the animals to be white?"

"Fright," she explained, "in a few cases. With the others it is the result of being shut up for so long in the dark."

"Of course," I said. "But I rather miss the plum-pudding leopard and the burnt-sienna cow."

We sat on the hearth-rug for some time, playing with the thing, quite happy and good. It was Janet who made the appalling discovery. "Good heavens!" she said suddenly. "James, it is too awful! Noah, Mrs. Noah, the family—they aren't here."

They were not. We searched and searched again, but all in vain.

"The world won't be peopled," I said.

"Poor Uncle Henry!" mourned Janet, "how upset he would be if he knew!"

"Oh, come," I said—"he wouldn't mind as much as all that. He's only a curate. It isn't as if he were a canon."

"I shan't let Jimmy have it until something has been done," said Janet firmly. "I don't want him to grow up a Higher Critic."

"Leave it to me," I said.

I came home the next day with Noah, Ham, Shem and Japhet, and their respective wives, in my overcoat pocket. The girl in the toy-shop told me they often sold them separately. They were fourpence each, or half-a-crown for the set, which I thought, and still think, cheap for such an old family.

"He [Zaghlul Pasha] added that he entered the Government for the good of the country, and he left the Government for the good of the country, and left the Government for the good of the country."—*Irish Paper.*

The repetition was unnecessary. We were quite prepared to accept his statement the first time.

A TOO HORRIBLE WAR.

[An expert has suggested that spring-cleaning might be changed to autumn-cleaning with a view to more deadly operations against the common house-fly, whose pupæ are more easily destroyed at that time of the year.]

I HOLD the fly in no regard;
I seldom feel a wish to pet him;
In fact I swat him good and hard
When and wherever I can get him;
I count him as the deadliest foe
Of my precarious health, but, dimmit!
The warlike lengths to which I 'll go
Must have a reasonable limit.

And this has reached it; this to me
Gives grounds for growing apprehensive
That I might suffer more than he
Did we adopt the new offensive;
October, when it tints the leaves,
Could hardly fail to make me nervy
If Mary, rolling back her sleeves,
Turned everything all topsy-turvy.

To lend the house by dint of much
Expenditure of paint and varnish
A freshness which the winter's touch
Must soon inevitably tarnish
Might give the fly a nasty shake,
But, though I earn hygienic strictures,
I 'd much prefer to let him take
His pupal sleep behind the pictures.

Because this expert in his schemes
Ignores a woman's way. By George, he
Knows not my Mary if he deems
That she 'd forgo her vernal orgy;
To ancient instincts she will cling;
No argument I can conceive 'll
Prevent her at the call of spring
Repeating autumn-tide's upheaval.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

I WANT to say a few words to you this Christmas about Passionata Cigarettes.

Passionata Cigarettes have not asked me to write this advertisement for them, because I am not sufficiently famous as yet, but I hope to rise to that eminence in time, and have my photograph published with the wisp of dark hair hanging over the forehead and the tense expression on my face that I always wear when I smoke Passionata Cigarettes.

For *really* Passionata Cigarettes *are* good.

Several years ago I used to smoke nothing but the most expensive Havana cigars. Then I happened to be staying at the house of one of our best-known millionaires, and a man—no, it was a Peer, I think—said to me—

"Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you, my Lord," I replied. "I never smoke anything but Havana cigars."

"Just try one of these," he insisted, opening a gold cigarette-case with a monogram on it designed in rubies.

I shall always look back to that as one of the most epoch-making days of my life, for it was the first time that I tasted the exquisite flavour of a Passionata Cigarette.

I turned, I remember, a little pale.

"My god, Duke! where did you get these?" I exclaimed hoarsely.

"Round the corner," he told me with a happy smile. I gasped with surprise.

"But they must cost a king's ransom," I hazarded.

"Twenty for sixpence, my boy."

As soon as I got home I sat down and ordered two motor-lorries of Passionata Cigarettes to be sent to me at once. Next morning there they were standing in front of my door. A horse had eaten one of the boxes, but the rest were all right.

Since that day I have smoked nothing but Passionata Cigarettes, and I find

SMOKE PASSIONATA CIGARETTES
CLEAN . COOL . FRAGRANT
ARISTOCRATIC . ENIGMATIC
HENDECASYLLABIC AND ABSOLUTELY PURE.

them particularly satisfying when cycling up-hill, digging for badgers or out with the beagles. Boys are bringing me new boxes every hour of the day, and I find it very difficult to deal with the empties.

I can never solve a cross-word puzzle without at least two boxes of Passionata Cigarettes.

Passionata Cigarettes never hurt the throat. As soon as I began to smoke them I found that I was absolutely free from yellow fungus on the palate and the epiglottis, and I am particularly liable to yellow fungus in these places when smoking ordinary brands.

Very often I sit down and write a poem to Passionata Cigarettes. My last one went like this:—

Passionata Cigarettes, I say it without regrets,
Have very soon made me a votary:
Before they were here I had very little idea
I should ever take to the writing of poetry.

I sent this to *The Spectator*, but they refused to print it.

Passionata Cigarettes clear the brain. For the greater part of my life I have been a chronic invalid, little better, in fact, than a nervous wreck. Then Passionata Cigarettes hove on the horizon and everything was changed. My abdominal muscles grew tauter and I seldom missed a putt.

Passionata Cigarettes compose the nerves. There is something in the exquisite aroma that does this, or else in the delicate *bouquet*, or else in the little bits that come out on to your tongue.

Passionata Cigarettes are made of the insides of the leaf of the tobacco plant just before it commences to uncurl. Hence their exclusive charm.

SMOKE PASSIONATA CIGARETTES!
Most cigarettes are wrapped in a paper which is highly injurious to the central ganglia and the epicyclic system. In Passionata Cigarettes *the paper is nicer than the tobacco*. The paper of which Passionata Cigarettes are made relieves hunger, sustains life and renovates the tissues. It is also pleasant to the taste.
20 for 6d.
SMOKE PASSIONATA CIGARETTES!

There is little talk, I find, in the Stock Exchange, in the House of Commons, in the vestibules of theatres or the chapter-houses of cathedrals on any subject except that of Passionata Cigarettes.

Athletes are particularly fond of them.

"I should drop Rugby football," said a member of the New Zealand Fifteen to whom I was talking, "if I could not smoke a Passionata during the half-time interval."

The favourites of the footlights adore them.

"I have a pash for Passionata!" exclaimed one charming little lady to me with a naughty shake of her shingled head.

Novelists smoke nothing else.

"I never take a Passionata Cigarette out of my mouth," writes Mr. FRANK GILBERT, "except to put my fountain-pen into it."

Christmas dinner provides a multitude of dainties—oysters, caviare, *pâté de foie gras*, roast turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies; but all through its many courses I shall be looking forward to the Passionata Cigarette which I mean to smoke with the port.

Christmas would not be Christmas without Passionata Cigarettes.

SMOKE PASSIONATA CIGARETTES
and follow the lead of
STATESMEN, JOCKEYS, CRICKETERS, MUSIC-HALL COMEDIANS AND DIVINES.
A box of Passionata Cigarettes in the Stocking is the Christmas Gift that the Children Love.
20 for 6d.
RADIANT . ELEEMOSYNARY
GALLIAMBIC . ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Cigarette Card Series this Xmas: The Italian Primitives.



TOO EASY.

Hostess. "ARE YOU AT ALL NERVOUS OF THESE CAT-BURGLARS?"
Guest. "NOT IN THE LEAST. YOU SEE, MY FLAT IS ON THE GROUND FLOOR."

SIRIUS.

(A Rough-Haired Terrier.)

He has a most saintly countenance, and in the Dog's *Debrett*,
As the noble son of noble sires, his title is fairly set;
And his coat is white and his head just right
And his tail a perfect cut,
And set all a-wry on his bright brown eye
Is a most alluring smut;
Yet, sad to relate, he never can
Behave as a perfect gentleman.

He's off each morn on a pig-pail quest, with never a thought of rain,
Then runs upstairs with the muddiest paws to the cleanest counterpane;
And a cod's cold head may invade my bed,
And beneath the eiderdown
There 'll be herring skins and some haddock fins
Wrapped up in my dressing-gown;
And once I met the accusing face
(Between my sheets) of an aged plaice!

Why, oh! why will he always roll in the deadest of all dead fish?
And yet, in spite of his trying ways, he's all that a man could wish;
The loud thump-thump of his short tail-stump
Raps on the dullest day;
He 's dog of my heart and we 'll never part
Whatever the neighbours say
When he chivvies their lap-dogs down the lane . . .
I *like* his mud on the counterpane!

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

IX.—ROUND THE ROUND TABLE.

WILL had pulled me out to have luncheon with him.

"How does the Round Table strike you?" said he as we hurried up Fifth Avenue, speaking from behind his hand and looking at me as if I were expected to catch fire.

The Round Table didn't strike any sparks from me.

"Round Table?" said I; I was mystified at the importance he seemed to place on it.

"You don't mean to say you've never heard of the Round Table?"

"Of course I've heard of the Round Table," I told him.

"Well, have you ever seen it?"

"I can't say that I have ever seen it," I said honestly. "When I was in England some years ago——"

"In England!" cried Will. "I'm talking about the Round Table right here in New York, where all the wits and critics and 'colyumists'—good Lord, I'll bet you're the only man in the city—— Oh, well, come on."

Will was too disgusted with me to continue; I was too disappointed in myself to try to make excuses. In silence we entered the crowded lobby of a small hotel and pushed our way through the throng towards the coat-room.

Everybody there seemed to be a wit or a critic or a "colyumist." Some were very well dressed; those who weren't were very badly dressed; I didn't see any one besides myself who was merely dressed. I felt uncomfortably conspicuous. It seemed pretty obvious that I hadn't any business to be there; all the knights and ladies, and even the Court retainers, seemed able to tell at a glance that I wasn't a wit or a critic or a "colyumist," and the consensus of opinion appeared to be that I had better clear out. I found later that I was wrong in supposing this.

"Leave your stuff here," said Will; "I'll go and tell the head-waiter that we've come. I was introduced to him yesterday, so there shouldn't be any trouble about getting over the rope."

"'Rope'?" said I, but Will was gone.

The "rope" turned out to be a velvet-covered cord as thick as one's arm stretched across the door of the banquet-hall to keep out undesirables. Here a few minutes later I found Will arguing with Sir Guy the Seneschal about where we were going to sit. There didn't seem to be any question about it in Sir Guy's mind; he said that every place in the banquet-hall was taken, even at the lower end, and became very weary and shifted his weight from one foot to the other when Will questioned him further about how long before there would be a place, and if he would notify us, and other details.

"He says that it will be about an hour," said Will to me, "before anybody finishes luncheon, and that there are ten couples ahead of us on his waiting-list. Come over here and sit down."



She. "DID YOU LET DAD BEAT YOU AT BILLIARDS, AS I SUGGESTED?"
He. "YES. AND HE SAID A FELLOW WHO PLAYED SUCH A POOR GAME SHOULD NEVER MARRY A DAUGHTER OF HIS."

I had already begun to reach for the coat-check.

"Let's go," said I; "there isn't much use in sitting down."

"It's a pretty long time to stand up," said Will.

"You don't propose to wait——" I began, but Will interrupted me.

"There goes Johnny Weavil," said he, seating himself. "You keep up with his stuff, of course?"

Will said this in an interrogatory manner as though there were no telling what I didn't do after not knowing about the Round Table. I didn't see any use in saying I had never heard of Johnny Weavil, so I kept quiet.

Johnny Weavil was of the very well-dressed class. He nodded at Sir Guy, who took great pleasure in raising the rope and letting him in. He walked into the hall with some luxury, bowing here and there, and sat down at the large table, towards the foot.

King Arthur sat at the other end, with Guinevere on one side and Sir Lancelot on the other. The rest of the knights and ladies had ranged themselves round the board as near King Arthur as possible. Everybody at the Round Table was talking to everybody at the Round Table. I couldn't hear what was being said, but it was obvious that some good things were flying about, for the squires and armour-bearers and retainers who occupied the remainder of the tables in the hall were nudging one another and laughing excitedly, their attention flitting from one talker to another as though they were trying to watch a twelve-ring circus. Scullions were bringing in food, leaving it for a time before the various people, then taking it away again; nobody could be bothered much with eating.

"Lucky to get these seats," remarked Will.

"Why?" I asked him; the sight of food was clogging my imagination.

"'Why'?" cried Will. "Look at this crowd here who can't even get a glimpse of it."

A glance round us showed clearly that we *were* lucky. The throng of foolish virgins who had come too late was eyeing our position enviously; some were strolling back and forth in front of the bridegroom's door, others were straining their necks from obscure corners, all were flinging poisoned beams at the wiser and more prudent maidens and youths within, and at us without.

"Don't you think we ought to offer them our chairs?" I suggested to Will, for I was getting hungry. Will gave me an incredulous stare which could be interpreted only in the negative.

Our seats did command an excellent view. Some of the sojourners in Purgatory had brought opera-glasses, but even without these we could see most of the details, except when Sir Guy cut off the prospect with his back, which he did as often as he could. We could see every bite Sir Lancelot took (he took several while we were sitting there, though he managed them so that he didn't have to stop talking and get behind), and could almost recognise what they were saying.

Suddenly, as I turned my head, I made a discovery.

"Isn't that a dining-room over there?" I asked Will.



THE AGE OF MECHANISM.

"DADDY, IS THAT ELEPHANT WEAL?"
"OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. IT 'S JUST A TOY."
"GWACIOUS! I KNOW THAT, DADDY. I MEAN IS IT A WEAL TOY OR JUST A TOY TOY?"

"Certainly," said Will, a bit impatiently. "I wish we could hear what they say. I 'm surprised they don't broadcast these luncheons."

"Can't we get a table there either?" I asked.

"Don't be foolish," said Will with forced kindness.

"But I *see* empty tables," I said, and I did see them, several of them—in fact I didn't see any tables that weren't empty.

"Of course they 're empty," said Will. "Weavil 's just got his third laugh; he 's coming right along in the world, Weavil."

"What 's the *matter* with this dining-room?"

"Matter!" said Will; "that 's a different room. You might just as well eat in Brooklyn."

I didn't quite see his point, but I told him that I intended to eat somewhere pretty soon, even if I had to go to Brooklyn.

"Hold my seat, then," said Will; "I 'll speak to the head-waiter again."

This arrangement suited me admirably, and I felt in my pocket for a coin to give the coat-room girl. Will got up and went to the edge of the moat, and I sauntered to the door of the tainted dining-room; I had no intention of getting into an argument with a worshipping female about Will's chair. When Will turned round our seats were of course gone. He looked sharply for me.

"Hadn't we better drop round some morning after breakfast," I said, "and lie in wait for them?" And I handed in my coat-check.

"I think it would be safer to spend the night," said Will mournfully, casting another look at our lost chairs and reaching reluctantly for his check.

I hurried him out on the democratic sidewalk before he had time to propose engaging rooms at once.

"Well, where shall we have a bit of luncheon?" said I, opening the subject that was uppermost in my mind. "Have you ever been to 'The Three-Legged Stool'?"

"No. Shall we see anything worth seeing?"

"Yes," said I; "we shall see food."

U. S. A.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

PINNER.

In all your life you 'll never meet
Another place like Pinner;
There it 's always clean and neat,
Always time for dinner.

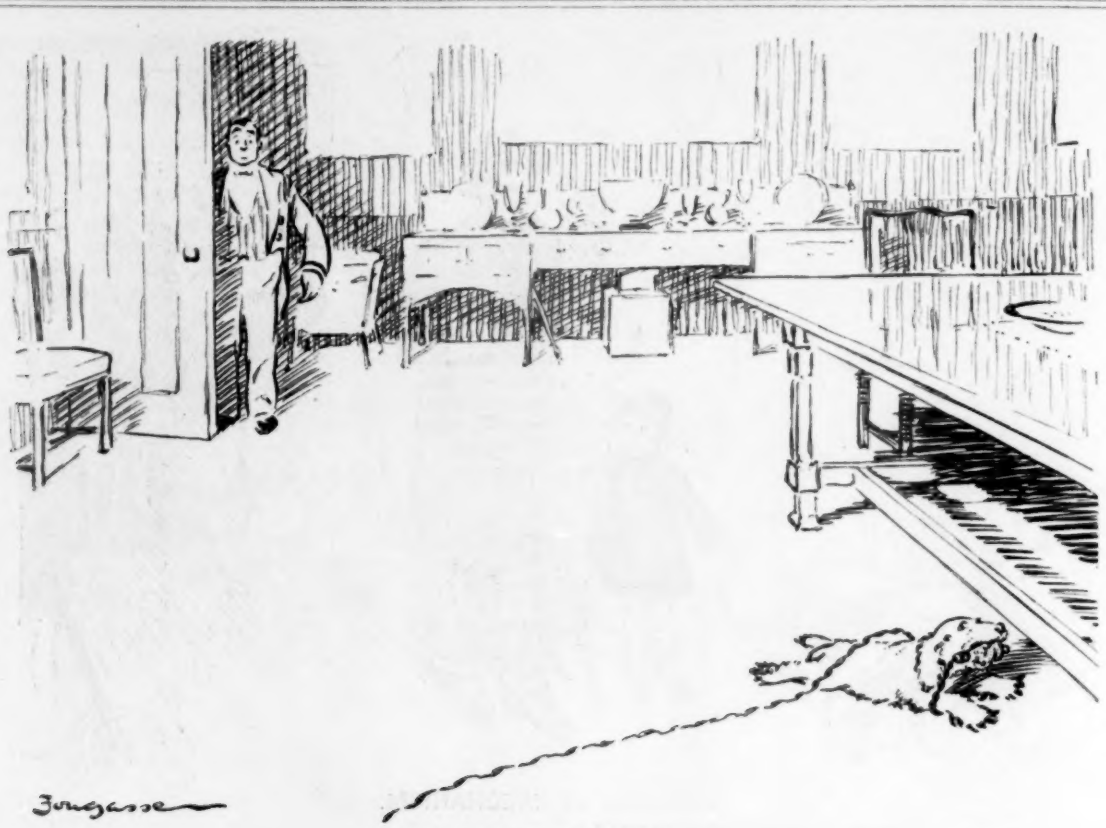
Houses red and white and trim,
Their hair all parted neatly;
All the gardens ruled and prim,
And windows veiled discreetly.

Babies live there in their prams,
All washed and white and frilly,
With curly hair like woolly lambs
And faces just as silly.

And little aproned grey old maids
Sometimes trip demurely,
Their hair screwed up in tiny braids,
Their waists squeezed in securely.

All the garden paths are straight,
All the knockers gleaming;
No one there is ever late,
No one thinks of dreaming.

P'r'aps when I 'm a grey old maid,
Yellower and thinner,
And *never* have my things mislaid,
I shall live at Pinner.



"ER—DID YOU RING, SIR?"

LYRA LUNATICA.

WHERE the Dalecarlian digits pullulate in deep disdain
Or the Montessorian midgets hurtle o'er the wild Ukraine,
Or the winsome anaconda issues from its spicy lair
In the caverns of Golconda, to pursue the Polar bear—

Where sagacious Theopompus, rising from the nether Shades,
With the ghost of Katawampus, Satrap of the Everglades,
Wanders in celestial coma through the Arimaspian zone,
Where the giant sloth's aroma breathes its odorous monotone—

Where upon the hill of Tara, steeped in sacramental sheen,
Like a Satrap of Sahara sits the sable Rosaleen;
Where the sage prosodiarchal, guardian of Mount Capricorn,
Makes the dusky landscape darkle with his Fontarabian horn—

Where, amid the bombinations of the awful asymptote,
Salicylic exhalations rise from out the holophote
On the sunlit coasts of Guinea, where the garrulous baboon
And the silent piccaninny wallow in the blue lagoon—

Thither would I wend, O thither, and, diaphanously clad,
Ever delicately dither on my hairless writing-pad,
Were it not that sordid reasons, when I feel the "urge" to roam
Far afield at fitting seasons, force me to remain at home.

Rome, where NERO and LOCUSTA make a strong appeal to me,
Owing to my *res angusta* I shall never live to see;
But the wireless apparatus that I've purchased second-hand
May provide a slight afflatus as I listen to the band.

For the rest, although unable to explore exotic scenes
In the lurid lands of fable, since I haven't got the means,
From the city's din and flurry and the perils of the street
To the hinterland of Surrey I contentedly retreat.

* * * * * * *

Place me somewhere west of Woking and its everlasting links,
Where the croakers cease from croaking when I take my forty winks,
Where in peaceable collusion with the heather and the pines,
I can string in calm seclusion endless idiotic lines.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Having, so it says, won the Election for Mr. Baldwin, the Press Trust is very busy giving him his orders. A pleasant dream, from which the Inky Monster will shortly awaken to the cold world of fact. For, like Galileo, the Premier cares for none of these things."—*Weekly Paper.*

"—— Hotel, Dancing and Xmas Festivities. Write for Prog. and Terms."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

An Oxford man writes to say he doesn't object to the Terms, but he draws a line at the Prog.

Following upon the recent theft of fifteen mail-bags:—

"Orders have been given to all district offices that in future the mail-bags must never be left to the mercy of audacious thieves."
Daily Paper.

That 's the best of a stable Government; they know when to shut the stable door.

CINEMEDUCATION.

(By our Educational Expert.)

THE opening of a season of morning shows of pictures at the Tivoli, primarily for the benefit of parents "who are taking children up West for the Christmas holidays," has not yet received the attention which it deserves. It often happens that an innovation introduced for one purpose turns out to serve another of far greater importance. The aim of the Tivoli management is avowedly to cater for a holiday audience. Yet, without knowing it, they are paving the way for a beneficent revolution which may solve the two great problems of the hour—housing and education.

The number of cinemas on the one hand and of elementary and secondary school-houses on the other, according to investigations that I have recently carried out, is practically identical. The schools are used in the day-time, the cinemas (mostly) after six o'clock. The logic of these facts is irresistible, yet no one has so far formulated a scheme for utilising this waste of accommodation and educational facilities.

I propose therefore that all existing school-houses should be converted into tenements for the housing of the working classes, while all primary and secondary education should be carried on during the daytime in the picture-palaces. No doubt a certain amount of internal reconstruction of the school-houses would be necessary, but even so the cost would be enormously less than that required for building new houses.

As an economic proposition the scheme is above criticism. But the educational advantages inherent in the change are even more striking.

The "Pictures" are already the chief recreation of ninety-five per cent. of the children of the working-classes, and the principle that education should be recreative is now admitted by ninety-five per cent. of the most enlightened educationalists. But, as matters now stand, children are unable to avail themselves of this enlightening process during the mornings, when they are in their most receptive condition, and can only attend occasionally in the afternoons and mostly in the evenings. I note that a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*, who welcomes the "morning shows" at the Tivoli as likely to prove a great attraction for the holiday season, anticipates further salutary developments in other directions. "It only remains," he observes, "for breakfast-time cabarets and morning theatres to be put on in order for the list of London amusements to work right round the clock." The vista is indeed magnificently alluring, but it only provides for the needs of the adult pleasure-seeker. The child is father to the man, and, if our children are to grow up into uncompromising and whole-hearted votaries of the gospel of self-expression through amusement—the cardinal doctrine of the age—it is imperatively needful that they should be furnished with every facility for cultivating and stimulating their subconscious urge towards excitement and hilarity.

Of these facilities the "Pictures" are undoubtedly the most potent, influential and inspiring. Their superiority to the spoken drama is already proved by the vastly higher salaries paid to the leading film stars; while as a liberal education in style the terse yet vivid diction employed by the composers of the "captions" and scenarios of the film—redolent of the neo-Semitic culture of Hollywood—is worth a wilderness of grammars and text-books. Lastly, the cinema is the best school of physical culture, in view of the gymnastic feats of the heroes of the screen. An intelligent child who models him- or her- self on these exemplars has nothing to learn, even from the most agile and expert of cat-burglars.

To sum up, let our slogan be: "Schools for houses and Cinemas for schools." This way, and this way alone, salvation lies from the ruinous schemes promoted by all political parties.



Daughter of House (to self-conscious father emerging cautiously from his dressing-room as Santa Claus). "OH, DADDY! THAT DREADFUL OLD DRESSING-GOWN!"

Commercial Modesty.

"They represent value unequalled by few—and unsurpassed by none."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

From a review:—

"The author's own suggestion is that the captain went mad (from religious mania, he thinks, owing to the presence of a harmonium in his cabin)."—*Sunday Paper.*

A new terror seems to have been added to this instrument.



First Flapper (discussing proposal of marriage made to her friend). "WELL, I'M GOING TO BED, AND YOU MUST MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND. ANYHOW, THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY YOUR LIFE OUT AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."
Second Flapper. "OH, ISN'T THERE? MY OPTION ON THE MAN EXPIRES AT TEN."

THE HAUNTED BATHROOM.

"YES, Sir," the little chambermaid had assured me as I went up to bed, "there is plenty of nice hot water for a bath." How delightful it was to look forward to the homely wholesome comfort of hot water in white enamel to dispel the clammy gloom induced by an evening with Major Bogey's work on "Authentic Spectres"!

I hope you don't know the book. Should it by any evil chance come into your hands, as it came into mine on the eve of a long lonely journey into the country, leave it at home, as I had failed to do.

At the tiny country hotel I was the only visitor, that is to say, the only *visible* and *tangible* one. After some hours over Major Bogey, I knew that there was probably a variety of inimical entities, imperceptible to my gross senses, lurking even in the coffee-room.

Well, a cheery hot bath would exorcise the worst of Major Bogey's devils, I told myself as I slipped into my dressing-gown. Arrived at the bathroom I was aware of a light under the door. No sound came from within, and I concluded that some miserable creature had forestalled me with the bath, and had been drowned in it, as he deserved. I turned the handle noisily and gave the door a push. Locked inside evidently.

On the off-chance that my supplanter was only asleep, I returned to my room and battened on the ghastly pabulum of Major Bogey for another quarter of an hour, learning quite a lot about a sub-species of malevolence which oozes through stone-work in the form of a nauseating vapour, and on the further side resolves itself into a wan crouching thing that leaps just when you're not ready. Then, goose-flesh from nape to heel, I tried the bathroom fortifications again, with no happier result. This time, however, I was struck by the unnatural appearance of that radiation beneath the door. It was pale and it was unsteady. It wavered as if some shape were moving and gesturing between the light and the door. Major Bogey tells of an elemental that carries on just like that for the benefit of lonely householders.

I am however a naturally brave man and, after giving the handle another turn and the door another push, I stooped down to see if it were really locked. I confess that an eel-shaped flash of icy horror wriggled up my spine as I realised that it was not, and yet Something within resisted my weight when I pushed.

It is a dreadful thing to be kept out of your bath by a supernatural. For a moment I thought of summoning the landlord; then suddenly an inspiration came to me. Instead of pushing the door when I turned the handle, I pulled it. It opened easily. And there was my bath looking very beautiful under the fluctuating light of an incandescent gas-burner.

W. K. H.

"WHERE TO DINE.
21*s.* per inch.
—— Restaurant."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Gourmands, take warning.

"Forty domestic servants left England recently for Canada. Thirty-eight of them became engaged either on the voyage or on the train journey to Winnipeg, and were married within a month of sailing from Liverpool."
Canadian Paper.

Like the girl in the song, who wanted to go to Birmingham and was taken on to Crewe, these young persons wanted to go to the Dominion and found themselves in a United State.

"The lecturer said that all the ridiculous things that history had handed down under the title of romance had been the feats of men in love. Hero used to swim the Hellespont to meet his ladylove, but though his name was Hero, he wasn't a hero; he was simply a fool."
Irish Paper.

But the dear girl Leander didn't think so.



THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

SHADE OF CHARLES DICKENS } (*together*). "SO THIS IS CHRISTMAS!"
CHRISTMAS-CARD ROBIN . . }

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 15th.—Back from his grand tour on the Continent the FOREIGN SECRETARY took the oath and his seat, prior to giving the House of Commons some account of his experiences. He spent more time in Rome than he did in Paris; and it must, I think, have been from Signor MUSSOLINI rather than from M. HERRIOT that he had caught the slight touch of imperiousness that marked his manner—usually so suave.

Or it may have been due to the selection of Mr. TREVELYAN as the Mover of the Opposition Amendment; for the late Minister of Education has inherited from his great-uncle some measure of the irritating omniscience that drove a critic to express the wish that he were "as cocksure about anything as Tom Macaulay is about everything." Apparently Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not at all enjoy being lectured by the "superior purzon" of the Labour Party or appreciate as he should have done the apophthegm that "a successful ultimatum is not necessarily successful statesmanship." Another of Mr. TREVELYAN'S *dicta*, "We cannot afford to be in permanent half-relations with Russia," rather puzzled me. My neighbour furnished a possible explanation: "He means that the Russians are our steppe-brothers."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN observed that "to hear a really anti-British speech" he had to come to the House of Commons. At the League Council, apparently, he had heard nothing but compliments. That may have been because thorny questions were studiously evaded. He himself had put aside the Protocol on the ground that the Cabinet had not had time to discuss it; and Allied Debts because they were Mr. CHURCHILL'S affair. "Why bark yourself when you keep a dog?"

As for Egypt, his foreign friends had not mentioned it, though he would have been delighted to tell them, as he now told the House, that we regarded ourselves as Trustees for the Soudan, and that all we asked of Egypt was that she would work with us and not against us.

The temperature of the House did not rise much until the FOREIGN SECRETARY got on to Russia. His references to the ZINOVIEFF letter—copies had come from four separate sources and it was undoubtedly authentic—provoked several interruptions, and drew from Mr. NEIL MCLEAN the strange avowal that he had "no friends in Moscow or in any other part of Russia." Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was still inclined to indulge his mood of belated scepticism. The authenticity of the letter was still "not proven." Anyhow the present Government had no right to scrap the Treaties with the Soviet. "You tore up the Agreement with the Imperial Conference," Sir W. DAVISON reminded him. "That," said the EX-PREMIER loftily, "was an internal matter." And he concluded by warning the Government against the loss of Russian trade: "While Foreign Offices might frown upon Russia, counting-houses were going to smile upon her." Not in the City of London, I fancy, unless the Bankers change their minds or the Soviet its methods.



SNAPDRAGON.

RAMSAY and DAVID. "WONDER IF HE 'LL BURN HIS FINGERS AS WE DID?"

The remainder of the debate was remarkable for an excellent maiden speech by Mr. DUFF-COOPER, who showed a knowledge, a tolerance and a wit that augur well for the young bloods of the Tory Party, and an almost equally promising effort by Mr. TAYLOR, who won Lincoln for Labour at the General Election.

Tuesday, December 16th.—If trade with Russia does not revive it is not for lack of official support—on the part of the Soviet Government. According to Lord NEWTON nearly a thousand persons concerned with the "trade and miscellaneous services" of the Russian Mission have been admitted to this country. Moreover their activities required the services of twenty couriers, who brought with them sealed luggage, which underwent no examination whatever. What was in those mysterious bags his lordship did not know, but, seeing that the main article of Russian export was revolutionary propaganda, he thought he could guess. He urged that far greater stringency in the admission of Soviet officials should be exercised, and that any who were suspected of interfering with our domestic affairs should be summarily deported.

A couple of months ago Lord CURZON might conceivably have taken a similar line. But the result of the General Election has restored his confidence. There was no flaw that he could see in the adequacy of our visa system; the number of persons connected with the Russian Embassy did not seem unduly large; and, as for the other Russians admitted, they came mainly for ordinary business purposes, "sometimes merely to visit the British Museum." The public might rest assured that the Government would continue to take all possible steps to prevent them from waging a campaign against our institutions. I place no credence, however, in the rumour that the Chief Librarian is to be furnished with a machine-gun.

A defect in the military qualifications of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was revealed when, in reply to a request for delay in the extension of Catterick Camp, he regretted his inability to "mark time."

The anticipation of a duel over the Housing Question, between the late Minister of Health and his successor, brought a large attendance.

If neither was quite at his best, this was because the Housing problem requires the mention of too many figures. Mr. WHEATLEY set out to prove that it could not be solved by private enterprise, while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was convinced that it could, provided that new methods of construction, such as Lord WEIR'S steel houses, were adopted. But there seemed to me to be a certain gingerliness on all sides in approaching what, after all, is the main *crux* of the



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

"BY JOVE! JONES IS KEEN ON THE OLD CUSTOMS! THEY 'RE JUST CARRYING IN A YULE-LOG TO HIS PLACE. (*Pause*) NO, I 'M WRONG—IT 'S JONES."

question, namely, that wages and capital move, economically, hand-in-hand. People who charge a high price for their labour cannot expect abundant houses at pre-war rents.

Wednesday, December 17th.—The last day of the debate on the Address was also the best. The PRIME MINISTER put out his new Imperial Trade scheme, and drew the fire of most of the big guns opposite. Faithful to his pledge of "no food taxes" Mr. BALDWIN has confined himself to an extension of the Safeguarding of Industries Act and a subsidy for the development of inter-Imperial trade; but the modesty of his plan did not save it from attack by the Free Traders, both Labour and Liberal. Mr. SNOWDEN was the most ferocious; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (who has a past on this question) was a little more restrained. But both saw in the scheme the germ of a general tariff. Mr. CHURCHILL also has a past on this question—more than one, indeed. But he is the last man to be afraid of his own ghost, or ghosts, and he wound up the debate with a lively defence of his new chief's proposals.

BOY-SONGS.

V.—BIRDS' LATIN.

A.D. 1040.

IF he would have our memory filled
With all the dusty lore of Rome,
Why did our master choose to build
His home so near the small birds' home?
While we with rhetoric strive
And over grammar pore,
It seems that all the birds alive
Are singing round the door.

Sometimes the wisest of the birds
Perch on the sill, though not for long;
So have they learnt two Latin words
And mix them sometimes with their song;
Beyond the wooden wall,
From leafy gleams of sky,
"*Venite, pueri,*" they call,
"*Venite, pueri!*"

Is it not hard to twist one's brows
O'er PRISCIAN (would he had ne'er been born!)
When birds are piping in the boughs
From the first glimpses of the morn?
I would their new-learnt lay
Were not so plain to me;
"*Venite, pueri,*" they say
As clearly as can be.

I and the other boys are sure
That we have rightly understood
The words with which they try to lure
Our thoughts away into the wood.
Before our master grew
So old and grave and grim,
Did never a bird, when skies were blue,
Call "*Veni, puer,*" to him?

D. M. S.

From an interview with the new P.R.A.:—

"'I think I am rather old for the position' . . Mr. Dicksee was born on November 27, 1953."
Daily Paper.

Not a bit too old.

From a list of Christmas services:—

"Evensong (with cards) at 4."
Parish Magazine.

If we remember right, the same thing occurred last year; we fear it is becoming a habit.

THE EXPLANATION.

I HOPE that I shall always have enough control of my movements and affairs—the entrances and exits of daily life—to be able to absent me from publicity awhile if by any chance I acquire a black-eye. For walking out with a black-eye is a double trial: the black-eye is in itself a painful humiliation, and the explanation of it becomes a bore.

Let me tell you.

I emerged from the Temple Station the other morning at the same moment as Fairclough. Fairclough is a good-looking man, the usual age, carefully dressed, whom I have known for years. Short of having been inside his house or even knowing where it is, and what the constitution of his family, if any, I may be said to know him well. We sit often next to each other at lunch, opposite each other at cards, and I can give him 15 in 100. That kind of intimacy. As to his character—but you shall hear.

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed, "what on earth has happened to you?" For Fairclough, whose features are normally in the most perfect condition, was wearing a black-eye of such dimensions that a nimbus, an aura, of purple and green spread beyond the surgical shade which was supposed to conceal the blemish and mottled the surrounding territory of brow and cheek.

Fairclough told me.

His foot had caught in a loose mat as he entered the dining-room; he had fallen and hit his eye against the sideboard.

I expressed sympathy; he smiled wanly, and we parted in search of our offices, saying simultaneously, "See you at lunch."

On my way to lunch I caught up with Fairclough talking to a man on the pavement.

"And hit it a fearful crack against the sideboard," he was saying.

"Rough luck!" said the man.

Fairclough and I walked on together, and I was thus, if not in the best, in the second best, position to observe what a sensation a man with a black-eye can cause in a London thoroughfare. I should say that, next to an Italian repairing the asphalte, it is the most exciting spectacle extant, although, of course, a policeman taking a motorist's number would never be neglected by the real epicure of sensation.

In Trafalgar Square we met a mutual acquaintance, a famous comedian, who asked Fairclough what on earth he had been doing.

Fairclough told him.

His foot, he said, had tripped on a loose mat as he was entering his dining-room, he had fallen and caught his eye on the corner of the sideboard.

"Take care you don't get erysipelas," said the man and passed on.

I may say at once that ours is a club where black eyes are rare, and Fairclough's therefore came in for a share of notice.

While we were hanging up our coats three men, one after the other, asked him where he had picked up that beauty spot.

He told them.

He said that he had tripped on a loose mat as he was entering his dining-room and had fallen and hit his eye on the sideboard.

While we were washing our hands two men inquired about the origin of the injury which Fairclough had received.

Fairclough told them.

During lunch he was asked by a dozen men how he came to have damaged himself like that. Some of these men caught sight of him as they entered the door; others as they were about to sit down; others as they were beginning to choose their lunch and write it down, and these broke off their choosing in order to commiserate with Fairclough. I had not thought of him as so popular. Indeed, with two eyes in a normal state he had always seemed a rather negligible man; but thus contused he was a magnet.

To each one in turn, unless two or more happened to surround him at once, Fairclough related the occurrence. He had tripped, he said, over a loose mat as he entered his dining-room and had fallen and hit his eye against the sideboard.

"Very dangerous things, those rugs,"



Near-sighted Dame. "OH, DEAR, THESE NEW-FANGLED PILLAR-BOXES! WHERE DOES ONE PUT THE LETTER IN?"

said one of the men, one of our leading jesters.

Another, also famous for chaff, said, "I'm surprised you don't stay indoors. Very serious if you caught cold in it."

Fairclough said that he had been nursing it in the dark for two days but was too busy to stay in any longer.

In the smoking-room three other men asked Fairclough what was the matter with his eye, and he told them. He told them patiently and carefully, and then, when he had finished his coffee and his cigar, he returned to his office.

* * * * *

Now there are (to me) two interesting points about this calamitous and monotonous history. One is that my poor friend was telling the truth: he actually had caught his foot on a loose rug, fallen and hit his eye on the sideboard. The second is that every man who heard the explanation said to himself, "I wonder what mess old Fairclough has been getting into now?" But such is the simplicity of Fairclough's personality that no one even hinted scepticism.

How I can hear them requesting me, for instance, to "come off it!" if I had put up such an explanation, however veracious!

E. V. L.

"A School of Church Music will be held on Friday evening from 10.30 to 5.30, for Clergy, Organists and Choirmasters."
Diocesan Magazine.

All-night "Waits" must look to their laurels.

"Technical Assistant (21), apprenticed in 200 million gasworks, desires post as Assistant."
Technical Journal.

He seems to have had some experience.

From a medical advertisement:—

"WHAT TO DO WHEN BABY HAS A COD."
Provincial Paper.

Fillet it!

From a broadcasting programme:—

"8.30.—The Very Rev. ——, D.D., Professor of Apologetics: Religious Address.
9.0. Cantata.
'SLEEPERS, WAKE.'"
Wireless Paper.

We imagine that the Professor has since given a lesson in Apologetics to the compiler of the programme.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

II.—HOUSING.

DESPITE its large and steadily-increasing population, Filmland would seem to have no housing problem. Rarely is the eye distressed by the pathetic spectacle of newly-married couples tramping forlornly in search of desirable residences. The Filmland house-agent is a nice, polite, obliging fellow, cheerful at times to the point of frivolity. Even in the suburbs one may actually see empty houses; these, it would appear, are left unoccupied in order that harassed criminals may have somewhere to deposit their gagged and doped victims.

This pleasant state of affairs is the more surprising to the stranger in that he so infrequently sees a Filmland bricklayer building a house; and when that does occur the bricklayer in question is invariably a comic bricklayer who seems to be better at dropping bricks than laying them. No doubt, however, there is behind this universal willingness on the part of the hospitable Filmlanders to amuse the visitor to their shores more than meets the eye. It may be that the *penchant* of the Filmland bricklayer for gay buffoonery makes for a more rapid trade output than is common among the less hilarious artisans of other lands. The point should be worthy of investigation by the student of labour conditions. Anyway, there are the houses, and very nice houses too, some of them.

Rents must be fairly reasonable in Filmland, for the number of people who live magnificently in country mansions and mediæval castles is amazing. Almost everybody who is anybody and can afford to wear evening dress lives in a country mansion or a mediæval castle. Wonderful places they are, too—and such staircases! It is not surprising that the residents like to spend a lot of their time walking up and down stairs; they must feel more prosperous every time they do it.

If these sumptuous residences have a drawback, it is that the architect has insisted upon constructing alcoves and secret hiding-places where people may conceal themselves and overhear other people's conversation. Many a wealthy Filmlander has been brought to public disfavour and even ruin by living in or visiting one of these houses. You would suppose that a person with a guilty conscience would not take the risk, but no doubt he (or she) considers that the staircase is worth it.



"ALCOVES AND SECRET HIDING-PLACES WHERE PEOPLE MAY CONCEAL THEMSELVES AND OVERHEAR OTHER PEOPLE'S CONVERSATION."

It is an unwritten law of Filmland that couples who are unhappy in their married life must be very rich, and live in luxurious flats amid the giddy whirl of a great city; therefore no expense has been spared to meet the requirements of this extensive and profitable class of client. Everything that a conscientious architect and house-furnisher can think of as calculated to reflect ironically a loveless marriage is there in lavish profusion. A husband and wife, living in one of these flats, soon get thoroughly soaked in that atmosphere of mutual contempt and suspicion which in Filmland is necessary to the slow but sure realisation that money is not everything. It takes months of expensive misery and misunderstanding to bring this about, but the flat pegs away with its moral lesson, and eventually the tenants kiss one another in the best bedroom and go away and live happily ever after—probably in the great wild spaces.

Mention of the great wild spaces brings me to a very important side-line of the Filmland house question, namely, the provision of log-cabins, trappers' huts, ranch buildings, miners' shacks and so on. Business in these is good, as quite a lot of Filmlanders have a perfect passion for great wild spaces.

Sometimes they seek them out for trade purposes, but more often they have a sentimental reason, or wish to be somewhere where they can sit all alone on a lofty peak and blow their chests out, or look sad and wistful, according to their state of mind.

The log-cabin and lonely shack are very popular with old men who wish to die and leave a young girl or a simple boob to fight the battle of life with the help of an axe, a faithful dog and an undecipherable document. These old fellows have a rooted objection to dying within reasonable distance of a railway station, and so the log cabin, isolated in the midst of a great white silence, with snow banking up over the roof and dropping down the chimney, meets a very real need and is in constant demand. It is a picturesque building when the snow has been scraped off it; a trifle draughty inside, judging from the way things are blown about, but fitted with a stout door that is capable of holding out almost indefinitely against the most ferocious attack.



"THAT ATMOSPHERE OF MUTUAL CONTEMPT AND SUSPICION."

Taking everything into consideration, those desirous of residing amid the great wild spaces of Filmland are well catered for, and as yet there are no indications of over-crowding.

A LITERARY DUCHESS.

THE reader of an article on "Why Women Make Good Mothers" by the Duchess of Bling, in *The Daily Guff*, experiences certain emotions, naturally. But how seldom is it realised that the event creates no small thrill in the ducal household also!

Ere yet it is dawn, below stairs they are speaking of her Grace with a new awe. The butler, putting down the paper at last and replacing his pince-nez in their case, remarks that it strikes him as a particularly able piece of work. The second kitchenmaid thinks it 's lovely.

A copy of the paper is placed discreetly on her Grace's tray by the maid who takes early tea to her bedside. Her Grace regards it at first with faint perplexity, then says, smiling kindly, "Oh, I understand. Thank you, Parkiss." And the maid, blushing at her daring, blurts out, "We've all read it, your Grace, and think it simply splendid."

On that glad morning the Duchess rises briskly, eager to begin the day. Her bright carolling in the bathroom and at the dressing-table fills the house with gaiety. It wakes the Duke, who wonders what the dooce can have come over Anne.



"THESE OLD FELLOWS HAVE A ROOTED OBJECTION TO DYING WITHIN REASONABLE DISTANCE OF A RAILWAY STATION."

The Duke descends to breakfast, proceeding by way of the picture-gallery, the ballroom, the banqueting-hall, the unhaunted chamber, and so along the west corridor to the head of the great staircase. He prefers this route because of the exercise.

Entering the breakfast-room, he greets his wife, then lifts lid after lid of the golden dishes, and finally settles down to his egg. He stares at the radiant butler and his smiling minions, and remarks without sympathy, "Everybody seems beastly cheerful this morning." He shoves aside *The Daily Guff* from his plate and asks when it will be understood that he likes to see *The Morning Post* at breakfast.

The butler, a tactful man, retires, taking his staff with him, though he would dearly like to stay. "I am reading *The Post* this morning, darling," says her Grace.

She has not called him "darling" since the third anniversary of her wedding-day, and the Duke bestows on her a stare similar in every detail to the one he gave the butler. "Do look at *The Daily Guff*," she adds.

With an air of protest he contemptuously unfolds the sheet, to find what everybody else has already seen.

"Did you write this? All by yourself? No, but really?" asks the Duke, pride struggling with amazement in his honest English face. With pretty nods and sidelong glances her Grace confesses.

He jumps from his chair, passes swiftly round the table and takes his wife in his arms. "Why, my dear, you are a genius!" he exclaims. "And to think that I never knew."

Soon, you may be sure, the telephone bell rings busily with the calls of friends who hasten to congratulate. Telegrams pour in from all parts of the country. Her Grace's mother is an early visitor. "My child!" she cries, folding her to her bosom.

And it is with a new spring in his step and a proud light in his eye that the Duke goes off to his club that day, where he mentions to his friends, "My wife, you know—writes in the daily Press—quite a graceful pen."

"At Lingfield to-day, F. Rees rode his hundredth dinner of the year under National Hunt Rules."—*North-Country Paper.*

No one can touch him when it is a question of plates and stakes.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

CO-OPERATION and optimism are two such excellent things that one is glad to see that admirable firm of entertainers, The Co-Optimists, coming back into their best form. A certain staleness seemed to hang over them for a period; but now—I hope they will not disdain the compliment—they are a credit to their distinguished forbears, The Follies, at their best; and sometimes run them very close indeed.

After the opening chorus, in which each favourite in turn is spot-lit and makes his or her introduction in punning quatrains of unequal merit; a sentimental trio, in which Mr. STANLEY HOLLOWAY in a eupeptic manner sings of LOVE, capably assisted by two charming Co-Optimistes, Miss DORIS BENTLEY and Miss NETA UNDERWOOD; and a prehistoric sketch, after E. T. REED, which gave us nothing which we had not seen better done in this now somewhat outworn *genre*, the team really gets into its stride with a most diverting turn, in which Mr. GILBERT CHILDS, the premier comic lion of the troupe, "defying the Actors' Association," gave us a whole double pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood" and "Robin Hood," by a deft manipulation of hats, wands, weapons and other properties, including the most valuable property of all, a face which seems capable of almost infinite expansion, contraction and adroit distortion. Followed, after a graceful sentimental interlude by the Misses BENTLEY and UNDERWOOD, a quite first-rate piece of work by the gentlemen of the troupe, Messrs. BURNABY, GIDEON, CHARLES, HOLLOWAY, MELFORD and the aforesaid CHILDS—"Operatic Motoring"—in which a very entertaining book by Mr. GREATREX NEWMAN was fitted to an ingenious medley of popular airs of the last twenty years or so.

I should like to submit at this point that, if Mr. NEWMAN is responsible, as my programme seems to indicate, for all the new turns, he deserves a most hearty vote of thanks. He has a capacity for turning a lyric in the musical-comedy sense, or a ballad, with greater neatness and less fatuity than is common, and has at command a repertory of really jolly silly jokes, which may not perhaps look so very wonderful in print, but offered at a good speed and to the accompaniment of high spirits, are the life-blood of this sort of show. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD and Miss ANITA ELSON, a very dainty young lady, interpose a more than usually attractive sentimental duet—"In Chelsea Somewhere." In "The Man Who Smokes a Pipe," Mr. CHILDS goes as near *lèse-majesté* in



MR. DAVIDSKI BURNABOFF.

the presentation of a Pr-me M-n-st-r as is allowable; but, as this study is an entirely friendly one and unquestionably an excellent advertisement for the first commoner in the realm, I take it nothing untoward will be done about it; other Ministers may indeed be led to consider if something similar couldn't be arranged for them. But I wonder what Mr. GLADSTONE would have said in 1884!

The first part closed with a really excellent joke, which I hope our Russian visitors may be able to see—a riotous parody of *The Bat*, *The Blue Bird* and the DIAGHILEFF Ballet, beginning with a lifelike presentation of the cleverly calculated eccentrics of Mr. NIKITA BALIEFF, followed by the most diverting "Song of the Very Volgar Boatmen," in which Mr. "STANISLAUS HOLLOVA'S" rich voice boomed forth in a plausibly Muscovitish manner. Mr. "DAVIDSKI BURNABOFF'S" "Flickering of the Swan," to the strains of SAINT-SAËNS, if it was something of a sacrilege on the very boards on which the admirable PAVLOVA first made her lovely swan quiver exquisitely to death, was a satisfactory grotesque, point being added by the shooting of an arrow from the wings into the large of the back—a joke that of course has an eternal quality—and by the stage-manager giving the *coup de grâce* with a miss-firing pistol. The full strength of the company ragged "Le Train Bleu" in an outrage happily named "Le 'Bus Rouge," in which the company was appreciably augmented by a new and excellent version of an old Follies' device. I am sorry we were not permitted to see the first performance of "The Unfaithful Charlotte Russe," an "*operette dansée*, in no Acts, founded on an old Cossack legend, 'Where my Caviare has Rested,'" because it augurs well; and I hope Mr. NEWMAN and his colleagues will proceed to extremities in this promising matter.

Of the second part I liked the full company in an audacious restaurant idyll; and "The Silent Prompter," of which I will leave Mr. Punch's artist to explain the motive, drew delighted laughter from a now thoroughly warmed-up house. An "educational" version of the triangular drama has also a novel and most ingenious point which description would spoil. Two favourite items from the last programme, "Crinoline Gown" and a brace of ballads, were repeated by the ever-popular Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON. I could wish that this artist would sometimes vary a little that saccharine note of wistful poignancy; I think his performance would gain. But I am sure his audience does not, on the whole, agree with me, and as a good business man he is no doubt right to continue with a sound selling line.



Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD *(to Miss* ANITA ELSON*).* "I WAS HER ONLY—HER ONLY——"

Mr. GILBERT CHILDS *(prompter) silently symbolises the missing word,* "SUPPORT."



BOBBIE TAKES HIS POWDER LIKE A GOOD GIRL.

"Missing the 'Bus," with which no item even in this admirable new programme can compare for artistry, is also repeated. Mr. CHILDS is at his best; Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY is as good as anything in this kind can possibly be. Why, oh why, has she not more to do? A most satisfactory show. T.

From a description of the State opening of Parliament:—

"The blue ribbon of the Star and Garter . . . lent a fitting touch of splendour."
Sunday Paper.

Splendour coupled with sobriety.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"For answer, Patsy put her head in his."
Weekly Paper.

One of those heroes with a fine open countenance.

From an article on the coming match between England and the All-Blacks:—

"England Rugby was never better than it is to-day; forward science as applied to the game by W. W. Wakefield brings out modernism at its best, and the *materiel* outside was never more luxurious."—*Morning Paper.*

In that case it 's about time the English backs went into hard training for January 3rd.

THE SAINTLY CREDITOR.

Oh, France and Italy, by whom
Such pounds and pounds are
owed to me,
I fail to find a cause of gloom
In that superb insolvency.
This is the time
Of pantomime,
The Yule log roars, the lights
are on the tree!

I used to feel profoundly bored
When people told me as a boy
That virtue was its own reward,
Containing some interior joy.

I took the notion in my skull,
Or bagged it from some other kid,
That virtue was extremely dull
If that was all that virtue did.

We change with years. The growing man,
To goodness for its own sake drawn,
Finds it a healthier tonic than
His pinch of breakfast salts at dawn.

The knowledge of his own pure life
Lived in a world dyed dark with sins
Helps him to tolerate his wife
And fills his veins with vitamins.

Such is the sweet and conscious thrill
That warms me up like bubbling wine
In paying Uncle Sam his bill
While France goes on neglecting mine.

With Italy the thing 's the same:
Were MUSSOLINI at my side
Panting to settle up his claim
I should prefer my English pride.

And what if France and Italy
Return their loans to Uncle Sam,
Yet still refuse to "part" for me?
It 's doubly pleased and proud I am.

Shall I not feel where'er I go
That clouds of heavenly blessing pour
(Mixed with a little rain and snow)
On me the matchless creditor?

Shall not the thought that, free from guile,
I lift the load from all men's backs,
Help to enlarge the unctuous smile
With which I pay my income-tax?

Oh, France and Italy, to whom
I lent those pots of £ s. d.,
I fail to find a cause of gloom
In your superb insolvency.
This is the day
Of Santa's sleigh.
What are a few score million
pounds to me? EVOE.

THE WOMAN THAT WANTED BROCKLEY.

JUST at this time of year I confess I am a little reluctant to tell this story. It may conceivably check the flow of Christmas charity, which would be a pity. If there is any period of the year which might be set apart as a close time for rogues it is certainly the present. What with frost and fog, one thing and another, they cannot be getting much fun out of the pursuit of their normal vocation in the open street.

Still, it is almost too good to lose. One of those coincidences that really give the ready man his opportunity, the sort of thing that hitherto I had only read of in books. (There is a story rather like it, by the way, in CHARLES BROOKFIELD'S *Random Reminiscences*.) But this one actually happened to me, only about a week ago.

In the issue of *Punch* for February 14th, 1923, there appeared a little story of mine called "The Two Samaritans." It was, like so many stories of our childhood, founded on fact. One bleak afternoon I was addressed while on my way to the club by an elderly woman in black, prosperous enough in appearance, who wanted directions how to proceed to Brockley. Apparently she was applying for a situation with some family there as cook-housekeeper, and she was on the verge of tears. Brockley, she had imagined, was in London, and she had incautiously come up without enough to pay for her fare any further. It would cost about four-and-sixpence more, I gathered, to complete the journey; if she failed to get down that day all her labour would have been in vain.

Well, though inwardly I had the gravest doubts, I handed over five shillings, and she stuffed them away into a little bag that she carried with trembling hands. And she said, in a rather shaky voice, "Oh, you dear!"

So far the story as I told it was strictly accurate, though afterwards the habit of the fiction-writer prevailed, and I added a trifle of embroidery. I confess that it worried me, that exclamation of hers. I could not quite make up my mind whether the expression was merely inartistic, or whether it might not be an ebullition of genuine emotion.

Well, the other afternoon, as I was walking down to the club again (it was one of those very foggy afternoons), I heard myself addressed once more in nearly the same words.

"Excuse me troubling you, Sir," she began, "but I wonder if you could tell me how to get to Brockley?"

I looked up sharply, you may be sure, and there she was—the same fat florid face, the same prosperous figure in a sober, respectable black dress, the same little bag clutched in a black-gloved hand. I could hardly believe it at first. It seemed too good to be true.

"Would you mind walking with me a minute?" I said. "I'm rather in a hurry. What is it precisely you want?"

She turned to accompany me, nothing loth, and began the old story again, almost in the same words. She had come up from the country that morning in answer to an advertisement. And there she was. If she failed to get down to Brockley—all for lack of a beggarly four-and-sixpence—it would be money wasted. She had nothing but her return ticket.

The burly figure of a policeman loomed up indistinctly through the fog. I stopped.

"You might let me see that return half," I said easily.

I will say for the woman that she had some nerve. She opened her bag and began to search, but without effect. She executed a gesture intended to express despair.

"There now! I must 'ave gone and lost it too. And 'ow I 'm to get 'ome to-night I don't know."

"I doubt if you will," I put in. "Over there, in the fog, is a constable. I brought you in this direction because, nearly two years ago, you waylaid me just about here with the same story. You wanted to go to Brockley in answer to an advertisement for a cook-housekeeper then."

She displayed no emotion whatsoever. But she had nothing new to say; she had to fall back on her old story.

"I have to be there this afternoon, Sir," she repeated. "If you could give me a little 'elp."

"Suppose we go across here and tell the story to that policeman?" I suggested. "When we met two years ago I gave you five shillings."

"You were a dear," she said surprisingly. So surprisingly that I burst out laughing. I had not expected that little touch to be repeated.

I suppose I ought to have led her gently but firmly towards that massive constable. One has a duty to society in these matters, as many admirable bodies are always warning us. It was mere weakness to allow the woman to continue her depredations without making the slightest effort to check her.

At the same time she had not done me, personally, any harm. To be quite just, I had made considerably more out of her than the wretched five shillings she had extracted from me last time. Perhaps I really owed her another.

No, I did not go quite so far as that. But it was a very foggy afternoon. I looked round to see if my policeman was still there, and he seemed to have been swallowed up. When I turned round again to address my companion she had also disappeared. I saw a dim shadow hastily retreating towards Whitehall. I made no attempt to pursue it.

Of course she *may* have been another person altogether. Perhaps there is always a great demand for cook-housekeepers at Brockley. But, if she is my old acquaintance, I think it is time she invented a new story.

INTERCHANGE OF CULTURE.

[One of the Lamas now in London received from the representative of *The Evening Standard* the first cigarette picture he had ever seen. "This gift," says our contemporary, "made him an ardent collector at once."]

WHEN higher thinking was a shade
More elevated than at present,
Some lofty intellects essayed
(Conspicuously Mrs. BESANT),
By borrowing from wise Tibet,
To strengthen England's erudition,
But left us to repay the debt
Or make at least a composition.

Our small resources, if perhaps
Defective in the higher knowledge,
Should just suffice to fill the gaps
Left by an esoteric college;
I mean the cards the smoker gets
(Each picture with a text to back it),
By-products of the cigarettes
That sell at sixpence for the packet;

Whereby our children gravely learn
To mark the habits of the weevil,
To cheat the boll-worm or discern
The house-fly that her ways are evil;
To con the lives of flour or tea,
The cars the idle rich insist on,
Or locos of the L.N.E.
With inset drawings of the piston.

Since all the secrets science guards
Belong to him who can amass a
Complete collection of the cards,
Then let us send the light to Lhasa;
Let chelas hand the begging-bowl,
And let our kids, "acquiring merit,"
Yield up a not too sparing dole
Out of the riches they inherit.

Though, if the lamas spread the craze,
Tibet will know an added danger
When devil-dancers pause to gaze
Expectant on the smoking stranger;
When on the Road of Sultan CHAND
The young Lahuli and his sister
Hold up the yak-team to demand,
"*Got any cigarette-cards, Mister?*"

From the advertisement of a registry-office:—

"MANY GOOD MAIDS OF ALL KINDS."
Local Paper.

Personally, we were looking for a girl without one.



CIGAR-TIDE: CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OUR SUBURB.



First Sportsman (in brook). "I FEEL AS IF I 'D SWALLOWED ALL THE FISH IN THE STREAM."
Second ditto (owner of the fishing). "THEN YOU 'LL HAVE TO PUT 'EM BACK IF THEY 'RE UNDER A POUND. THAT 'S THE RULE HERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BEING one of those humdrum people who find ordinary life an almost all-sufficing element, I own that the spectacle of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, leaping like a flying-fish out of time and space through the best part of a score of short stories, is to me slightly distressing as well as dazzling. *Tongues of Fire* (JENKINS), however, is undoubtedly a book to buy if you enjoy being, as one of its characters says, "all turned round;" for there are barely a dozen of its pages which do not induce in the reader something of that "awe, horror and admiration" which were felt, if I have the words right, by the unforgettable fisherman who went down into the maelstrom. To those who like their marvels in measured doses, I recommend "The World-Dream of McCallister," in which a genuine mystical experience is condensed, as I think such things often are, into a few trivial words which have the property of exuding, so to speak, their undiminished content. For a skilful blend of the homely and horrible, I would prescribe the book's title-piece, the unvarnished tale of a judgment which was not deferred till the Last Day, and "Playing Catch," which has the additional merit of carrying its own explanation. "S. O. S." deals convincingly with an Alpine rescue, accomplished through something like telepathy; while "Nephelé," which recounts the brief intervention of a Roman dancing-girl in the affairs of her modern second self, makes, at any rate, a very graceful bid for the suspension of disbelief. Thorough-going mystery-lovers will prefer "The Pikestaffe Case," in which a middle-aged mathematician, the perfect lodger of a genteel but not incurious landlady, finds "a new direction" and betakes himself along it with one of his pupils. This and "Malahide and Forden" occupy, I think, the summit of Mr. BLACKWOOD's vertiginous art. But, if you want to see what enchanting work he can do without any occult aid whatever, read "Lost" and "The Falling Glass."

The initials "J. J." have a friendly ring in English ears from their association both with fact and fiction. They are worn to-day with great distinction not only by the Master of Trinity but by M. JUSSERAND, the eminent French diplomatist and author, who has made a special study of English letters and written about them with solid knowledge, keen appreciation and that happy blend of lucidity and vivacity in which his countrymen have always excelled. In his new volume, *The School for Ambassadors and Other Essays* (FISHER UNWIN), the paper on "What to Expect of Shakespeare" is a masterpiece of sanity, and the contrast between the encyclopædic inaccuracy of SHAKESPEARE and the encyclopædic pedantry of BEN JONSON would have gladdened the heart of BAGEHOT. "Good company is worth a carriage;" here it is worth more, for one travels in contact with a richly-stored mind which wears its learning like a flower and never makes one feel conscious of inferiority. M. JUSSERAND has always been a lover of games and physical exercises, climbing and swimming and real tennis; and, in a delightful paper on "the game of kings," he has solved the problem of the derivation of the English version of its name. The longest, most opportune and most valuable essay in the book is that from which it takes its name—a truly luminous survey of the origin, growth and vicissitudes of that high calling, enriched with a wealth of felicitous anecdote and based on the experience of a lifetime devoted to realizing

its highest aims. For M. JUSSERAND entered the diplomatic service nearly fifty years ago, in the year in which he attained his majority, and since 1902 has been Ambassador at Washington. I find in Mr. BISHOP'S Life of ROOSEVELT that the PRESIDENT described him as "one of the best men I have ever known." The spirit which animates this volume, and especially the noble passage on the League of Nations (on pp. 66-68), bears out this high eulogium.

The good old ghosts are obsolete;
The gibbering and moaning chorus,
The witching hour, the lonely beat—
They're washouts, and they've ceased to bore us;
They were too circumscribed, too staid,
Too closely linked with prune and prism
To slake the thirst for thrills displayed
By our voracious hedonism.

They left a gap not lightly filled;
But Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG, undaunted,
Attempts it and contrives to build
A house whose every brick is haunted:
Cold Harbour (COLLINS) fairly teems
With spooks of such recondite power
That common folk dissolve in screams,
And even reverend churchmen cower.

And amply though he satisfies
Seekers of goose-flesh stimulation,
He no less lavishly supplies
Theories of elucidation;
Three false, though plausible, of these
He gives before the true one 's stated,
And that is grim enough to please
Lovers of shocks however sated.

It was said by HENRY JAMES concerning the human faun in a famous masterpiece of HAWTHORNE'S that he "falls short of being a creation;" and I trust Miss L. C. HOBART will forgive my reiterating the comment *à propos* of the satyric villain of *The Paper Moon* (ARNOLD). *Greville Fane* and his father *Jonathan*, though plying the comparatively harmless trades of artist and curio-dealer respectively, are given to strange transformations of person and character, of which pointed ears, incipient hoofs and spells of wanton cruelty or merriment are the principal symptoms. Women, however, were said to find *Greville* alluring, and, having seduced a young dancer, *April Arliss*, with extreme facility, he immediately proceeds to wed her friend *Rachel*. *Rachel* is assured by *Greville* that his sober cousin, *Jake*, her sworn admirer, is the father of *April's* child; and *Jake* puts up with the innuendo in order to spare *Rachel*. *April* herself is taken in and cared for by the third and most attractive of Miss HOBART'S *jeunes filles*, the art-student, *Ann Livesay*, and *Ann* goes out as a model for the altogether to meet the expectant mother's expenses. *Rachel* meanwhile enjoys an increasingly uneasy time with her sinister husband, and her uneasiness becomes acute when *April's* child is discovered to possess the satyr-like attributes of *Greville* rather than the all-British qualities of *Jake*. However, a tolerably happy ending is engineered by the extinction of *Greville*, who set out, I feel, to be the chief asset of the story and ended by becoming something of a nuisance. The worst, of course, of the semi-supernatural is that it dispels any idea of ordinary human responsibility, and a novel of moral, or immoral, issues is bound, whether it likes it or not, to be a novel of responsibilities shouldered or shirked. *Ann* is the only one of Miss HOBART'S characters with a full-fledged (I should say a superabundantly feathered) conscience. And *Ann* is far and away her best achievement. But she is not enough to redeem the ambiguous fantasy of the rest of the book.



Granny (knitting socks for disobedient child). "IF YOU 'RE NOT A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, I 'LL RUN AWAY AND NEVER COME BACK."
Child. "WELL, YOU 'LL FINISH MY SOCKS BEFORE YOU GO, WON'T YOU?"

The legend that the English cannot understand the Irish character was probably invented by an Irishman. There is as much mystery in the typical Hibernian nature as in any other temperament of the sons of men, but no more. Indeed, Irishmen are even startlingly candid about Ireland and about themselves. There is, for instance, scant reticence in Sir WILLIAM ORPEN'S *Stories of Old Ireland and Myself* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE), nor are the sketches and



FOR YEARS AND YEARS MR. DUDLEY FOOTLE HAD RECEIVED VERY UNFAVOURABLE REVIEWS OF HIS NOVELS. BUT AT LAST HE GOT A REALLY GOOD NOTICE, WITH THE ABOVE EXTRAORDINARY RESULT.

caricatures with which he illustrates both subjects modified by any weak concession to the sensitive. The Old Ireland which Sir WILLIAM ORPEN remembers is naturally no older than himself, who is happily still unstricken in years; yet he expresses a fear lest "that Romantic Lady" should have changed during the interval. Sir WILLIAM may set his mind at rest. She has not. The Irish Question, upon which Sir WILLIAM says he was "brought up," remains. "What the Irish Question was," he adds, "I have no idea. (I wonder if anybody has!)." At any rate, the answer to the perennial interrogation is implicit in every line of Sir WILLIAM'S stories. Irresponsible, gay, touched alike with beauty and with squalor, at once witty, sentimental and callous, these are the bright hard facets of the Emerald. And is not the epitome of the Isle contained in the apostrophe addressed by the ticket-puncher to the passenger who lost his train because that indolent official declined to rise from his seat to open the gate?—"Look here, young fellow, I'll tell you something that's true; there's plenty of people at this moment, both in Glasnevin and in Mount Jerome [cemeteries], that are not caring or worrying one bit whether they catch a train or not. Go back now, me boy, to the Grosvenor and have another one, and think over these words of mine till a quarter-to-eight."

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *Santa Claus in Summer* (CONSTABLE) is a fantasia or revue weaving into a more or less coherent story Santa Claus, Puck and Titania, and many characters of the old classical Nursery Rhymes. He has provided them with relations and a past, and I think the children for whom his book is intended will, if they be not too sophisticated nowadays, like to meet their old favourites in this ingenious setting. I am not sure, however, that they will approve our author's rather irritating puns. But this is a venial offence after all. It seems to me that Mr. MACKENZIE sometimes uses a corrupt text, but I am very grateful for "Green Gravel," "Gregory Griggs" and "Tommy Trot." Perhaps he doesn't know of the nursery rhyme cure for grown-ups' insomnia or how eagerly the patients who are under treatment add to their collection of magic runes. Mr. A. H. WATSON has provided a running accompaniment of delicate and imaginative drawings, which suffer, I should judge, from too great a reduction in scale.

In *Redcliff* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS gives abundant measure. Indeed I am inclined to think that the measure is too abundant, so crowded is the stage, so voluble the characters massed upon it. Their dialogue is always crisp and humorous, but too much of the best of good things can be a little tiresome. This, however, is my only quarrel with a story in which Mr. PHILLPOTTS is mainly in excellent form. The scene is laid in a Devonshire fishing village, and in the first pages *Miss Shears*, a splendid veteran who made her living by "going down to tide" and "cockling," gives a kind of "Who's Who" of *Redcliff* to the great-niece who had come to visit her. Of this bevy the most remarkable figure is *Joseph Parable*, an old miller, whose prejudices and stubbornness are very skilfully presented. Indeed the old people of *Redcliff* are so cunningly drawn that they interfered perhaps more than the author would approve with my interest in the courtships of the young folk. Never again, as I pass by Dawlish in the Cornish Riviera express, shall I look at those strange figures cockling in the mud without thinking of *Miss Shears* and the cronies who cockled with her.

If you are poor and crave for great riches let me direct you to *Sudden Wealth* (CAPE), for there you will find a warning against the dangers which lie in wait for those who are abruptly lifted from the ruts of poverty to the realms of more than abundant affluence. Mr. HENRY JAMES FORMAN'S story is admirable both in construction and characterisation, but it misses real distinction because of its lack of charm. The *Pollocks* were an ordinary couple enough when they were suddenly advised of their change of fortune, and Mr. FORMAN shirks nothing in describing how this wealth affected both the inheritors and their friends. It is a grim tale that he has to tell, and in the end *George Pollock's* nephew, a young man whose impulses were occasionally disastrous, comes into possession of this vast load of money. Possibly Mr. FORMAN proposes to continue this youth's career, and tell us how wealth should be spent. I rather hope he will, for at present he has left me with only a very clear idea of the way to mis-spend it.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is reported that, when asked his profession by a policeman last week, a man replied that he was the cat-burglar's Press-agent.

* * *

Yarmouth has objected to the re-opening of the British Empire Exhibition next year. Wembley, on the other hand, doesn't care whether Yarmouth continues or not.

* * *

Mr. EPSTEIN, the sculptor, is reported to have denied that he suggested doing a bust of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. So there must be some other reason for the ex-Premier's trip to Jamaica.

* * *

"Are our thoughts secret?" asks Mr. LOVAT FRASER. This raises a terrible suspicion. Does he mean to imply that what he gives us in the Sunday Press aren't his real thoughts?

* * *

The Paris Probate Court has decided that it is not a proof of madness to leave one's money to the State. In England it is a sign of remarkable ability in preventing the State from getting it before.

* * *

East Ham's telephone exchange is to be enlarged. It is expected that there will be a special room where wrong numbers can be kept in cold storage for any length of time.

* * *

We have decided not to waste any sympathy on the belated reveller who told a policeman that he had forgotten which night his night-club was.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, who has just joined the Labour Party, has been commissioned to paint the Millennium.

* * *

Speaking at Victoria College, the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS said he believed that boys were the best form of creation. Girls, of course, come next.

* * *

Lord NEWBOROUGH has written to the Press protesting against the raising of the curtain at the end of every Act of a play. Others object to the raising of the curtain at the beginning.

The FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY has stated that several schemes are being considered by the Electricity Commissioners. We understand that the idea of electrifying railway porters has been abandoned.

* * *

The most surprising feature of Australia, according to Mr. GILLIGAN, is the paucity of rabbits.

* * *

One good turn doesn't make a revue.

* * *

A transparent umbrella is one of the latest inventions. Something that you can look up through to see if it is still raining has been a long-felt want.



IN THE TROPICS.

The Artist. "I 'M AFRAID I DIDN'T BRING ENOUGH STUFF WITH ME WHEN I CAME OUT HERE. I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD GET ANY ARTISTS' MATERIALS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

His Friend. "NO. I GUESS THE NEAREST WE 'VE GOT TO SUCH A THING IS A RUBBER PLANTATION ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES OFF, BEYOND THAT MOUNTAIN RANGE."

A trip from London to Timbuctoo in twelve days is advertised. Travellers are requested not to feed the cassowaries.

* * *

A fashion journal says that hips are coming back next year. Hip! Hip!

* * *

A really practical diary is said to be coming on the market. Only the dates for the first week are printed, and the rest of the sheets are perforated for shaving-papers.

* * *

A retired British barber claims to have attended to the EX-KAISER. But it 's of no use regretting lost opportunities now.

* * *

Several herrings at the Zoo have recently been injured by running into each other in the dark. In our opinion all herrings ought to be fitted with red rear lights.

* * *

Sky-scrapers are still being urged for London, and indeed the sky needs them badly enough.

* * *

Now that a new night-club is advertising a breakfast *dansant* the only time left to eat seems to be between meals.

* * *

Twenty-five pounds was stolen recently from Stoke-on-Trent police-station. Local criminals will in future be well advised to place their valuables in safe custody before being arrested.

* * *

According to *The Evening News*, Chaldron, in Surrey, has wiped off the debt on its village hall. The French Treasury, we understand, remains unmoved.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Waster Warden of the —— Marine Board returned yesterday."
Tasmanian Paper.

"WANTED — Golf Clubs and Bags for lady."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Plus fours, of course.

A daily paper narrates the capture of an alleged "cat" burglar with his burglarious "kit." A clear case of heredity.

"Most housewives provide a certain amount of dishes that will 'keep' during the festive season."—*Daily Paper.*

But why worry about Lent when we are barely over Christmas?

"The Prince of ales has sent a special Christmas present of 20 guineas to the boys of the Sea Training Hostel at Limehouse."
North Country Paper.

If the title of this Prince is correct, there would seem to be something wrong about the spelling of "guineas."

At an official inquiry:—

"The Town Clerk: I was about to rise to reply yesterday when the Inspector adjourned the proceedings until this mcrning. naa these down for these down thmset rfrmc.

Mr. ——: Nobody understood that.

The Inspector: I did."—*Provincial Paper.*

Smart man, the Inspector.

FIRST-FOOTNOTES.

THE New Year was just going to arrive in the rain.

"You 're the darkest man in the room," said everybody, and looked accusingly at me.

"I 'm not," I said indignantly. "James is at least two shades of hair-dye darker than me."

James and I were stood side by side and inspected critically. James is ever so much darker than I am.

"Hurry up!" said James, when everybody else had finished talking to me. "It 's just on twelve."

"James *is* much darker than me," I repeated feebly. "His soul 's ever so much blacker too."

"Hurry *up!*" said everybody.

"Look here," I said petulantly; "surely women are eligible for this post now, aren't they? Mary's far and away the darkest person here. Anyone can see that. Mary, I feel convinced that you are ready to undertake whatever public duties may fall to your lot."

"Oh, do hurry up!" said Mary.

"I 'm disappointed in you," I said bitterly. "I thought you were an advanced female. Really, Mary, I——"

"Hurry UP!" said everybody.

I moved towards the door, bowing gracefully to public opinion. Seeing that James and Bill, who are the sort of large ruthless men who profess to enjoy playing rugger, had each a firm grip of one of my arms, I felt it was really the best thing to do. I do hope James and Bill are chosen one day to play against the All Blacks. I shall stand on the touch-line and laugh like anything.

"Stop!" I exclaimed suddenly.

Somewhat to my surprise everybody did stop. I wondered hard what to say.

"Are there any Scotch people here?" I asked.

There weren't.

"Good! Then we shan't be offending any national susceptibilities. What I wanted to explain is this. The peculiarly loathsome custom of first-footing, which I hold in abomination and disgust, is, like the bagpipes, the haggis and other offences against civilisation, of Scotch origin. Well——"

"Shall we remove the body?" James interrupted coarsely.

"No; let the little lad have his say," said somebody else. "He 's still got two minutes."

"Well," I went on without very much hope, "what I mean is, do we want to be associated with the nation that produced the bagpipes and the haggis?"

"Yes!" said everybody.

"Quite so," I said quickly. "Very well, then. Let us practise instead the old Norse custom of first-footing, which is infinitely more ancient, more refreshing and more lucky than the Scotch variation."

"And what 's that?"

"Why," I began, "that—that—yes, that everybody goes out *except* the darkest man. He stays just inside the——"

"James!" said Bill grimly.

Things happened.

"Stop!" I pleaded earnestly.

My voice must really have been very earnest indeed, for to my intense surprise they did stop once more.

"Well?" asked James.

"I don't *want* to be a first-foot," I said hurriedly. "For all your sakes, I mean—not my own, of course. I 'm so unlucky, you see. I should bring terribly bad luck on all of you. I always do when it 's raining. Really, much though I should have loved to do it for you, I can't help feeling that James would make a much better all-weather, ready-to-wear first-foot for general use."

I looked round anxiously. They were moved, I could see.

"Oh, very well," said my excellent hostess. "James, I think perhaps you had better, if you don't mind."

James did mind, but he couldn't show it. That is the worst of being one of these rugged footballers. They have to pretend that they like rain and that sort of thing.

"I remember," said our hostess's father, "in 'seventy-eight—or was it 'seventy-nine? No, bless my soul! it was 'seventy-six, the very year my daughter was born" (our hostess blushed vividly and we all looked quickly the other way). "Young Jimmy Carruthers was our first-foot, and when he came to kiss the ladies he insisted on kissing little Mrs. Wales three times, for extra-special luck. Old Wales's face was a picture, I can tell you; but of course he couldn't say anything."

"Excuse me, Sir," I said very politely, "I am rather ignorant of these matters. Am I to understand that the first-foot has the privilege of——?"

"Of course he has, my boy," chuckled the old man. "In my young days there was rare competition for the post, I can tell you."

"Well," said James very airily, "suppose I 'd better be getting outside, eh?"

I contemplated him for a moment with commiseration. James was married quite recently, and his wife is a charming dainty creature. So is Bill's. James and Bill are dreadfully fond of their wives.

"No, James," I said at last, patting him gently on the shoulder, "I cannot let you do this for me. The duty is mine; I see it clearly now. You are a brave fellow, James, for I know your chest is weak, but I cannot accept this sacrifice at your hands. Farewell!"

And I just got outside before the clock struck.

A DECADE OF DECADENCE.

To PHYLLIS, ÆTAT 17.

["A man is at his prime from twenty-five to twenty-seven. . . . The next ten years . . . he is on the downward grade. Every stage after twenty-seven is a stage in decadence."—Professor KARL PEARSON.]

Phyllis, I know you leal and true,
But think while yet there 's time!
Is he a fitting spouse for you,
A man who 's past his prime?

Can he your girlish dreams fulfil
Or prove an equal mate?
Though I admit he 's hearty still
And hale—for twenty-eight.

Can you achieve the wisdom sage
Youth's pleasures to resign,
Content to watch his green old age
Ripen at twenty-nine?

Think of the chronic aches and pains,
Infirmities that must
Crowd thick on him when he attains
The age of thirty—just.

Could you restrain your natural tears
To think life's joys are done?
And soothe the few declining years
Left him at thirty-one?

He will not hear your low replies
Nor whisper back to you
Soft nothings; you must realise
He 's deaf at thirty-two.

You cannot then be fair for him,
However fair you be;
Men's sight, you know, is bleared and dim,
Or gone, at thirty-three.

When, drawn by Time's relentless hands,
His grinders grind no more,
Into a toothless grin expands
His smile at thirty-four.

Will you love on uncheered by hope
And, hand in hand, contrive
To help him totter down the slope
That leads to thirty-five?

His childhood, Number 2, alas!
Will only serve to fix
A gulf o'er which you may not pass
When he is thirty-six.

Till we, who grudged him your first bloom,
Mutter, "At last, thank Heaven!
For someone young he now makes room,
And to a much belated tomb
Subsides at thirty-seven."



SAFEGUARDING HIS SUCCESSOR.

OLD YEAR. "THE ONE THING YOU WANT, MY BOY, IS PROTECTION——"
NEW YEAR. "WHAT!!"
OLD YEAR. "—— FROM THE RAIN." *[Bequeaths his umbrella.]*



THE GENTLE ART OF GOING ONE BETTER.

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

I.—DICK WHITTINGTON IN GLEBESHIRE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. HUGH WALPOLE.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a boy called Dick Whittington. The chronicles show that he was not a beggar-boy, as the pantomime makes out, but that he came of excellent family. The latest research proves that he was born in Glebeshire and that his father was Archdeacon of Truro (or Polchester as it is now called).

Dick lived under the shadow of the cathedral. The bells woke him every morning; the bells sent him to school and called him back. The bells summoned him to breakfast and dinner and tea. Whenever he stayed away from school to wander by the Pol, the bells found it out and shouted to him to come back.

It is terrible to live in a cathedral town. Dick found it so. The cathedral overlooked everything. It was like his father. Sometimes Archdeacon Whittington seemed one with the cathedral. Dick could not tell them apart, they were both so tall, so grey, so massive, so violently self-assertive. Dick's mother found them both too strong at times, but she said nothing.

Dick admired the cathedral and his father, but he often felt that he must get away from them. The bells rang and his father shouted. Dick longed for quiet. And so he became a wanderer. He used to tie up his lunch in a red handkerchief, hang it to a stick and start off with his one faithful companion, the black cat Hamlet.

Dick had rescued Hamlet as a kitten and had constantly saved him from the Archdeacon's boot and the wands of the vergers. Wherever Dick went he took Hamlet. Often Hamlet was unwilling, and then Dick clutched him under his arm and looked just like all the pictures of Dick Whittington that you have ever seen.

With his red bundle and Hamlet, Dick often wandered down to Seaford to a little old-world inn where the innkeeper's daughter, Alice, was his only friend. Dick used to tell Alice all his troubles, about the cathedral and the bells and Archdeacon Whittington, who was so loud and busy and cross. Alice said nothing, for Dick gave her no chance, but her big dreamy eyes held all the sympathy on earth.

Dick told her how tired he was of the cathedral and the close and all the terribly dull people who lived there. The Canons and Minor Canons were all fossils, and their wives and daughters spent all their time in weaving scandalous stories about each other. Sometimes their noses twickered in a way that nearly made one comment on it. But if you did so too frankly the Archdeacon might hear, and his voice was worse than the clashing of all the bells.

"I shall go away," said Dick every time that he talked to Alice.

"Where?" she asked in her soft Glebeshire speech.

"To Russia," he always answered.

"Why Russia, Dick?"

"Because it 's full of dark forests and secret cities. I feel I must go to Russia the next time a ship goes there."

"What will you do there?"

"Make a fortune," snapped Dick.

"But how, dear Dick?"

"I 'll be a wealthy merchant or a successful novelist, I don't know which. But I shall take Hamlet, for he 's quite black, and he 'll bring me luck."

In spite of this fine talk Dick always went home at night and faced the Archdeacon's cane and the cathedral bells and the mute reproach in his mother's eyes. All the long dull evening he would sit learning his tables while his father talked and his mother knitted and said, "Yes, dear." They were all reflected in a green mirror above the fireplace. The green carpet made it seem green. There they were in the mirror, the three of them.

"I must go . . . nine times nine is . . . I forget . . . but I must leave Glebeshire," Dick murmured.

Then a day came when the Archdeacon was angrier than ever. Dick had been throwing whizz-bangs in the cathedral. Dick was caned while the bells rang and rang.

"I mean well by you, Dick," said the Archdeacon.

"I know you do," Dick answered with a strange look.

When all the dull and ancient people of the close had gone into the cathedral, Dick took his bundle again. This time it contained his toothbrush, all his pocket-handkerchiefs, and his money-box. He found Hamlet, who spat and growled and was very unwilling to leave the kitchen. Dick insisted on taking him. "There's money in you, Hamlet," he said in his boyish way.

This time Dick was going away for good. He resolved to walk to the nearest seaport and hide himself on a ship bound for Russia. He walked a long way, until his boots were muddy with Glebeshire soil. Presently he overtook a man and woman who were walking steadily away from Truro (or Polchester, as it is now called). He was surprised to find that he had overtaken his mother and the Precentor.

"Where are you going, Mother?" he asked bluntly.

"Dear," she answered timidly, "we are going for a walk. There's no harm in that, is there? The cathedral and the close and the bells—and—and your father are rather too much for me."

"But aren't you going home?"

"No; we thought of walking to Australia or New Zealand or somewhere very far away."

"I'm going to Russia," said Dick, "and somebody must look after father, so I think you should go home, Mother. Besides, Archdeacons' wives don't walk off to Australia."

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Whittington agreed in her quiet dreamy way. She had always submitted when men were self-assertive. So she turned round and walked towards home, the Precentor following her.

After his long walk and his moral struggle with his mother Dick was tired, and he threw himself down by a milestone and went to sleep.

Then the bells began to call him. They always did. Their voices reminded him of his father's booming voice. What were they saying so insistently?

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thou art a citizen,
Lord Mayor of Truro."

"Glebeshire again!" he exclaimed; "I shall never get away from it. I'll have to go back. After all, if I were Lord Mayor, I'd be a match for father as Archdeacon."

So Dick went back to tea and had another caning.

But in a few years fortune changed. Dick Whittington became a member of an expedition that was sent to Russia. On what errand the chronicle was not quite clear. Hamlet, the cat, was a member of the party, for Dick refused to leave him behind. The story goes on to say that Dick was introduced to the Czar of this period, and by his tales of the lucky properties of black cats he deeply impressed the superstitious autocrat, who bought Hamlet for an incredible number of roubles. Enriched by this transaction and by the sale of the chronicles of his adventures, Dick returned to Glebeshire and thrice became Mayor of Truro. In spite of the cathedral and the Archdeacon and the close and the bells, Dick insisted on marrying Alice with her soft Glebeshire accent.

Now whether Dick finally became Lord Mayor of London, as some chroniclers maintain, I do not know. This is a Glebeshire story, and further than Glebeshire I will not go.



Customer (looking at hat-boxes). "BUT I'M AFRAID THESE ARE ALL TOO LARGE."
Assistant. "WELL, MADAM, IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO GET YOU A SMALLER ONE; BUT IT WOULD HOLD LESS—IF YOU UNDERSTAND MY MEANING."



PROCLAIMING THE HUNTING MORN AT OLYMPIA.

OLYMPIA, 1925.

I.—THE HORSES.

"THE only way to tame a human
Is kindness," said the horse of SCHUMANN.
This is the chestnut horse on which
He dances round the sanded pitch;
Or if not that one then the other,
Ridden by Mr. SCHUMANN'S brother.
So all the horses took great care
To rear up straight into the air,
And when they came down not to place
Their feet in Mr. SCHUMANN'S face;
And when they cantered round and round
To do so to the music's sound,
And only dance upon the sand
In time with the sombreroed band.
And some of them were calm and wise,
Cream-coloured ones with pale-green eyes;
And some of them were proud and black,
With tufted plumes upon the back.
But Mr. SCHUMANN thus became
So mild and so extremely tame
That every day the horses got
Some sugar, for he had a lot;
Especially the Shetland pony,
McWhirter Angus Auchterlonie,
Who dressed up as a Highland crony
In tartan plaid and coat and kilt
And walked across the stage full tilt.
And that is why there is no trace
Of fear on Mr. SCHUMANN'S face;
His horses are so kind to him
That they obey his slightest whim.

II.—THE BEARS.

And so with Captain ALBERT'S bears—
They loll about on easy-chairs,
And Captain ALBERT has to wait
Upon them while they roller-skate,
And stand and prop them at the sides
When they start off for cycle-rides.
Yet are the bears unkind to one
Who often gives them bites of bun?
No, no. Although they may behave
As if the Captain were their slave,



A FRIEND OF OUR CHILDHOOD
(Whimsical Walker).

And, when he takes them for a spin
On turnpike road where hills begin,
As cool as cucumbers or icicles
They always make him push the bicycles;
In spite of this he seems a blend
Of nurse and confidential friend.

III.—THE SEALS.

To fag all day for a genteel
And highly educated seal
Is far from drudgery, I suppose,
For seals are always kind to those
Who fetch and carry balls for them.
The only thing that I condemn
Is that they have a loudish roar
And ways of wallowing on the floor
Which might in time become a bore.
But Captain LEYLAND has a chap
Who tries to talk to him and clap
By waggling to and fro his flippers;
And Captain LEYLAND gives him kippers—
Or, anyhow, some kind of fish—
And obviously does not wish
For any more delightful task
Than fetching seals the things they ask.

IV.—PIMPO. A CAMEL. A GORILLA.

Nor does the gentle PIMPO mind
When, having carefully designed
To ride a camel to the meet,
It falls and makes him lose his seat;
Though all the people dressed in pink
Seemed very much alarmed, I think,
When PIMPO tumbled with a thump
Right down from that tremendous hump;
To have a camel let you down
Simply delights a circus clown.
A clerk in some suburban villa
Might be afraid of a gorilla,
But PIMPO, as he runs away,
Regards the whole affair as play.

In spite of his peculiar limp, oh!
How wonderfully brave is PIMPO.
And, oh! how like one's own papa
Is PIMPO of Olympia.

V.—THE ELEPHANTS.

And now the elephants come on.
We see the strange phenomenon
That ladies, probably princesses,
Must always wear their evening dresses
Cut in the rather modish taste
That shows the back down to the waist
When riding upon elephants.
For if they dressed up like your aunts
The elephants would trumpet loud
Their disappointment to the crowd.
These ladies take them by the ears
And leap upon their backs with cheers.
And note the Rajah—with what vim
The elephants lie down on him
And seize him calmly in their trunks,
And yet the Rajah never funks,
Because the elephants were kind
And trained him not with force but mind.

VI.—THE REST.

As for the human turns, ah well,
On these I have small space to dwell.
There may be cruelty in these—
In jumping off a high trapeze,
In climbing a tremendous pole—
I should not like to take that *rôle*.
Yet all these people seem so clever
And strong that they could climb for ever;
And there are such a lot of clowns
In such peculiar garbs and gowns,
I could not name them if I tried.

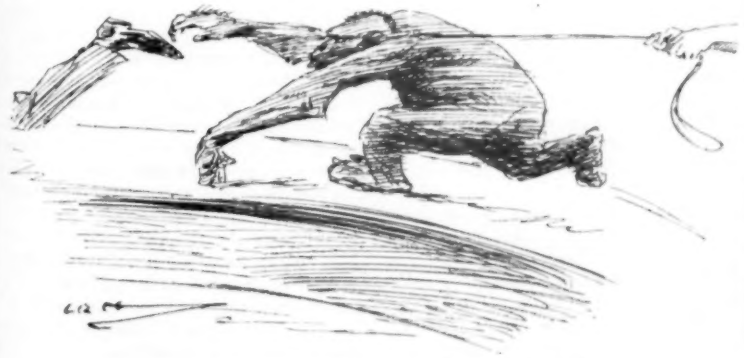
There 's
WHIMSICAL WALKER, who 's still pretty lusty;
And BILLY BENARDO, the FOOTTITS and BUSTI,
And three brothers PROCTOR and BECKETT and SCOTT,
And HARRY ALASKA—but no, I can not.

(I broke into a different metre
Yet still my list might be completer.)
The sanded pitch beneath me drowns
Under the waves of rolling clowns;
But all the time I feel the force
Of that remark (which came of course
From Mr. SCHUMANN'S chestnut horse),
That kindness is the only way
To make a man do what you say;
It 's kindness to grown-ups who irk us
That gets us taken to the Circus.

EVOE.



OUT-CHARLIEING CHAPLIN.



HAPPY MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN DANIELS II.

MORE FUN IN THE HOME.

THERE lies before me as I write a very remarkable gift. I have examined it with care, and I am extremely glad to be able to state that the humorous match-box joke has been improved this Christmastide. With reasonable care and luck it should be possible for any boy to drive a father, an uncle, or an elder brother, nay, a mother, an aunt, or a sister, into paroxysms of mirth almost every hour of the day until the holidays are done.

Science advances, we all know, with wonderful strides, and what has hitherto been a desultory haphazard occupation has now been organised and developed by some mechanical experts until it bids fair to become a vast national industry.

Humorous matchboxes may now be procured in packets of nine, similar to that which lies in front of me, and containing the following varieties, viz., namely, and as under:—

(1) Matches that will not strike.
(2) Matches that have no heads.
(3) Matchbox that comes in half.
(4) Matches covered with glass.

(5) Matchbox that contains three small white blocks of wood which tumble on to the floor.

(6) Layer of dummy matches that leaps into the air by means of a hidden spring as soon as box is opened.

(7) Matchbox with a solid interior, that rattles as if there were matches inside. (This should be placed in the hall, to be picked up by anyone going out for the day.)

(8) Matches that smoulder, but will not burst into flame.

(9) Matchbox that will not open, but emits a squeak on being pressed.

I have taken them all out, scattered them on my desk and examined each box carefully in turn. There is practically no end to the merriment which can be obtained by a proper use of these toys. It serves the gambling instinct, for, after presenting the first to a choleric relative, one can apologise and hand him the second, and then apologise more humbly still, the game being to see how far one can proceed in the series with any given individual. There exist, quite possibly, absent-minded authors who could be induced to accept the whole nine in the course of a single hour.

To students of psychology the use of these match-boxes must needs be a never-failing joy. They should be laid about in suitable positions on corners of tables, slipped into overcoat pockets, produced in a high wind, and, more especially, handed to nervous visitors after a meal. There is probably no finer test of a sense of humour in England at the present time than the happy interchange of these gifts amongst persons whose hearts are uplifted by festive cheer.

As I light my pipe——
* * *
As I light——
* * *
As I——
* * *
As——
* * *
Oh, *curse!*
* * *
Damn——
* * *

The penalty of death by strangulation under the new Act for the Extermination of Humorous Match-box Makers and similar enemies of society is in my opinion not a whit too severe. Deportation and penal servitude can only mitigate, instead of removing, this growing menace to the well-being of the community. What the——

"Official approval has been given for the wearing of a blue, instead of scarlet, mess vest by officers of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)."—*Evening Paper.*

So now we can face the next war without a tremor.

EXIT ROTTEN ROW.

[A writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, discussing the practical disappearance of riders from Rotten Row, attributes the change in part to the substitution of "physical jerks" for horse exercise.]

Tout lasse, tout passe; the reign of Oil
Has, on the surface, changed our habits;
Or else we burrow 'neath the soil
And travel like electric rabbits;
Walking is nearly dead; it irks
Us not to reach our goal *instanter*,
And, thanks to Scandinavian "jerks,"
We've given up the morning canter.

No more, as in Victorian days,
We see the Park equestrians at it;
No more, in VIRGIL'S prescient phrase,
Ungula putrem campum quatit;
Gone is the joyous cavalcade,
For Time, that ever-rolling river,
Has swallowed up the old Brigade
Who rode to stimulate the liver.

Then all who trod ambition's road—
The budding law-giver and Solon,
The would-be arbiter of Mode—
All hired their hacks to caracole on;
And those who, winning through, survived
The years of arduous probation,
And had successfully "arrived,"
Persisted in Park equitation.

Society—the bored and bores,
The notables and the notorious,
The grave and reverend signiors
And those who challenged the censorious—
Thus paid the morning homage due
To their digestion and to fashion
Before nobility was new
And hygiene became a passion.

O Mr. STREET, you brought the "ghosts
Of Piccadilly" clear before us:
Now give us back the bucks and toasts,
The Row's Victorian beauty chorus,
Lest, in an age prone to exclaim
That almost everything is "rotten,"
The Ride which glorified that name
Should be neglected and forgotten.

A NEW RESOLUTION.

I HAVE found something quite novel in New Year resolutions. It has nothing whatever to do with feeding the dog at meal-times, or any of those reprehensible actions which I shall continue to perform every year after about January the fourth.

The idea came to me as I was looking at my Christmas cards ranged along the mantelpiece, where they stand two deep, as neat an assortment of black cats, pierrots, harvest moons and other seasonable subjects as one could wish to find. In previous years I have been under the impression that the sentiments inscribed within were irrelevant to the occasion as well as to the pictorial matter, and not intended for serious reading. In my stupidity I imagined that people just said, "Oh, bother! I've forgotten So-and-so," and either went into a shop two minutes before closing-time and put a finger down on the first in the middle tray, or else pulled one more out of the packet of Exclusive Private Greetings, and that ended it. But I see now that I may have been wrong.

Here, for instance, is a coloured view of Ann Hathaway's Cottage, from my aunt at Tunbridge Wells. True, I should not place it in the premier class of pictorial representation, and she has not been at any pains to erase the three-ha'pence from the back; but let us dispense with these false standards of value. The letterpress tells me that she hopes the joybells are ringing in my heart, as they are in hers, and that should be enough for anyone. I have not been quite fair to my aunt at Tunbridge Wells, it would appear. In fact, to be quite frank, I have always accounted her rather a trying person, and much crosser than it seemed possible for one old lady to be at a time; but this admission about the joybells alters things considerably. I shall be able to think of her now as one who cavils at life with a twinkle in her eye, and, when we meet again, the bath-chair will rock to our mutual waggishness, I have no doubt.

My charming neighbours, the doctor and his wife, wish me health and prosperity, I see, in Gothic characters half an inch long. That is extremely nice of them, to my mind, since health on my part quite conceivably might detract from prosperity on theirs. I hardly expected such consideration on so slight an acquaintance, which only goes to show into what an unpleasantly worldly way of thinking I was allowing myself to grow.

I own I am a little puzzled by my friend at Walsall, who sends me an intricate arrangement of paint and celluloid inscribed "Hands across the Sea." After some thought I have discarded my first theory of hasty purchase and conclude it to be a subtle allusion to the seeming distance between good friends and to the fact that I have not written for such an unreasonable time. I really must be more communicative in future; besides I dearly love a wit.

Now here are eight lines of excellent cheer from someone whose signature, even under the most exhaustive scrutiny, conveys nothing to me. Sometimes I think it looks like "J. Smithers," and sometimes like "Spillikins," but, as I recollect nobody answering to either



Lady (having finished first course of a very light lunch). "HAVE YOU ANY HOT SWEETS?"
Assistant. "ER—ONLY BULLS'-EYES, MISS."

description, there may be another solution at which I am unable to arrive.

Perhaps it is someone I have treated a little brusquely for years, never suspecting him of this thoughtfulness towards me; perhaps it is a chance passer-by into whose existence I have come like a burst of sunshine. It might be almost anything by the wording, and so far I have not elucidated to my satisfaction the frontispiece of two ducks in football shorts.

Anyhow, this token—and the others too—go to show that it is my duty to show myself amiable to all I meet, lest I give offence to any who wish me well.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

III.—BLACKPOOL.

WHERE lonely hills come sweeping down
And the plaintive curlew cries,
Where empty moors stretch dry and brown,
There surely Blackpool lies.

No shepherd brings his flock to graze
Near Blackpool's rushy brim;
Through silent nights and lonely days
It lies remote and grim.

No wild thing ever comes to drink
From Blackpool, dark and deep;
No moor-birds nest about its brink,
No quick fish dart and leap.

About it silent mountains rise
Where waves the wind-stirred grass,
And quiet clouds on quiet skies
Are mirrored as they pass.

With stars and clouds and mist and rain
For silent company,
For centuries has Blackpool lain
Under the changing sky.

Black water under summer blue,
Black water flecked with snow . . .
But, just because this mayn't be true,
I never mean to go.

THE ROUT OF GENERAL WILBERTHORPE.

"I WANT some butter for cooking," said Millicent, breaking rudely in on my literary labours. "Do you mind ringing up the farm for me?"

"Can't you wait till to-morrow?" I pleaded. "I—er—I'm very busy just now."

"I can't cook without butter," she answered shortly, with a significant glance at the cross-word puzzle that lay before me.

I laid down my pen with a weary sigh of resignation.

"You'll find the number in the 'phone book," Millicent added. "It's General Wilberthorpe, you know—up at White House Farm."

"General Wilberthorpe?" I echoed uneasily. "Do you mean to tell me that my milkman is a full-blown General?"

"And why not?" said Millicent. "People just have to take any old job that comes along these days. Even the Mayor 's an ex-grocer. Surely you haven't forgotten how to put a mere General in his place?"

"As an acting Captain," I said with dignity, "I was not in the habit of lowering myself to——"

"In any case," Millicent insisted, "you must get the General to send along my butter at once." With which she fluttered away kitchenwards.

* * *

"About our butter," I began on a high note, when at last I had coaxed the telephone into action. "Your milkman promised Mrs. Crawford that——"

"One moment, Miss," said a gruff voice. "I expect you want to speak to the General, don't you?"

"I'm sure I don't," I answered hastily, three or four tones lower. "It's only about some butter which——"

"Hold on, please," put in the voice obstinately. "I'll just go and fetch the General for you."

Now the War has left me a sufficiently vivid recollection of Generals and their ways. Rarely have I found them the pleasantest of fellows to reprimand—even on the 'phone. In fact, as I waited there with the receiver to my ear, it became increasingly obvious to me that browbeating a General was essentially a woman's job.

"Millicent," I bellowed, my hand over the mouthpiece. "The General wants to speak to you about that butter," I lied, as she fluttered back into the hall. "I'll stay here and chaperon you, my dear."

With an indignant little snort and a rapier-like look that defies description by my poor blunted pen, Millicent snatched the receiver from me. "Is that General Wilberthorpe speaking?" she demanded in the cold paralysing tones of a stage detective saying, "I arrest you, Henry Satterthwaite, for the murder of your wife in the First Act."

"Well, then," Millicent rattled on, "I think it's really—oh, yes—Mrs. Crawford speaking—good morning—it 's really too bad of you, General, to let me down like this. It 's past eleven already and there 's no sign of the butter I ordered from your milkman yesterday. If I cannot get proper attention from you—well, I shall have to make other arrangements, that 's all. It isn't as though . . ."

Almost sympathising with the unfortunate General, I left my wife to continue the somewhat one-sided conversation. After all, I reflected hopefully, there was just the chance that Wilberthorpe might be one of those pompous old idiots who used to prowl round our billets near ——; or even that interfering blighter of a Divisional—but these were idle thoughts.

In any case, I felt, the old Wilberthorpe fellow probably deserved all he was getting, if not more.

* * * * *

"I'm going upstairs, dear," Millicent warned me about half-an-hour later. "Cook 's deaf and the maid 's out, so you don't mind answering the bell if anybody comes, do you?"

I did mind, but I consented with a bad grace. Instantly the bell rang, and I "proceeded" (this being of the nature of a military movement, as I was expecting a General) to the back-door.

Outside stood a tall willowy fellow with a neat little moustache and faultless plus-fours.

"Good morning, Sir," he greeted me with an easy bless-my-soul-surely-we-were-at-Eton-together manner. "Mrs. Crawford 'phoned about this butter. I thought I 'd better buzz round with it myself."

"You—you 're General Wilberthorpe?" I murmured, taking a tiny parcel from him.

He straightened up with a little click of his waterfall brogues.

"At your service, Sir," he said, with the faintest of smiles. "Fresh milk supplied, cream, eggs and nice fowls for roasting—our van calls daily in the district, see small bills—er—and all that, you know."

As master of the situation I realised that some appropriately stern remark was expected of me.

"Well, look here, General," I said, in my best barrack-square manner, "when we 're promised butter by ten-thirty, we expect to get it. Orders are orders, you know—and the War 's over now."

"It is, Sir," he admitted meekly, studying his feet, "and orders are orders. I 'll see it doesn't happen again. Good day, Sir."

With which he turned about, stepped briskly out to his elegantly cushioned "van," lit a cigarette in a graceful holder and purred away up the hill.

"Peace hath her victories . . ."



"HERE, YOU 'VE GIVEN ME AN ODD PAIR OF SHOES."
"INDADE, SORR, THAT 'S VERY SURPRISING, BECAUSE——"
"BECAUSE THERE 'S ANOTHER ODD PAIR JUST LIKE THEM DOWNSTAIRS, I SUPPOSE, EH?"
"NO, SORR, BECAUSE THERE IS NOT."

Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. ——, without whom no bazaar here would be quite happy, with blandishments of chicken and ham and sweet trifles, caused much infernal satisfaction."
Parish Magazine.

"A customer handed over 360 halfpennies to one of the local banks yesterday—thirty-shillings' worth."—*Scots Paper.*

It has always been understood that in Scotland they attach an unusual value to the bawbee.



Girl (to middle-aged person who is lamenting the passage of time). "OH, NO, NOT AT ALL. MOST OLD PEOPLE ARE SO DESPERATELY YOUNG, BUT *YOU* DON'T MIND LOOKING YOUR REAL AGE."

THE BAT-BURGLAR.

EVERYBODY is talking about the bat-burglar. Those who have been visited by him do so in marked tones of superiority.

The bat-burgled are for the moment the most exclusive set in London. The incident by which Mrs. Hanks of Notting Hill became one of their number was exceptional, being due solely to the fog, in which the bat-burglar missed his way to Mayfair.

The criminal's methods are thought to be original. He is suspected of setting off from Hampstead or some other height in his glider and manœuvring among the air-currents, unseen on these starless nights, until he is in a favourable position for descending upon the mansion of his choice.

The police are on the alert. Every man on duty in the Mayfair district is armed with night-glasses. Some even carry false moustaches tied to their lamps for use in emergency. It is rumoured that searchlights and anti-air-crime guns are to be mounted at Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch. Plain-clothes men patrol the streets in full evening-dress and smoking Corona cigars to put the miscreant off his guard.

Scotland Yard is a scene of feverish activity. Telephones ring several times during the night. The Blue Squad keeps the tanks of its motors full night and day. The Big Lot are never all asleep at one time. Anyone seen gliding over the West End after nightfall is resolutely shadowed.

A number of ruses have been set in motion by which it is hoped to trap the bat-burglar. For instance, a handful of paste jewellery was left on the ledge of an upper window in Curzon Street, blazing away in the light that shone from within the room, where, under the bed and within the wardrobe and behind the curtains lurked six picked men from Scotland Yard armed with machine-guns and mustard-gas. For a full week this device was in operation, but without success. For that reason we are now permitted to make it known.

Up to the time of writing the bat-burglar has not been caught; but, as I said before, everybody is talking about him. This is bound in the end to have some effect.

THE CHINTZ-BIRDS.

ON sunny Summer mornings, when happy thrushes call,
I lie and watch the chintz-birds who live upon the wall—
Birds of curious plumage and very wistful eyes,
Eagerly pursuing elusive butterflies.

Splendid are the chintz-birds, with green and golden wings;
Their crimson tails outshine by far the finest bird that sings;
And wistfully they hover and anxiously they try,
But never, never, never have they caught a butterfly!

I fancy, if they caught one, the chintz-birds might be free
To leave the wall and fly away to bush and branch and tree;
But the complacent butterflies, who flutter in a crowd,
Know capture is impossible and could not be allowed.

Splendid are the butterflies, and confident and calm;
However near the eager beaks, they scorn to feel a qualm;
I 'm sorry for the chintz-birds, whose task is never done—
Always chasing butterflies and never catching one.

THE FETTERED AND THE FREE.

IN this report of a conversation between two jackdaws, one tame and the other wild, which I chanced to overhear, I will call the tame one Jack, and the wild one Daw.

Jack was strolling about his territory in his usual nonchalant way, his hands, so to speak, under his coat-tails and his expression half magistrate and half criminal, when Daw alighted suddenly on the garden fence.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" said Jack.

"I've been watching you for a long while," said Daw, "and feeling sorry for you, and I thought I'd just come down and say so."

"Sorry!" repeated Jack. "Why?"

"Your clipped wing," said the other; "your restrictions."

"Don't worry about that," said Jack. "I'm all right. Don't I look well?"

"Very," said Daw; "almost too well. Sleek, if not actually fat. But liberty, glorious liberty—don't you miss that?"

"I never had it," said Jack. "I was taken out of the nest and brought here before I was fledged. What we've never had we don't miss."

"But think of the fun of being able to fly wherever you want," said the Daw—"the power, the freedom!"

"It's merely acres against square yards," said Jack. "Liberty is only relative. And you do little enough with it, I'll be bound. The same fields, the same trees, the same companions—yes, and the same food. What, by the way, do you eat?"

"Eat?" said Daw. "Worms, insects. There's a lot of mixed feeding on a sheep's back."

"Yes," said Jack, "but you have to find it for yourself, don't you, out in the cold and the rain? Now, mine's brought to me. I've got them all on the move here, looking after me. They give me things you've never even dreamed of. Macaroni—what do you know about that?"

"I never heard of it," said Daw. "What is it like?"

"It's a kind of artificial worm," said Jack. "Delicious! The Italians make it for me. Then there's buttered toast, and baked potatoes, and cheese, and raw meat, and little tit-bits of cooked meat too. I get all those brought to me. Or I eat them on the floor before the fire. Now you haven't the faintest notion what it is like to be indoors before a fire! Better than being out in the cold and rain, hunting for food for yourself, I can tell you!"

"Maybe it's more comfortable," said Daw. "But the point is, I'm free and you're not."

"I haven't told you the best yet," said Jack. "Hard-boiled eggs. The yolk. That's the greatest thing in the world. They cook them specially for me here, and the man and I have breakfast together. I sit on his knee and he feeds me with it. He jolly well has to, because if he doesn't I peck his hand."

"Do you mean to tell me you aren't frightened of him?" Daw asked. "A man? One of those fellows with a gun?"

"Certainly not," said Jack. "I've got him; he's under my claw. I've got them all. There's nothing these creatures won't do for you if you aren't afraid of them. That's what you, the Bird of Freedom, and all the other liberty-loving sillies don't realise. These creatures are the mildest things on earth really. As for the gun, I don't mind that so much; I'm fond of a bit of cold pheasant myself. But they'd never shoot you if you came down and were friendly. That's what captivity has taught me—they're really our best pals."

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Daw. "But how do you begin? Surely that wants a bit of doing?"

"You do it," said Jack, "because you have to. When your wing has been clipped and you can't get away, you ask yourself what is your wisest course, and see that the sooner you forgive and forget and become intimate and fearless the better time you'll have, and so you flatter them by being nice to them, and the result is that in about five minutes you own the whole place. Why, I'm told by the other birds that come here, robins and chaffinches and sparrows—all that crowd—that my people here were terrible cat-lovers once. The place was a disgrace. But the very day after I began to walk about and make myself agreeable, every cat was bundled off—valuable ones too."

"Amazing!" said Daw. "I can just begin to understand being friendly with a man, but you would never get on terms with cats, would you?" he inquired anxiously.

"Never," said Jack.

"Well," said Daw, "I still cling to my liberty and believe in it; but you're not so much to be pitied as I was thinking."

"No," said Jack. "I'm glad I've converted you. But I don't mind telling you I'm not so happy as I was since the other evening. The people here have got a book about birds, and the man was reading aloud from the article on us. And how do you think the wretched thing ended? I remember the exact words; in fact I can't forget them: 'When domesticated'—that's me, not you: you needn't let this worry *you*—'when domesticated, its droll trickeries'—I'm 'it,'—'its capability of imitating the human voice and other sounds, are well known. By turns affectionate, quarrelsome, impudent, confiding, it is always inquisitive, destructive, given to purloining; so that, however popular at first as a pet, it usually terminates its career by some unregretted accident.' Now I don't like that word 'unregretted' at all. It's poisoning my life."



ROMANCE DIES HARD.

"Then why not come with me and forget it?" said the other. "Come where there is no restriction, where each of us is his own master. I'll help you. Come along."

What Jack would have replied I cannot say, but at this moment a very small girl emerged from the house, and in a moment the wild bird, panic-stricken, had vanished.

"No," said Jack to himself but loud enough for me to hear, "'unregretted' or not, life with these people is ample compensation," and, moving to the door of my study, he knocked at it sharply and imperiously several times with his beak to indicate that he was hungry again.

Very meekly I left my work and fetched him a banana. E. V. L.



Bobbie. "MUMMY, IS HE ALWAYS LIKE THAT, OR IS IT *PARTIES?*"

THE ART OF GIVING.

THIS year I chose an emporium which makes a special study of the tastes of various ages and types. I meant to make a particular effort to choose really appropriate gifts. I went early to avoid the crush and fought my way through the seething crowds who had been similarly inspired till I came within the notice of an intelligent and sympathetic shopwalker.

"I see," I said, "that you have some of your stock marked 'For Smokers,' 'For the School-girl,' and so forth, but you haven't carried the thing far enough. There ought to be sub-divisions."

"As to that, Sir," he replied, "we are most anxious to assist our patrons in every possible way, and the idea did occur to the management, but in practice it would have been difficult. If, for instance, two ladies met at the counter labelled 'Seasonable Gifts for the Obese' in the act of buying one another an outsize jumper, it might be rather awkward. So the task of directing our customers has been left, as regards the finer distinctions, to the discretion of the staff. If I can help you, Sir——"

I recalled the Junkett-Porters. I had dined with them recently and they had done me (and themselves) uncommonly well.

"Is there anything besides jumpers for the adipose?" I inquired.

"Certainly. We recommend a line of 'Felix' penwipers and tea-cosies. The suggestion 'Keep on Walking' is most valuable in such cases."

"Y-e-s," I said doubtfully. I didn't feel that I knew Mrs. Junkett-Porter quite well enough to give her that sort of hint. "What about something for a niece? She's a very clever girl, just down from her first term at Oxford."

"Nieces," he said, "second on the left. I'm afraid there isn't anything quite—— Perhaps a book?" he hazarded. "We can do you *Gems from Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, bound in purple suède."

"No," I said, "no."

"Then I should advise lavender bath salts," he said. "As to the little ones"—he lowered his voice confidentially—"we have made one new departure. You will find playthings suitable for children living under the same roof as the donor—woolly animals, picture-books and so forth—in the basement. Toys that may be given to young people residing at some distance are in quite another department. They include the louder kind of toy, such as trumpets and drums; also mechanical contrivances requiring frequent winding-up and adjustment by adults. Is there anything more I can do for you, Sir?"

"Yes," I said, for I had remembered Mrs. Smythers. "Can you suggest an acceptable gift for the class-conscious second wife of a slightly bald but extremely prosperous stockbroker?"

"You will find motor-goggles for pekes," he replied, "in the annexe."

I thanked him fervently, but did not avail myself of his counsel. I fear that I lack some quality peculiar to the discriminating giver. Anyhow I am giving everybody calendars this year as usual.

Also Ran.

Conclusion of a wedding-description:

"The Hon. —— —— attended as bridegroom."—*Scots Paper.*

We are glad the reporter remembered him in time.

"Mr. Baldwin may do some useful work in Social Insurance; he may ease the housing situation a little. But he will not go to the roots of our social problems. Only Radicals bother about roots."—*Liberal Paper.*

An allusion, no doubt, to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's gallant championship of the mangold-wurzels against the pheasants, *circa* 1909.



American Lady (*outside the Coliseum*). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHO WAS THE BUILDER OF THIS EDIFICE?"
English Lady. "I THINK IT WAS FINISHED IN THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR TITUS."
American Lady. "WELL, THAT'S JUST WHAT MY BEEDEKER SAYS—BUT IT'S A VURRY OLD EDITION."

PEARLS BEFORE A LITTLE PIG.

"Good morning," said Ursula brightly. "Have you used . . . ?"

[Perhaps I ought to explain things a bit before I go on, in case this rather trite conversational opening should make you take a dislike to Ursula, who is really a very attractive and intelligent girl. It all arose out of a remark made to her the other day by our nurse, who is under notice. "Well," said that worthy sub-acidly, "if you ask me" (which of course we hadn't), "I think it will be a very good thing for Miss Pauline to go to school. Her manners are that bad. She's always a-copying of the talk she hears" (sniff) "in the droring-room."

Smarting under this oblique condemnation, Ursula and I decided to give our brat an intensive course of instruction in polite conversation. It was my idea to draw our inspiration from the charming people one meets nowadays at every turn—in the advertisement pages.

It has always given me a passing sense of moral uplift to meet them. Their polished geniality, their delicate solicitude for one's well-being, their sparkling yet refined humour are such an example to the rude and lawless modern child.

"We forget," I said, "that Pauline can't read. The sayings and doings of these charming people are as yet a closed book to her. No wonder her manners are bad, poor child. She only hears what the Little Bear or the Ugly Sister said. We must bring her into contact with modern culture."

So we studied those pages in the picture papers which bear the chaste Roman numerals, and one morning at breakfast we gave Pauline her first lesson.]

"Good morning," said Ursula brightly. "Have you used Peach's soap?"

This rather annoyed me as being (*a*) an extremely obvious opening, and (*b*) the one I had intended to kick off with myself.

"I have not," I rapped out. "As a matter of fact I used yours, as I couldn't find any in the bathroom. But I trust you slept well, Ursula?" (A half volley that, and Ursula stepped out to it.)

"Oh, yes, indeed, Grandfather," she replied, beaming, "thanks to that lovely Bi-Spring mattress you bought me. But tell me—did your razor suit your beard?"

I passed my hand furtively over my chin and dislodged the tuft of cotton-wool I had recently affixed to it, with unpleasant results. But Pauline was looking at me inquiringly, so I swallowed my indignation.

"You are wondering," I hazarded, "how I keep that school-girl complexion? I will tell you. The secret is Palace Polish. A little rub goes a long way, and washing-day is a pleasure."

Ursula giggled, and Pauline seemed inclined to follow suit, so I turned my back on them and went to investigate the breakfast. Presently Ursula recovered.

"Our little girl," she suggested, "requires some nourishment."

"I can quite believe it, Mrs. Everyman," I observed genially. "May I ask if you have had an opportunity of inspecting our stock?"

"I have indeed, Mr. Sage," replied Ursula, now in full



A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BOTTOM, A TRADE UNION DELEGATE, BEWITCHED IN SOVIET FAIRYLAND.

[The delegates from the British Trade Union Congress, who recently returned from a visit to Russia, have issued a preliminary report in which they give a glowing account of the Soviet *régime*.]



THE CAT-BURGLAR VOGUE.

possession of her faculties again, "and I have selected one or two articles—to be precise, one fish-cake and one rasher of bacon. But you will no doubt require me to furnish references . . .?"

"No," I said; "no references of any sort are required. The goods will be delivered straight on to your mat in plain plates; and I may add" (here I dropped the bacon dish hurriedly) "that a free fire policy is included."

Ursula clasped her hands in well-simulated rapture. "Now," she whispered, "I know that it is all true what I have read about the Sage Way!"

I gave her the fish-cake and patted her gently on the back. "Excellent," I murmured.

But Ursula didn't need any encouragement. She dug her fork into the fish-cake and flourished it. "Thought you said I couldn't cook," she remarked saucily.

"No, I never did. But I thought *you* said *Cook* couldn't cook." After which I vaulted lightly across the armchair and struck an attitude with a forefinger waggling close to each eye and a grin like the Cheshire cat.

Pauline looked towards her mother pityingly. "Isn't Daddy being silly?" she said.

"Hush!" said Ursula; "he is teaching us something of the manners and customs of High Society."

Pauline stared reflectively at me.

"D' you know," she asked, "what I once heard Nanny say to Cook about Daddy? She said he often be'aves quite barmy. Mummy, what 's 'barmy'?"

SECOND THOUGHTS.

WHEN Tommy comes home from his school
With a thoroughly rotten report
Which makes it apparent that he is an arrant
Young rogue of the frivolous sort,
I lash myself into a fine indignation
And prepare to deliver a caustic oration.

Then my mind wanders back in a dream
To another small Tommy I knew
Whose scholastic career yielded prizes each year
(Now faded but open to view),
Whose reports were received with parental caresses
Which goaded him onward to further excesses.

As I look at that Tommy to-day
In the light of the forty years past,
I cannot help feeling it 's idle concealing
He 's turned out a failure at last,
When at fifty and more he can scarce pay the fees
Of the son he is yearning to bend o'er his knees.

So perhaps on the whole I 'll refrain
From saying quite all that I think,
And, although I am aching to give him a shaking,
At Tommy's shortcomings I 'll wink;
For when all 's said and done I would very much rather
He should fail as a boy and succeed as a father.



Professor. "MY BOY, IT WILL TAKE YOU FIVE YEARS TO SING AS WELL AS YOU THINK YOU DO NOW."

THE REVIVAL OF LATIN.

(*By Our Educational Expert.*)

THE annual meeting of the Headmasters' Conference, though doubtless influenced by the Saturnalian associations of the season, affords unmistakable evidence of the conviction that there is something in Latin after all. The testimony of schoolmasters, however, may be regarded as biassed in favour of the old fortifying classical curriculum, though many of them have of late shown a certain opportunism in reducing Greek to an almost irreducible minimum. But signs of the revival of Latin are not confined to those who have graduated at our older universities. Only recently I have heard of an enterprising tailor who advertises a special pattern of great-coat under the alluring title of the *Cloaca Maxima*. Journalism, again, has lent its powerful aid to the restoration of the grandeur that was Rome. References to *vade meca* as a synonym for manuals or text-books are not unknown, and of late years a weekly journal prefaced its weekly chronicle with the admirable heading, "*Urbis et Orbis*," though I regret to notice that this choice specimen of Latinity has now been abandoned.

These testimonies are valuable, but they do not come within the scope of the "direct method," of which the headmaster of the Perse School is the stalwart and successful champion. Dr. ROUSE claims that by adopting his system teachers could from the beginning make small boys really like Latin. In other words, the phrase "*Persicos odit puer apparatus*" ceases to apply. Here, or so it appears to Mr. Punch, there is a great opening for the B.B.C., if only the aid of all the benevolent "uncles" who dispense daily doses of sage counsel and instruction could be enlisted. And what better beginning could be made than with the recitation to suitable music of those fascinating rhymed lists of the Latin genders which still linger in the memories of the elder generation? For they are not only valuable for the correct composition of Latin sentences but also full of intuitions and prophecies bearing on the progress of civilisation. To take only one example, the admission of women to the professions and callings previously closed to them was never more succinctly foreshadowed than in the soul-shaking couplet—

"Common are to either sex
Artifex and *opifex*."

BY BLOTTI.

"THESE," I observed, opening the larger of the two envelopes, "must be the proofs."

Anne bustled up excitedly.

"I had them taken last Tuesday," I explained with a delicate touch of pride, "at Blotti's."

Anne regarded the contents laid out upon the table.

"Why?" she inquired, rather ambiguously, I thought.

"Aunt Clara has asked for one," I informed her, "and Blotti specialises in well-modelled heads."

"I see," replied Anne in a wisp of a voice; "but why," she persisted, "does Aunt Clara *want* a photo of you?"

"She 's never seen me"—I was quite patient—"and you must remember that she lives in New Zealand."

Anne brightened visibly and said "I see," once more.

"Of course," she added, examining the exhibits closely, "that does make it a wee bit difficult—being so far away, I mean. If she were in the habit of dropping in to tea sometimes we could judge so much better whether she prefers a nephew to look like a night-club waiter or just an ordinary dog-stealer.

As it is I suppose you 'll have to send her the whole lot, won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I demurred. "This one, now——"

To tell you the truth, my difficulty is that I can't get a photographer to regard me seriously. I wander in, and the fellow seems frightfully busy just then, and takes a pot at me when we 're both thinking of something else, and there you are. If only he 'd go to a certain amount of trouble over it, and pretend there 's a canary in a box or a rabbit in a top-hat or whatever it is, it would be so much more fun for everybody. But he won't.

"Perhaps," suggested Anne, "she could have this one with the light behind your neck? It 's not awfully like you, but I don't see that it matters, all the way out there. Of course," she continued, "the best photo you ever had taken is that one where you are looking out of a hamper. I 've always admired it. The only thing is I think you 've altered appreciably since you were two."

"Two years and two months," I corrected her. "It 's all written on the back."

"Well, perhaps we 'd better not send that one," she concluded after a moment's reflection. "I don't want it said that I married a man looking out of a hamper. It might appear a trifle odd to anyone in New Zealand. You never know."

"How about this one?" I asked. "It has a look of wide-eyed wonder that is extremely rare at my age. Rather beautiful, when you come to think of it."

"It does intrigue me in a way," admitted Anne. "I 've seen you look remarkably like that when you 've just swallowed something large. Only it 's a pity you haven't shaved."

"That 's the effect of the lighting," I explained. "You know—tone. They go to a lot of trouble to get that sometimes."

"Curious," murmured Anne, holding it at arm's-length and screwing up her eyes.

"Blotti is supposed to be fearfully good," I went on. "He particularly says that he makes a point of bringing out any unusual features."

"So I notice," admitted Anne; "but I can't imagine why he insists on giving you prominent ears. As a matter of fact one hardly ever sees you in them. And I do hate people to look 'got up' in a photograph; it 's such a mistake."

"Blotti," I said a little sharply, "is an expert. I 'm sure that, if anybody knows how ears should be worn, *he* does. And, besides, I 've got to pay for all this anyway. Firms like his charge pretty heavily for—for—their high prices and so on."

"About how much would that be?" inquired Anne meekly.

"My dear girl, I can't remember offhand," I answered; "but Blotti says here"—and I picked up and opened the other envelope—"says here that he greatly regrets his assistant having posted on the wrong proofs, and mine will be forwarded at the earliest possible moment."

* * * * *

"I 'm only wondering," remarked Anne, "what the man said who got yours."



Jack (who has been sent to inquire after sick friend). "IS MR. BROWN DEAD? IF NOT, HOW IS HE?"

"Parrot (African grey) for Sale; talks like a human being; good reasons for selling."
Scots Paper.

What are the others?

AT THE PLAY.

"POLLYANNA" (ST. JAMES'S).

I THINK I must have enjoyed some advantage in not having made myself acquainted with the original American romance from which this play was extracted. In any case I do not propose to remedy the defect, for I gathered that its appeal would be to the readers of *Our Young Folks' Magazine* rather than to the mature cynic. On the other hand I wish I had attended in the company of some unsophisticated young person, if only to hear her say of Miss JOAN BARRY, "Isn't she *sweet!*"

And indeed she was. Her playing of the part of *Pollyanna* (only half her own age) was extraordinarily close to nature, and the art of it so well concealed that one never regarded it as a *tour de force* in acting. Now and then there was a note of pathos which seemed a little forced, but in her prevailing quality of gladness she was always a true child.

The plot is just a lath-and-plaster frame for the figure of *Pollyanna*. Of events before the curtain rises we get a *précis* from the lips of three women gossips—two of them malicious—who are engaged during a protracted *séance*, that spreads itself over most of the First Act, in sewing dull garments and packing them in a barrel for the benefit of the children of missionaries in the Congo (or somewhere). The late *Mr. Harrington*, it seems, had disapproved of the affection which his daughter *Charity* entertained for an immediate neighbour, *John Pendleton*, and barred the door against his attentions. With a view to elopement the lover—it sounds a little mediæval—excavated an underground passage from his house to the Harrington cellar. The girl was caught in the act of escaping by this tunnel and incarcerated by her horrid parent. His subsequent death was attributed to her unfilial conduct; and she "expiated" by marrying a missionary and going out to the Congo (or somewhere). Here in due course she expired, and her husband after her.

Pollyanna, the orphan child of this purgatorial union, is invited by her aunt, *Polly Harrington*, to come home and live with her. This lady, as she takes the greatest pains to let us know, is actuated solely by a sense of duty, having no milk of human kindness in her, and being peculiarly embittered against this particular orphan. For she (the aunt) had taken her father's side in the affair of her sister *Charity*, and with such fierceness that she had thrown over her own young man, *Dr. Chilton*, because he was a friend of *Charity's* young man. It is true that she retained his image in a locket, except when she mislaid it for the purposes of the plot; but the contact of this souvenir with her heart did not seem to affect its insensibility.

Meanwhile *Pendleton*, still annoyed by *Charity's* apparent preference for a missionary, lives the life of a disgruntled hermit, nursing his twelve-year-old chagrin and (latterly) a broken leg.



"SO GLAD YOU 'RE GLAD I 'M GLAD."

Blinker Jones . . . . . MR. TOM REYNOLDS.
Dr. Chilton . . . . . MR. ATHOLE STEWART.
John Pendleton . . . . . MR. LYN HARDING.
Pollyanna . . . . . MISS JOAN BARRY.

Into this unpromising environment *Polyanna*, all smiles, is now projected. Her speciality is gladness. Everybody, even in the most depressing conditions, ought to be glad, and is going to be glad if she has anything to say to it. Thus, if you have lost an arm, she will make you understand that you ought to be glad because you haven't lost the other as well. But she has also a child's love of adventure. Within ten minutes or so she has picked up a playmate in the person of *Jimmy Bean*, a hobbledehoy from an adjacent seminary for orphans, and they start exploring the neighbour's hedge. Everywhere she carries her gladness and, except in the case of her aunt's tough heart, is the cause of gladness in others; which makes it the more surprising that she complains of her loneliness.

Before long she penetrates, through the lovers' old tunnel, into *Pendleton's* fastness. From one of her mother's fairy-stories, which she tells him with a very charming innocence, he deduces that *Charity* had remained faithful to him in heart throughout her "expiation." So he too is made glad. The same innocence is the ultimate cause of reconciliation between *Chilton* and *Polly*, and they too are made glad.

But there is a danger of all this gladness being a little too easy—too easy even for the readers of *Our Young Folks' Magazine*. So it is arranged for *Pollyanna* to be run over by a motor-car and paralysed. She ought strictly to have been glad that she was only paralysed in the legs and not all over. But she breaks down, and very piteously.

After a lapse of five years spent abroad in search of a cure, the last Act shows us *Pendleton's* house gaily decorated for her return. All is radiant expectation. *Pendleton*, his leg long ago mended, has on his best evening clothes, and *Jimmy Bean*, whom he has adopted and polished, is very smart in a double-breasted dinner-jacket. But nobody has the faintest idea whether *Pollyanna* will come in on her feet or on a stretcher. You might think that *Dr. Chilton* and the aunt, who have been with her, would have kept somebody informed of the actual state of things. Then it only shows how little you know of the artlessness of this kind of drama. Something had to be done to make it look like a play. So till almost the last moment we were kept on tenterhooks.

And there—not to spoil sport—I will leave you, merely adding that, when Mr. LYN HARDING wanted Miss JOAN BARRY (and I wish he hadn't) to make a little speech, and she said that she was glad that we were glad, she had the full use of her legs. But that proves nothing. If *Pollyanna* had been dead she would have got up and stepped forward.

Miss BARRY overshadowed the rest of the cast ("a child shall lead them"), but all were good. Mr. LYN HARDING was as sound as ever, both in his rugged and gentle phases. From his early ferocity I should never have gathered that he was the kind of man to boggle at bolts and bars. He would certainly have taken violent means to carry his lady off.



Mother-in-law. "WELL, HERE 'S TO 'ABSENT FRIENDS.'"
The "Master" (rather peeved at the vast number of wife's relations present). "GOOD HEAVENS—ARE THERE ANY?"

Miss GRACE LANE conveyed the sleek hardness of *Aunt Polly* with her usual easy assurance, and so convincingly that we could not share the satisfaction of *Chilton* (nicely played by Mr. ATHOLE STEWART) when he retrieved the petrified organ which may once have been her heart. The three members of the sewing-party—Miss MARY BROUGH, Miss ALICE BEET, and Miss ELIZABETH WATSON—were excellent, and it was no fault of theirs if they kept on being excellent a little too long.

Mr. HUGH DEMPSTER, as the inarticulate *Jimmy Bean*, was meant of course to be awkward in the earlier part, but not quite so awkward as he was. His figure, suitable enough for *Jimmy's* age in the last Act, did not lend itself, like Miss BARRY'S, to the assumption of extreme youth.

Most of the humour was in the sure hands of Miss MAIRE O'NEILL as *Polly's* maid-of-all-work, and Mr. TOM REYNOLDS as *Pendleton's* man. The social atmosphere of the locality (not specified) seems to have encouraged a more than ordinary licence in the manners of domestics. Of this Miss O'NEILL, with her Irish brogue that gave so rich a colour to her recurrent expletives, took full advantage. So did Mr. REYNOLDS. He had a lot of bumping about to do, but his art is too good to need this kind of thing. He has a remarkable repertoire of gestures and faces, and he selected them with the nicest discrimination.

On the whole a likely enough entertainment for the time of year, when children are about and old hearts grow young.

O. S.

In aid of the Winter Distress League, 23, Bedford Row, a Children's Party is to be held at the Hotel Métropole, from 3.30—6.0, on Tuesday, January 6th, when there will be dancing and an exhibition of "Mister Beaver's" Theatre of Magic. The music for the Magical Fantasy in which Mister Beaver is to perform with his cat has been arranged by M. EUGÈNE GOOSSENS. Tickets (5/6) may be obtained from the Hotel Métropole.

Mister Beaver's Magical Entertainments may be hired in aid of the Winter Distress League (Children's Care Section) on application to the Rev. M. L. GRIFFITH, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, W.C.2.

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A Children's Fairy-Tale Party and Dance will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Tuesday, January 6th, from 3.30 to 7.0, in aid of Mr. Punch's old friend, the Surgical Supply Depôt, Kensington. PRINCESS LOUISE has kindly promised to distribute the prizes which will be given for the best costumes and the best dancing. Tickets (5s.) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, W.8.

Sir Boyle Roche Comes Back.

"This is not the thin end of the wedge. It is the thick end. The conspiracy . . . is coming to a head. But it has long been abrewing."
Sunday Paper.

"Nevertheless, let us shoot our arrows at the sun, in the hope that our ships may one day come in."—*Scots Paper.*

"Like all the best children's plays, it begins from the child's angle, and keeps pretty well to the right side of childish comprehension all through. A few tropical allusions are more specifically for the elders."—*Sunday Paper.*

But is it really wise to include this hot stuff in a play for children?

From an Indian costumier's catalogue:—

"A Very finest and Prettiest dress that wear well in this hot season by our enormous ladies of noble mind."

Another triumph of mind over matter.

Even Smith Minor occasionally deviates into accuracy. In his last History paper he gave the dates of EDWARD VII. and GEORGE V. as follows:—

"EDWARD VII. . . . 1901—1910
GEORGE V. . . . . 1910—Still raining."



Mrs. Cave-man (appearing shingled). "YES, MY LAD, YOU DON'T DRAG ME ABOUT BY THE HAIR ANY MORE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the supply of food and clothing, not to speak of a thousand other necessities, to our armies in the field during the great War was throughout unfailingly effective, although in earlier campaigns it had left a great deal to be desired, most of us perhaps vaguely thought this was more because we do things better now, living in an age of efficiency, than because some individual person behind the scenes was achieving a triumph of organisation. Major DESMOND CHAPMAN HUSTON and Major OWEN RUTTER, in their biography of the man whom they describe as "the greatest Quarter-Master since Moses"—*General Sir John Cowans* (HUTCHINSON)—make it clear that qualities amounting to genius went to the task. While mainly anxious to secure tardy justice for a leader whose undeniable surface-levity sometimes obscured his real power, incidentally the authors have put no small literary success to their credit, for few Lives of famous organisers (it was their hero's life-long sorrow never to have had the chance of active service) can be better worth reading than this. The only grumble one could possibly make about the book is that the writers' extensive and generally well-justified reliance on the quoted word of their subject's fellow-officers tends to excess of repetition. All his professional colleagues found in "JACK" COWANS the same sterling qualities of self-reliance, rapidity of output and instinctive judgment of character, coupled with a reckless generosity and an imperturbability that no emergency could shake. But, if there is here some multiplication of eulogy, this is only a small matter, seeing that in these two volumes one may find not only a wealth of sound stories one would like to quote and remember, together with fascinating side-lights on the supply problems of the War, but also and most notably a living presentation of a really historic personality, as brilliant as unconventional.

GRANT RICHARDS once more has been able to frame,
And to find himself willing to publish as well,
A capital book—*Every Wife* is its name;
And here is a hint of the tale he 's to tell:—
Meggie and *Molly* are two pretty wives
(We meet them at dinner in Maidenhead, Berks.
Childless and both rather bored with their lives)
Who long on a sudden for "larks."

Harry Rostrevor is husband of *Meg.*;
Molly has married his friend, *Michael Dean*;
Each gives his lady (they haven't to beg)
Cheques and permission to seek change of scene;
Meggie and *Molly* each keep a close mouth
As to *where*, as to *when* they 'll be holiday mates,
Then steal off to Paris and on further South,
Leaving word that they 've sailed for the States.

Bored with a bachelor bite and a sup,
Monte Carlo the men-folk determine on too;
I 'll leave you to picture the sort of mix-up
(But happily ending) that 's bound to ensue;
'Tis a book writ in roses and wines that are bright,
Flirtations and dinners most dainty indeed;
GRANT RICHARDS declares 'twas amusing to write;
It has certainly been so to read.

The Next Corner (LANE) opens propitiously with a legacy; *David Blythe*, a City man badly hit by the War, being left by his sister a pleasant old house in the country and an income of four hundred a year. To the first and on the second he proposes to retire, unscrupulously disregarding the claims of his son, *John*, who was withdrawn from his public school at sixteen and has languished ever since in a London office. *John* is now twenty-two, *David* forty-five, quite young enough (he considers) to marry again, and quite old enough—seeing what he went through in the War—to

be demobilised from the City. So he offers *John* a small lump of the legacy to furnish a bachelor flat—he is sorry he cannot afford to send him to Oxford—and goes off to take possession of Haylands. *John* is left stranded at his desk; and the high-water-mark of Mr. DUDLEY CAREW'S (I suspect) first novel is reached in depicting the boy's isolation and bitterness. Meanwhile *Blythe* senior has taken the initial steps towards providing his son with a stepmother; and *John*, on his first visit to Haylands, finds a very pretty girl, slightly older than himself, who has consented, for reasons never divulged, to engage herself to his father. The remainder of the book is purely concerned (in the non-ethical sense of the adverb) with the passions of *Pamela* and *John*; the final elimination of the siren and the restoration of both her adorers to the Stock Exchange being a likely, if in the case of *John* a somewhat cynical, *dénouement*. I cannot congratulate Mr. CAREW on his leading lady and *vieux premier*; *Pamela* being as impossible as she is unpleasant, and her widower a man of straw. But in his more sober dealings with *John* and his male contemporaries he is certainly on more promising ground; and I hope to find myself whole-heartedly appreciative of the second crop he gets off it.

It was a kind stroke of destiny which cast the *Cutty Sark* into Falmouth Harbour, after she had come home battered and neglected, her good days all gone by, and nothing in prospect save an ignominious hacking from port to port with coals under a foreign flag. For Captain DOWMAN, a retired ship-captain, enthusiastically aided by his wife, bought her for the love of her. To-day she rides in Falmouth Harbour, new-sparred, new-rigged, new-painted, the last of the clipper ships, near as good as when she was launched in 1870. The story of the beautiful little craft is admirably told in brief by Miss FOX SMITH in *The Return of the Cutty Sark* (METHUEN). Miss FOX SMITH went in the *Cutty Sark* upon her first voyage after her restoration; and who was in command of her but her old master, Captain WOODGET, after an interval of twenty-eight years? According to Miss FOX SMITH there is some idea of taking the old ship to Sydney once more. I hope the voyage will not be attempted, for it is all to cross an old trail. In the meantime, Captain DOWMAN is educating boys for the sea on board the *Cutty Sark*. Over against her is moored the frigate *Foudroyant*, in which Mr. WHEATLEY COBB for the last thirty years has been performing a great national service in training boys for the sea at his own costs and charges. *Foudroyant* may well stand for the Royal Navy under whose protection the *Cutty Sark* and her sisters thrashed all across the world and back in perfect safety. There they lie, man-of-war and trader. And I wish Miss FOX SMITH would make one of her jolly ballads upon the two noble ships, whose like is not to be found in the world, and which are the epitome of England.



First Red. "LOVELY MORNING, COMRADE."
Second Red. "YES; BUT THE BLOOMIN' RICH CAN ENJOY IT AS WELL."

John Shere and *Robert Blaber* were rivals from their boyhood, the former being a favourite of fortune, while the latter, as far as I could find, had no redeeming quality. During the War these young men were in Gallipoli, where *Blaber*, over-zealous for revenge, shot *Shere* in the back and thought that he had killed him. This supposition, as readers of Mr. WARWICK DEEPING'S *Suvla John* (CASSELL) will soon discover, was incorrect. After years of wandering *Shere* returned to England, his chief purpose being to give *Blaber* a good scare. I can promise you that his success was complete, but I cannot guarantee that you will get much enjoyment out of the story of it. There is, however, another and a more fragrant side to this tale. *Shere*, on arriving in England, loses his heart to a very gentle lady of gipsy blood. Fresh and wholesome breezes blow over this open-air courtship and help to purge the tale of its rather oppressive atmosphere of revenge.

Commercial Candour.

From the window of our local optician:—
"CHEAP SPECTACLES. REPAIRS SAME DAY."



WANTED—A PARLIAMENT OF THINK-HARDS.

THE Young Conservative wore a large smile as Mr. Punch greeted him.

"Things have moved," said the Sage, "since we met a year ago. The new order changeth, yielding place to old. You were then, I remember, a little depressed and complained of your luck in having lost seats out of all proportion to your loss of votes. Now you are back with an enormous majority. You admit, I hope, the same factor of luck in this result also."

"I do," said the Young Conservative. "And the conditions favoured us. The ZINOVIEFF letter helped a bit, and so did the state of Mr. MACDONALD'S nerves when he found himself in a tight corner with the toothache. I confess an honest sympathy for him. He had done good things at the Foreign Office, however much he may have owed to the fall of the incorrigible POINCARÉ. He had won the respect of all parties and might have kept it if he had not shown himself too weak to resist the extremists of his own party. That was what gave the country a scare. You yourself, Sir, took a strong line about this danger at the time of the Election."

"That is true," said the Sage, "and I have been rallied about it. There seems to be a prevailing notion that on any matter that engages the interest of politicians I am bound to have no feelings of my own. Nothing could be further from the fact. I have never pretended to be impartial when the safety of the country was concerned. In the old days, when we were content with two official Parties in the State, this question seldom arose to disturb my balanced equanimity. And if forty years ago I had attacked the abstract idea of Socialism nobody would have accused me of political bias. But just because a Parliamentary party happens to have grown up round this idea there are apparently those who would deny me the satisfaction of expressing my frank opinion of it. It would follow that I am not free to take my own line about any principle, however dangerous—Communism, for instance—which is represented in Parliament; because, by being so represented, it has come within the scope of party politics. I should like it to be generally understood that I reserve to myself the right of always taking sides with my country; and, I may add, of opposing any section of any party—however great its majority—that threatens to obstruct the progress of good work."

"If you are thinking of our Die-hards," said the Young Conservative, "I am with you. I have not forgotten that hundreds of thousands who had hitherto always supported Liberalism cast their votes for the Conservative Party as being the only party that was likely to secure an absolute majority and so keep out Socialism. Mr. MACDONALD may call it a "conspiracy" if he likes, but facts are not altered by having fancy names given to them. And the result is that the best of us recognise that we have not been returned as a party,

but as representatives of the nation at large. Which means that we must produce something better than a Die-hard programme. This has got to be a Parliament of *Think*-hards."

"There spoke the young blood that is going to be the life-blood of your party," said Mr. Punch. "And I am glad that your leader has recognised the strength of that element of youth among his followers on which he has to rely in his fight against the vested interests which block the way of essential reform. There is great work to be done, and never was such a chance given to any body of men. You have a weight of numbers that must compel victory in almost any cause. Let the cause be good. Providence is said to be on the side of the big battalions; for once let the big battalions be on the side of Providence.

"I would not place too much trust in mere numerical strength, for I have seen colossal majorities melt away like smoke. But you have something better than numbers; you have the gift of youth.

'Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive,
But to be young is very Heaven.'

"You were right to say that this has got to be a Parliament of Think-hards. If you are to deserve your good fortune and at the end of your time retain the confidence of the country, you must prove that you can attack the pressing problems of the hour in a national spirit; that, by force of a more perfect loyalty than the late PREMIER could command, you can succeed in realising—better than he could ever hope to—whatever was best and sanest in the ideals of his Party.

"And you may be sure that keen eyes will watch you from over the way, and not always unkindly. There are members of His Majesty's Opposition who are not too partisan or class-conscious to appreciate good work done, whoever does it, for the cause that lies nearest to their hearts, and to recognise the right man in the right place, even though he may sit on a Conservative Front Bench. And it would not surprise me greatly if a good few of them, even on the Far Left, were to play the game and bring their special knowledge of working-class conditions to the help of the Government in any serious attempt to cure abuses. Only so can they hope to prove their sincerity."

"Are you not asking a little too much from the enemy?" said the other.

"Not from the sportsmen among them," replied the Sage. "Take Mr. THOMAS for one. I may not always have seen eye to eye with him in the matter of N.U.R. strikes, and he might perhaps take himself a little more seriously in politics, though we may confidently rely on some of his colleagues to make up for that defect. But in the Colonial Office he has passed the test of statesmanship; and he has qualities after my own heart, including a sense of humour. Indeed I am about to convey to him a mark of my appreciation. He is, of course, a rich man, and so I need not give him one of those costly toys beloved of grown-ups—such as a complete railway system. He probably has one already. My simple New Year's gift is to take the form of a volume of Wise Thoughts, in which I hope he may find some utterances which accord with his own views, and others that his genial nature will take in good part."

"Is it permitted," said the Young Conservative, "to ask the name and authorship of this book? I might derive some benefit from it myself."

"I think it very possible," replied Mr. Punch. "I will therefore not conceal from you the fact that the work in question is my own

One Hundred and Sixty-Seventh Volume."

